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## THE PURGATORY OF A PARSON

### AN ABSORBINGLY INTERESTING PSYCHIC STORY WITH AN EXCELLENT MORAL

UNTIL a comparatively recent date, a parson was supposed to belong to a special class of holy men who, on putting off the mortal coil, were assured of a warm welcome into Heaven and a place of honour and privilege amongst its happy inhabitants. Even yet that idea has not been entirely given up—and with good reason, for, notwithstanding all efforts to belittle them and their calling, parsons are, generally speaking, self-denying men who strive to set a good example in their daily lives and to lead their flocks in what they believe to be the right and safe paths of conduct as well as of belief.

A book that tells of the Purgatory of a parson is therefore likely by its very title to shock many people, and to pique the curiosity of others. Such a book is *The History of Benjamin Kennicott* (Riders 3/6) which consists of a series of automatic scripts obtained through the hand of Miss I. M. Evans, of Johannesburg, South Africa. These scripts purport to come from Benjamin Kennicott, who, in the 18th century (1718-1783) was Rector of Culham in Oxfordshire and Canon of Christchurch, and to describe in his own words the purgatorial process through which he has had to pass because of his pursuit of scholarship to the neglect of his priestly and pastoral duties, and because of haughty intolerance which led him to deal harshly with dissenters, including John Wesley himself.

The full title of the book, as dictated in one of the scripts, is: "The History of Benjamin Kennicott, a most unworthy and valueless priest and pastor, one who in life was full of honours and valueless empty titles, but who insulted and abused his Lord and Master and persecuted one of the humble saints of God."

Miss Evans explains that she first heard of Benjamin through a Medium to whom she had gone for healing treatment. "I see a man," said the Medium, "dressed in dark clothes. He is holding out a bound Bible, and now he is showing me a bundle of written papers. He

says his name was Kenny? Kenny? no, that's wrong. He is shaking his head—says, Ken, Ken, Kenn-a-cott, I think. He lived in—I think he says 17th or 18th century. Did something about the Bible, translated it—that's near but not right. He says: 'Make the lady's hand and arm well, as I think she is going to write for me.' After a few moments of listening, the name came from her lips almost with a shout—'Ben-jamin Kenn-a-cott.'"

"We had no knowledge of the name," says Miss Evans, "but next day at the Public Library I found it in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the surname being Kennicott."

In fact, the Rev. Benjamin Kennicott was in his day quite a famous scholar, a Fellow of Exeter College, a Fellow of the Royal Society, whose chief literary work is given as the *Vetus Testamentum Hebraicum cum variis Lectionibus* (2 vols., Oxford, 1776-80). Details of his life are so full that, presuming Miss Evans read what is to be found about him in the various Encyclopædias, at least a normal basis would be provided for the portions of the scripts which purport to describe the Canon's life and actions at Culham; and critics who look to the sub-consciousness of the automatist, rather than to the inspiration of a visitor from the spheres, as the probable source of automatic writings, may conclude that the after-death purgatorial experiences may have been elaborated from the basis of known facts by some perfectly honest but purely mundane psychological process.

That is a possibility which cannot be overlooked, but which the automatist disclaims, pointing to various peculiarities in the wording and substance of the scripts as at least suggesting an outside agency. Readers who care, can, by careful reading, decide this point for themselves; but probably most of those who take up the book will read it first for the interest of the story and leave consideration of its evidential value until a more convenient season.

In the earlier scripts, Benjamin describes his life in the parish of Culham—emphasising his deficiencies rather than the accomplishments to which the encyclopædia



# THE PURGATORY OF A PARSON

(Continued from previous page)

biographies bear witness. The particular sin that he lays to his own charge is intolerance, and he tells how he persecuted one known as John the Carpenter, who was a leader of the "Ranters," as the early Methodists were called. Unknown to Benjamin, his wife helped John and those associated with him, supplying them with bread and wine for the simple communion service held in the carpenter's workshop. When at length, after many privations—for some of which the parson held himself directly responsible—John died, Benjamin "made an irreverent and sorry business" of his burial, "refusing to allow the coffin to be brought into the church." Then came John Wesley to reason with him, but he answered roughly and turned that saintly man out of the Vicarage and out of the parish.

In script nine (page 53) Benjamin thus describes himself:—

"I who now speak, was an eminently respectable parish priest. I had my comfortable home, a devoted wife, enough substance to keep us in decent comfort. I took all the appointed services of the Church; when required to do so I catechised the young—took marriages—baptisms—buried the dead—had no sympathy with, nor interest in those who held other religious views not according to the teaching of the Established Church. I devoted much time to study, the aim of which was to ascertain the purity of the text of our English Bible, which, being a Hebrew scholar, I was well qualified to do. In fact, I was in the eyes of the world, a model and godly clergyman, eminently suited to the post allotted to me."

## WHAT HE EXPECTED

In the same script, Benjamin tells of his own death and what followed. As a parson and a scholar he had expected a great welcome to the heavenly shore. "I had anticipated," he writes, "a host of angelic beings awaiting me—a crown, or a wreath of green leaves—the Roman victor's crown would surely be placed on my brow—I should be suitably attired and led to the Presence of God Almighty."

That was what he expected. Instead, he found himself engulfed in dense mists, with no welcome, stunned and bemused, wandering he knew not where. Never a thought of his own unworthiness came to him. "Why am I thus insulted," he cried, "why am I thus neglected?" Then came revolt, "bitter violent hatred of God who had in my opinion played such a trick on me."

This was bad enough, but worse was to follow. He was surrounded by terrifying and horrible forms, and when he asked what was the awful place he was in he was told with mocking laughter that it was "a palace of pride and self-righteousness." In his misery, there came to him a Voice which said: "You must go your way, but if you wish for me, call me. You have only to call 'Lucis, help me to do better,' and I will come."

After much suffering and wandering, he remembered that Voice; and at his call Lucis came and helped him to prepare for the upward journey. Lucis came when he was "lying terribly bruised and hurt," but with a gleam of hope in his heart because "the palace and the demons were no longer visible."

"The mists were less dense," he writes, "and though I could see no form, I felt a strong firm hand holding mine and a kindly and most wonderful voice speaking words of hope and encouragement."

When the mists cleared, he saw two forms near by. "One which I took to be an angel," he writes, "but with neither the wings nor the crown so often depicted in paintings; the other, smaller, slighter, and with long hair flowing nearly to the feet. Both had their faces veiled with a fine gossamer-like substance, through which I could dimly see the eyes. Their heads were banded with

some kind of fillet which gleamed faintly through the veils, but from the head of him whom I believed to be an angel shone a ray of sparkling light."

At this point the upward journey definitely begins, with a recognition of past shortcomings.

"I asked fearfully if I might speak," says Benjamin, "and was bidden to say what I desired. I then said that although I felt very helpless, I had a great desire to express my sorrow for my past pride, and that if it might be that I could be taught to understand just in what I had specially sinned and come short of my duty, I should be very thankful."

"Carefully and gently and with infinite painstaking," says Benjamin, "he (Lucis) unfolded to me the story of my life as a priest on earth, comparing it with the Life of our Blessed Lord, and showing me that all the teaching of the Church of my day had been wrong as regards the avocations and position of a priest, but that despite the fact that I had been misled, I could not be exonerated immediately, as the lives of many parish priests showed that it was not necessary to accept the popular attitude, and that now he must leave me to work out my salvation for myself. That I must be patient and review my doings and consider them."

Then followed many strange experiences, culminating in a feeling of hopelessness and a renewed call for Lucis, who came at once. "We sat together for long," says Benjamin, "and he (Lucis) made me see that I needed to review my earth life and probe into it, and that my first upward step must be to ask forgiveness of one whom I had grievously injured."

## HIS PRIDE BROKEN

This recalled to his mind John the Carpenter, and eventually his pride was broken down and he cried: "John the Carpenter, can I ever hope for forgiveness. Can I ever atone? What can I do?"

Then came a surprising revelation. He was introduced by Lucis to a "handsome stranger, one with great beauty, both of form and feature, from whose form and raiment light seemed to proceed." Before his eyes, this glorious being changed into the form of John the Carpenter—"thin, worn, sickly, with straggling black hair, and many lines of suffering on his tired face." Speaking in his old earth voice, John said: "Nay, sir, be not distressed, I bear no malice. You did what you believed to be your duty, and though I suffered, my sufferings were as nothing to those of my Lord and Master, Whom I tried to serve as best I might."

"And then," says Benjamin, "as I stood there, stricken to the heart at his appearance, but utterly bewildered by what had taken place, the sickly, toil-worn carpenter vanished, and before me was again the wonderful and beautiful being at whom I had been gazing but a few moments before."

From this point, the purgatorial journey of the Vicar is made under the guidance and with the counsel of the "Ranter" whom he had despised and persecuted. It was a long journey, involving many humiliations, by means of which unworthy pride was at last conquered, and Benjamin longed to be allowed to tell his tale to those still on earth that they—and especially clergymen like himself—might take warning from his experiences and avoid the mistakes which had led to his long, sorrowful wanderings. His wish was granted, a suitable writing Medium was found and these scripts are the result.

Whatever the source of the writings, the story they present is of strong human interest and the moral is undoubtedly good. The book can therefore be recommended on its merits as a book; and when readers have finished it, they may spend a pleasant and profitable hour reviewing the evidences by which the claim to a supernatural origin is supported.

G.H.L.



## SOME QUESTIONS FOR THEOLOGIANs

By H. ERNEST HUNT

SO far as one may judge from the utterances of certain leaders of the Church, the prime point of departure of Spiritualism from orthodox doctrine lies in its precision. "If we want messages or specific communications from the other world, we shall not find them through anything which the doctrine of the Communion of Saints may give us. For these we must go to Spiritualism, and then not be sure that we are receiving them." So writes Archdeacon Storr in *Do Dead Men Live Again?* and in another passage he asks "Who can assert that the Saints do not leave upon us some spiritual impress of their presence?"

