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TOM TYRRELL: MEMORIES OF A GREAT MEDIUM

By DR. FREDERIC H. WOOD

IT is fitting that the pioneers of our cause should be remembered, for a great change is gradually taking place in public opinion. Mediumship will ultimately be recognised, even by law; and when sensitives are free to practise their gifts without fear of the police court, many Mediums will be found to carry on the work these brave pioneers began. After all, why should one who exercises his psychic gifts be denied legitimate payment for his services, while a priest who is not so gifted is paid for exercising his spiritual office? It is one of the anomalies of the age.

But Tom Tyrrell never would accept a fee. He was bluntly honest in this respect, even to the point of rudeness. That trait, and his great gift of accurate clairvoyance endeared him to many, including Arthur Conan Doyle, who often referred to him in his psychic writings and travels.

When I first met Mr. Tyrrell in Blackburn in 1913, his best days were probably over. He still had his wonderful power of clairvoyance, and occasional contacts with physical mediumship. In deep trance there would be raps on the chair and furniture. These came from his African guide "Wongi"—a harmless and simple soul who never learnt to speak English, but who acted as doorkeeper and prepared the way for Tyrrell's more developed guide "Billy Matthews." "Owd Billy," as he called himself, had been in life a grocer in Darwen. His married daughter, Betty, who was not a Spiritualist, was once introduced to Tyrrell—and went away from the interview thoroughly scared! Her father had given her such convincing evidence of his identity that she fled in alarm. But "Billy Matthews" retained his broad Lancashire speech to the end of Tyrrell's life, and helped the latter's audiences by homely phrases they could best understand.

BEST EVIDENCE

In physical mediumship I have seen Mr. Tyrrell (entranced) handle without injury the red-hot coals in the fire-grate: and in full daylight I have seen his keys pulled from his trouser-pockets by spirit agency and dropped on the floor, much to his own annoyance on awaking from trance. I believe he also had considerable power

as a healer, though I personally never saw this demonstrated. But I *do* remember him as the most remarkable clairvoyant I ever saw. When my interest in psychic matters became aroused in 1912 after the sudden death of J. D. W., my brother, Tyrrell was one of the first to help him to make the contact with me. For that I shall ever be grateful: but he did much more. He gave me some of the best evidence for survival I ever had. I often visited him in his home in Blackburn, to learn from him and to hear his uncannily accurate descriptions of the spirit-people I sometimes unknowingly took along with me. Some were relatives he never knew. Others were casual acquaintances and many were total strangers. Among the latter was an elderly clergyman, aged 80, who according to Tyrrell "placed his hands on my shoulders and urged me to continue my psychic studies." Tyrrell gave his full name, "Canon Robert Seymour Nash." The surname given was that of a local clergyman I knew well, but who had never met Tyrrell, and whose family associations were all of the South of England. It was he who afterwards told me that the names and age were correctly those of his father, who had died many years before.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

An amusing incident happened in November, 1916. I had been asked to lecture to the local Theosophical Society, and chose for my subject "Subliminal Personality in relation to Psychic Phenomena." Those were the early days of adolescent conviction, and I stated my case as cautiously as any sceptic. I discussed the "Blanche Poynings" case of automatic script, the Myers sealed envelope, and talked profoundly about "subliminal and supraliminal activity." Half-way through the lecture I was horrified to see the familiar face of Tom Tyrrell in my audience, and on meeting him shortly afterwards I was soundly rated for "talking such bosh." I now know that he was right. Most of that jargon is "bosh," and I was grateful to Tyrrell for rescuing me from a bog which has hampered progress far too long.

From my records of that time I select one as typical of Tyrrell's powers. On April 16, 1916, 47 names, addresses and other details were recorded of spirit-visitors who got them through to the members of a private circle of friends who met in my own home in Blackburn. There was also a stranger present, from Glasgow, of

whose coming Tyrrell had not been notified, but who was given 12 of the 47 names, all of whom were Glasgow people, and some of whom he did not know but afterwards verified. The method used by "Billy Matthews" was to describe the personal appearance as built up by each spirit-visitor, followed up by name, address, date of death, and other evidential details. The only time I ever knew him to make a mistake proved to me that such information is communicated to the guide by ordinary speech (inaudible to us) as well as by telepathic contact. "Samuel Barton" was given for "Stanley Barlow" in an otherwise perfect contact full of evidential features. "Billy" had failed to catch the etheric sound-vibrations of his spirit-visitor. Students sometimes learn more from such failures than from a clairvoyant's successes.

A VICTIM OF THE CZARIST REGIME

Two other incidents stand out in my mind as examples of rescue work. A local solicitor, who through financial worry had shot himself on Blackburn station, was brought by "Billy Matthews" to our circle, and released by our prayers from his terrible earthbound condition. Paul Petrovsky, a Polish exile condemned to Siberia under the Czarist regime, provided the other incident. Although our circle met on a warm summer evening, Tyrrell shivered as from cold, in passing under trance-control. Once again our prayers released the earthbound spirit, and we were told his story. He had marched, chained with other prisoners, along that bitter road until overcome with exhaustion and cold. Then he had fallen in the snow, and had been lashed to death by the whips of the Cossack guards. It had happened many years previously, but the poor fellow *thought he was still in the snow* until contact with our circle brought him release.

There were many other incidents which I recall with interest, including an evidential contact with the composer Brahms, who in 1916 was much distressed with the condition of Austria, but I have not space for them here.

Mr. Tyrrell died in 1928, his funeral being attended by hundreds of ordinary Lancashire folk whom he had comforted with his marvellous gift. In February, 1929, he wrote a most evidential message through the hand of my mediumistic friend Rosemary, who never saw him in life. I have not made contact with him since, but he told me on that occasion that he had found the spirit-world "gradely" (a Lancashire word meaning "excellent") and "full of happy folk. I am still interested in this great work," he wrote, "helping trance-mediums, and may be I can give this little lady a lift, too!" He finished with a characteristic phrase, "I'm happy, lad, I tell thee!" The whole sitting is one of the most treasured in the Rosemary Records.

He was a beautiful soul, straight, honest, and true; yet having a heart big with sympathy for the sorrow he so often eased in others. No one has written a biography of him, to my knowledge, and probably no one ever will, for those who knew him best were either unskilled with the pen or too busy to write one. The present Editor of the *Two Worlds* is one of many who, like myself, loved Tyrrell for his fine soul and sterling character. Doyle and others admired his wonderful psychic powers. Hundreds more still remember him with gratitude; but soon they and we will all be gone, and none be left to place on record what he meant to the cause he served so well.

If my words can find him a paragraph in future editions of Dr. Fodor's *Encyclopædia of Psychic Science* or in other records of the progress of our movement, we shall but do him justice: and in days to come, when psychic facts have become common knowledge, more fortunate students may realise how much they owe to the pioneers who, like Tom Tyrrell, lit a torch in the thick darkness of a materialistic age, and rekindled the dying embers of belief in a world to come.

CHILD CLAIRVOYANCE

By MRS. M. L. CADELL

IN a recent number of *LIGHT* appeared interesting accounts of child clairvoyance. As each well-attested case strengthens the chain of evidence, I give below an instance which came under my own observation. I wrote the account down at the time. I should perhaps explain that my son, killed in the war, has shown a very special interest in his first nephew. At a sitting with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, six months before the child's birth, he expressed great satisfaction and said he would be able to influence his *nephew*. As a great part of what he says comes in his own voice, it carries the conviction that I am listening to his real thoughts.

In January 1932, I was sitting late one afternoon, alone in his parents' house, with my grandson, just two years old, on my knee. The curtains were drawn; there was a blazing fire, but the light from the solitary lamp was poor. I gave up trying to show the child pictures and, instead, we played the pig game with his fingers, his part being at the right place to call out "Wee Wee." I mention this trivial detail because of what came later.

John was enjoying himself greatly. Then I saw him give a quick look behind him. A minute after, he looked across at the upper part of the door, or just beside it, and called out very joyfully "MAN!" As he said this, I had a distinct feeling, very, very rare with me, of my son's presence. John said no more. I wondered very much if he had really seen his uncle; so, previous to my sitting with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, shortly afterwards, I wrote a question to that effect. My habit is to do this rather than ask questions during a sitting.

MAKING IT CLEAR

From what was said at this sitting, I judge that my son was very anxious to make it clear that he had tried to show himself. He brought the subject up twice during the sitting.

"Helping his sister . . . he wanted her told. He affected W. I thought in another minute you might have seen me. Someone else saw me. I was there. It was I, myself. Trying to show . . . It wasn't you or his sister who saw him. He was glad he had seen W.W. He was seen near something.

"He did see me. The little boy that you wondered about. He likes him. He did not know him upon the earth. Very pleased with him. Going to look after him . . . I want you to love him while you're here, afterwards we can help him together."

I cannot help thinking that in calling John "W.W." he referred to the pig game we were playing—an evidence that he had been in the room with us.

