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THE DOORWAY OF TRANCE

(Page 318.)



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NOTES BY THE WAY.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND PSYCHIC EVIDENCES.

In a new book, just received, Critics of the Christ, by I. Toye-Warner Staples, F.R.A.S. (Rider, 4s. 6d.), the author makes some effective quotations from the great scientific leader of the last century. Here are two:—

That which is unproven to-day may be proven by the help of new discoveries to-morrow. . . . The only obligation is to have the mind always open to conviction.

The Spiritualists, so far as I know, do not venture to outrage right reason so boldly as the ecclesiastics. They do not sneer at "evidence", nor repudiate the requirements of legal proofs. In fact, there can be no doubt that the Spiritualists produce better evidence for their manifestations than can be shown either for the miraculous death of Arius, or the invention of the Cross.

Huxley, in spite of his prepossession against psychic phenomena, the investigation of which was only at its beginnings in his day, was an example to some of his scientific brethren in the matter of fair-mindedness. Were he alive amongst us to-day he might well be one of our most brilliant adherents.

THE INTERPRETERS OF THE WORLD BEYOND.

Some of those who are so enamoured of Science as the final authority on life, here or hereafter, need to be reminded that it is the work of Science to report and record, rather than to interpret. We have sometimes thought that if man were not in essence a spiritual being he would never have been able to conceive his spiritual nature—or to deny it. Sir Thomas Browne, who said so many wise things about the spiritual world, has in his "Urn Burial" some observations very appropriate to the discussion provoked by Sir Arthur Keith's recent statement. He says:

It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man to tell him he is at the end of his nature, and that there is no further state to come, into which this seems progressional and otherwise made in vain. Without this accomplishment the natural expectation and desire of such a state were but a fallacy in Nature.

Sir Thomas, who firmly believed in the Unseen World, is here saying in stately and not too lucid English what many have thought since. It is observable that all the greatest minds of the past have believed in a spiritual world, and borne witness to its activities in the affairs of this life. Our spiritual science of to-day—still in its beginnings—can do little more than confirm and define those things of which the illuminated minds of mystics and poets have spoken throughout the ages. The inspired writers and thinkers will still remain the prophets and interpreters of the Unseen.

TIME IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Amongst the many communications on this subject the following, taken from After-World Effects (The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, U.S.A.), is instructive:

There is no division here into hours, days, seasons or years. . . A succession of centuries is meaningless to us, except as definite lapse of time is required to achieve noble ends. We recognise duration of time as the period of utility before improved methods substitute superior proficiency. Accomplishment is our relative measurement in more than time, as it is also our opportunity unhampered by limitation. This is why psychic communications are vague in estimate of precise finite time or distance. The communicant is out of rapport with logical application of relative finite degrees.

It could have been put more simply, but it carries its meaning. "We live in deeds not years", as Bailey's Festus puts it. And here is a brief extract from another message given by a lately departed friend:

I have learned that time and space are for the evolved souls simply states of mind. I have not quite reached that point yet. I still think in terms of time.

Clearly, to pass beyond time—however inconceivable to us—solves, to some extent at least, the problem of immortality.

The Cantlon Case.—We understand that the hearing of the case against Mrs. Cantlon and Miss Mercy Phillimore at Westminster Police Court has been postponed until July 11th, at 2 o'clock.

The Quest for the current quarter maintains its high quality. Amongst the contents are articles by Sir Francis Younghusband, Dr. Geraldine Hodgson and F. C. Constable, and there is a suggestive essay, entitled "God Made in Man's Image", by the editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead.

ARE THE DEAD?" "WHERE

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE ON THE "DAILY NEWS" SYMPOSIUM.

We give below a summary of SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE's address at Grotrian Hall on Sunday evening, June 24th, of which a brief account appeared last week.

Sir Arthur said that the Daily News symposium showed the different angles from which various wellknown people viewed the question. The subject had been discussed in a very dignified way and without acrimony, which was unusual in theological discussion.

The writers, so far as the discussion had goneit was still being carried on at the time of his address might be roughly classified. There was the Roman Catholic view, as expressed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Dr. Arendzen, a very competent group. Sir Oliver Lodge had represented the Spiritualist view, with Sir Arthur to support him, and Mr. Robert Blatchford to follow on the same side. scientific view—so far as Sir Arthur Keith's negative opinions were really those of Science—was supported by Sir Arthur Keith himself, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Professor Julian Huxley.

The orthodox side was represented by Bishop Knox (for the Church), Dr. Townsend (Baptist), the Rev. Rhondda Williams (Congregationalist), and a few others with whom might be included Lady Southers. the only lady contributor to the debate up to that time. Then there was a group of distinguished people who were vaguely orthodox and vaguely reasonable, but altogether earnest, such as the Revs. R. J. Campbell and H. R. L. Sheppard, Messrs. J. A. Spender, Hugh Walpole, and Professor Spooner.

Having thus roughly enumerated the leading writers in the symposium, the speaker said that although Spiritualism had only been represented by two of them [Mr. Robert Blatchford's article appeared on the following day—Monday, 25th ult.] there were many allusions running through the whole series showing that we had left our mark deeply on current thought. One could see that some of the writers had

studied and been influenced by our facts.

As to the Roman Catholic view, he thought that was the nearest to actual knowledge of those facts which we had been taught from the Beyond. Roman Church taught the doctrine of Purgatory, Prayers for the Dead, Guardian Angels and Spiritualists knew of the realities underlynese things. They knew that there were Miracles. ing all these things. They knew that there were purgatorial conditions in the next world, cleansing and purifying conditions of sorrow and remorse. Even these did not mean that the spirit was entirely unhappy: it got glimpses of higher conditions to which it would pass when its purgation was ended. And in the majority of cases the condition might be rather happier than on earth. In that respect the Roman Catholic doctrine was right and the Protestant one Then there were Prayers for the Dead. Those we could approve, knowing the power of prayer and that our friends on the other side would benefit by our desires for their welfare thus expressed. Spirit guides and controls roughly corresponded to the Church's idea of guardian angels and patron saints. On miracles the Church and Spiritualism were more or less in agreement. The Spiritualist argued for the reality of the miracles recorded in the past and claimed that they were repeated to-day. The Catholic Church recognised the constant interposition of outside spiritual forces. But the Church attempted to limit these things to itself. Still, it admitted them, and no well-instructed Catholic denied the facts. They denied only the source of the inspiration. Sir Arthur then

referred to some of the beautiful customs of the Roman Church, instancing the Angelus bell, the Breton custom of blessing the fishing fleet, and the Wayside Shrine. At these shrines people knelt devoutly and asked a blessing. Abroad, they had the wayside shrine: in England we had the wayside public house!

The Roman Church had preserved some noble things which the Reformation had unwisely cast out.

It was a pity then that these things should be marred

by a narrow and exclusive attitude.