Instead of saying "who can assert that they do not?" the Spiritualist claims to have ample evidence that they do leave such a spiritual impress. But why should it be doctrine in the negative form, and heresy in the positive? It is a little difficult to understand. Why, again, should it be the doctrine of the Communion of Saints to receive indefinite and indescribable influence of the near presence of the departed, and the condemnation of Spiritualists that they do so receive that influence in quite definite form, even in the guise of messages. And if the Communion of Saints did result in some quite definite message in lieu of an indefinite intimation, would it *ipso facto* become ultra-doctrinal?

Then, as to the point as to whether we can be sure that we are receiving what we think we receive, what is the criterion to be applied to the telegram, a telephone communication, or a letter from the Bishop? How can we be sure that we are receiving even these? Apply whatever tests you may choose by which to try the normal communications, and by those same criteria we adjudge our Spiritualist messages.

"But if we are not spiritually sensitive enough to receive such tokens, supposing reception of them to be possible, what matters it for the Christian faith?" The implication is that it does not matter much, the individual simply has to go without. The Spiritualist says that if you are not sufficiently sensitive to receive yourself, then you go to a trained sensitive who will interpret for you, just as in the Old Testament days "when a man went to enquire of God, thus he spake, Come, and let us go to the Seer: for he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer."

Spiritualism is positive: it asserts that it is not necessary to go without these intimations. It is quite possible to obtain definite communion, and in frequent cases communication, with the departed, "those whom we call Saints." Sometimes, indeed, in experimental circles worthy people come and sit in a quiet room, the Medium perhaps at one end and the sitters before him, and then the Medium passes into a trance or sleep state, and in the spirit he may receive his visions and give his utterances. If this is counter to the word of God or the doctrine of Communion, why do we read in Ezekiel, and in many other places, such passages as the following:—"And it came to pass . . . as I sat in my house, and the elders of Judah sat before me, that the hand of the Lord fell there upon me. Then I beheld, and, lo, a likeness of appearance of fire. And he put forth the form of an hand, and took me by the lock of mine head and the spirit lifted me up between the earth and the heaven, and brought me in the visions of God to Jerusalem."

If these things, the likeness between which is far too close to be explained by any theory of coincidence, however far-stretched, are not the same thing expressed in different phraseology, then what are they? If they were commendable two thousand years ago, how can they be condemned to-day? If they were doctrinal in Bible times, who is it dares to rule them out of order to-day?

## SIGNALS FROM "BEYOND"

By ALLEN SIMS

IN LIGHT for March 14, 1931, I gave one of my happy experiences with my dear lady in the "Beyond." Since then, certain forms of signalling have developed which it may be interesting to record.

The beginning of our intercourse developed very slowly. For a year I used a planchette more or less every day, but, although there were clearly attempts to get the pencil to move, there were no tangible results. However, later, on my visit to a Medium, of whom I sought help in my difficulty, he suggested I should not tire myself by attempting to concentrate too much, but should put one hand only on the planchette, and, at the same time, read an interesting book. This proved a success in opening up communications, but I was only able to get the planchette to tilt for "yes" and "no," but not to write words and messages. There was much tedious waste of time in spelling out messages by going letter by letter through the alphabet.

Then came my first signal. I was sitting, one day, at lunch between the two courses, thinking of nothing in particular, with two fingers of one hand resting quite accidentally on the foot of a wine-glass, when I felt it move—once—twice. This set me thinking, and I said to myself. "The power that could move the wine-glass could direct a pencil." When the meal was over I took up a pencil which at once moved in a straight line. I asked that this might mean "yes," and a half-circle "no," and we quickly got a step further by the pencil writing sentences, and dispensing with the Planchette. From that time my dear lady came in a few seconds directly I sat down and put pencil to paper, and started the conversation with "Are you there?" The signals from her to me followed later.

She often came to me in the night, in her visible presence. (as mentioned in my account above referred to); and, one day, when talking to her afterwards, through the pencil, I suggested she should bring me some flowers (she had mentioned one day when I communicated with her through Mrs. Mason that she had beautiful violets growing in her garden in the "Beyond"), and she promised to do so, adding, "and one day you shall smell them." She duly brought a bunch of flowers; and, some three or four weeks afterwards, I was gradually conscious of a sweet scent. I forgot about the promise for some time, but suddenly remembered, and asked her through the pencil if *she* had brought the scent. She answered in a happy and amused way that she had done so. Later there were other scents which she brought as a signal that she wanted to communicate. From time to time afterwards at intervals she has brought scent as a signal.

On another occasion I felt a sensation in the hair of my head as if something were gently blowing on it or disturbing it. Then it seemed clear that it was a gentle touch of some sort—very kind and caressing. I asked my dear lady if she were the sweet disturber. She confessed she was and has used this means of calling me most frequently of all up to the present time.

But the most striking signal of all was when one day what seemed an icy-cold finger pressed firmly below the ear. She has always seemed amused at my astonishment at each new signal, and I am wondering what will be the next variation.

I should say that when she handed me the bunch of flowers my hand, to her amusement, went right through it. (It was *not* an apport.)

The only thing that troubles me is that, from time to time, these same signals are used by mischievous entities to impose upon me foolish messages, in regard to which I anxiously seek an explanation and a cure. Perhaps one of your readers from his or her experience will kindly solve my difficulty.



## FOREIGN NOTES

### SPONTANEOUS PHENOMENA

DR. H. F. DRIESSEN, a man occupying a high legal position in Witzenzausen, and therefore well used to the careful weighing of evidence, has published in *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie* (July) a number of well-attested cases of supernormal happenings, into the truth of which he has made careful enquiry. The following are amongst the most noteworthy.

An old friend came and asked for news of an acquaintance, whereupon the doctor told him that he had recently received the account of the latter's death at a certain day and hour. The enquirer was greatly shocked, and assured the doctor that at that very time a crystal goblet that had been given to him by the friend in question had cracked with a loud noise and fallen from the shelf upon which it stood.

An aged housekeeper, who had been with Dr. Driessen for 40 years, passed away quietly one night in her sleep. Next morning, a gardener who had been on friendly terms with her, on arriving from his home in a neighbouring village said: "Last night, between 4 and 5 o'clock, my wife and I were both awakened by a loud crash in the adjoining living-room. Thinking that the cat had knocked something over, we both rushed in: the doors were all closed, and there was nothing whatever to be seen."

### LOVERS' WRAITHS

A highly intelligent minister, working in a village up in the hills, contributed the following: "One star-lit night I was coming down the path between H. and V., when I saw, about 50 metres off, two human figures passing swiftly down the hill-side opposite, covering in no more than a couple of seconds a distance of about 8 minutes' walk." On enquiring among his congregation, he was told that this was a frequent occurrence, and that two lovers had committed suicide in the wood upon that hill. Dr. Driessen found that many of the inhabitants confirmed this story. "Not long ago," said one of them, "my mother called out to me that someone with a lantern was coming down the hill. When I got up to look, I saw a light moving over towards the cemetery. Twice it rose high up into the air, and then vanished. Many of us have seen the two figures coming down the slope; and there is no path there at all."

### HOUSEKEEPER-MEDIUM

The doctor had ample opportunity for observing phenomena of this order in his own home; as an elderly housekeeper, Fraulein Kr. in his employment, turned out to be a powerful Medium. From the very first, noises at night and telekinetic phenomena attracted attention: small articles constantly disappeared, and sounds as of breaking crockery were frequently heard. Fraulein Kr. who treated these occurrences as perfectly natural, in compliance with the doctor's request, continued after leaving his home, to keep and forward to him a report of anything strange that happened. On Oct. 21st, 1931, she wrote of a certain visitor who had recently arrived, and who laughed all such stories to scorn. "He is convinced now," she wrote, "and this is why. He is a painfully tidy gentleman, and was troubled on going to bed last night, because he could not find the handkerchief he had been using. He hunted through all his pockets, his bags, and under his pillow—no handkerchief. During the night, he suddenly woke up to feel his forehead being gently wiped; he turned on the light—and there was his handkerchief in his own hand."

Another house-inmate for some time, was a young Medium called Balte. One day he lost his temper badly, and this nerve-storm was followed by various supernormal happenings. Pebbles were hurled into the room from

outside; there were knocks on the cupboard in his room; and later on there appeared to him an aunt who had died many years before. He possessed some fine handkerchiefs given to him by his grandmother and the next time the elderly laundry-maid came to hang them on the line, she exclaimed on looking at one of them: "Why—the Devil has had his foot on this. The doctor has minutely examined this handkerchief. The fine linen, despite washing and ironing, clearly shows, as though etched in with some sharp tool, the dark markings of four claw-like lines. When held up against the light, faint darker shadings can be seen around the lines, which have remained unfaded for three years."

In his concluding remarks, Driessen observes: "The type of your philosophy will invariably depend on the type of your personality." Or, as Hume said: "Everything is actual that acts"; or again, as another friend put it: "All such phenomena are as real as we are ourselves."

### WITCHCRAFT STORIES

According to Herr Theodor Ballauff of Kassel in *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie* (July) Psychic Researchers would do well to devote more serious study to the various forms of superstition that still persist amongst aged country-folk and those living in lonely districts. Such people, he considers, accept supernormal happenings simply and without question; they therefore do not hinder the free action of whatever laws may underlie the phenomena, and should provide fruitful ground for research.

With this in mind, Mr. Ballauff recounts three parallel cases of reported witchcraft into which he has inquired, and for the truth of which he believes he can vouch.