A few months after this incident, John came to stay with me. The first morning he was brought into my bed-room and lifted on to my bed. I took up a photograph of my son Richard and held it out to John. To my great surprise, he went into fits of laughter. Through chuckles of uncontrollable amusement, he kept saying "Richard! his tooth! his tooth!"

No tooth is visible in the photograph; it is a happy likeness with smiling eyes and in my opinion decidedly the best likeness of my son we have.

In the child's home there is no photo of my son and the crayon sketch which we have downstairs is graver and different.

It did seem as if there had been some joke between Baby and his uncle and that he may have seen him when alone.

Recently, I showed John this photograph. He is now four years old. He looked blankly at it. I said: "This is Uncle Richard." "Who's Richard?"

Most evidently his early clairvoyance has deserted him!

IN THE VALLEY OF FEAR

A STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN DESERT

By A CONTRIBUTOR

IT was about twenty-three years ago that a number of Government officials, mainly bachelors, used to congregate in the Turf Club, Cairo, before meals. On one occasion when three or four of us were sitting together, one of our company (whom I will call De Sanwary), who happened to be in my department but who had in earlier days been in the Police, told the following tale:

"Once, when I was on patrol in the neighbourhood of Helonan, night overtook me in the desert. As it was a warm bright summer's night, with a brilliant moon and not a breath of wind, I took my rugs off the saddle, tethered my horse, found a comfortable place in the sand and disposed myself for sleep. I was in a sort of valley, which I subsequently found to be two or three miles long and perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide.

"I dropped off to sleep, and some time afterwards I was awakened by the plunging of my horse. I got up and found he was showing signs of the greatest terror. I soothed him as best I could, but could neither see nor hear anything to account for his behaviour. I went thirty or forty yards away into another place, again tethered the horse (whose fear had not abated), and again lay down. The horse's panic did not lessen, and I was completely at a loss. Gradually, however, *it was borne in on me* (these words stuck in my memory at the time, and as you will see later, were borne out by my own experience), that I could hear, as it were, the tramp of many feet marching past. But I could not see a thing, and in that brilliant moonlight I could see for hundreds of yards. This went on intermittently till the early hours, and as soon as it was dawn, I mounted my horse and rode away."

RIDICULE—AND A CHALLENGE

Owing possibly to the influence of cocktails, I was foolish enough to ridicule this man and make a mock of his story. He turned on me at once and said: "I bet you a fiver you don't spend a night in that valley." This cornered me, and I could not refuse, though I hated anything in the nature of spooks or haunted houses.

As it was, I could not get out of it; so I said I would go, but I was going armed, and if there was any hanky-panky, I would shoot; also that I would take my big Armant dog with me. I had in those days a very large powerful dog, devoted to me, but whose ferocity with strangers was known throughout the country. He was larger than an Irish wolf-hound, and could easily have pulled down and killed a man.

De Sanwary replied: "Take a whole battery of arms and your dog if you like, but my conditions are that you choose a time of full-moon with no wind; and choose your own time."

About three weeks later, I set off with my dog and some rugs to Helonan, an automatic in my pocket. At Helonan I got a donkey-boy and told him to take me to the Wady Khôf. He refused point-blank, though he knew very well who I was and what position I occupied. By threatening him, I induced him to take me to the edge of the Wady, and arranged with him to meet me next morning about 4 a.m. at the same place. He pointed out the Wady to me, which was about a mile from where he left me.

The time then was about 10.30 p.m. There was a brilliant moon and absolutely no wind. Having arrived in the Wady, I found a suitable place to lie in. I then tethered my dog to my ankle with a stout chain, wrapped myself in my rugs, and shortly afterwards dropped off to sleep. I was awakened by my foot nearly being pulled off. I got up and found my dog in a paroxysm of terror and rage combined. His hair was bristling on his neck and back, his huge fangs were exposed, and he was

snarling as I had never heard any dog do. I tried to soothe him, and for a moment I thought he was going to bite me, devoted as he was to me.

Like De Sanwary, I could neither see nor hear anything. However, I changed my position and lay down again—the dog uttering rumbling growls the whole time, of greater or lesser intensity. Again I changed my position; but all these changes had no effect on the dog.

MYSTERIOUS WHISPERS

Then suddenly, from utter silence (except for the snarls of the dog), it seemed to be *borne in on me* that I could hear whispering all around, or rather, some dialect spoken in very low voices and very close to me and all round me. I have a knowledge of several languages, and a smattering of several others. I thought I could even distinguish words and syllables, but I could not understand anything.

Needless to say, I was badly frightened. This continued intermittently; and after a time, the dog's snarls were interchanged with howls—mournful howls which went up and down the scale. I never knew him howl before or since. He was of the silent type. He rarely snarled or gave any warning, and he fought, like a bulldog, silently and ferociously.

As soon as it was 3.30 a.m., I left and met my donkey-boy.

I saw De Sanwary that day in my office and said: "I'll thank you for that fiver." He looked hard at me and said: "I think you've earned it. We'll have dinner together to-night, and you shall tell me all about it."

De Sanwary was a very fine Arabic scholar; he could read and write the vernacular with ease. For six months he searched the records in Cairo and Alexandria, and all he ever found out about that Wady was that, about 400 B.C., there was a battle between the Persians and Egyptians in it, and that the Persians were routed with great slaughter. I am not sure of the date, but I think it was about 400 B.C.

We subsequently ascertained that that valley has an evil reputation, and that no native will go into it by night, and few by day. Whence its name, "Valley of Fear."

INVISIBLE SINGERS

A STORY of invisible singers was related by Mr. Alex Sim, a member of the Ilford Spiritualist Church, to Mr. Guy P. J. L'Estrange, who includes it in his "Psychic Gossip" in the *Yarmouth Independent* of August 11th.

Mr. Sim said he had gone into the Church at lunch time and was softly playing an anthem on the organ, when a deep and melodious bass voice suddenly started singing just behind him. The last notes having reverberated into the silence, Mr. Sim turned to congratulate the singer on his magnificent voice, but to his overwhelming astonishment there was no one to be seen. Anybody but a Spiritualist would probably have fled the building (says Mr. L'Estrange), but my informant was only too delighted at this evidence that he was accompanied by a friend from the Beyond, and once again he turned to the organ and commenced playing another anthem. This time, not one voice, but many, were heard joining in the melody: it was as though a glorious unseen choir, in which the tones of men and women beautifully blended, surrounded the player.

The last chords having died away, Mr. Sim arose and quietly left the building, never dreaming that anybody on this earth had shared his experience. Not until some hours later did he learn that the caretaker of the church had also heard the voices, but, from his place in the basement, had supposed that the organist was accompanied by a party of friends.

A CATHOLIC ON CHURCH MIRACLES

Review by H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY

FATHER THURSTON, whose fair-mindedness in psychic matters is well known to readers of *LIGHT*, has collected in a handy volume* an account of apparitions which he describes as "Borderland Cases in the Psychology of Mysticism."

He offers them to our consideration without seeking unduly to influence our conclusions. There they are with the evidence supporting them; evidence which, in many cases, it is impossible to ignore, and with which, in support of our own psychical adventures, we would be amply satisfied.

Now, how are they to be explained?

We meet first the apparition at Beauraing, a little town some twenty miles south of Dinant. It was reported by a group of five peasant children, from nine to fifteen years old, by no means distinguished for piety. They saw a luminous human figure, under four feet high, blue-eyed, in a white robe, with a white veil over its hair.

The vision seems to have been vouchsafed only to a single adult, and, save for the communication, "I am the Mother of God and the Queen of Heaven," to have said nothing of great moment.

Yet in ten months, 1,700,000 people visited the spot, many more than came to Lourdes in a year, and millions of francs have been subscribed for the erection of a shrine.

That the children saw something seems unquestionable; that they saw what they thought they saw is another matter. The cry of one of the girls to her mother, brought to the spot for confirmation—"Don't go any further, Mama, you are right on top of it," has the ring of truth.

That cures of "incurables" were performed later at the shrine is only proof that such cures can be accomplished.

Catholic opinion on the apparition was curiously divided, and it is cheering to the much abused Spiritualist to find one good Catholic declaring: "But the truth is there, indisputable, and the powers of hell—I beg pardon of the Reverend Father Bruno—will not prevail against it," and asserting, in a thrust at unbelieving Churchmen, that "in their diabolic hatred there is not a weapon in all hell's armoury which they have left unused."

Another vision was vouchsafed to a child at Banneux; again a luminous figure of a woman, who declared herself to be "The Blessed Virgin of the Poor." The vision was seven times repeated, by no means always when looked for, and cures were performed at the spring to which it led.

Other apparitions appeared within a few months at some half-dozen Flemish towns, attracted thousands of pilgrims, wrought cures and conversions, and were ardently acclaimed or somewhat coldly distrusted.

The Catholic authorities did little to encourage these reputed wonders; were glad to expose them to medical and scientific scrutiny; and, as has been shown, were sometimes divided in their appreciation.