In the course of some comments on the various Daily News articles which had appeared, the speaker referred to Sir Arthur Keith as having done much valuable and honest work. As to his destructive criticism as a scientist-well, the house-breaker might be doing as useful a work as the house-builder. Arnold Bennett, on the whole, supported Sir Arthur Keith. He seemed to have read little of psychical research. At any rate, he failed to appreciate our position. Mr. G. K. Chesterton's contribution to the discussion was witty and clever. But he spoke of the "Rout of Reason", meaning apparently that his own point of view was reasonable, but this the speaker disputed, citing some Roman doctrines which could not be regarded as based on any reasonable view of life. Sir Arthur also referred to Dr. Arendzen's statement that Divine Revelation taught that unending torment awaits the unrepentant sinner, also that man's path is fixed for ever by this little life. He stigmatised that as the sort of theology which drove reasonable men out of the Church, and he proceeded:

> I have no ill-will to that great community to which in my youth I belonged, but I declare that I would rather be a Moslem, rather be a Buddhist, rather be an Arthur Keithian and accept annihilation than hold the idea of a Creator who, if this were true, would be subhuman both in reason and in morality.

Professor Julian Huxley in his article talked in a slighting way of Spiritualism, saying that ninety per cent. of our cases were either fraudulent or childish. We might admit that a certain proportion of them might be so described, but ninety per cent. was ridiculous. Yet even ninety per cent. fraud left ten per cent. genuine, and if he admitted this then he proved our point, and Professor Huxley must be classed as on our side.

Referring to the orthodox group in the discussion, Sir Arthur said they all believed in life after death, and as to the question of communication between the two worlds, they might be asked if they believed in telepathy between mind and mind, which was now a proven fact. If there could be communication between mind and mind on earth then why not between mind and mind after death, even though those minds might be in different states? The Rev. R. J. Campbell said in his article that he believed communication between the living and the dead occasionally took place, but that Spiritualists were not sufficiently critical of the data on which they based their claim. But since he conceded that communication did actually take place, on that point he was himself open to criticism. He admitted the facts for which Spiritualists stood, so that on that question he might be classed with Professor Huxley.

Of the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard Sir Arthur spoke in high terms, and remarked that his article was that of a good and sweet-natured man: but psychic facts had evidently made no impression on his mind. Mr.



Hugh Walpole was a man of whom he had great hopes. Mr. Walpole had been inquiring into our facts and he had a candid and acute mind. Our position was impregnable. No one could examine it impartially and not be convinced. But the difficulty was to get people to approach and examine it.

After dealing with various other points arising out of the discussion, Sir Arthur said that our movement should be guarded from the idea that we were more spiritual than other people, and that we had any advantage over these various earnest souls who had expressed their views in the Daily News, sometimes differing very much from the Spiritualist standpoint. All creeds produced beautiful souls. We had knowledge, but we did not always live up to our knowledge, and those who had not our psychic knowledge might yet be ahead of us-they might be more spiritual. Where we were valuable was that we knew how to meet the materialist and the agnostic. When the Churches met us face to face we might prove to them the enormous value of the evidence we had accumulated. When this was perceived it would surely have the effect of welding the religions together. It would be seen that the guesses and hopes and surmises of men, however good and earnest, were of no avail in argument, and that the only solid foothold in the great marshland of religious speculation lay in the knowledge which we possessed.

In closing Sir Arthur said:

The Ark of the Covenant of religion consists in imminent, living contact with the Spirit World, and we Spiritualists are the chosen guardians who hold that Ark in our keeping.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. L'ESTRANGE

The mediumship of Mr. L'Estrange, of Great Yarmouth, is the subject of two separate reports which have reached us, one from Mr. A. L. Dribbel, of "Hollandia", Harrow Road, Carshalton, Surrey; the other

from Miss D. H. Wilkes, of Thurnby, Leicester.

The first report describes a seance held at Mr. Dribbel's house on June 15th, twelve sitters being present; the medium was fastened to his chair with strong cotton ropes, knotted tightly over his chest, wrists and ankles tied, and the top buttonholes of his jacket secured with a piece of string. Lights were extinguished, and after a few minutes the curtains screening the corner of a bay window of the seance-room were violently agitated, and blown forward. Strong breezes were felt by the sitters. Varied phenomena of the usual kind took place, and a garment was thrown into the circle; this was afterwards found to be the medium's jacket, with the buttonholes still tied together. The contents of the pockets, a pencil, bundle of keys, a small bottle of aspirin tablets, etc., were distributed among the sitters by invisible hands.

By request, a gramophone was wound up, a record was played, stopped and turned over, and the other side played. "The handling of the machine was most careful," says the report. "At that time there was careful," says the report. "At that time there was still some daylight, and the gramophone, which was only an inch away from one of the sitters, could be seen by several of the company who were absolutely convinced that no visible agency manipulated the

machine.'

Afterwards full and partial materialisation occurred: one of these forms was recognised by a lady as the spirit of her mother. This lady was caressed by the apparition, and a male sitter states that he clearly saw the outline of a tall, heavily-built woman. A long golden chain was lifted from the neck of a lady and placed over her neighbour's head; a hair slide was removed from the head of another lady and placed in the hands of a sitter opposite.

After other manifestations Mr. Dribbel requested that the gramophone record might be changed for one which he had in mind, but did not disclose. The whole process of changing the record, winding the machine, putting in a new needle, and starting the motor was then gone through, as before, but the new record was not the one chosen mentally by Mr. Dribbel. At the close of the sitting, Mr. L'Estrange was found, bound exactly as at the beginning of the experiment, but minus his jacket.

Miss Wilkes's report follows generally on the same lines as that of Mr. Dribbel. At this seance, states the report, an undraped figure known as "The French Dancer" materialised. "She went round the circle, and all were agreed that she had a most beautiful figure," says Miss Wilkes. "She danced for us, and her white arms could be seen gracefully waving as she moved. . . . The voice of the guide informed us that they were going to try to do something diffi-cult, namely, give us two forms at the same time. We then saw two white forms standing in the centre of the circle, one taller than the other, the nearer one turning her head from side to side. We also saw a materialised form and the medium at the same time."

"MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES."

Sooner or later every man in search of truth-who has to that extent taken life seriously-finds himself at the cross roads. In his journey a point is reached where a vital question must be answered from the heart. "Is it Gold Almighty or God Almighty that I really seek?" And not a further step can he progress until the answer has been made.

This is the inevitable spiritual test—the very nature of his search demands such a trial-and fortunate he who, in spite of old desires, finds courage enough to

choose aright.

The choice made, the way becomes clearer. aspirant will now regard money, not as a thing to be despised, but as a power to be used; a means to an end. His possessions are to be employed for his spiritual education, and he will bother less about money-making schemes than about his rate of progress upon

the narrow road.
"Order is Heaven's first Law"; and having got this point right—a very knotty one for most people other things that had seemed puzzling and contradictory, will now take up their right relationship, and shed

a new light before him.

When the vital things of life call for consideration, the true power of money must not be exaggerated. It has its limits. Much it can bring us, it is true; but it cannot buy Paradise. Business thoughts, too, must not be permitted to sweep us off our feet; commerce must be kept just where it belongs. We are certainly not destined to trade our way to Heaven, for such a process would rob us of any Heaven worth entering.