(1) A two-year old child suddenly began running backwards and rolling its eyes. From that moment it lost weight and seemed to be fading away. No remedies had any effect. Finally, the distracted mother discovered in the child's pillow a small wreath of feathers that refused to shake apart. Convinced of witchcraft, she hastened to the wise man of the neighbourhood, who confirmed her belief. He gave her some herbs, with orders to make an infusion and plunge a fork into the boiling liquid. This would transfer the suffering to the witch, who would be driven to come and enquire after the child. His words were verified: the woman called, and complained of pain in her side; the child recovered; and the wreath of feathers fell apart. Reliable witnesses vouched for the story, down to the detail of having seen the feathers as a united ring, and later as separate feathers.

(2) On hearing of this case, a man from a neighbouring village came to beg for instructions, as one of his daughters was similarly afflicted.

(3) In the third case, the child had actually died, and in her pillow was found an exactly similar ring of feathers.

Herr Ballauff found that in none of these cases could he in any way shake the testimony or the conviction of those whom he interrogated.

### IMMUNITY FROM WOUNDS

Dr. Gerda Walther records the interesting fact that Dr. Tanagras, the President of the Greek S.P.R., presents an explanation of the circumstance that certain people appear to be immune from the danger of bullet wounds. He quotes several cases where historical characters were known to have exposed themselves constantly to shot and shell, but were never hurt, though those in their immediate vicinity were struck down. He draws attention to the recent attempt on the life of Venezelos, who escaped, though his wife and others of his suite were badly wounded. Dr. Tanagras maintains that certain persons emit protective rays, which form a closed sheath round their bodies from which bullets glance off and are diverted.



## AN OVERSHADOWING PRESENCE

By CAPTAIN E. P. DAMPIER

HAVING just finished reading Sir Oliver Lodge's book *My Philosophy*, in which he sets out intelligent reasons for belief in an etheric body which is at present acting through a coarser replica on earth, I make bold to relate a personal experience that occurred on the evening of my mother-in-law's death, six years before I had any knowledge whatever of psychic or spiritualistic matters.

My wife's mother died at half-past five on the afternoon of a day in August, 1924. When returning to the house about 9 p.m. on the same day, I suggested to my wife that we might offer to sleep there that night as it would be a kindness to her father, who had only the younger daughter, apart from maids, in a rather large house.

I would like to remark, in passing, that whilst I am not callous, the event affected me but little, probably because my war experiences had made me familiar with death in many shapes, but although there was no blood relationship, I had a genuine respect and affection for my mother-in-law.

My wife's suggestion to her father that we should remain the night was readily accepted, and as they were about to ring and instruct a maid to prepare a room for us, I offered, if agreeable, to sleep with her father while she slept with her sister, a proposal which was warmly endorsed. After the sisters had retired, my father-in-law and I had a whisky and soda (the only one that evening) and went to bed about eleven p.m.

I may mention as a not unimportant fact in the circumstances that the house lighting system—gas—left a small pilot or "jet" light on when turned off.

After getting into bed, owing to my father-in-law being restless with quite natural grief, I did not, as was usual, immediately sleep, and after two or three minutes turned over on my back fully awake and with eyes wide open. Suddenly I felt a kind of mild tingling at my feet which seemed gradually to work along and around my limbs and body until—most difficult to describe—I felt as though I had become possessed of or encompassed by a larger form, and my impression was that it was a matronly figure. In this state of mind and (seeming) body I was in the act of putting my arm out and around my father-in-law to say, "Never mind, old boy!" when I suddenly stopped. It occurred to me that I should be making a fool of myself, for he would have been utterly astonished at so emotional a gesture from me. Instantly everything was again normal—the strange sensations departed.

The experience made a vivid, but not fearsome or uncanny, impression upon me, and I lay there puzzling to know how it was possible for me to feel, and especially to recognise, an impression of being possessed of a woman's figure.

As previously explained, a faint light illumined the room, my eyes were open all the time, yet I had seen and heard nothing, and although I had not uttered the phrase, "Never mind, old boy," it was definitely registered in my mind, and all had occurred in the space of about two minutes. After that I turned over and had a good night's sleep.

In the morning the memory of my experience was still vivid, but I could not speak of it in that grief-stricken household, and, curiously, did not at the time connect it with my mother-in-law, whose inanimate body lay in a room across the landing about twenty-five feet away. But some weeks later, when relating this to my wife (who had little knowledge of or sympathy with Spiritualism) she exclaimed: "Those are just the words Mummy would use if Daddy were greatly upset about anything."

(Continued at foot of next column)

## FAIRY LEGEND IN IRELAND THE TUATHE DE DANAAN

*In sending the verses printed below Mrs. Ida P. Bradshaw, of Kilmoney Abbey, Carrigaline, Co. Cork, writes:*

THE "fairy forts" which are dotted all over the country here are supposed to be inhabited by the Tuathe de Danaan—a people who lived in Ireland thousands of years ago. They were defeated and almost exterminated by the Milesians, but the "gods" gave them immortality and the sanctuary of the "forts" to live in. The "forts," or "lisses," are circular spaces surrounded by high earthworks—sometimes a double wall. They nearly all have an opening facing the east and it is considered very unlucky to cut trees or even gather sticks on a "fort." It is said that originally seven were always to be seen from one, but many of them have been levelled by tillage etc. They are also called "raths." We have two on the land here. There is generally an underground chamber sometimes several, connected by passages, but farmers frequently close them in as cattle are apt to fall into them. In old days, people hid their golden treasures—torques, brooches and the like—in these chambers; but the Danes, when they invaded Ireland, took most of these treasures, for they sacked all the "raths."

The "sidhe" are the Irish fairy folk—the word is pronounced "shee." There are paths running from one fort to another, and it is supposed to be unlucky to build on these paths; if one does so, the master of the house never lives to be old. This belief is all over Ireland. I have known several cases where people had to leave houses on account of this and the continued ill-luck they had.

### THE BLESSING OF THE SIDHE

I passed by the fairy fort last night,  
When the silver evening star hung high  
Like a temple lamp in the pale, clear sky.

And I blessed the People of the Sidhe  
In the Name of the Father and the Son;  
They are God's, though ages long have run

Since they lived like us on the good green earth,  
And a blessing is surely for their weal,  
To comfort, or perhaps their ills to heal.

And, late last night, before I slept  
They came through my open window-place,  
For I felt soft fingers on my face.

When I pass the Way that all must go  
To a land uncharted, I shall not care,  
So many friends will meet me there.

And perhaps the People of the Sidhe  
Will come and show me where to go  
Midst the Many Mansions. They will know.

(Continued from previous column)

(The phrase "old boy" was not a usual one of my own).

However, strange as it may seem to some, though I related the incident several times, I did not find—neither was I prompted to seek—an explanation until six years later when I had my first seance, and, receiving descriptions and messages through a Medium to whom I was a stranger, I suspected that my mother-in-law was alive after all, although in some other condition.

Now, having acquired an inkling of knowledge concerning life in the larger sense I am convinced that this lady, after having passed out of her body, was attempting to console her husband in the simplest way she found possible.



## MME. NIJINSKY'S PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

By DR. NANDOR FODOR

[Last week, Dr. Fodor began the publication of an interview with Mme. Nijinsky, wife of the famous dancer, in which he described the circumstances leading up to Nijinsky's mental breakdown. To-day he deals with Mme. Nijinsky's psychic experiences.]

I ASKED Mme. Nijinsky whether she would be willing to speak of her own psychic powers or experiences which had been hinted at in the psychometric reading given by Mrs. Vaughan. She willingly obliged and told me the following fascinating story:

"I had premonitory dreams as a child. The father of a very dear friend of mine died not long ago. A week before I and my friend had simultaneous dreams about his passing. But in all this, perhaps, there was little remarkable, at least in comparison with what was to follow after the passing of my dearest friend a year ago. I was distracted beyond description. She was more to me than anybody on earth. Soon after her death, as I found out afterwards, mutual friends received messages through the planchette: 'Take care of Romola. She is not strong enough to bear the shock of communication with me. I shall come to her later.'

"She did. Two months after her transition, strange things began to happen. I woke up in the morning with an indefinable feeling that something was wrong in the room. I saw in a glance that all the portraits of my friend were lying face downward. This was strange, as the portraits of my husband remained in their position close by. But it kept on happening for days and weeks. I asked the maid. Several times she saw the pictures fall over but did not dare to tell. Soon, there was another manifestation. I had a bracelet, the gift of my friend. It had a good safety catch, yet it was becoming mysteriously undone whatever I did.

"I decided to go to a Medium and then and there began an amazing series of experiences with Mrs. Stewart, of Detroit. I was sitting with her alone. She sat in the far corner of the room and placed the trumpet upside down near my chair. I could touch it in the dark and I know it did not move. There was no carpet in the room, no music was played and I certainly would have heard the Medium's footsteps if she tried to approach me. To my amazement, a voice came out of the thin end of the trumpet. It was speaking in Dutch, the mother tongue of my deceased friend. I know very little Dutch and, when I remonstrated, the voice began to speak in German. It claimed to be my departed friend and there was no doubt that the invisible speaker knew every intimate detail of her life and my own. For instance, she asked me to send flowers to a friend who sent her bouillon when she was beyond speaking and could not thank her. I took a friend to the sitting whom she did not like. The voice came and said immediately: 'Send this gentleman out, I don't like him, I want to speak to you.'

"I told Mrs. Stewart that I felt perfectly bewildered. She must come and sit in my rooms. She did. We sat in the bedroom, reception room, bath room—it mattered not in the least. The voice always came, even when I held Mrs. Stewart by the hand and legs, bent near her head and was alone with her. I invited others. My departed friend spoke to everyone in the language she used on earth. We saw lights after the first two or three sittings and heard two voices speak at the same time in English and German.