Father Thurston only commits himself to a belief in the good faith of the observers, for which there seems to be sound evidence.

To a spiritualist, of course, such appearances are a commonplace. We know how near to us is the spirit world, and observing its denizens is a mere matter of psychical apparatus, which children of a certain age are quite likely to possess.

That such appearances are not always what they pretend to be, we have proved, regretfully, to be frequently the case. Human nature is very much the same on either side of the veil, and the inclination to appear more important

than we are, passes over with much else we should like to be rid of.

The possibilities of impersonation have always to be allowed for, and to be mistaken for the Queen of Heaven might prove, to an unstable spirit, a temptation too alluring to resist.

Since the homage rendered by the devout was to the Mother of God, the benefits to be derived would be by no means affected by a mistaken identity, and their prayer and faith would no doubt have attracted, as always, spiritual power to the spot.

THE MOVING AND WEeping CRUCIFIX

"The Problem of Limpas" is in a different category. In the parish church of this little town in the north of Spain there is a finely carved wooden crucifix, rather more than life size, over the high altar. This, on March 30, 1919, the last day of a mission there, was seen by a girl, twelve years old, to move its eyes, and be covered by a moisture like perspiration. Her report was corroborated by some, denied by others, and a scene of intense religious emotion followed. For three or four years a stream of devout visitors continued almost unabated, 4,000 sometimes arriving daily, and the daily receipts reaching £480.

What was seen varied: tears, drops of blood, froth on the lips, a kind of stern expression, the head moving from side to side; sighs and whispers were heard; a well-known priest of Saragossa, Don Manuel Cubi, and others, medical men of repute among them, watched the whole death agony, and one visitor fainted as he saw the Saviour descend from the Cross and come threateningly towards him.

Among 2,500 persons who witnessed the marvel there were men of high character, who arrived profoundly sceptical.

Against that must be set the fact that the majority of those who visited Limpas saw nothing at all, and that no objective proof has been obtained by photography of any change of expression or position in the crucifix itself.

A further chapter deals with movements which have been reported in various places in "The Eyes of the Madonna," from 1484 to 1900.

Here again we have similar contradictions and confirmations. "In the space of two years and a half—forty-seven days were counted on which the Blessed Mother looked upon her clients with a countenance transformed." The occasions are too few to suggest conscious deception.

In Rome in 1796 there were "twenty pictures in different parts of the city; all of which opened and shut their eyes in a most miraculous manner," and the most careful and close observation only confirmed the miracle.

At Rimini in 1850 a like happening was attested by a hundred eye-witnesses, "including a Cardinal, three Bishops, a number of distinguished ecclesiastics, as well as some twenty members of the nobility, both men and women, together with lawyers, artists, doctors, and artisans," and the same prodigy was reported in that year in seven other Italian towns.

Of the many further miracles mentioned by the author the movement of the arm of the Madonna at Melleha in Malta has the distinction of being safeguarded from any suspicion of being prompted by religious hysteria.

Father Thurston in reviewing the collection he has made devotes a chapter to a consideration of crowd-hallucination as an explanation. Even where a Bishop and an Ecclesiastical Commission have affirmed their belief in a miracle—"I hold it no impiety," he says, "to question the trustworthiness of the evidence and consequently to reserve judgment regarding the nature of the alleged prodigy. . . . The circumstance that vast crowds are attracted, that conversions take place, that

**Beauraing and other Apparitions*. Herbert Thurston, S.J. London. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., 1934, 2/6

GHOSTS OF THE WEST INDIES

EXPERIENCES OF A JESUIT FATHER

SPECIAL thrill was provided for the Anthropological Congress in London by the personal experiences of Father Joseph J. Williams in West Indian Voodoo Magic.

Father Williams is a professor at the Jesuit College of Boston, was formerly editor of the *Weekly Review* and has made a particular study of the negro in the West Indies and West Africa.

In an interview to the *Empire News* (Aug. 5th) he spoke of his extraordinary experiences in the haunted mission house of All Saints, which looks over the Caribbean Sea towards Cuba. He said:

"My bedroom led into a passage on either side, and I awakened to see the doors on to the passage swinging back and front in unison. When I got up and touched them the motion ceased. But when I went back to bed the doors began immediately to swing again. Then someone came tramping across the floor towards my bed. But I could see nobody. The fingers of a bony hand pressed heavily against various points of my head and arms. While the rest of my body was burning hot with fright, the parts touched were left clammy and wringing wet with water, which I mopped up with my handkerchief."

In last week's *LIGHT* we quoted Father Williams' account of Father A.J.E.'s grisly experience with a ghostly arm which struck a dying woman. This same friend, says Father Williams in the interview, was called up to a mountainous colony where the "duppies" (earth-bound spirits) were tormenting the life out of the school-master, treating his school and residence to showers of stones.

The evil forest monster of Jamaica is reputed to throw stones at passers by in the bush.

Father A.J.E. found every pane of glass in the school and residence broken. There were piles of stones in the rooms. The master described how, when the stones came through the window, they swerved and deflected to strike his clock, other ornaments and all his possessions in sight. The extraordinary thing was that those who were hit by the stones were not injured. The priest described to me a perfect fusilade of stone-throwing from invisible hands with which his visit was received. A second night he saw this orgy repeated. He read the

service of exorcism and blessed the scene of this extraordinary demonstration. He was not again called to the scene. Father Williams concluded the story of his experiences as follows:

"We are dealing with some preternatural agencies or forces, call them what you will. All the witnesses cannot have been victims of delusions. I knew them individually and without exception they were men of mature years who were characterised by sound judgment. They were not what I would call imaginative men. In each case they sifted every possible natural cause as an explanation, while years of experience in Jamaica had taught them not to be deceived by the creepy sounds of the tropical night in the bush."

PRIEST'S GHOSTLY VISITOR

TWO Catholic priests alone in a mission house in Jamaica. Midnight, both soundly asleep in their rooms. A "ghostly" visitor strikes a match and lights the candle. One of the priests awakes, blows out the flame and returns to bed. Three times it happens—no trace of the "visitor," but three spent matches.

This was one of the stories of "black magic" told to a reporter (says the *Bolton Evening News*) by Father Joseph J. Williams, S.J., the ethnologist, on the eve of his departure for America. Father Williams is the Catholic priest who startled the Anthropological Conference with stories of stone-throwing "duppies," referred to in *LIGHT* last week.

"This is the experience of the two Catholic priests concerned," said Father Williams. "One was the guest of the other at the lonely mission station overlooking the sea. The guest said that three times during the night he was awakened by someone entering his room, striking a match, and lighting the candle."

"Each time I could just make out a figure withdrawing from the room with face averted and closing the door behind him," he said. "I concluded that it was a little practical joke being played upon me. On the first two occasions I got up and put out the candle and went to bed again. On the third occasion I felt that the joke had been carried far enough and quickly sprang from bed and rushed to the door just as it closed behind the figure."

"Reaching the hall the figure vanished, and on going to my host's room I found him sleeping soundly with the door of his room locked. When I aroused him he tried to persuade me that the whole incident must have been a dream. When I returned to my own room I counted on the table three partially-burnt matches where there had been no loose matches at all when I went to bed."

Father Williams, who thought the term "poltergeist" was better translated "rough house ghost," said in cases where natural forces cannot explain phenomena and we are driven to seek a supernatural cause, we must ascribe the agency to good or evil spirits according to the principle by their fruits you shall know them. But until these fruits are clearly defined one way or the other, we must hold our judgment in abeyance.

CATHOLIC ON CHURCH MIRACLES

(Continued from page 492)

miracles of healing are reported, does not avail to authenticate the supernatural character of the alleged visions."

On the other hand he argues, "That these phantoms, seen for the most part in broad daylight, were simply inventions, and that the men and women who professed to perceive them were conscious impostors, does not seem to be probable, in view of the accounts published by visitors who came to assist at these extraordinary manifestations."

There, save for the suggestion that "local conditions have an influence upon the occurrence and perceptibility of these phenomena" he may be said to leave it; a conclusion of which it would be impossible to complain.

It is, of course, the religious character of these incidents which so complicates analysis.

Good Catholics see nothing derogatory in the most venerated objects of their worship being made responsible for performances of a quite trifling kind. The good Jew also could visualise any burning bush as enclosing the Almighty and any spirit visitor as Jehovah himself.

Spiritualism does at least offer a conception which avoids so supremely anthropomorphic a demand on the Hosts of Heaven, though it is still far, indeed, from being able to propound an explanation of such terrestrial mysteries.

THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE

The International Institute for Psychical Research has secured premises at 21, Harrington Road, South Kensington, S.W.7. They consist of a seance room, office, dark room, workshop and washing room. Alterations are being made to fit the premises for the Society's work. The services of Miss May Carter have been secured for the Secretarial post. The Society hope to begin activities at an early date.