More than a few sages have, since the world began, judged the pursuit of wisdom as important, if not more so, than the piling up of material wealth. And we may risk the doubtful humiliation of being thought foolish for respecting such a ruling.

The philosopher or true man seeks his reward, not in goods or cash, but in the very living of life itself. In other words his gain consists in the amount of wisdom he can distil from experience. And he knows that all effort in that direction will produce its dividend.

Wisdom thus found is real riches—it is "more precious than rubies." Not only does it pay compound interest in building man into his proper form, but it is found in the end to be the only desirable thing worth accumulating. As each experience is treasured for its yield of good, man gets to know truth; the real Philosopher's Stone all are seeking. But this he only finds within himself.

It has been truly written that "Such as the people are so is their God," and the finding of the Highest is but the discovery of the Real Self.

L.I.G.



IN THE NICK OF TIME.

TWO WAR EXPERIENCES.

Once or twice I have been in urgent vital need of some particular thing-some utterly impossible thing which apparently only a miracle could produce. And, at that moment the thing has appeared, with the bewildering suddenness of a conjuring trick. (Perhaps I should recast my opening sentence; I wish to amend it by adding that it has not been my own personal need that has been so dramatically and magically met, but that of persons closely associated with me.) Religious people may consider such experiences to be the result of direct answers to prayer, the intervention of an all-seeing Providence; Spiritualists tell us of watchful and helpful spirit friends who are able to intervene helpfully at moments of crisis; materialists or shall I say non-mystics?—regard these things as happy coincidence; superstitious folks-people who carry a rabbit's foot and exult inwardly when they see an even number of crows in the sky-look upon such experiences in the light of free gifts flung from the lap of the Great God Luck.

I express no opinion. I will merely record two experiences of mine, which seemed to indicate a providential intervention—or shall I say a timely and much-needed "leg-up" from a watchful and benevolent Dame Fortune?

It was during the War, and on the western front. The Germans had broken through and we were in retreat. Naturally there was much inevitable confusion, and all our efforts were strained to keep in touch with our scattered units, to maintain communications and prevent the organisation from being broken down in the general pressure of chaotic conditions. I was temporarily in charge of a convoy of three heavilyladen motor-lorries, under orders to reach a position some five miles due West. We crawled along a narrow French road, closely packed with lorries, guns, ammunition-wagons, water carts, motor cars-every kind of horse-drawn and motor-driven vehicle—all moving back to take up a new line of defence. The moving back to take up a new line of defence. stream of traffic, jammed tight together, moved along with exasperating slowness; still, it did move. day was bright and cloudless; we cursed the weather heartily, as it was an invitation for hostile aeroplanes. (How we would have welcomed one of those dull, cloudy, rain-laden days, of which we had had so much bitter experience—days of poor visibility and impossible flying conditions!) Somebody remarked—I think it was myself-that our slow-moving line made a perfect target for a Hun airman. Somebody else pointed out pessimistically that if one of the forward vehicles should happen to break down, traffic behind would be held up indefinitely, unable to move forward, for owing to the sodden nature of the ground on each side of the road, a detour-at least for the heavier conveyances-would be impossible.

And then a nasty breakdown occurred, forward. A heavy tractor (resembling a steam-roller) which towed a big howitzer, suddenly stopped dead. It was due to magneto trouble, and instantly the cry went up for a spare magneto. There was none to be had.

Meantime the rear traffic which had been directed on to the sodden grass, made a slow and cumbersome attempt to crawl round the stationary tractor. But this could not continue for more than a few minutes because the swampy ground was being churned up into an impassable sea of slimy mud. Meantime we were all anxiously watching the sky, wondering if any German air patrols would notice the magnificent target which awaited them. Oh, for a magneto! But where to get it? Minutes were precious. There were

no shops, no garages; all our accustomed places at which these mechanical replacements were obtainable had been hastily vacated and the army motor-experts, with their supplies, were being hurried back, like ourselves to new positions—where, none of us knew.

Then, over the grass, bumped a motor-cyclist, who

Then, over the grass, bumped a motor-cyclist, who dismounted in front of me, saluted, and asked if I had any orders for him. "I don't know you," I said. "I know you, sir, by sight," he answered; "I belong to the Motor Transport attached to your brigade, and catching sight of you, thought I had better stop in case you had orders for me." It seemed useless to put the question, but I asked: "Do you know where a spare magneto can be obtained for this tractor—quickly?" He paused for a moment, then said, "I think I know where I can get one." And he did in a very brief time.

Shortly after, during the same operations, at about 3 a.m. on an inky-black morning, a message from the commander of an adjacent brigade presented a difficult problem. A small group of us had taken shelter in some vacated and partially ruined hutments at a place called, let us say, Choseville. The enemy were pressing close, and our units were scattered around in the darkness, but precisely where, we hardly knew. One unit was in Blancheville, another in Noireville, a third was lying in an open field on the South-East of Rougeville, while another was strewn along a hedge near the cross-roads at Jauneville. I knew where these places were on the map, and armed with map and compass could have walked or ridden there without difficulty, at least by daylight. The positions, how-ever, had only just been taken up—on new terrain with which we were unfamiliar. At dawn runners would be out establishing communication between these positions, distant from each other by several kilometres. At this particular moment (about three in the morning) the exhausted units had had little time to do more than "pull in" and then snatch an hour or two's sleep on the bare ground. At the first streak of daylight all the personnel would be "up and doing". The pall-like darkness made it impossible to do much except to post watchful sentries.

But, about this message. It was something to this effect: "I believe the —th Battery has just pulled in at Bruneville, hasn't it? If so, I'll give you a friendly hint—get them away quick; I've just had news that the enemy has crept up to within two hundred yards of Bruneville."

I said, "Thank you for the tip!" Then I set about finding a way of getting word to the —th Battery, to warn them of their danger. But among the small group with me, nobody knew the precise direction of Bruneville, or at least, none of them had been there. Here was another occasion when minutes were vital. To order out a runner "on spec" seemed hopeless; no matter how experienced in finding his way over strange country, his chance of reaching his destination—in pitch darkness (no lantern or electric torch could be used in safety) over unknown ground, and in time to get the battery away before daylight—seemed about a "hundred to one against". If he waited till daylight he could find his way to the destination more easily, but—he might be too late: the unit might be destroyed or captured; in any case, even if the enemy failed to attack, a withdrawal of the battery in daylight would probably be impractical owing to the nearness of the German troops.

I remember walking up and down, racking my brains to think up a way of getting into rapid touch with the jeopardised unit. I reflected that I had better make the attempt myself. Carrying a luminous compass, a map, and a discreetly-shaded torch, I might with good luck succeed in stumbling along the correct route, and reach my destination in time. Of course, I reflected, the battery might have become aware of

its danger and retired, which would make the warning What unnecessary, but this was mere speculation. was wanted at that moment was somebody who had actually been to Bruneville and back, and knew the way to the battery in the dark with absolute certainty.