"I wanted to see whether the same experiences would come to me through other Mediums. I sat in Mrs. Drouet's circle and with Maina Tafe and Cartheuser. Voices came to me and spoke in Hungarian. I sat with

Mrs. Garrett; I came in the room after she passed into trance. She immediately turned to me and poured out the story of my friend and my own in amazing detail. She said that I had very strong psychic powers. I should sit with her. I did. I began to see and, in the privacy of my home, things began to stir. In good light I saw flowers rise out of a vase and fly into my bed. A small stuffed dog which belonged to my deceased friend repeatedly moved. A friend of mine had a little stuffed tiger; in the closed apartment it was found in an unexpected place. In automatic writing the message came through: 'I did it to arouse your attention. Put out the light and place a lighted cigarette on the table where the roses stand.' We obeyed and waited for 15 minutes. Just when we wanted to get up and switch on the light, the cigarette rose and flew half a yard.

"This was not all. In the mornings, after waking up and reading my post, I suddenly lost time. I saw, or thought I saw, things, hands, faces and full figures. When I came to I felt very tired and did not know what happened. Had I fallen asleep?

"Mrs. Garrett spoke about me to Hereward Carrington. I sat for him at the American Psychical Institute. In four sittings nothing happened. I felt annoyed and had an irresistible desire to do something. Then phenomena happened. The photographs of my friend flopped down as before.

"I had her body embalmed and brought it over to Holland. On the boat in the morning hours I saw her come and talk to me almost every day. But after she was buried I saw her no more. The spontaneous phenomena also ceased. Was it all due to my departed friend or partly to myself? I don't know. But I am tremendously interested."

## A MIND READING MACHINE

It is notoriously the age of machines, so we are not surprised to learn of a new machine which might be classed under the head of mechanical psychology. It has a very long name, it is called the psychostethokyrto-graphmanometer, which might for general purposes be shortened to "psychometer."

It is described in the *Sunday Graphic* of 30th ulto., from which we take the account. "The inventor," we learn, "is Dr. Alexander Cannon, of Colney Hatch Mental Hospital, one of the country's most eminent specialists in Psychical Research. Already he has tested his strange apparatus on more than 100 persons, and some of the results have been truly amazing."

The *Sunday Graphic* correspondent describes the machine and relates how he watched it making a graph of his thoughts. He was asked by Dr. Cannon, "Do you like this room?" whereupon a delicate pen, attached to his waist in conjunction with three flexible rubber tubes, responded by making a long vertical score. This, it seems, was a sign that he really disliked it, although he had replied that it was "a rather nice room." Dr. Cannon is quoted as saying: "It is a remarkable fact that most people think the use of hypnotism in the solution of crime would involve hypnotising the suspected person and questioning him. Actually, the hypnotised medium should be a third person. Under the influence this medium has the power to tell whether a person is lying, just as this machine can do."

If such a machine is brought into use in everyday life the prospect would seem to be rather appalling.

MR. J. ARTHUR FINDLAY's new book "The Rock of Truth" (Rider, 5s. 0d.) is published to-day and we hope to publish a review in our next issue.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*(The views and statements of correspondents are not necessarily endorsed by the Editor, who occasionally prints, in the interests of free discussion, letters with which he does not agree.)*

### CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY

Sir,—A correspondent in Chelsea asks me to reply in *LIGHT* to a question on a sentence in my article on "Conditional Immortality." He asks me to explain "the loneliness of many souls in the Unseen" and how two can "fuse together." I comply with his request, for many persons have the same difficulty.

It is an obvious experience that there are, here in earth-life, thousands of people who can only be happy in a crowd. They are incapable of connected thought, and miserably bored when alone. They make up the psychology of the mob—mass-psychology. When they pass over, they take their characters with them. They are still incapable of any real thought and are intensely lonely. They cling to anyone they can find, to two, or more. They haunt seances and give foolish people "thrills" by silly tricks. This may be repeated many times, and so a group-soul is built up.

The phenomenon of "split-personalities" arises when one or more of the groups takes command at the centre. All the group are under the guidance of the same spirit, *if they will follow that guidance.*

We are usually under the illusion that each human being has personality. Strictly speaking, that is not true; we have only the rudiment of personality.

The Century Dictionary defines personality as "the essential character of a person as distinct from a thing; self-consciousness; existence as a self-conscious being." This such persons are not—they obey a stimulus as do a flock of starlings or of sheep.

To develop personality is the task of earth-life—to grow a soul (or etheric body) which has enough individuality to persist. Scientific men who only know the *trivialities* of the seance-room are quite justified in saying that if they are to have that kind of mind, they would prefer annihilation. They ignore its serious side.

STANLEY DE BRATH.

\* \* \*

### MY EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITUALISM IN GREAT BRITAIN

*From Rao Babadur M. Narasimham, B.A., B.L., Madras Presidency, India.*

Sir,—I have been deeply interested in Spiritualism for a long time, and have read some of the recent English literature on the subject. I also keep myself in touch with the present-day events, being a subscriber to *LIGHT*. Spiritualism has become an article of faith with me, as it were, and when I decided upon a short tour in Europe I jumped with joy at the opportunity of having first-hand knowledge about the lines on which Spiritualism has been developing in the West.

I visited the British College of Psychic Science, the London Spiritualist Alliance, and the Psychic College, Edinburgh. I should be failing in my duty if I do not acknowledge with gratitude the willing and kind assistance rendered to me by Mrs. de Crespigny, Mrs. M. Hankey, Miss Phillimore, and Miss M. Carter, in bringing me in touch with the best available Mediums.

In all, within the short time at my disposal amidst other engagements, I had five sittings with trance and clairvoyant Mediums at London, and one sitting at Edinburgh with Mrs. Annie Johnson. Two of the sittings at London with well-known Mediums unfortunately proved almost blank. The "guides" stated that although they saw my spirit-friends they were not able to establish contact with them, and so said good-bye shortly after the sittings commenced. Taken individually, the results of the other

three sittings also were not very brilliant, and at the same time they were not altogether discouraging. My disappointment was perhaps partly augmented by the attitude of mind I at first took up, viz., expectation of brilliant and evidential communications from the very first sitting, but later on I realised that this was neither reasonable nor possible.

Studying the communications in conjunction with each other, the general result has been satisfactory, and I shall briefly summarise it: In all the six sittings with different Mediums (including the two unsuccessful ones) the same spirit appeared, and thus even the two blank sittings were not without value. At two sittings there was an attempt to bring out her name, but with partial success. At three sittings, her daughter who had also gone over, was described as accompanying her. At the sitting with Mrs. Annie Johnson, some facts connected with my family—which were not prominently in my mind, and which it is impossible for the Medium to know or even to guess—came out, and I regard them as of evidential value, though not from a strictly scientific point of view.

With the kind arrangement of Miss E. Stead, I had a sitting for psychic photography with Mrs. Deane. The first three plates yielded no result, but on the fourth plate an "extra" appeared, which was not however identifiable.

Strangely, there was a reference to this psychic photograph in the communication at Mrs. Annie Johnson's sitting, and on my assertion that the "extra" was not identifiable, there came the reply that my spirit-friend wanted to appear but could not, owing to want of power; and that it was her guide that appeared in the "extra."

Thus, the cumulative effect of all the sittings was satisfactory, but I strongly feel that the English Mediums experienced some difficulty in getting communications from Indian Spirit-people. It was abundantly clear to me that they could not get the Indian names properly. What this difficulty was due to is perhaps a matter for investigation.

M. NARASIMHAM.

\* \* \*

### HYPNOTISM AND DEAFNESS

Sir,—I wonder if any reader can furnish authentic information as to deaf persons having been hypnotized, the methods used, and the results. A medical authority who has been consulted thinks he has seen some record relating to the subject, but has forgotten details.

The late Dr. Eichholz in his recent *Study of the Deaf* emphasized the need for a scientific inquiry into the cause and prevention of deafness, and also for an inquiry into the methods of education of the deaf and dumb. Both inquiries no doubt will be undertaken in due course. Dr. Eichholz, however, said nothing about hypnotism and its possibilities do not seem to have been considered in this connection.

If the deaf can be hypnotized it seems likely that hearing, in certain cases (such as are susceptible to "faith" cures) might be improved; and in cases of difficult pupils that hypnotism might assist in the teaching of speech and in the promotion of good habits. If some data could be cited it would assist in drawing expert attention to the subject and encourage experiment.

Incidentally the deaf are at a disadvantage at seances, for they cannot so easily take part in what is going on. But they can be influenced, and have there not been instances of a communicator using sign and finger language to a deaf sitter?

GEORGE FRANKLAND.

Farnham Royal,  
Slough, Bucks.

THE OCCULT REVIEW.—We learn from Messrs. Rider & Co. that, with the issue of September next, the "Occult Review" will appear as "The London Forum," it being felt the term "occult" is, in this connection, a misleading one, as occultism in the strict sense has nothing to do with card-reading, crystal-gazing and the like.



## Light

All communications for the EDITOR should be addressed "The Editor of *Light*, 16, Queensberry Place, South Kensington, London, S.W.7." Phone: Kensington 3751. (Editorial only)

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## OUR POSITION TO-DAY

THAT spirit-communication is still in an elementary stage would hardly be disputed by those with any long practical experience of the subject. It has still to proceed by the process of "trial and error," as it has done for so many years, even though to-day it shows a marked advance on the past. Some of the old problems have been overcome, and others are being slowly brought into subjection.

Meantime, it is necessary to warn inexperienced inquirers against the danger, on the one hand, of being elated by the shoutings of the over-enthusiastic who think to find the way ahead all clear and easy, and, on the other, of being depressed by the sour conclusions of those who take an entirely opposite view. No doubt in each case the wish is father to the thought. The way, as usual, lies between the two extremes.