THE UNIVERSE OF SPIRIT

MALACHI'S COSMOLOGY

By GODFREY BURCHETT

VIII.—EVOLUTION IN LIFE

IN relation to the earth-body of man Malachi gave assent to the biological theory of evolution. But it is not applicable to the human soul.

"Matter on your globe has gone through divers stages from crystallisation—the rudest form of organisation—to man. The rock and earth yield to the plants. Vegetable life supersedes mineral. Sensation added, a nervous system given, and another form of more highly organised life is found progressively, being developed from the lowest zoophyte up to man. Each step is in advance of the last, and man crowns the labour of creation. Man differs in kind, as well as in degree, by virtue of his divine soul. (*M.S.T.*, p. 82).

THE MISSION TO EARTH

"I myself, Imperator Servus Dei, am the chief of a band of forty-nine spirits, the presiding and controlling spirit under whose guidance and direction the others work. I am come from the seventh sphere to work out the will of the Almighty; and, when my work is complete, I shall return to those spheres of bliss from which none return to earth. But this will not be till the Medium's work on earth is finished, and his mission on earth exchanged for a wider one in the spheres.

"Under me is my deputy and lieutenant, Rector, whose business it is to superintend in my absence, and especially to control the band of physical manifesting spirits. Associated with him is a third high spirit, Doctor, the Teacher. He guides the Medium's thoughts, influences his words, directs his pen. . . . Next come the guardians, whose care it is to ward off and modify the baneful influences of earth, to drive away the hurtful, temper the painful, to shed around an influence. The inward yielding to evil can alone destroy their power. Yet again, there are two guardians whose care it is to ward off the evil influences of the spheres, the allurements of the lower spirits, who would draw the Medium from his allotted work and divert him from his sacred mission. These four guardians are my personal attendants, and these complete the first circle of seven, the whole band being divided into seven circles of seven spirits, each circle composed of one presiding spirit with six ministers.

"The next circle of seven spirits is devoted to the care of love—spirits of love. Religion, love to God; charity, love to man, the common brother; tenderness for all who grieve; pity for all who suffer; desire to benefit and help all.

"Next comes a circle—one presiding, with six spirit ministers—of wisdom. Under their care is intuition, perception, reflection, impression, reasoning and the like. They preside over the intuitive faculties and the deductions made from observed facts.

"Next in order is a circle which presides over knowledge of men, of things, of life, whose charge is caution and compassion, of causality and eventuality, and the like. They guide the Medium's steps through the tortuous paths of earth life, and lead him to practical knowledge, complement to the intuitive wisdom, of what is beneficial and profitable.

"To these kindred groups, wisdom and knowledge—which are under the general supervision of Doctor, the inspiring Teacher—succeed:

"A circle who preside over art, science, literature, culture, refinement, poetry, paintings, music, language. They inspire the thought with that which is noble and intellectual, and lead to words of refinement and sublimity.

"Next comes a circle of seven who have charge of mirth, wit, humour, geniality and joyous conversation. These give the lighter touches to the character, the spark-

ling, bright side which is attractive in social intercourse, which enlivens the word spoken or written with flashes of wit, and relieves the sombre dullness of daily toil. They are spirits attractive and genial, kindly and lovable.

"Last of all come the spirits who have charge of the physical manifestations, which it is thought right at present to associate with the higher message. The circle is composed principally of spirits on their probation under the guardianship of Rector, lieutenant of the band. It is his care to teach them and to allow them, by association with the Medium and his circle, to advance from a lower to a higher sphere. These are spirits who from divers causes are earthbound, and who, by the manifestations which they are permitted to work out, are purifying and elevating themselves." (*M.S.T.*, pp. 11, 12, 13).

"We have already said that two great spirits have been intimately associated with every such movement as this—Moses and Elijah. My immediate inspiration has been derived from my great Master (Elijah). He it was who animated me when I trod the earth, and through me influences you. But he and we all act in direct subordination to that exalted spirit men call Jesus. . . . I have seen both my Master and the great spirit (Moses), who was the mouthpiece of God to His chosen people. I have conversed with them and have also received from them direct instruction. But not till I became connected with my present work was I ever brought into contact with Jesus. Not till I was called to attend at a gathering of great Intelligences, for the very purpose of organising this movement in its future did I ever see Him. So far as I know, He has never visited the spheres of probation until of late. Nor have the exalted spirits whom I then saw. They have descended, I believe, for the first time since the era when Jesus was born into your world to work a similar work." (*M.S.T.*, p. 74).

In earth life Rector was Hippolytus.

LIMITS OF TELEPATHY

SIR OLIVER LODGE, in his article in the *Sunday Graphic* of August 12th, deals with the problem of haunted house or "fixed local ghost."

"Telepathy, though wide in its range," he writes, "has to be stretched considerably in order to account for many apparitions, and especially for what is called the 'fixed local' ghost: that is to say, an apparition said to be encountered in association with certain houses or places with the reputation of being haunted.

"It looks as if something more like materialisation would have to be appealed to before an explanation of some apparitions was obtained. One would have to assume that a dead person retained such a power over matter as to be able to manipulate or mould it into a desired but temporary shape and thus present to the observer something which he and others can see for a time.

"It is well known that in some sittings this is asserted as having occurred. But a Medium has always to be present, and, it is supposed, constitutes the source of the organised matter which is hypothetically called ectoplasm and which constitutes the substance of the phantasm for the time being.

"Now, if such a thing is ever possible, it may have to be appealed to as an explanation of some fixed local ghosts, especially when a qualified stranger is said to be able to see the apparition at suitable times, even if he is ignorant of the legend and unacquainted with the traditional haunting.

"The first thing is to make sure that the facts are as described, and that such persistent haunting is a reality. It seems wisest to preserve an open mind on that subject, for the evidence, though noteworthy, is not yet considered as crucial as that for the other class of phantasms—the class more readily conceived of as due to transmitted mental impression."

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).

FUTURE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

Sir,—A plea for the furtherance of Psychic Research has recently been voiced by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, and by Mr. J. B. M'Indoe, a plea with which we must all be in agreement. The need for scientific endorsement of psychic phenomena is obvious, and the lack of it alienates the sympathy of a large section of the thinking public.

The examination of mental phenomena has already vastly increased our knowledge of the mind, its subdivisions, functions and operation under interaction and impression from the spirit world. Physical phenomena have similarly increased our knowledge of the human body, the effect of mind over matter, and the action of higher intelligences in temporarily abstracting, and after use returning to the body, without harm to it, a something called "ectoplasm." We are learning something of forces, about which we hitherto were ignorant. Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and indeed Science in general, have been added to by the knowledge already gained. What further additions to this knowledge the future may hold, must unquestionably be very great.

Research, in the future, should, I think, be directed towards ascertaining scientifically every step in the production of each type of psychic phenomena. The work which this will involve will be no small programme, as it will require constant and meticulous observation, sound reasoning, and frequent repetition. Conclusions reached will require confirmation from the work of other experimenters, and points of disagreement further experimentation to settle them. Ultimately, as a result of such work, new laws will gradually begin to emerge, and the new science of "Psychics" will begin to take practical form.

What are the qualifications necessary for psychic investigators? Unquestionably, they should have well-developed powers of observation; scrupulous honesty; and an unbiassed mind. A scientific training is an advantage, in that it accentuates the powers of observation; increases concentration and the critical faculty; and facilitates deduction; but unless it is accompanied by an unbiassed mind, it may prove a hindrance rather than a help.

There seems to be a need for some central scientific organisation where the work of different groups of investigators could be collected, analysed and advised upon. Perhaps the suggested amalgamation of some of the older societies may give birth to some such central college. The whole subject of psychical research and its organisation is pregnant with possibilities.

THOMAS A. DAVIDSON.

Monkseaton, Northumberland.

APPORTS

Sir,—A ring was lost around the year 1700.

It is the property of a certain Admiral now on the other side.

He has found the lost ring since his passing and has promised to give it to someone still here in the flesh.

Such is the history given to me last week by White Hawk, who hopes to be able to bring the apport in the late autumn, when one of his "Parties" is to be arranged, to celebrate an anniversary of special interest to Mr. and Mrs. Barkel.

White Hawk will also try to restore to me the stone that was taken from my ring, beneath my glove, in a train in Germany. Mrs. de Crespigny holds the empty settings, pending the arrival of the stone. She was present at the last "Party"—and received an apport herself—when an unsuccessful effort was made to restore my stone. The girl who took it was present and was seen by clairvoyants. She held the stone in her hand,

but refused to part with it on that occasion for certain reasons, important evidentially. A full account of this stone, its loss and news of its whereabouts was given in *Psychic Science* at the time. That it will be restored to me I have not the slightest doubt.

For scientific reasons it might be wise to publish these facts, putting the plans on record, pending their fulfilment.

FLORENCE HODGKIN.

* * *

APPORT OF FLOWERS

Sir,—I was much interested in Mrs. de Crespigny's article in *LIGHT*, Aug. 3rd. Certainly the form of mediumship of Miss Lewis is particularly charming.