Just at that moment a thin streak of light flashed out in the darkness. I went towards it, idly. It came from a crack in the door of a ruined shed. Opening the door I found a very weary officer—we were all "dead beat" at that period—pulling off his boots preparatory to a much-needed rest on Mother Earth. "You know —th Battery location?" I asked. "Just this moment returned from it!" he answered. "Can you go back at once and get them away—quick?"
"Right-oh!" he said, with a tired grin. In a few minutes he was off with lorries and tractors to pull out the guns of the —th Battery from a position which, a few hours later, was to fall into enemy hands. The guns were got away before dawn, under a hail of machine-gun bullets, in circumstances that earned for my friend a Military Cross, and for the Battery Commander a D.S.O. (Both were killed a few nonths later.)

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

When a person has returned from the other life and has given substantial proofs of identity, is it fair to him to expect that every time he returns he shall be compelled to give his proofs all over again? Is it not generally the case that a spirit manifests with a definite purpose in view, and successfully to accomplish that purpose he does not want to be met with some such query as "If that is you, B, do you remember where we last played a game of whist together?" or some equally proof-searching question? Is it not more natural to receive him as we should do were he still in the flesh, and then let him say what he wishes to say? He may come fully prepared to convey to us some special information; we "butt in" with some question or other with the result that the spirit is confused, the message gets distorted, and general dissatisfaction results. Not for one moment would I desire to suggest that we should receive spirit communications in blind faith, but it has often been my experience that spirits are sorely hampered by being met at the outset with "test-questions," frequently dictated by minds full of doubts and suspicion—an attitude which sometimes tends to destroy every chance of success. Spirits will often prove themselves spontaneously by their voluntary statements. Given a trustworthy and well-developed medium, what is more natural than that a discarnate friend should seek to communicate his own ideas in his own way? And if, whenever he tries to do so, he is checked at every point by questionings and objections, is it surprising if at last he gives it up as a bad job, or that, if he persists, the result is a confused message?

I am not dealing now with the scientific investi-gator of Spiritualism, who must needs regard the ques-tion from quite another angle. It would be a sorry day indeed for such a vast subject as Spiritualism if its adherents should seek to belittle the importance of the scientific investigation of its claims. All that I seek to emphasise here is that the human side of the subject should never be overlooked.

Spirit communication is, after all, but another means (sublimated if you will) whereby humanity calls to humanity for co-operation, sometimes for help, and a sympathetic hearing. Until this is realised the establishment of the truth of spirit communication will be constantly retarded, through a lack of proper understanding of the subject. We have wasted enough energy in the discovery of how not to do it. It is time to take a more intelligent line of action.

L. H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

"WHERE ARE THE DEAD?"

Sir,—It would seem that in grappling with this problem of the whereabouts of the Dead, our difficulties arise from the supposition that all facts of nature must of necessity have a "where" or a "when" like a mountain or a battle.

It does not require very deep reflection to convince one of the absurdity of this point of view. We do not enquire as to the whereabouts of a mathematical formula, or a musical composition, and yet these are obvious facts and realities, and, in so far as man is a natural being, they are facts of Nature. When the question is asked, "Where are the Dead?", surely

When the question is asked, "Where are the Dead?", surely the safest and most reasonable answer is that the question simply does not apply, any more than if we were asked "Where is the Insurance Act or the Ninth Symphony?" These things, in spite of their obvious reality, cannot be referred to a system of co-ordinates even by an Einstein.

Yours, etc.,

J. L. Ames, F.R.G.S.

Thistleyhaugh, Longhorsley, Northumberland.

THE DETECTION OF THE AURA.

Sir,—I disagree with your suggestion that the "aura is not detectable by any instrument". A great many of the effects known loosely as "capacity effects" in wireless instruments are due to the human aura. Experimenters in wireless are well aware of these effects and do their utmost to eliminate

Many people would not agree that these are effects of an "aura", but would give it another name such as "body capacity". The electrical field which extends to some distance from the human body can be given many names, but it is certainly well known to orthodox Science. It is a great nuisance where it is not considered useful and is easily detected by any badly constructed wireless receiver where care has not been taken to destroy its action with efficient screening.

Yours, etc.,

QUENTIN C. A. CRAUFURD.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE COAST OF BOHEMIA.

Sir,-The spirit who inspired the author of "The Winter's Sir,—The spirit who inspired the author of "The Winter's Tale" made no mistake about the sea-coast of Bohemia. Mr. Arthur Heathcote should refer to J. Sime's Germany (Historical Course for Schools). Page 87 gives: "Styria had been united to Austria in 1192. Frederick, the last Austrian Duke of the house of Babenberg, died in 1246. . . . After much fighting with the Hungarians, Ottokar, King of Bohemia, at last got possession of them [the Austrian lands] for some time." T. Hartley Fudge, in the Historical Atlas of Europe (Oxford and Cambridge edition), page 19, says: "1273, Rudolf of Habsburg . . wrests Austria from Ottokar, the Slav King of Bohemia." As owner of Austria and Styria, Ottokar ruled over a small portion of Adriatic coast. Bohemia (in the Story of the Nations Series) gives fuller particulars.

Yours, etc.,

Yours, etc., Norah Powys. (Scholar, Lady Margaret Hall.)

·Lilford Lodge, Swanmore.

RETURN OF MRS. SUSANNA HARRIS.

-After four years our old friend returns from California, having been round the world, and arrives amongst us at a time when mediums for voice phenomena are very scarce and are much needed.

I was specially pleased to see her and to discuss the experiment of astral travelling which Dr. Mansfield Robinson and I had with Mrs. Harris when she was residing in New Zealand, had with Mrs. Harris when she was residing in New Zealand, associated with telekinesis in London, which I recorded in LIGHT at the time. The experiment was under the direction of Sir William Crookes from the other side of life. Two days ago we had a short sitting with Mrs. Harris, and amongst some ten or eleven friends were Sir William Crookes, Sir William F. Barrett, W. T. Stead, and Miss Scatcherd, who gave me warm greetings. Dr. Mansfield Robinson and I hope in future sittings to receive instructions for further experiments. in future sittings to receive instructions for further experiments. Yours, etc.,

ABRAHAM WALLACE, M.D.



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THE DOORWAY OF TRANCE.

It would be possible to say a great deal about the trance state without touching Spiritualism in any direct way. We could tell of the trances of the saints and mystics, and of the poets, as in the case of Tennyson, and those semi-trances described by Myers; to say nothing of the many allusions to trance in the New Testament.

Spiritual science shows that the trance is the doorway to the unseen world. As an advanced teacher once put it, the trance is a secret treasured within the life possibilities of all humanity. And he further said, "The trance condition is the warrant of death and the prophecy of futurity." The trance, indeed, is "a miniature representation of death".

If that miniature representation can be experienced by the individual and he return to human life and consciousness again, two ends are gained; first, the realisation of an existence of himself apart from his external and material body with its outward consciousness; secondly, his ability to triumph over the limitations of his material environment and then return to all its possibilities in their fullness and entirety.