That communication between the two worlds is an established fact no one who has studied the evidences with sympathy and understanding can have any doubt, least of all those who have put the matter to any practical test. It would not need Sir Oliver Lodge's recent declaration to convince them of that, although we may all feel unfeignedly glad of it for the sake of the beginners and the waverers.

In order to get any clear idea of the position, it is necessary to look over the whole field and not merely at a section of it. To the classification of (1) the wholly convinced; (2) the half-convinced, and (3) the unconvinced, we are tempted to add a fourth division, viz., that section which opposes the whole subject tooth and nail, and who will stick at nothing to do it a mischief. We know them well and have watched them at work many times, seeing quite clearly the motives by which they are animated. Usually it is a matter of religious animus, but sometimes it is mere personal antagonism, and, in a few instances, sheer perversity. It should be a fair gauge of the advance of our truth to note the degree of intensity of the attack on it. From

that point of view, then, we can be reasonably sure that we are going ahead.

One is almost tempted at times to take the view of the man who said (in effect): "We know from personal experience that spirit-communication is a fact. We know we survive death as living souls. Why then need we disturb ourselves by paying attention to those who dispute and deny and denounce? Why not let them rave to their heart's content? It is *they* who are the sufferers—not *we*."

That is a point of view which has something to be said for it, but not everything. It is rather an attitude for quietists, for philosophers and perhaps for cynics. But those who feel that they have a truth to announce must needs proclaim it in the teeth of the fiercest denial and opposition. There is always the missionary spirit, the urge to spread good news abroad, and that is an impulse that is never to be denied. True, there is a type of missionary who is so consumed by zeal that he demands that all who are convinced shall go forth with him to blazon the tidings of demonstrated survival. Human nature being what it is, he is to be excused. Even the pacifist, as we know, is apt to become aggressively militant in his ardour for pacifism, and to preach fraternity with an underlying threat:—"Be my brother or I will slay you!"

These are little excesses inseparable from a militant propaganda of any kind. The Society of Friends seems to be the only community entirely free from it.

Let our missionaries consider that there are "diversities of gifts," and that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

For the rest, it is but necessary to remember that human survival is a fact and spirit-communication equally so. If we fight, it is not to establish the fact, it is to make it known, to drive it home. True, we encounter failure after failure, but the road to success is paved with failures. The failures admittedly are seized upon eagerly by the enemy; but that is probably because he is short of weapons of his own.

So, while we may admit that we have made mistakes and that the enemy has profited by them, we may console ourselves with the reflection that we also have profited. When we cease to make those mistakes, the situation will have changed. Our opposition will then have to rely on its own inherent strength and less upon the failures and weaknesses in our own ranks. And we can see only one end to that: the Spirit which affirms must always be the master of the spirit which denies.

## "LIGHT" SUSTENTATION FUND

Donations for "Light" Sustentation Fund are still urgently needed. A further list of sums received will be published next week, August 18th.



## BOOK REVIEW

By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY

## DAYSPRING OR DAY DREAM

"THIS work,"\* explains the author, "is but a slight introduction to an unlimited science." In a way, certainly, it is slight; that is, it covers so wide an area that it is forced to be superficial; yet its matter is, at once, too congested and too diffuse, and, as an introduction, it lacks a sense of order and progression, or of being built about a central fabric. The difficulty of writing it was no doubt considerable, and the difficulty of understanding it is increased by a not too competent handling of its English. One begins with a grumble to excuse in a measure the deficiencies of a review.

A competent estimate must be impossible to anyone who has not followed the training it presumes. We must practise the precepts, as Christ pointed out, if we would "know of the doctrine."

Here, therefore, one can but try to prove it well worth consideration.

Its central idea is to enable man to become acquainted with his Innermost, which is "that part of the Reality (God) within him that the Yogi seeks to attune himself to," and with the forces for and against him in the effort.

He has to realise that "we have built up through myriad lives two composite thought-forms of an opposite nature. The higher has collected atoms of our loftiest aspirations and actions; the lower has collected and is the composite thought-form of our evil passions and desires."

"These we have endowed with forces of a soul-like nature, and with a tremendous range of knowledge; yet ere we can feel the presence of our Innermost and not be impressed by these personal elements of the past we must disintegrate them and return them to their rightful place in Nature."

One is made conscious at the start of this treatise of the immense complexity of the conflict before us. Its issues are no longer merely between Ormuzd and Ahriman, between God and the Devil. We are introduced to a world, or perhaps, one should rather say a space, where, in the latest scientific fashion, atoms and vibrations play their part in man's destiny.

There are Nous atoms, aspiring atoms, destructive atoms, informer atoms, death atoms, master atoms, transformation atoms, initiate atoms, scholar atoms, disciple atoms, solar and lunar atoms, atoms of abundance, and possibly others we have overlooked; and the atom itself is defined as "a minute body of intelligence possessing the dual attributes of Nature and man," a definition which, like some others in the book, is not especially helpful.

The Nous atom, most intimate of them all, is "the minute image of perfected man within the left ventricle of the heart," and most of the other atoms are concerned in the unceasing struggle to achieve or avert man's ultimate perfection, either assisting "the Advocate . . . a powerful collective atomic entity . . . the intermediary between man and his Innermost," or "The Secret Enemy . . . the principle atom of evil in man that directs the destructive atoms."

Atoms can be put to curious uses. A teacher once said of a man who was trying to ruin him, "I have sprayed his atmosphere with my best atoms;" and in six months, the period a seed-thought needs to germinate, the man arrived for instruction.

The germination may be delayed for centuries. "The Atlantean" planted, in the sub-soil of what later was to be Athens, "atoms that long afterwards stimulated the minds of those who came to dwell there," and thence moved to the valley of the Nile to build up the civilisation that was to be called Egyptian.

Atoms in the sub-soil are a novel explanation of the

glory that was Greece; but how has ever adequately been explained those marvellous centuries in which the loveliest and wisest visions in the minds of men blossomed to an inimitable perfection in that rough oasis of the seas?

In Egypt, the dead were embalmed to protect their atoms from the destructive force of man's thought, and the adept may view these souls in their minute myriads—"for out of the body a soul is a shining atomic substance the size of a thumb"—waiting the signal for the release of their Ka's from the tomb, "when a great Initiate returns to Egypt."

We learn many unsuspected things in this volume:—that a mind can, at will, increase or diminish its wavelength; that we can breathe through our brain cells and see with our pineal gland (though that does explain some phenomena); that legions of atomic entities, under the command of the Secret Enemy, make ceaseless assault on "the good principle of the heart"; and, "since every man's past sleeps in the atmosphere of his constructive and destructive atoms," that our spirits are still haunted by atoms from Lemurian days, when we used to eat the flesh of those we overcame in battle; and those who are depressed by our humid climate may be cheered to learn that certain atomic species, suspended like weaver-bird's nests, and drifting in myriads unresistingly in space, are, in wet weather, apt to fasten on our mental sheath and "infest it like ants swarming about a mound."

Our moist atmosphere also seems responsible for the ease with which atoms, attracted by an evil thought, would "rotate about us like a swarm of bees."

It is somewhat puzzling to learn that "the archive of our racial consciousness" is held in an atmospheric sheath with its centre in the knees, and also that "each race has its tribal mark upon the soles of their feet . . . When the seventy disciples of Jesus were sent into their different countries, they were led by the markings on the soles of their feet."

Stress is laid on the potency of vowel sounds, long lost to us, but still preserved in a measure in the Chinese alphabet, and with related vibrations in Indian and Chinese Music; the author suggesting "that many cases of cancer could be helped by the invocation of certain vowel sounds, as when these are sounded the glands must vibrate, which will give them the power to absorb the impurities that they have rebelled against," a conception to which we have been attuned by the work of Miss Maud MacCarthy.

There is also an interesting flesh and blood parallel to Dr. Abram's theory of electronic reactions in a description of the healer, having located the seat of discord in a patient's body, "discharging into it atoms of a short wave-length that he slowly increases and this disturbs the disease."

A grave warning is given against "the grafting of animal structures to the human body," since "this infusion of atoms into a realm beyond them in development . . . will produce an abnormal condition within the astral and mental sheaths after the patient has passed out of his physical body . . . this means that in another life he will be malformed and disabled," and, in addition to endangering his own soul "makes the animal soul-group refuse to receive its own member back; for it has entered the human kingdom."

The chapter on Elemental Nature is closely corroborative of Eastern views about a realm which only the adept can enter. One can readily believe that, had one the *entrée* to this attractive world of sylphs and seductive sylphides, of gnomes, shimmering water-nymphs and children of the flame, one would "never again take an interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism." "I have seen a gnome," declares the author, "wearing ancient spectacles, goose-quill pen, ink-horn attached to his

(Continued at foot of next column)

\**The Dayspring of Youth*. By M., London. Putnam. 1933. 7/6



## ANCIENT MAORI BELIEFS

NOW and again comes a story which indicates that the ancient beliefs have not all been pressed out of the mental fabric of the Maori by the iron of the pakeha. The faith in the law of tapu and the dread of makutu, or witchcraft, still linger, and are not likely to disappear for a long time to come. The reverence for sacred things as embodied in the tapu rules of life is rather a salutary custom. The real Maori does not care to discuss such matters in a place where food is being eaten; and an offshoot of this olden inhibition is the present-day practice of leaving pipe and tobacco outside a church before entering, tobacco being regarded as food.

The veneration of ancestors produces an intense regard for the last resting places of the dead; and the recent interference of some Europeans with a native cemetery on the West Coast aroused the deepest indignation among the people whose forefathers' bones had been stolen in the cause of 'scientific research.' Not so long ago those King Country Maoris would have enforced respect for their sacred places with their double-barrel guns.