I was fortunate enough to witness an apport of flowers in my mother's house once. I was sitting alone by the fire one evening—with the electric light burning—when my mother's housekeeper came in. She had a very painful abscess in her ear and wanted to sit by the fire quietly for a few moments. She had on a nightdress and a dressing gown. She knelt by the fire, holding out her hands to warm them. Her sleeves were wide and her hands were open. She sat back suddenly and said she felt strange. I put my arm round her and she fell against me.

I was used to her becoming lightly entranced, so I waited and held her, and in a second or two her hands clenched. I watched them, I heard a little rustle and from about two inches above her hand there fell 4 primroses.

I laid her down finally and picked up a primrose. It was icy cold and so were the others. There were some primroses like them in the garden. It was not possible for them to have been in her hands, and indeed she would have no wish to play a trick. She is a very good physical Medium, she has had other experiences like this, but I was not present when they happened.

Dunfermline

ALISON L. CHRISTIE.

* * *

EARTHBOUND SPIRITS

Sir,—I have read Mrs. M. Saunders Knox-Gore's article on Earthbound Spirits in *LIGHT* (Aug. 3) with considerable interest. I think such experiences, with trance Mediums, are far more frequent than generally known. Mrs. Saunders Knox-Gore deserves commendation and a compliment for the straight-forward and lucid presentation of her experience. Would that her example might be followed and so renewed evidence be furnished of the unsuspected service which a knowledge of Spiritualism may render to souls both in this world and the next!

OLD READER.

* * *

DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM

Sir,—Many definitions of "Spiritualism" have been suggested; how about this very simple one:

"Spiritualism is the exact opposite of Materialism."

A. HORNGATE.

* * *

TELEPATHY—A CORRECTION

Sir,—There is a slip on p. 475, 4th line from the bottom on the page (August 10th). *Physical* should surely read *psychical*. My brother, Sir W. F. Barrett, wrote: "There are several reasons which could be urged against any *physical* mode of transmitting telepathy"; and again: "Telepathy and other phenomena transcend knowledge derived from our sense perceptions." See p. 109 of his book *Psychical Research* and many other writings.

ROSA M. BARRETT.

* * *

ECTOPLASMIC LARYNX

Sir,—In Mr. Edward Randall's book *The Dead Have Never Died*—which deals with revelations through the direct voice, the process is fully described. A cup is formed into which are placed the emanations drawn from Medium and sitter, and from this the operator draws what is needed to clothe *just the larynx* of the spirit standing near waiting to communicate.

C. GRYLLS.

Light

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As We See It

"NOT NICAIA BUT NAZARETH"

PREACHING in Westminster Abbey on Sunday last, Dr. Dearmer declared it was "no wonder that young people are sick of the squabbles about dogmas and about the Nicene Creed, and seemed to be calling out *Not Nicaea but Nazareth*." It will be strange if such a declaration from such a pulpit is allowed to pass without comment, for it is of great interest and importance. It will be welcomed by some and regarded as rank heresy by others both within and without the Anglican Community, of which Dr. Dearmer is a distinguished spokesman.

By Spiritualists, Dr. Dearmer's words will be accepted without demur, for Spiritualists know they are true. Spiritualism is often represented as being anti-Christian, because its teachings—based on ascertained facts and convincing messages from those who have "passed on"—are at variance with Church dogmas and creeds ; but, as has often been shown in LIGHT, Spiritualism is not anti-Christian in the sense of being opposed to the teachings of Jesus. If the cry, *Not Nicaea but Nazareth*, is ever accepted by the Church and translated into practice, then practically all cause of controversy with Spiritualism will disappear, and the way would be opened for the time of which Mrs. St. Clair Stobart dreams—when Spiritualism may be absorbed by the Church "lock, stock and barrel." We doubt if absorption could ever be quite complete, but we are sure that a position might be reached in which Spiritualism would be looked upon as a valuable ally instead of as an enemy.

Apart from the creeds, there is, in fact, very little difference between the teachings of modern Christianity and modern Spiritualism. We listened on Sunday evening in the City Temple, London, to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Beaven, of Rochester, New York State (the town in which the first public Spiritualist meeting was held), and there was not a word in it which would not have been welcomed at the Grottrian Hall or Queen's Hall services.

With the letter of the Creeds (such as the resurrection of the physical body) Spiritualism is at variance and must remain at variance. But with the practical teaching of many of the Churches—though not all—as regards death, resurrection and personal responsibility in this and the future life, there is little cause for dispute, and what little there is would disappear if *Not Nicaea but Nazareth* were accepted as the Churches' watchword.

CAN SPIRITUALISM REPLACE CHRISTIANITY?

By MRS. HEWAT MCKENZIE

I HAVE read with interest the article by your Dominion contributor on above in the issue of August 10th. It seems to have been stimulated by a perusal of Mr. J. A. Findlay's views of the future of Spiritualism in *The Rock of Truth*. These may be but dreams, and it is good that men should dream of what they hold dear and at the same time put their hand to the plough of effort as Mr. Findlay has done. The verdict must lie in the future.

If Spiritualism needs the best that Christianity can offer, Christianity certainly needs the contribution of Spiritualism, for the facts by which the latter stands form not only "the preamble" of Christianity but its completion. Dogmatic theology, alien to modern minds, has side-tracked the Churches from the Universal Message attributed to the historic Jesus, in which he affirmed his belief in the spiritual nature and survival of man.

One might contemplate a schism arising in the Churches between those who desire to incorporate psychic facts and those who are content with the *status quo*. Such a position arose in the Scottish Church in 1843 at the Disruption, when hundreds of ministers and thousands of laymen left the established Church in search of spiritual independence. It has taken nearly a hundred years to heal the breach.

In the 17th century, the Quakers withdrew from the "steeple houses" for a similar reason ; and John Wesley, because of the failure of the Church of his day to absorb his great new flock, established his separate groups and had to find and educate his preachers out of the most unpromising elements. Is there enough keenness for such spiritual ventures to-day ? It seems more likely that the Churches will quietly annex the new knowledge and allow its preachers to incorporate it without reproof in their preaching, as is already happening in various quarters.

The bulk of Spiritualists in Britain are gathered out of the various denominations. They need a spiritual home and are justified in their formation of Societies and Churches, for it is their privilege to conserve this new knowledge for the people with freedom of thought, a task no Church is prepared to undertake. These groups may be chaotic and sometimes inefficient and lacking good leadership, but—under the care of the National Spiritualist Union and others—buildings, services and leaders show to-day a vast improvement on ten years ago.

The first hundred years of Christianity reveals a similar tale of struggle, if we can trust the records and the further writings through Miss Geraldine Cummins in *The Great Days of Ephesus*, and I can see no reason why Spiritualism should not provide all the religious wants of those who desire it. It has a message of "good news," a gospel to many ; it has well established "other side" contacts providing instruction—indifferent, good or finely-inspired as the groups are able to receive it, and all these exercise a transforming influence on lives and inspire great service for humanity.

Spiritualism has a message for all men, of all religions or none, and its main contribution to our generation will lie in keeping the door to personal experience widely open, guiding as wisely as it may the feet of those who seek and encourage new spiritual achievement.

God hath been gradually forming man
For His own image since the world began,
And is for ever working on the soul,
Like sculptor on his statue, till the whole
Expression of the upward life be wrought,
Into some semblance of the Eternal Thought.
(Gerald Massey.)

LOOKING ROUND THE WORLD

G.B.S. AND SPIRITUALISM

MANY, many times Spiritualists have explained that they cannot "evoke" the dead—that all they or others can do is to provide conditions in which it is possible for communications to "get through" from the "other side." It is, indeed, the experience of most investigators that often, for reasons they don't understand, messages cannot be obtained from the sources most desired, although they may come freely from others to which no thought has been directed.

George Bernard Shaw is evidently amongst those who do not know this and who think that "ghosts" can be "raised" at will and must come obediently when called. Asked to comment on the "howler" of a schoolboy who had included him in a list of British Prime Ministers (a strange mistake, truly), G. B. S. advised his questioner (*The Sunday Graphic*) to "go to some Spiritualist who can raise the ghosts of Cromwell and Guy Fawkes for you and ask them about it."

It is a pity that G.B.S. does not take the trouble to find out what Spiritualists can do and what they cannot do. He might then direct his satirical humour to better purpose. He might even discover that Spiritualism holds practical possibilities for good of which he has not begun to guess—possibilities for himself and for the multitude of Shavians who accept him as their prophet. As it is "never too late to mend," it may be hoped that even yet he will make a beginning to try to understand. It would be worth his while.