This subject is at once simple in its principles and vast and complex in its details. We prefer to set out the primary facts. The trance-state is a fact known to thousands of us, in some cases by direct personal experience. We know it not merely as a mode whereby the interior consciousness is brought into touch with the realities of the unseen world; we know it also as a method whereby the discarnate may come into touch again with their friends in this world through the instrumentality of the physical organism of the entranced person, usually known as a trance medium; although the trance is of course by no means confined to mediums.

The trance always means a deadening of the outer sensibilities and the opening of those interior perceptions which belong to the spiritual side of man. It may vary in degree in accordance with the nature and the temperament of the person concerned. There are those slight degrees of trance, referred to by Myers, as a matter within his own experience, and there is the deep trance in which the subject is utterly unconscious of the physical world and its affairs.

The trance may be induced by hypnotic or mesmeric methods; it may be self-induced or it may arise as a

consequence of the action of spirit agents—"entities" is the usual phrase. (We prefer to regard them as discarnate human beings, as indeed they are.) Interrogated on the subject, they tell us that their methods of entrancing people on the material side are analogous to the process of hypnotism; but whereas the hypnotist operates from without—from the circumference to the centre, so to speak—the spirit-operator reverses the method and operates from the centre outward; but the effect in each case is the same; the subject is put into trance. But in the case of the spirit operator that is not sufficient. It is not enough merely to deaden the consciousness, to put the body to sleep, if there is not an awakening of the consciousness upon the inner plane. And so it comes about that the trance is a method of education, of soul-growth, of enhanced sensibilities, as well as a means of enabling spirits to communicate with their kindred of the flesh.

Such are a few facts concerning trance. They are facts or we should not have stated them so positively. Where actualities are concerned there is no need to appeal to argument, or rhetoric, or to poetry, although the trance is a theme full of poetic suggestion. We could quote Shakespeare and Tennyson extensively on the subject, as well as the pages of Holy Writ.

On the scientific side of the matter the medical man who is acquainted with psycho-therapy should know sufficient to be able to testify to the reality of the trance-condition. Probably no one knows more on the subject than the educated and intelligent Spiritualist, for it is a matter that falls well within the range of his studies.

Let us close with the words of the spirit teacher

previously quoted:-

The trance, either in its magnetic, natural, or spiritually-induced form, is God's evidence and nature's indication of the utility of death and the reality of immortal life.

WHERE DEAD MEN DWELL.

The question "Where are the Dead?", which has been so ardently discussed, very naturally shows the futility of trying to locate spiritual beings in terms of Time and Space. But the difficulty is not confined to the spiritual or immaterial side of things. Science has advanced so far to-day that it is beginning to realise, with Einstein, that it is almost equally difficult to assign a particular place even to material things—we are confronted by the doctrine of Relativity. Here is a portion of the answer given by a spirit-communicator to the question, "What is the Spirit World and Where is it?" He said:

The spirit world is the home of departed humanity, wherein the highest dreams, the most vivid imaginings, the most beauteous and artistic conceptions of life in this world are more than realised. Where the myriad dead collect in friendships and companionships, and pursue life in a thousand and one different directions. Where the great business of conscious being is continued under infinitely greater advantage than could ever be obtained in this world. Where is Some of it is here; the inner life of this world of which you are now treading the outer limits circles around this little rolling planet, affords a probationary state of life for you immediately upon your departure from it, and finally revolves in broad and endless sweep around the Central Life of Him who holds everything within the compass of His power-God.

We know this statement to be true; it was just a brief and unpremeditated answer to a question put to a medium in trance. It is not scientific, of course, but then neither is Love or Faith or Beauty, and these are facts in human experience. Perhaps one answer which would apply to the question "Where are the Dead?" is the time-honoured statement—"There are no Dead."

SIDELIGHTS.

"In the opinion of the Press, politics are a dull and uninviting dish," says Mr. Lloyd George (in the Daily News), who adds, "but the newspapers are convinced that to-day people are more concerned about the things of the soul."

The news that Hurstmonceaux Castle is announced to be sold recalls the story of the Ghostly Drummer, who, according to tradition, haunts—or used to haunt—the castle precincts, beating an eerie tattoo on his ghostly drum. This noisy visitant has apparently ceased his mysterious promenade during late years.

Miss Peggy Webling's play "Frankenstein" (first produced at Preston last December) has been presented at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, by Mr. Hamilton Deane, and has been well received. It is a stage version of the grim story of Mary Wollstoncraft Shelley, the second wife of Shelley the poet.

Strange rappings in an empty house at Edmonton appear to be connected with the death, two years ago, of a jilted woman who last occupied the premises, says the Daily Chronicle of June 23rd. Miss McCloy, the lady in question, is stated to have received on her wedding morning a letter from her lover, cancelling the ceremony, and from that date had been brokenhearted. In her garden she grew nothing but roses, the favourite flower of her faithless swain, whose photograph she hung on the wall of her room; it is upon this wall that the mysterious knocks are said to take place.

Professor Charles Richet recounts in Revue Méta-psychique, under the title, "Is there a fatality in things?", the following strange story, of which the authenticity is guaranteed. It occurred in the Théâtre Française at Bordeaux in December, 1913; a rehearsal of "The Count of Luxembourg" had been arranged, and one of the artistes, Mlle. X., found hanging from the ceiling of the dressing-room allotted to her a beribboned spray of mistletoe, which had been left by the previous occupant, Mlle. Marthe Lanclude. Monsieur Z., an actor in the company, protested vehemently against the presence of this plant, which, he said, always brought him bad luck, and at his urgent request it was removed. But, one of his colleagues, Monsieur Marin, thinking to play a practical joke, placed a branch of the mistletoe on the dressingtable of the superstitious Z., who, upon perceiving it, flew into an extravagant rage, and fled from the room, exclaiming that evil fortune would inevitably befall him. So great was his resentment that he hurled himself on the joker, and would have knocked him down if the two men had not been separated.

During the second or third performance of the "Count of Luxembourg" Monsieur Z. was observed to be ill; blood flowed from his gums; large contused swellings appeared on his arms. Next day he died, and decomposition of the body was so rapid that immediate burial was necessary. Professor Richet states that Z. was a tall, handsome, vigorous fellow, apparently in excellent health; he claimed that dire misfortune always arrived whenever he received mistletoe; he had lost his mother after receiving a bunch of mistletoe; on another occasion a specimen of the same plant had been sent to him just prior to a financial disaster that ruined him.

A coloured man, who professed to "tell fortunes" in Bigg Market, Newcastle, says the Newcastle Daily Journal (June 21st), has been taken into custody on a charge of "obtaining twopence by fraudulently pretending to tell fortunes by means of a device". The accused's method was as follows: taking a sheet of apparently blank paper, he placed it in a glass cylinder; a few seconds later the paper was found to be covered with printed matter, comprising a "character-reading", beginning with the flattering words, "You are endowed with more than ordinary intelligence." Needless to say, it was an ingenious trick; the apparently blank sheet of paper was, of course, previously written upon with an invisible ink, which on insertion into the cylinder became visible by a chemical reaction. The defendant claimed that this was not fortune-telling, but was merely a device to give amusement to the public. And the price of it was—two pence!