### INFRINGEMENT OF TAPU

An incident which occurred at Rotorua according to an account that reached me lately, illustrated the fear of infringing the mystic ban of tapu. An elderly woman of Ohinemutu, when walking over the ancient pah and burial place on Muriika Point, behind the Maori Church, thoughtlessly took out a cigarette to smoke. Before she had time to light it, she remembered that she was on tapu ground, and refrained from smoking there, but she broke the cigarette and allowed some of the tobacco to fall on the ground. This unintentional and trifling breach of the unwritten law brought serious consequences. When she left the sacred ground she smoked the portion of the cigarette she had kept, but her conscience was uneasy, as she related afterwards. That night the retribution of the gods fell upon her. She felt a sudden pain shoot up her right arm, and she knew her punishment had begun. In a little while the arm had swelled up to twice its ordinary size and she was in agony.

It was no use calling in a pakeha doctor. She asked her family to send for her elder brother who lived some miles away. He was a wise man, learned in the olden rites. He came and dealt with the case according to the manner of the tohunga, with the ancient recitals and magic touch. The relief was speedy; the woman's suffering was relieved, and her arm soon was down to its normal condition; her fears vanished. She had suffered her punishment; that offence had been expiated.

Who can explain the exact physical and mental processes which operate in such a case like this? We know a little of the influence of mind over matter, but science has only touched the fringe of the problem. To the old Maoris, however, the inter-relation of the two incidents the infringement of the tapu and the sudden illness in the night, is perfectly clear.

As for the power of makutu, there are still very many Maori people who believe that men and women with uncanny powers practise their magic arts and possess the keys of life and death. The tohunga makutu still exists. I know several men who in their own belief and that of their people are possessed of unusual psychic mana, and who are on occasion called upon to use their powers to combat the evil spells of others, to cure mysterious illnesses, which are soon diagnosed by them as due to makutu. At the present time a certain old chief in the Arawa country is grievously concerned over the deaths in rapid succession of all his grandchildren. He and his friends attribute the visitation, otherwise inexplicable, to the evil magic spells and incantations of an enemy. They believe that the object of that jealous enemy is to wipe out the family, so that there will be none left to carry on the name.

It is a very serious thing in Maoridom to accuse a

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### SUMMER VACATION.

The Library and Rooms are closed until Monday, August 21st. Sittings may be booked with Miss Bacon, Mrs. Garrett and other approved mediums remaining in town.

During the vacation Miss MacGregor and Miss Margaret V. Underhill will attend by appointment to receive visitors.

person of practising the arts of makutu. It is no matter for ridicule. There have been actions for slander in the law courts over such accusations, and the evidence adduced has revealed the strength of the popular belief in occult arts. There was a curious incident in a Native Land Court on the East Coast in 1916, when formal complaint was laid that one of the parties had approached an old woman tohunga, otherwise a witch, with a request that she should influence the Court's judgment in favour of the applicant. The judge perceived that he could not ignore this, and he felt it necessary to reassure the people by telling them that they need not have any fear of the tohunga's influence over the Court or themselves, and warning them to pay no attention to claims of supernatural powers.

There have been many more recent glimpses into the mental attitude of the Maori towards the cult of makutu. The young and educated generation may deride the mystery man's business, but events in the pakeha world frequently remind us that even in this material civilised age old and primitive influences are strong. The layer-on of hands still plies his trade, the strong mentality commands the weaker; great is the power of suggestion. —(By J.C. in *Auckland Star* quoted in the *Message of Life*).

### IN MEMORY OF HER SON

A "nameless woman" is said to have entertained over 250 "down-and-out" men at a West End theatre last week in memory of her son, a well-known airman who was lost on a long-distance flight. Three hundred tickets for the theatre gallery were distributed to men spending the night in Trafalgar Square, the distribution being made by Mrs. Appleby of Streatham, who, for the past three years has visited Trafalgar Square two or three times a week with food for the outcasts there. According to the *News Chronicle* of 2nd inst., the anonymous benefactor, a white-haired lady, told a representative of the journal: "I am a Medium and was in communication with my son this morning. I am sure he is in the gallery with the boys now."



## BOOK REVIEW

By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY  
DAYSRING OR DAY DREAM

"THIS work,"\* explains the author, "is but a slight introduction to an unlimited science." In a way, certainly, it is slight; that is, it covers so wide an area that it is forced to be superficial; yet its matter is, at once, too congested and too diffuse, and, as an introduction, it lacks a sense of order and progression, or of being built about a central fabric. The difficulty of writing it was no doubt considerable, and the difficulty of understanding it is increased by a not too competent handling of its English. One begins with a grumble to excuse in a measure the deficiencies of a review.

A competent estimate must be impossible to anyone who has not followed the training it presumes. We must practise the precepts, as Christ pointed out, if we would "know of the doctrine."

Here, therefore, one can but try to prove it well worth consideration.

Its central idea is to enable man to become acquainted with his Innermost, which is "that part of the Reality (God) within him that the Yogi seeks to attune himself to," and with the forces for and against him in the effort.

He has to realise that "we have built up through myriad lives two composite thought-forms of an opposite nature. The higher has collected atoms of our loftiest aspirations and actions; the lower has collected and is the composite thought-form of our evil passions and desires.

"These we have endowed with forces of a soul-like nature, and with a tremendous range of knowledge; yet ere we can feel the presence of our Innermost and not be impressed by these personal elements of the past we must disintegrate them and return them to their rightful place in Nature."

One is made conscious at the start of this treatise of the immense complexity of the conflict before us. Its issues are no longer merely between Ormuzd and Ahriman, between God and the Devil. We are introduced to a world, or perhaps, one should rather say a space, where, in the latest scientific fashion, atoms and vibrations play their part in man's destiny.

There are Nous atoms, aspiring atoms, destructive atoms, informer atoms, death atoms, master atoms, transformation atoms, initiate atoms, scholar atoms, disciple atoms, solar and lunar atoms, atoms of abundance, and possibly others we have overlooked; and the atom itself is defined as "a minute body of intelligence possessing the dual attributes of Nature and man," a definition which, like some others in the book, is not especially helpful.

The Nous atom, most intimate of them all, is "the minute image of perfected man within the left ventricle of the heart," and most of the other atoms are concerned in the unceasing struggle to achieve or avert man's ultimate perfection, either assisting "the Advocate . . . a powerful collective atomic entity . . . the intermediary between man and his Innermost," or "The Secret Enemy . . . the principle atom of evil in man that directs the destructive atoms."

Atoms can be put to curious uses. A teacher once said of a man who was trying to ruin him, "I have sprayed his atmosphere with my best atoms;" and in six months, the period a seed-thought needs to germinate, the man arrived for instruction.

The germination may be delayed for centuries. "The Atlantean" planted, in the sub-soil of what later was to be Athens, "atoms that long afterwards stimulated the minds of those who came to dwell there," and thence moved to the valley of the Nile to build up the civilisation that was to be called Egyptian.

Atoms in the sub-soil are a novel explanation of the

glory that was Greece; but how has ever adequately been explained those marvellous centuries in which the loveliest and wisest visions in the minds of men blossomed to an inimitable perfection in that rough oasis of the seas?

In Egypt, the dead were embalmed to protect their atoms from the destructive force of man's thought, and the adept may view these souls in their minute myriads—"for out of the body a soul is a shining atomic substance the size of a thumb"—waiting the signal for the release of their Ka's from the tomb, "when a great Initiate returns to Egypt."

We learn many unsuspected things in this volume:—that a mind can, at will, increase or diminish its wave-length; that we can breathe through our brain cells and see with our pineal gland (though that does explain some phenomena); that legions of atomic entities, under the command of the Secret Enemy, make ceaseless assault on "the good principle of the heart"; and, "since every man's past sleeps in the atmosphere of his constructive and destructive atoms," that our spirits are still haunted by atoms from Lemurian days, when we used to eat the flesh of those we overcame in battle; and those who are depressed by our humid climate may be cheered to learn that certain atomic species, suspended like weaverbird's nests, and drifting in myriads unresistingly in space, are, in wet weather, apt to fasten on our mental sheath and "infest it like ants swarming about a mound."

Our moist atmosphere also seems responsible for the ease with which atoms, attracted by an evil thought, would "rotate about us like a swarm of bees."

It is somewhat puzzling to learn that "the archive of our racial consciousness" is held in an atmospheric sheath with its centre in the knees, and also that "each race has its tribal mark upon the soles of their feet . . . When the seventy disciples of Jesus were sent into their different countries, they were led by the markings on the soles of their feet."

Stress is laid on the potency of vowel sounds, long lost to us, but still preserved in a measure in the Chinese alphabet, and with related vibrations in Indian and Chinese Music; the author suggesting "that many cases of cancer could be helped by the invocation of certain vowel sounds, as when these are sounded the glands must vibrate, which will give them the power to absorb the impurities that they have rebelled against," a conception to which we have been attuned by the work of Miss Maud MacCarthy.

There is also an interesting flesh and blood parallel to Dr. Abram's theory of electronic reactions in a description of the healer, having located the seat of discord in a patient's body, "discharging into it atoms of a short wave-length that he slowly increases and this disturbs the disease."

A grave warning is given against "the grafting of animal structures to the human body," since "this infusion of atoms into a realm beyond them in development . . . will produce an abnormal condition within the astral and mental sheaths after the patient has passed out of his physical body . . . this means that in another life he will be malformed and disabled," and, in addition to endangering his own soul "makes the animal soul-group refuse to receive its own member back; for it has entered the human kingdom."