LADY CAILLARD'S BOOK

To-day there is published a strange book. It is entitled *A New Conception of Love*, and the reader is informed that it has been written on the Communigraph by Sir Vincent Caillard who departed this life in 1930. It is dedicated to "My God-given wife," Lady Caillard, who in an appendix says:

"He (Sir Vincent) has promised me that as soon as this book is finished and published, my earthly work will be completed and my suffering will be at an end. I shall then join him in the beautiful home of which he writes in the chapter called 'Home.' I know this is true, because he has never once broken a promise to me. I have made all arrangements to return and continue my work here with him and he tells me that together we will be permitted by God to continue our work on earth and to write a sequel to this book, the title of which will be *The Bird Goes Home*."

Although in these words Lady Caillard announces her belief that she is soon to "pass on," there is nothing dismal about the book—its dust-jacket is gold-coloured; its binding is of blue and gold and it is most beautifully printed and bound. There is an introduction over the name of "G. Vale Owen," and love is the theme of the messages which fill its pages. It is published by Riders at 15s. net.

WHO'S WHO IN HEAVEN?

We have come across an eight years old booklet by Helen Wells: *Who's Who in Etheric Society*. It was given clairaudiently by an invisible correspondent of the "wonderful gatherings . . . whose names are forgotten by earth but whose deeds have long blessed earth." A charming idea! The editor, however, quailed before the immensity of his task and had given us little more than a title.

A SHORT QUESTION

An amusing incident happened at a recent psychic lecture in London. The lecturer took great pains to explain a rather difficult subject. Little time was left for questions. So the chairman warned the audience that they must be short. The first man who stood up appeared to bear it in mind. His question was quite short. He only wanted to know what the lecturer had been speaking about.

"GIBBERING GHOSTS"

IN a controversy over the Unconscious Mind which had been going on in the *Listener* between a Materialist and a Magician, a letter worthy of special notice has just been printed, written by Mr. G. T. Petty, of Leeds. For his own part, he tells us he firmly believes in ghosts, and he finishes by saying: "To give fresh life and beauty to the ghosts that squeak and gibber in the modern streets, so that the squeaks and gibbering may be transformed into joyous melodies—that is the problem that has to be solved." Well, this is exactly what Psychical Research and Spiritualism are doing. Ghostly manifestations are robbed of superstitious accretions and centuries-old terror, then they are fitted into a higher, though as yet little known, order of law. There is beauty in order and law. Ghosts form no exception. The very stimulus which researchers experience in ghost-hunting springs from the realisation of the deeper issues beneath eerie happenings of this class. Yes, strangely as it may sound, the knowledge which Spiritualism offers to the world does transfer the squeaking and gibbering of ghosts into joyous melodies.

INDEPENDENCE OF SPIRIT CONTROL

Mr. Whately Carington's *Quantitative Study of Trance Personalities* (reviewed in *LIGHT* last week by the Rev. Ch. Drayton Thomas) has been given considerable space in *Nature* (Aug. 4th). Mr. Carington's cautiously expressed conclusion was that if Mrs. Garrett's and Mrs. Leonard's controls were merely split-off secondary personalities, they would not have shown the differences which the word association test and the psychogalvanic reflex actually yielded.

"Unreserved acceptance of this conclusion would, however, be premature," writes *Nature*, "for next to no information is available as to the amount of similarity or difference these tests would yield if actually applied to a pathological case of secondary personality, to a subject in hypnosis, or even to an actor playing a part. Moreover, the results seem far too dependent on the goodwill and free co-operation of the subject. Mr. Carington has undoubtedly made a valuable and thoroughly scientific contribution to psychical research, of a kind warmly to be welcomed, but a series of control experiments is essential before his results justify any generalisation with paranormal implications."

Mr. Whately Carington has intended no generalisation. *Nature* seems to miss the point. There would be no differences in the case of a secondary personality. If such differences as described are found, that is evidence *against* secondary personalities and *for* the independent existence of the controlling entity. But we agree with *Nature* as to the desirability of continuing the present important findings by further experiment.

TOM TYRRELL RETURNS

Dr. F. H. Wood of Blackpool, whose article of warm appreciation of Tom Tyrrell is published on another page, writes to us of an interesting incident. He read over the article to Rosemary, and as he finished she said:

"There is a man leaning on the back of your chair, Doctor, wearing a loose jacket with baggy side-pocket in which he kept his pipe, a plain, brown pipe, which he sometimes knocked on the heel of his shoe. Long, thick, tousled hair, and long moustache: peculiar eyes with a dreamy look in them, and a merry twinkle when amused. He came while you were reading the latter portion of your article, and listened most attentively, saying, 'Well, I never! There now! Just fancy that!'"

"It was Tyrrell," writes Dr. Wood. "Rosemary has never seen him, nor a photo of him, nor have I ever described him to her."

DO ANIMALS HAVE SOULS?

STORY OF A STARLING

By CAPT. QUENTIN CRAUFURD, R.N.

DO animals have souls?

The dictionary defines the soul as *the seat of life and intellect*; on which definition it may be clearly stated that animals have souls.

In the literature of Spiritualism you will find diversities of opinion on the subject, some say one thing, some the other. Many say that only pet animals survive. I maintain that it depends on the human side of the friendship.

Some years ago, I rescued a baby starling which had fallen out of its nest. I had more difficulty in feeding it than with almost any other little creature I can remember. One cannot fight physically with a delicate little scrap of feathers, but one can maintain a warfare of will against will, and for hour after hour I maintained the idea that this ugly little thing and I had got to make friends. It spat out any food I managed to get into its mouth, and it had a twisted little face like a tiny demon. In the end of course I conquered, and it began to feed contentedly.

No bird has ever shown the absolute devotion that that little scrap acquired for myself and my wife. It was free about the garden by day, but at night it slept by my bedside. We always search the garden for cats, but one evening a cat (which must have lain on the hidden watch for hours) got the little starling, and it was with more than an ordinary wrench that we laid that little bunch of feathers in the earth.

Naturally I did not believe our little friend had "perished"; but how was one to suppose it survived when absolutely nothing presented itself to the senses that could even faintly be interpreted into a "presence"? However, I was not going to fail on my side, and day after day I gave what I had to give of welcome to a supposed little presence.

WAS IT CONTROL?

Next year when the starlings bred, there was one that made friends immediately; but only for odd moments at a time. Was it possible that just as we humans have our Mediums, so the animal creation is influenced in certain moments of control? Who is it that teaches the oak egg to eat its way confidently through the hardest wood upward to that gay world its mother moth knew when she buried the egg out of harm's way? Who is it that teaches the young fox to outwit the human persecutor who killed his father and grandfather? Who tells the young jackdaw brought up in captivity that you must first pull out the sting from a wasp after you have killed it before you swallow it? Why, of course, there are myriads of mothers and fathers hovering round; and who—human or animal—does not take an interest in the young thing recently projected into this material world?

Year by year the same strange thing occurred when the young starlings arrived. But this year I believe there has been no Medium.

Cook found a young starling shrieking at the back door, put him in a pudding-bowl with a newspaper over the top and brought him in to me.

"Please, Sir, here's a starling."

"In that! Have you fed him?"

"No sir, he won't eat nothing."

A loud voice under the newspaper joined in the conversation, and I peeped at him. I removed the newspaper, and Mr. Starling hopped straight onto my hand: It was *my* starling. I mean, here was the same little personality of two, three, five—no, ten years ago. Did he at once

eat bacon and eggs off my plate? Of course he did! Would he go straight to Mrs. Craufurd? Of course he would! Just a little bit dazed and thoughtful, as if trying to piece two and two together. Delighted to hop into the same old cage that had served as a resting place by my bedside at night.

How long would it last? Would he presently evaporate and an ordinary frightened starling take his place?

We went out into the garden, and when he flew down after something that had interested him, we tried the old, old game, just as an experiment to see if it *could* be true; we called him! The little head poked round a rose stem, and then, the little neck stretched out, as fast as two little legs can work, he came running—just as he used to do; stopping to look at this and that, but ever responding to the call, he came trotting along, through the archway into the vegetable garden, and up through the raspberries to the large aviary where he used to sit in safety when we were out of sight.

Can a thing be born again? Can it enter again into the natural process of birth? Could a little waiting-being seize some opportunity to trickle back through the forbidden gate? One does not know; each must build his own theory.

STRANGE ANSWER TO PRAYER

He did not stay with us long, the little fellow. Possibly there is some law which puts a limit on strange things; possibly someone like the Sybil who piloted Æneas through the underworld beckoned him back. But listen first.

I was out that same hot afternoon lazing on the grass, for much writing had made me weary; and the little thing must needs come with me and play with me by the fish-pond. I lay there in the sunshine, thinking, thinking, thinking, while two little birds ran about to play and drink and bathe. One is a little orphan blackbird I am bringing up, and the other is a little starling, quite young—but very, very old. As I gaze up into that clear blue sky, I tell myself that I am really gazing up at myriads of stars. I cannot see them in the bright light—but I know they are there. The little blackbird has settled down on a rock by the pond, but the little "Thing" is showing his hereditary starling instinct by prising open tiny crevices with his beak as starlings do. You put your closed beak into a hole, and then you open your beak and prise the crevice open. But was *this* heredity? I had closed my eyes against the brightness of the light. "Oh God, whatever God there be! Why can there not be moments when our eyes may be opened just for a flash so that we may see beneath the surface?"