The "evil eye"—whose possessor, says tradition, can by occult means convey misfortune to others in a single glance—is touched on in a Daily Mail (June 26th) article by Mr. Arthur Weigall, who deals absorbingly with the history of superstitions about charms and mascots. The golliwog doll, he points out, is a relic of the days when a mother gave her child a doll or toy of grotesque and hideous design, so that the attention of all observers (including possessors of the 'evil eye'') should be attracted to the fantastic object rather than to the child. For a similar reason, metal ornaments of a crescent shape may still be seen on the harness of cart-horses, such "ornaments like the moon" being in the past regarded as amulets of special protecting power, owing to their association with the benevolent moon goddesses. "Touching wood", that quaint rite supposed to avert the evil consequences of openly expressing satisfaction with existing good fortune, dates back to ancient days when the oak was a sacred tree. The superstition that peacocks' feathers attract bad luck, is a relic of the time when the peacock was the sacred bird of Juno, who might be liable to visit her wrath on those who despoiled her pets. Mr. Weigall mentions that even Einstein, the famous physicist, is believed to have been guilty of stepping into the gutter to avoid walking under a ladder.

THE SOUL AND THE CANDLE SIMILE.

MR. B. M. Godsal (San Diego, Calif.) writes:—
Sir Arthur Keith's famous analogy between a burning candle and a living man has sent a repercussion round the world.

Thirty-odd years ago one used the same analogy glibly enough, but now, in the light of Spiritualism, one sees that it fails to touch the

real point at issue.

A true analogy can be drawn, no doubt, between the burning of a candle and the slow combustion that takes place in a living body. And when the candle runs out of fuel it dies a malodorous death, and the body reacts in a similar manner. But there the analogy ceases. For in view of the fact that not a glint of intelligence is found in the flame, it cannot be said to provide an analogy by which an opinion can be formed concerning what becomes of man's intelligence—the sole matter in dispute.

Before Sir Arthur Keith's candle can throw any light whatever on the question of human survival it will be necessary to show that the flame has intelligence—and whether or not it

survives the use of the extinguisher.

YOUR NEWSAGENT CAN SUPPLY "LIGHT" WEEKLY

THE OBSESSION THEORY OF DR. TITUS BULL.

By Horace Leaf, F.R.G.S.

The belief that insanity may be caused by an obsessing spirit is as old as the human race. It is one of the boasts of modern psychiatrists that they have succeeded in departing from this ancient and powerful notion. They regard it as a superstition arising from ignorance with nothing to recommend it but its age.

No doubt the theory arose from an intelligent effort to account for certain mental disorders, many of which have all the symptoms one would expect to arise from the control or interference by an invisible

intelligence.

But the ancients knew little about nerves and nothing about the subliminal mind. It must be confessed that modern alienists know comparatively little about them too, but as they are "natural" theories they fit into the general scheme acceptable to twentieth century science.

Insistence on the material basis of all mental states has led to the orthodox belief that consciousness is as much a physiological function as glandular secretions. There is therefore no room for spirits, human or otherwise.

This may well be the reason why the treatment of mental and nervous disorders is less successful than

other forms of therapy.

Psychic science clearly proves the existence of disembodied intelligences capable of speaking through trumpets, levitating tables, materialising organs and organisms, corresponding to those of human beings. They can also produce profound nervous and psychological changes, reducing the sensitivity of mediums without any apparent change in their consciousness, and in their consciousness without any apparent change in their senses. Frequently they modify both

to an extraordinary degree.

This is done in a perfectly healthy manner with the trained psychic, the medium willingly co-operating and helping to reduce the change. But all psychics are not trained. Around the borders of the cultivated mediumistic field lies a rough, untilled area in which grow dangerous weeds. Half-developed mediums grow dangerous weeds. Half-developed mediums who pursue their spiritual interests in a casual and ignorant way are far too frequently found about Spiritualistic circles. It is only a step to those who, having profound mediumistic powers, are totally ignorant of the fact. These may easily become unfortunate enough to be acted upon by unseen intelligences, who for some reason or other insist on finding some mediumistic outlet.

Dr. Carl Wickland of Los Angeles, California, will be remembered as one of the firmest believers in this possibility, which he undertook to demonstrate through the mediumship of his wife who courageously laid herself open to the influence of the intelligences obsessing her husband's patients. By this means

Dr. Wickland has made many cures.

He is not alone in his work and method. While he works in the west of America Dr. Titus Bull labours in the east with equal success along similar lines. With the assistance of a capable medium many cures have been wrought in cases regarded as incurable by

ordinary practitioners.

Dr. Bull believes that many of his patients are

naturally psychic, while others have become so "artifically" by trauma of different kinds. "It is this undeveloped psychic faculty," he says, "that permits the dissociation of which the obsessing entities take advantage."

The obsessing influence is usually a bad one, although beneficent motives may pervade some. chief weakness is a desire to experience physical sensations and this can take place only through human organism. Dr. Bull's theory is somewhat as follows. Obsessing spirits, whether well-meaning or not, are mainly of two orders: Primaries, who are generally harmless and attached to the medium by a "psychic umbilical cord". These Primaries the Doctor regards as rather helpless. To these become attached Secondaries who are invariably malicious. They do not always realise that they are dead nor what they are doing, their object is to gratify their animal desires. The obsessing entities attach themselves to the subconsciousness of their victims and impel them to the kind of action they wish. It is possible to displace them either by conversion or by the exertion of an equally forceful influence. Therefore Dr. Bull uses a combination of methods, the chief being a highly trained medium and her "spirit helpers". These helpers are able to transfer the obsessing entity from the patient to the medium. This accomplished, the impulses dominating the patient manifest through the psychic, producing similar motor reactions when not These reactions are of the greatest value, dangerous. often revealing the identity of the obsessor and his mental and emotional attitude.

After the mediumistic diagnosis the doctor often "magnetises" the patient by making passes over him with his hands, gives prescriptions and advises

dieting.

It is interesting to know that Dr. Bull's experiments have been conducted in fulfilment of a promise that he made to Dr. James H. Hyslop before his death, to test the spiritistic hypothesis in cases of psychosis and neurosis.

The method has proved so successful that it deserves most serious consideration irrespective of the Spiritualistic theory. Dr. Bull, however, is convinced of the truth of obsession as so many of his patients have shown characteristics pertinent to it. He says:
"I frankly admit that the spiritistic hypothesis impresses me as the one most suited to the facts."

He considers Freud's discovery of the Unconscious very valuable, that the "libido" of the neurotic is the very soil in which the seeds of insanity are sown; but Freud did not go far enough. He discovered the slimy pool but did not fathom its depths. In these depths lurk spirits awaiting an opportunity to become tenants of the weakened habitations of unfortunate mortals to sate their appetites and lusts.