The chapter on Elemental Nature is closely corroborative of Eastern views about a realm which only the adept can enter. One can readily believe that, had one the *entrée* to this attractive world of sylphs and seductive sylphides, of gnomes, shimmering water-nymphs and children of the flame, one would "never again take an interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism." "I have seen a gnome," declares the author, "wearing ancient spectacles, goose-quill pen, ink-horn attached to his

(Continued at foot of next column)

\*The Dayspring of Youth. By M., London. Putnam, 1933. 7/6



## "MAN'S MORTALITY"

By MRS. HEWAT MCKENZIE

THE final pages of this remarkable book—*Man's Mortality*, by Michael Arlen (Heinemann, 7/6)—are of interest to psychic students. The story deals with a young scientist, David Knox, who perfects an invention by which the motive power in the air can be used for purposes of aviation. He demonstrates it with overwhelming success, becomes unhinged and commits suicide. The leader of his air "units," believing the invention will be a curse instead of a blessing to men as conferring too great power on whoever possesses it, destroys the machines, the laboratories, his comrades and himself, and all trace of the invention is believed to be lost.

But one day, Julian Craddock, a philosophic statesman and a friend of Knox, who has dreams of establishing a World State by wise evolution and without the use of force, is visited by an unknown man, who announces that he is the sole survivor of the Knox "units," that at the destruction he was in hiding and had escaped with one machine. He offers this to Craddock to achieve world-domination for good ends, and Craddock is sorely tempted to accept and toys with the idea.

Just then, to his annoyance, Carlotta, Knox's fiancée, who had always hated the invention, comes in. She stood "so still that she seemed scarcely to breathe, and staring as though transfixed at a point above and behind him," said: "David, David, have you no pity even now? Why do you tempt him, don't you see what you have done to him already, how he is lying to justify his greediness?" Craddock suddenly felt a sense of guilt and shame, he had all but fallen; with an immense effort he realised that the young man was passing by him towards the door and that Carlotta was speaking again. "You were only testing him, weren't you, David?" which made Craddock say roughly, "Why will you insist on calling him David when his name is —?" As he spoke the young man turned on him a gaze at once so serene and loving that he "felt as though all his sense of guilt was being plucked out by the roots"—and then the man was gone, and though they both watched at the window for his departure there was no one to be seen.

Slightly ashamed of his emotion, Craddock began to describe the visit as an "hallucination" and to warn Carlotta against giving way to "superstition." "Isn't it curious," she said, "that reasonable men will force themselves to believe in such superstitious nonsense as 'hallucination' and 'overstrained nerves' rather than admit what any child knows, that there's an awful lot they don't understand?" And saying this Carlotta herself suddenly understood "that it was the idea of personal immortality that kept man chained to the earthier passions, and that it was a snare and a peril. That even man as a species was not a master but a servant in the vast scheme of a Universe in which the spirit of all life was no more than one clear note in a swelling tune."

(Continued from previous page)

girdle and a doctor's hood. He brought me an ancient tome nearly as big as himself."

There is a long and needful glossary, but one would plead for the inclusion of one term more—Nature.

"We owe a debt of gratitude to Mother Nature who brought to birth our systems of natural law and our moral and scientific characterisations."

"One of Nature's laws is that no one should use them to the disadvantage of another person."

"Nature's laws are subservient to the sum total of one's own wisdom and no further, although through magical rites and ceremonies we can evolve a still greater power."

Yes, I think one must ask to have Nature included in the glossary, and it would be a relief, were it possible, in a later edition, to achieve a less overwhelming use of that dreadful verb "to contact."

## THE DAMAGED AURA

By IVAN COOKE

THE Spiritualist believes that each individual possesses an aura—that is to say, on evidence produced, we assume that about each one is a psychic or etheric surround visible to the clairvoyant. We believe that the aura, by its colouration, reflects both the prevailing moods and occasional thoughts and emotions of the man. We know that the aura has some radiative action which can affect say, a photographic plate, or register on some suitably attuned instrument, but of the use and purpose of the aura we as yet have little conception.

Would it seem too rash to state that health is first and foremost dependent on the aura—that upon the aura's protective and compressive action, and the activity of its circulatory system depends the well-being of the psychic bodies; and that the health of the physical body reflects always the condition of the subtler bodies?

It has been argued that the aura exerts a protective and compressive action, one of its functions being to safeguard the psychic bodies, much as the skin protects the flesh. So effectually does the aura close upon the unseen worlds about us that the majority of us narrow down to two-dimensional beings, living a physical and mental existence only, surrounded by a cloud of witnesses we ignore. In short, our auric "skin" becomes a "hide," and however valuable hide may prove in the commercial arena, it exerts a constrictive effect on soul expansion.

Injury to the aura may be caused by a severe shock, or fright; by sunstroke or a heavy fall; by the surgeon's knife, which in carving flesh, cuts the aura also and leaves a gaping wound in it; and by unwise and unguided psychic development—these among other causes.

We open here so vast a subject that a whole book might seem inadequate; so let us narrow down our enquiry to psychic derangement alone, first realising that psychic development, trance control, and all the phenomena of mental mediumship comes by and through the aura. Thus, of the twelve psychic "doors" or "centres" through which psychic contact can take place, we need only consider in the main that situated at the back of the neck, the seat of trance-control.

It must be admitted that our methods of psychic development are at present elementary, as the meagreness of results proves. Of the *modus operandi* we know little. The members of a developing circle gather weekly, unaware that as their auras open and expand to psychic contact, a drastic change takes place in the whole orientation of character. One does not migrate to another hemisphere without consideration, yet people open themselves to new worlds of the discarnate lightheartedly enough, it would seem. On the spiritual quality of the sitters depends the spiritual character of the controls and guides, since like attracts like.

At length the aura of one of the sitters can be penetrated, and a control comes through, establishing his link or nexus at the psychic centre situated at the back of the neck. At the termination of the sitting the aura of the developing Medium often remains expanded or "broken," and while in the majority of cases nature and time heal the "wound," in some few the psychic bodies gape out. In other words, the normal protection of the aura being lacking, the subtler bodies can too easily fall out of alignment with the physical, so that a disassociation takes place.

The remedy is twofold; first, the obvious thing is to debar the unstable and neurotic from development; secondly, always close and seal the aura after control. Yet in how many developing circles is this done?

It should be emphasised that possession by any one spirit seems rare; obsession through attunement to an obsessing condition or "plane" being far more frequent, occurring, as stated, through other causes than psychic derangement.



## THINGS I REMEMBER

By DAVID GOW

## XIII.—EVIDENTIAL MESSAGES

DURING the years following the war, I was invited by Viscountess Molesworth to take part in a seance held at the Stead Bureau, which was at that time in Baker Street, with Mrs. Etta Wriedt, one of the greatest of the Direct Voice Mediums. I had on previous occasions in sittings with Mrs. Wriedt obtained personal evidences that to me were cogent and conclusive, a fact which those with any experience of the resources of the Direct Voice in the case of Mrs. Wriedt's mediumship would accept without difficulty.

On this particular occasion I listened to a conversation between Lady Molesworth and her soldier son who had been killed in the war. It was conducted without the use of a trumpet and I was struck by the curious vibration of the air caused by the voice of the communicating spirit. It was an intimate conversation, long and sustained, but to me the most definitely evidential happening at the circle took place when a voice spoke to a lady near me. The communicator claimed to have been a doctor while on earth and to have acted at one time as *locum tenens* to the lady's husband, himself a medical man. He gave his name and other particulars, but was apparently greatly disappointed that the lady could not recognise him. He reiterated his statement, offering facts designed to help the lady to remember, but all she could say was that she knew that her husband had employed a medical man as *locum tenens* when in practice in the locality mentioned, but she could not be clear about the name nor the appearance of her husband's deputy. The communicator expressed his regret, and seemed on the point of giving up the attempt in despair when another lady spoke up. This was Mrs. Oaten, the wife of Mr. Ernest Oaten, editor of the *Two Worlds*. Mrs. Oaten explained that, as a clairvoyant, she quite clearly saw the medical man and proceeded to describe him with such clearness that the other lady cried out that she now identified him, name and all. The communicator expressed his satisfaction, adding drily, "I am glad somebody was able to see me, otherwise I should not have been recognised at all."

I thought this an excellent piece of evidential matter and desired the doctor's wife to take up the question with her husband when she arrived home (she was at a town some distance out of London) and let me know the result. In due course I received a letter from her telling me that her husband had confirmed to her all the statements made, for he clearly recognised the communicator and naturally much more distinctly than his wife could do.

A feature of the seance—one which was not uncommon in Mrs. Wriedt's circles—was that several conversations proceeded at the same time. Indeed, the fact that Lady Molesworth's son spoke without using the trumpet was due to its being in use by another communicator at the opposite side of the room.

Such evidences were not infrequent in the mediumship of Mrs. Wriedt, and those who are familiar with living proofs of the kind are naturally impatient of the pretentious and futile pedantry that comes from some of those who pose as authorities—people who have not and never have had any real experience in spirit-communication, yet who are able to delude others as dull as themselves into taking them at their own valuation.

MISS CUMMINS' NEW SCRIPT.—Continuing the sequence of "The Scripts of Cleophas" a further script by Miss Geraldine Cummins is shortly to be published by the House of Rider under the title of "The Great Days of Ephesus," which will give what is believed to be the hitherto unrevealed history behind the First and Second Epistles to the Corinthians, as well as telling the story of Ephesus when it was the wonder-city of the world.

## RAYS AND REFLECTIONS

## A NEW DEFINITION

There is a tale of two sailors who, while looking at a yacht named *Psyche*, disputed on the question whether it should be pronounced *Sick* or *Fish*! We are long past those days for most people can now pronounce the word properly. But the other day I listened to an amusing little reminiscence from Miss Margaret Underhill of her life in America. It seems that a maid at an hotel asked one of the lady guests whether she was interested in skykick matters. "No," was the reply, "what are they?" "Oh, all about ghosts and spirits. We call them skykick because they come from the sky!"