Hallo? Two little claws alighted on my chin. "No, No Little Thing—not now. My mind is occupied with greater things."

Was this heredity? The teeniest gentle touch between my eyelids, and then as if with fairy hands, my eye was softly prised open, and I was gazing—no longer at the sky, but at a cavernous mouth, behind which (scarcely in good focus) two wicked little starling eyes set in a feathered face laughed mischievously—"Come on, Pop! You need not pretend to be asleep!"

CALLED HOME

Well—we buried that night that little bunch of feathers that had done duty for a cloak. It had fulfilled its purpose. He had gone to sleep before supper with his head tucked away; and when I came out again, he was stretched stiff on the floor of his sleeping box—or rather, the feathered cloak was. Something or Somebody had called him home. But I *had* had just one peep beneath the surface of things.

There are times when one thanks God that one did not remain too vastly superior to become a Spiritualist.

EGYPTIAN MAGIC

By EDWIN FELSTEAD

EGYPTIAN civilisation had its historical birth at about 5,000 B.C., although, contrary to this finding by orthodox archeologists, we must not be content to stay at this date, which has been largely assumed after much guessing on the part of scientists who have, for some peculiar reason, maintained a steely indifference to anything smacking of the occult.

Egyptian culture was only Egyptian in name; it had its origins far back in the Golden Age of lost Atlantis, when human beings were still in possession of knowledge enabling them to control the powers of nature without using mechanical appliances. The Bible speaks of the Fall, of how mankind attained knowledge, and how it was abused. It is not surprising, that when the Flood separated the world, forming America and Africa, the remnant of the Atlanteans, high and dry in the desert, should retain some of this *awful* knowledge. For before the Flood, which came about 9,000 B.C., what is to-day the Sahara Desert was an ocean, which was eventually drained through a shifting of the sea-bottom, forcing the waters to remove into what is now the Atlantic Ocean.

The early Egyptians occupied not only the Nile Valley, but several other river-valleys, since dry and called *wadi* by the Arabs, and which can be traced on any good atlas. Doubtless, the orthodox scientists will not allow this to be pronounced true, although it has only been through Spiritualists that Egyptian tombs have been located. At about 5,000 B.C., however, Egypt was confined to the Nile Valley, a strip of land only about ten miles wide, running south from the Delta to just below Khartoum, although the Egyptians had early settlements as far south as Lake Victoria.

But Egyptian magic was at its height in the Old Empire, up to 3,000 B.C., and it began to lose its potencies with the Middle Empire, and by the dawn of the Late Empire, when Greeks overran Egypt, magic had lost its old forms, and save in the cases of rare "masters," most people could only perform subjective magic.

FORMS OF MAGIC.

In the Old Empire were erected the three great pyramids of Gizeh, including the Great Pyramid of Khufu, that of Khafra, and that of Menkara. In reality, it was not Cheops who built the Great Pyramid, but a sect of priests called the *Seb-ten*, or "separated priesthood," a small group of exclusive priests who had managed to retain the secrets of occult Atlantis. The ordinary Egyptian priests, called *Urshi* or *Reshites*, had only subjective clairvoyance in their hands.

The magic of the *Seb-ten* included such as the following:

1. Television without machinery; performed by gazing into a darkened pool of water, when an actual objective picture was perceived, not only by the magician, but by others present.
2. The ability to disappear; even when in a locked room with a company of people present; it may be noted that Jesus Christ did this, when threatened with stoning;
3. The ability to project one's astral form to any distance at will, in order to convey any desired message; the form would appear to the desired person, and speak in the Direct Voice.
4. The power of harming one's enemies at a distance; known as *er-tuf khabeib*, this power was originally employed only for purposes of self-defence, or to check the progress of fugitive criminals. In the Middle and Late Empires it was used for harming people.
5. Levitation without trance; the pyramids were erected by making use of a form of levitation, such as is employed to-day by Hindoos when performing the celebrated Rope Trick. This levitation can only be

employed in regions where there is peace and quietness, or in a seance room, as seen to-day.

The original Masons, the men who designed the Pyramids, possessed these secrets, although before our Middle Ages they were lost. Occasionally, one hears of a "master," one of those extremely rare individuals, even to-day, although there are only about ten in the world. Modern Spiritualism, in its purest forms, is a revival of ancient Spiritualism.

PRIESTS AND MAGIC

Egyptian priests of the *Seb-ten* were required to bathe twice daily, to take but two meals a week, to be complete celibates, and to undergo certain operations required to render them able to perform magic. Theosophists know that clairvoyance can be cultivated by developing a gland behind the *glabella*, and that this gland, far from being vestigial, is actually embryonical. In early Egypt, this gland was developed by piercing it sharply with a thin spike, which operation produced a clot which made the gland grow abnormally. Another method was to cut out other glands, thus bringing all development to a single power of clairvoyance.

It is not the author's intention to disclose the methods employed for developing levitation-at-will and vanishing, although it may be said that these powers of clairvoyance and levitation can be attained through fasting, such as is practised in Japan by disciples of *Za-Zen*, but these methods require too much time and in many cases are dangerous. This article does not decry the born Medium, but simply outlines the nature of magic as left behind by Atlantis. In regard to Mexico, this ancient magic was also known there, by a class of priests known as the *Chotlotecs*, a brotherhood swept away when the later Aztecs invaded the country from British Columbia. These northern barbarians knew nought of real magic, only crude witchcraft, and by the time the Spaniards landed in Mexico, all was myth and legend. As far as is known, there is not even a single "master" in all America, and even in Egypt and the Soudan there are but four or five.

One of the greatest living Egyptologists, formerly Keeper of the Mummies at the British Museum, has been striving for years to discover the old secrets of the *Seb-ten*, but without success. It is a remarkable thing, that people who in the ordinary way readily believe they have discovered occult secrets, just as readily decry every Medium who modestly states his own cause.

[NOTE.—Readers will understand that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the accuracy of the statements made by Mr. Felstead regarding the Atlanteans and Egyptians. These statements do, however, agree with various occult "revelations." —EDITOR.]

MOTHER'S TELEPATHIC VISION

Letters describing telepathic experiences continue to be published by the *Daily Mail*.

The following is given as an example of communication between mother and son:—

"During my son's first term as an undergraduate at Cambridge I was standing in my house, 150 miles away, when he suddenly appeared before me. He was dressed for football and stood with one knee bent and was evidently in very great pain. I was quite upset by it and felt sure he had received some injury.

"The next morning I received a letter telling me not to worry, but saying that my son had received a severe kick on the knee, which would prevent him from playing football for some time. The time at which he appeared to me was exactly the time of the accident."

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* reports that the hidden body of a murdered man has been discovered at Montpellier by a monk, Father Geriac, who used a divining rod.

HEALING IN ANTIQUITY THE ORPHIC SCHOOL AND MESMERIC SENSIBILITY

WE have been hearing a good deal latterly about the modern application of hypnotic or mesmeric power, and might easily forget that this power has been known and used from very early ages. An interesting reminder of this fact occurs in *The Spiritualist Newspaper*, published in London on July 20th, 1877, where we read:

"Solon, the sage and lawgiver of Athens, B.C. 600, expressly says: 'When all medicines fail, the sickness-tormented man, touched by hands, shall straightway become whole' (xii. 61, edit. Bergh). Æschylus, at the end of *The Suppliants*, says that Iō was at last released from the misery of her transformation by the stroking of Jove's healing hand; and, again, in the *Prometheus Bound*, 873, Prometheus tells her that in the land of the Nile, Jove will restore her to sanity by only stroking and touching with his soothing hand, and that she should there bear him a son named Epaphus, i.e., the Stroker, who would rule in that land; whence it may be conjectured that the science of mesmeric healing was handed down there.

"Mesmeric sensibility was a familiar matter in the antique world, and there is much ground for thinking that the whole great Orphic School and Philosophy were devoted to its theory and practice. The celebrated Epimenides, one of the founders of the Orphic theology, seems to have been a great Medium. He was reputed to be a man of a sacred and marvellous nature, *whose soul quitted its body as long and as often as it pleased*; and Plato says of him that 'his mind had a prophetic and inspired sense of divine things.' So too, we read in the *Dabistan* (vol. 4, 278) that 'Gushtaspians of Iran had such power that *when they pleased they could leave the body*, which they treated as a garment'; and, again, in the same volume, Zoroaster prepares King Gushtasp for a heavenly vision by drinking some 'hallowed wine,' probably mesmerised wine; Erdaviraph drinks thrice of such wine, and in the sleep that follows, like that mysterious man of St. Paul's, is caught up into Heaven.