This is a distressing picture. Nevertheless it must not be ignored if it represents a fact. If Dr. Bull's assumptions are correct his methods should be adopted and retained if as successful in other hands as they have been in his. So effective have they been in New York that enthusiastic supporters are working to establish an institution for the sole use of Dr. Bull's treatment. The first object is to found a properly equipped experimenting station more effectively to test out cases dealt with. It is hoped that support will be forthcoming from all parts of the world.

No greater sacrifice can be made than that of Dr. Titus Bull who has given up everything to forward the

effort.

Soul Communion.—That it is possible for incarnated ones to commune with each other without resort to speech is probably well known to all. The story is told of Alfred, Lord Tennyson well known to all. The story is told of Alfred, Lord Tennyson spending an evening with the sage of Chelsea, the silence broken only by the knocking of ashes out of their pipes, and Carlyle's remark, "Come again, soon; I've enjoyed your conversation immensely." Who can say that this is not literally true? That articulation is a necessity? And when we dispense with speech we dispense with dissimulation, for "Language was given us, not to express, but to conceal our thoughts," is very largely true. Those who can thus commune without the use of speech are those who are most responsive to the communion of the are those who are most responsive to the communion of the spirits, those whose organism is fitted for communion. H.G.HEV.



A TRANSFIGURATION MEDIUM.

A SEANCE WITH EUGENIE PICQUART.

The transfiguration phenomena of Madame Eugénie Picquart, whose psychic powers are being tested by the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, present a strange problem. They take place in full daylight; every detail of the succeeding stages of transformation can be observed closely; the medium is not hypnotised, and neither she nor her friend and patron Madame Oudot accept fees for their services.

I had already witnessed a demonstration of the Picquart mediumship at Madame Oudot's flat in rue du Faubourg, Montmartre, Paris, but on that occasion I was interested though not greatly impressed. My next experience with this medium took place at the National Laboratory; this time the phenomena were more striking, and conveyed a stronger impression of genuine control by some external agency. One cannot pronounce a final verdict after two such seances (in any case a more considered judgment will be made later by the National Laboratory experts), but I may record here that I was impressed.

Madame Picquart, an elderly woman, apparently of French peasant stock, entered the seance room, clad in a pair of black woollen tights and a black cotton wrap. She sat down, a trifle nervously, in an arm-After a few minutes she appeared to be in a light slumber. Soon the eyes opened; the face changed slightly, the cheeks sinking in and the lips protruding; the change continued—though I will admit frankly that this alteration could easily have been done by voluntary facial distortion. But the point which struck the observer was that she looked to be a different person. The expression was different-it was a highly-intelligent face, suggesting far more mental vigour than Madame Picquart ordinarily discloses. She held out her hands mutely; scissors were offered, then pieces of black paper. In a completely detached manner she rapidly cut out and shaped two strips which she pinned round her legs—and hey presto! they became knee-boots. Mechanically she folded a piece of white paper, tied this round her neck with a piece of cloth and it became a stock. Another strip of white paper, folded concertina-fashion and inserted under the chin, became a ruffle, while another scrap, manipulated by rapid fingers, became a cockade, which she pinned to a hastily-improvised jacket—she ingeniously constructed a pair of lapels with two pieces of folded linen. She fumbled with her hair. Next she wanted a cane—by signs and grunts she made known her desires, and expressed disgust at an umbrella-stick that was offered—so with a few rapid twists to a thin strip of black cloth (the end of which was pinned to the floor by Madame Oudot) she contrived a very fair imitation of a hooked stick. This completed the transformation, and we were told it represented Sarah Bernhardt in the character of L'Aiglon. The resemblance to the Divine Sarah was noticeable.

Another representation was that of a small French boy, said to have died at the age of eleven. The medium's face changed to that of a rollicking mischievous gamin, who spoke rapid French in a high-pitched boyish voice. She—or rather he—danced about the room, rollicked, rolled ecstatically about the floor, ate a cake, smoked a cigarette, and insisted on drawing a "portrait" of one of the sitters, which he signed "Jean Mabille". He went round to all the visitors, shook hands and made joking remarks, impudently addressing us all by the familiar "tu" instead of the more correct "vous". As a piece of ordinary stage acting it would have been brilliantly clever; if it were actual control by a dead French boy, it was a highly successful control. I will express no opinion, but I may record that one of the observers, a lady of the utmost integrity, stated that the face of the medium, during the varied stages of transfiguration, changed for a few fleeting moments to the countenance of her dead sister.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

An amusing instance of the over-readiness of belief shown by uncritical sitters occurs to my mind. A spirit communicator was asked who he was. He spelled out "Julius". That was enough for one of the sitters, an excited lady. "Julius Cæsar!" she cried. Fortunately in this case the good sense of the others prevailed, and the communicator was allowed to proceed. His name, he said, was Julius Schneider.

I once witnessed during a processional hymn in Church a number of clergy in full ceremonials walking in the rear of the choristers. All looked very devout, but I was particularly impressed with one of the parsons, who in private life was rather worldly-minded. He had his arms crossed on his breast and wore a look of seraphic holiness. To the austere moralist this might have been very shocking; but a great humanist like Shakespeare would have seen only humour in it—the same kind of humour which he put into Falstaff.

It is our custom to laugh at those people who, not having witnessed a supernormal manifestation, yet presume to deny or deride it. But there is another point of view. A man goes to a seance and talks with his departed mother. As a result he comes away with an "emotional bias" (pernicious things these emotional biases!) But the man who was not there. must necessarily be impartial. He cannot have an "emotional bias." It wasn't his mother. Of course, the evidence of "a witness who was not resent" is not received in the Law Courts. It is regarded as valueless. But the Law, as dear old Bumble said, "the Law is a ass." It is not up to date. I know some "scientific psychical researchers" who could teach it a thing or two!

If it is a superstition to believe in luck, then I am superstitious. I believe in luck in the sense that it is something in the man which effects his outward circumstances unconsciously to himself. That is to say, some men are successful in whatever they do, although to all appearance they are deficient in those things which are supposed to command success. They are not brilliant or painstaking or careful and scrupulous, but they always seem to "fall on their feet". I think it is a question of soul-force. Some men achieve success through painstaking attention to the material factors; others have success thrust upon them, doing nothing to earn it. That brings up the question what is meant by success. But that is another story, which is likely to be told in another world than this, where some of the successful men of this world will be seen as the next world's failures.

It is always disconcerting to the fussy or self-important inquirer when he meets a Spiritualist who is not at all anxious to conciliate him or to solicit his vote and interest. It was one of this type who many years ago met Mr. Edmund Dawson Rogers, the first editor of Light, and, a little disappointed by his reception, inquired plaintively, "But don't you want to convert me?" "No, why should I?" was the reply, "your interest is not my interest." It is likely that if this person had met Mr. Dennis Bradley, the retort would have been much stronger. A spirit control once remarked that angel-ministers to earth are quite indifferent as to whether certain conceited people believe in them or not. They are not to be browbeaten or ordered about by self-consequential inquirers. The other world is a human world, and it includes amongst its human attributes the qualities of independence and dignity and courtesy. inquirers should never forget this. Some of our

RESCUE WORK IN THE SPHERES.