\* \* \*

## TRUTH NEEDS NO APOLOGY

What a comparatively quiet time we should have—in religious matters especially—if it were generally recognised that Truth never needs apology or defence. In short, a vast amount of time and labour has been given to arguments and vindications of things which, being true, stood in no need of them, or which, being false, could not be justified by any amount of argument. Dr. Samuel Johnson once observed that all the arguments designed to prove that poverty is a good thing really prove it to be a bad one, since no one needed to be argued into a belief in the benefits of a good estate and a sufficient income. I am quoting from memory but that was the gist of a piece of wisdom of wide application.

\* \* \*

## STORY WITH A MORAL

There is a story of a sailor whose religious training had been somehow entirely neglected. One day curiosity led him to visit a mission-hall in a sea-port town where, for the first time, he heard the Gospel preached, and was greatly impressed. On leaving, he noticed a Jew pedlar plying his trade on the kerb, and after abusing him roundly, smote him in the face. Pained and bewildered by the assault, the luckless Hebrew asked what he had done to deserve such treatment. "Done?" roared the mariner, "Why, didn't your people crucify Jesus Christ?" "But," stammered the Jew, "that was hundreds of years ago." "That don't matter," retorted the seaman, "I've only just heard of it." That story comes into my mind whenever I meet those enthusiastic converts to Spiritualism who, finding that they have been misled by Church teachings regarding the true nature of life after death, regard with hostility every clergyman they meet, although he may be quite as innocent of offence as the Jew in the story. Like the Jew they "have only just heard of it."

D.G.

\* \* \*

## MISS MARGARET NAUMBERG

An interesting visitor to LIGHT and the L.S.A. recently is Miss Margaret Naumberg, of New York, founder of the Walden School. She is chiefly concerned with the education of children, and has published an authoritative book, of value not only to educationalists but to all who are interested in natural and creative systems of training the young, as against the old formal, mechanical and routine methods. Her book is a symptom of the growing rebellion amongst advanced minds against the modern worship of efficiency and speeding up at the expense of real living. To quote a sentence from her work, "The time clock is the slave driver of this generation. The whole world rushes and bustles as though time were an absolute." Like many other progressive people, Miss Naumberg has taken up the study of psychic science, and has had some convincing experiences with Mediums of repute. She has seen that this line of research promises some rich results in what Sir Oliver Lodge once described as the exploration of Man. G.



## ANCIENT MAORI BELIEFS

NOW and again comes a story which indicates that the ancient beliefs have not all been pressed out of the mental fabric of the Maori by the iron of the pakeha. The faith in the law of tapu and the dread of makutu, or witchcraft, still linger, and are not likely to disappear for a long time to come. The reverence for sacred things as embodied in the tapu rules of life is rather a salutary custom. The real Maori does not care to discuss such matters in a place where food is being eaten; and an offshoot of this olden inhibition is the present-day practice of leaving pipe and tobacco outside a church before entering, tobacco being regarded as food.

The veneration of ancestors produces an intense regard for the last resting places of the dead; and the recent interference of some Europeans with a native cemetery on the West Coast aroused the deepest indignation among the people whose forefathers' bones had been stolen in the cause of 'scientific research.' Not so long ago those King Country Maoris would have enforced respect for their sacred places with their double-barrel guns.

### INFRINGEMENT OF TAPU

An incident which occurred at Rotorua according to an account that reached me lately, illustrated the fear of infringing the mystic ban of tapu. An elderly woman of Ohinemutu, when walking over the ancient pah and burial place on Muriuika Point, behind the Maori Church, thoughtlessly took out a cigarette to smoke. Before she had time to light it, she remembered that she was on tapu ground, and refrained from smoking there, but she broke the cigarette and allowed some of the tobacco to fall on the ground. This unintentional and trifling breach of the unwritten law brought serious consequences. When she left the sacred ground she smoked the portion of the cigarette she had kept, but her conscience was uneasy, as she related afterwards. That night the retribution of the gods fell upon her. She felt a sudden pain shoot up her right arm, and she knew her punishment had begun. In a little while the arm had swelled up to twice its ordinary size and she was in agony.

It was no use calling in a pakeha doctor. She asked her family to send for her elder brother who lived some miles away. He was a wise man, learned in the olden rites. He came and dealt with the case according to the manner of the tohunga, with the ancient recitals and magic touch. The relief was speedy; the woman's suffering was relieved, and her arm soon was down to its normal condition: her fears vanished. She had suffered her punishment; that offence had been expiated.

Who can explain the exact physical and mental processes which operate in such a case like this? We know a little of the influence of mind over matter, but science has only touched the fringe of the problem. To the old Maoris, however, the inter-relation of the two incidents the infringement of the tapu and the sudden illness in the night, is perfectly clear.

As for the power of makutu, there are still very many Maori people who believe that men and women with uncanny powers practise their magic arts and possess the keys of life and death. The tohunga makutu still exists. I know several men who in their own belief and that of their people are possessed of unusual psychic mana, and who are on occasion called upon to use their powers to combat the evil spells of others, to cure mysterious illnesses, which are soon diagnosed by them as due to makutu. At the present time a certain old chief in the Arawa country is grievously concerned over the deaths in rapid succession of all his grandchildren. He and his friends attribute the visitation, otherwise inexplicable, to the evil magic spells and incantations of an enemy. They believe that the object of that jealous enemy is to wipe out the family, so that there will be none left to carry on the name.

It is a very serious thing in Maoridom to accuse a

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The Library and Rooms are closed until Monday, August 21st. Sittings may be booked with Miss Bacon, Mrs. Garrett and other approved mediums remaining in town.

During the vacation Miss MacGregor and Miss Margaret V. Underhill will attend by appointment to receive visitors.

person of practising the arts of makutu. It is no matter for ridicule. There have been actions for slander in the law courts over such accusations, and the evidence adduced has revealed the strength of the popular belief in occult arts. There was a curious incident in a Native Land Court on the East Coast in 1916, when formal complaint was laid that one of the parties had approached an old woman tohunga, otherwise a witch, with a request that she should influence the Court's judgment in favour of the applicant. The judge perceived that he could not ignore this, and he felt it necessary to reassure the people by telling them that they need not have any fear of the tohunga's influence over the Court or themselves, and warning them to pay no attention to claims of supernatural powers.

There have been many more recent glimpses into the mental attitude of the Maori towards the cult of makutu. The young and educated generation may deride the mystery man's business, but events in the pakeha world frequently remind us that even in this material civilised age old and primitive influences are strong. The layer-on of hands still plies his trade, the strong mentality commands the weaker; great is the power of suggestion. —(By J.C. in *Auckland Star* quoted in the *Message of Life*).

### IN MEMORY OF HER SON

A "nameless woman" is said to have entertained over 250 "down-and-out" men at a West End theatre last week in memory of her son, a well-known airman who was lost on a long-distance flight. Three hundred tickets for the theatre gallery were distributed to men spending the night in Trafalgar Square, the distribution being made by Mrs. Appleby of Streatham, who, for the past three years has visited Trafalgar Square two or three times a week with food for the outcasts there. According to the *News Chronicle* of 2nd inst., the anonymous benefactor, a white-haired lady, told a representative of the journal: "I am a Medium and was in communication with my son this morning. I am sure he is in the gallery with the boys now."



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SUNDAY, AUGUST 13th, 1933.

11 a.m.—Mr. Percy Scholey.

Clairvoyante : Mrs. Annie Johnson.

6.30 p.m.—Mr. Horace Leaf.

Clairvoyant : Mr. Horace Leaf.

Sunday, August 20th, at 11 a.m.

Dr. W. J. VANSTONE

Clairvoyante : Mrs. Grace Cooke.

Sunday, August 20th, at 6.30 p.m.

Rev. C. DRAYTON THOMAS

Clairvoyant : Mr. Glover Botham.

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#### WEEKDAY ACTIVITIES

Monday.

2.30—4 p.m.—Mrs. Livingstone, by appointment.

2.30 p.m. Mrs. Bird's Ladies' Healing Circle. For appointments write to Mrs. Moysey (Hon. Secretary). (Suspended during August; first circle, Sept. 11th.)

3—4 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart welcomes inquirers.

6.30 p.m.—Open Meeting in the Grotrian Hall.

(Suspended during August; first meeting, Sept. 4th.)

7 p.m. Mrs. Bird's Ladies' Healing Circle. For appointments write to Miss Robertson (Hon. Secretary). (Suspended during August; first circle, Sept. 11th.)

8 p.m.—Mr. Hendry's class for development of the healing faculty. (Commencing Sept. 4th.)

Tuesday.

2 p.m.—Mrs. Gray's Private Healing Treatment. For particulars, write to Mrs. Gray. Away Aug. 14th—28th.

Wednesday.

12.30—1.30 p.m.—Open Meeting in Grotrian Hall.

(Suspended during August; first meeting, Sept. 6th.)

3—4 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart welcomes inquirers.

Thursday.

7 p.m.—Mrs. Bird's Mixed Healing Circle. For appointments, write to Miss Micheli (Hon. Secretary). (Suspended during August; first circle, Sept. 7th.)

Friday.

3—4 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart welcomes inquirers.

6.30 p.m.—Students' Class. (September.)

Wednesday Circles (limited to eight sitters). Members, 3s.; Non-Members, 4s.

August 16th. 2.30—Mrs. Helen Spiers.

" 23rd. 2.30—Mrs. Helen Spiers.

" 30th. 2.30—Miss Lily Thomas.

#### PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT

Classes, for members only, will commence in September :

Mondays. 7 p.m.—Mrs. Livingstone.

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