By Mrs. J. J. CADWALADR.

(Continued from page 296.)

"Come," pleaded the medium, "a sister is trying to help you. You must not go back."

"There is no help for me," said the lost one, "there is no help for me. I was a great sinner and am now a great wanderer. I often think of the hymn, "Art thou weary?" I am very weary."

"We accurate him of the root there were in Louis

We assured him of the rest there was in Jesus,

if he would only pray for it in all humility.

"No, no, I cannot expect any rest, or any angel to help such as I am. I was steeped in drink and sin. Drinking leads to all sin. If I could only go to sleep. If I could cease wandering. What I would give for forgiveness!"

He was very distressed, this tired soul. We asked

him to tell us something of his earth story.
"My father was a preacher, but he had to leave his chapel through me. But he still kept the home door open, though I would not enter it at last. He used to say, 'My son, keep in the path of life. Pray that your heart be cleansed. Ye shall never die, but live.' I would not listen, but went further and further away, heedless of his words, heedless of my mother's prayers."

We told him that he must pray for himself, that

prayer was the passport to forgiveness, and after long

pleading he managed to get to his knees.

"Glory be to the angels of heaven," he cried,
who are showering lights around me! Ah, they
come! My father and mother are coming! Reach down your hand, mother, and lead me up. . . . You are gently gliding towards me. Mother, mother! Jesus is my life. Jesus is my all!"

With these words he passed from us, and another

weary wanderer's salvation was sure.

"I am so tired and old, I want to sleep," said a

faltering voice. We told him of the rest for all weary ones that prayed to Jesus for help.

"Oh," he interrupted, "they are running after Save me from those evil people. I saw a light and heard someone calling me to leave them and I came. Now they will drag me back. Save me, hide me!"

We tried to assure him of safety. "There is an

angel here to guard you, dear friend."

Eventually he knelt beside us.

"Is this kneeling?" he asked. "Ah, yes, I remember. It is coming back, how I used to kneel by my mother's chair. I've never prayed since, and I'm an old, old man. Lord, I feel rested on my knees before Thee. I have run away from the wicked ones.

. . Oh, Lord, wilt Thou hide me? They will make me go back. Oh, Jesus, there is one Thou couldest send to help me—my mother. She would walk with me. Open the gates of heaven wide that she may come to me. Tell her I remember Thee as she taught me. . . . Ah, I can hear a footstepit is the footstep of my mother. Lead me to her.
. . Mother! Mother!"

The meeting was a joyful one. Again a mother's love had endured beyond the grave. She took possession subsequently. "He was a good boy," she told us, "but as he grew up he wandered away. He has been in the darkness for years. I have tried and tried to reach him. I could see him, but he could not see me. At last I have been helped to reach him. Thank

you all. A mother's gratitude is yours.'

Then she gave place to her son, who no longer

seemed old and feeble.

"Thank the sister who brought me the light, dear friends, and tell her I will always love her as I love my mother, and I will forever love you, too; you who taught me to kneel. . . . Mother, lead me to my father. . . . Dear friends, I am going home, my mother's hand in mine. When I was a boy my hand was in hers. Now I am a man my mother's hand is in mine. . . .

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"The Brontes and Their Stars." By Maud Margesson. (Rider,

Astrology is here presented in an unusual and interesting form. The story of the Brontës has been told before many times, but here a new light is shed upon their genius by an examination of their horoscopes. It is shown in their charts that a remarkably close mental sympathy existed between the four Brontë children, Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and Branwell. In each case it appears that Mercury, the ruler of the mind, was in aspect to the mystic Neptune and the occult Uranus.

A study of these horoscopes, with the brief history of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, father of this remarkable family, will help to explain many of the knotty problems that have puzzled students and lovers of "the Brontës".

Horoscopes, with their explanations, are given of the Rev. Bell Nichols, Ellen Nussey, Monsieur Constantin Heger, and Madame Heger, and the influence of these upon the Brontë

family is disclosed.

The book, which is absorbingly interesting, will appeal to literary and occult students, and should also find appreciation among that class which is covered by the term "general reader". It is illustrated with many charts and diagrams. E.K.G.

"Back to Realities: A Way out of the present Chaos in Religion." By Sydney Herbert Mellone. (Constable, 2s.

Those who may wish for a short and able account of what has been happening within the Christian fold during recent years could do no better than consult Dr. Mellone's little book. The storm-centres which at present threaten the citadel of the Established Church have, as he points out, arisen from scientific considerations on the one side, and from the value and meaning to be placed on the central sacrament upon the other, and it be placed on the central sacrament upon the other, and it is between these two controversial elements that the fate of the Establishment may shortly be decided. Formal catholicity, and mediatorial ministries based upon traditional sanctions have played their part to the detriment of spiritual freedom. Dr. Mellone opposes Sectarian prejudice and the general ideals of orthodoxy and traditionalism with all his might, and declares in the words of Whichcote: "Vitals in Religion are Few "—a truth which claims essentials to the archypion of the merchy larged arms." which claims essentials to the exclusion of the merely legendary labels. These essentials are here admirably set forth, and if the author's plea could only be sustained in practice, there might be peace in our time between the conflicting claims of the warring Christian Churches, especially in matters where the old Revelation has been found to press so hardly upon the simple beauty of the Christian ethic. Dr. Mellone has found that the essence of the Unitarian gospel contains all that we need of Christianity in its purest and most intelligible form. F.F.K.

"Progressive Studies in Spiritual Science." By Walter H. Scott.
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whist admitting the discrepancies which exist between the recognised exponents of the Occult, with especial reference to what he regards as the fundamental realities of the spiritual life—Love, Brotherhood, Survival—Mr. Scott turns mainly to Theosophy as involving a synthesis of all that is best in the spiritual teachings of the past. These teachings are passed in rapid region, and his object is mainly to recognize arising difference and the and his object is mainly to reconcile existing differences and to show that successive statements and pronouncements upon man's spiritual heritage belong to that evolutionary process which, in the building up of Religions as in all else, make for the ultimate definition of the central truth that is common to all. F.E.K.

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Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High Street.—July 8th, 11 and 6.30, Mr. A. Nickels. Wednesday, 7.30, public circle at 55, Station Road. Peckham.—Lausanne Road.—July 8th, 7, Mrs. M. Evans. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. M. Clempson.

Richmond Spiritualist Church, Ormond Road.—July 8th, 7.30, A Crusader, address and clairvoyance. July 11th, 7.30, Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, address and clairvoyance. July 11th, 7.30, Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, address and clairvoyance.

Oroydon.—The New Gallery, Katharine Street.—July 8th, 3, Lyceum; 6.30, Mr. A. Vout Peters.

Fulham.—12, Lettice Street (Nr. Parsons Green Station).—July 8th, 11.30, circle; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mr. E. Hunt. Thursday, 8, Mrs. Abley.



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