"Maximus Tyrius, in his 22nd Dissertation, tells of one Aristéas, a philosopher, in whose wisdom no one would at first believe, because he could mention no preceptor who had instructed him, and none knew whence he had got his knowledge; but he explained that his soul had left his body and wandered over all countries and islands, whether of the Greeks or Barbarians, and he had hence seen the customs and manners of all nations, and come to understand the causes of the changes of the weather, the tides, and of the outflow of rivers, and that traversing the sky was easier to him than travelling on earth."

EARTHBOUND SPIRIT RETURNS

By C. S. COLLEN-SMITH, N.D., D.O.

JUST as I finished treating a patient at her house recently, I suddenly noticed the spirit-form of an old lady leaving by the door. I described her as "a little short stout woman, wearing a light grey-coloured shawl over her shoulders: she was very sad and depressed." The patient could not place the lady, so I asked for more particulars.

The initial H for a village was given, followed by the name Hartington or Hartingdon: the name Chandler would help. I drew a plan of the village with two rows of cottages, the church on the right standing back from the road. I was then shown the rectory and a staircase inside the door. "One can touch the beginning of the staircase and say, 'what a nice old bit' (my expression for an antique—antiques being one of my hobbies), yet the rest is so disappointing. The old bit is like this," and I touched the mahogany writing table standing by

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the patient's bedside. The spirit then told me about a stream which ran at the back of the house, rather hidden by bushes, that an old man had tried to commit suicide there. The initials T and C were given. The old lady was worried about this man, and I felt he was haunting that place.

The patient said she knew the village which is named Harting; Chandler is the name of the estate agent there. The rectory staircase was remade with modern material, but an old mahogany bedpost had been used for the first step. She knew nothing about the old man and his attempted suicide by drowning, but she promised to write to the vicar and enquire. Here is a copy of the letter received from the vicar:

"You will remember on both sides of the street coming down from the Church there are houses. Behind the houses on the right hand side there are narrow strips of garden, and at the bottom of the gardens a stream runs bounded on the other side by one of my fields, about 30 yards from the Vicarage front door. There are bushes on either side of the stream. Just before the war, an old man, Truggy Chitty, tried to commit suicide by drowning himself in the dip hole of the stream at the lower end of his garden, about 15 yards from his front door. His old wife saved him from this by the use of the line prop-propping his head up above the water. I saw the concluding part of the scene.

Mrs. Chitty was a little short stout woman, very bent, and used to wear a light grey shawl over her shoulders, hardly ever without it.

Her husband died soon after this: she survived him a few years. They were ardent Nonconformists. Truggy had more than a touch of religious mania: both of them were of a deeply religious turn of mind."

It is interesting to note that both the patient and her friend, who was sitting with her during her treatment, used to live at Harting. Both of them are now convinced Spiritualists, and both sit in our 'Haunting Circle' for earthbound spirits. We hope the happy sequel will be that at our next haunting circle the old man will be released.

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AUGUST

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Clairvoyante: Mrs. Helen Spiers.

6.30 p.m.—Dr. H. P. Shastri.

Clairvoyant: Mr. Thomas Wyatt.

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Monday.

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2.30 p.m.—Mrs. Bird's Ladies' Healing Circle. For appointments write to Mrs. Moysey (Hon. Secretary).

(Suspended till Sept. 3rd)

7 p.m.—Mrs. Bird's Ladies' Healing Circle. For appointments write to Miss Robertson (Hon. Secretary).

(Suspended till Sept. 3rd)

8 p.m.—Mr. Hendry's class for development of the healing faculty.
(September, date to be announced)

Tuesday. 2 p.m.—Mrs. Gray's Private Healing Treatment. For particulars write to Mrs. Gray.

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Wednesday, August 29th. 2.30 Mrs. Rose Livingstone.

By Appointment:

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Mrs. Esta Cassel

Mrs. Hirst

Mrs. Annie Johnson

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NEW SESSION STARTS SEPTEMBER 17th

Mr. F. T. Harris, Secretary of the S.N.U., writes that enquiries continue to arrive as to the final date for bookings for the Barcelona Congress of the International Spiritualist Federation. The Union are prepared to accept additions to the party up to the 20th of August, after which it will be too late to make the necessary arrangements.

RUDOLF VALENTINO'S GHOST

A REMARKABLE story of ghostly disturbances at "Falcon Lair," the home of Rudolf Valentino, after the death of the famous film star is narrated in the August issue of *Scenario*, an American motion picture magazine, by G. A. Mindszenty who, at that time, was a film actor in Hollywood. As reprinted in the August 8th issue of *Era*, he was asked by Valentino's executor to move into the house and take care of its valuable contents.

Disturbances began immediately. Telephone bells rang without cause day and night all over the house. Locked doors opened of their own accord and closed again. Footsteps were heard in the garden and on the stairs. In the garage, where Valentino kept his three cars and frequently worked at the bench, hammering and the noise of tools could be heard.

The most interesting part of the story concerns "Mac," Valentino's groom. He saw Valentino's ghost and gave the following written testimony to Mindszenty:

"The undersigned declares on his word of honour that the following experiences happened when he was of clear mind, and that he is a teetotaler. It was about 11 o'clock at night when I turned off the electric light in my room, which was divided from the stable by another small room. I extinguished my cigarette end in the ash tray, and turned my face towards the wall prepared to fall asleep.

"I heard someone patting the neck of one of the horses. In the next second I had jumped with both feet straight out of bed. I was determined to catch the intruder, and went out with bare feet to avoid any noise.

"Carefully I opened the door of my room and crept through the little room which divided my room from the stable. The door of this room leading to the stable was ajar, so that I had a clear view of the stable. Just as

I expected, a man was standing at the third box in which was Valentino's favourite horse, 'Firefly.' I shouted at the stranger, 'What do you want here?' but received no answer. The man remained motionless in the moonlight which flooded the stable. A cold shiver ran down my spine, my teeth started to chatter. I recognised that the mysterious visitor resembled Valentino. Both of us remained perfectly still for a few seconds, but it seemed ages to me. During this time I had enough opportunity to observe the apparition, which wore high black riding boots and white breeches. I wondered rather that the face had such an unshaven appearance. I could not decide what to do. The strange figure started to walk backwards, but in the manner of floating. It made a retreat from the stable, and without making a sound kept moving over the gravel path in the stable yard. I could feel my hair rising, and I was petrified, because not one of the nine dogs in their kennels barked or made any commotion at all. My horror nearly reached its limit when I realised I was confronted by a ghost, because the figure disappeared into a solid brick wall. A second after I jumped to the box where 'Firefly' was. I opened the door and switched on the light. The beautiful black horse was standing haunched up, with its tail between its legs, and foaming at the mouth. I had great difficulty in calming the excited animal down, and I was greatly puzzled because the other three horses remained perfectly quiet.

"I am ready at any time to take my oath that all this is perfectly true."

Mr. Mindszenty continues: "When I had finished reading these lines I was startled by the description of Valentino, as it matched exactly what I had seen at a spiritualistic seance, especially that Mac, the groom, also had the impression of the unshaven face of Valentino. I decided to stay the next night with Mac in the stable, to witness, perhaps, another phenomenon. We sat the whole night wrapped in blankets, but nothing happened except some tapping noises which, of course, could be explained in several ways. During this night I listened to Mac, who told me that when Valentino died, he was employed by a riding club. He dreamt one night that he was a pall-bearer at Valentino's funeral, and awoke bathed in perspiration. The next morning he read in the newspaper that Valentino had died."

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MRS E. M. CHUBB, of 6, York Gate, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1., writes as follows:

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"Since then I have been abroad and have had no discomfort of any sort. And now, sixteen months after the treatment I again had my eye examined. The following is a copy of the letter addressed to me by the oculist. (For professional reasons he wishes at the moment not to disclose his name, but he is sending other patients to Mr. Collen-Smith and has promised him that if there are other successes he will do all in his power to bring these cases to the notice of the proper authorities.)

'Dear Mrs. Chubb,—I can affirm with complete certainty that you suffered with cataract on the right lens of a well-defined nuclear position, and that, after visiting Mr. Collen-Smith, the disease has completely disappeared. It may be in order to assert that I have no knowledge of the method adopted, but I can certainly vouch for the efficacy of the treatment in this case. I shall be delighted to answer any queries from anyone interested if they will write to me c/o Mrs. Chubb. (Signed) J.B.'"

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S.N.U. POLL OF MEMBERS

In connection with the poll of members of the S.N.U. demanded on the "Christian Spiritualist" Resolution, the voting papers are being circulated to Churches and Subscribing Members on the 27th August, along with statements from Messrs. Newton and Blake, and an explanatory statement on the Resolution by the President of the Union, Mr. J. B. McIndoe. The papers will be returnable to the Registered Office of the Union not later than October 3rd.

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RIDER

A CORONER'S DICTUM

Commenting on a statement by the Paddington Coroner that "ghosts are mere delusions of the mind," a "Psychic Researcher" writes to the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* as follows:

"Ghosts can be seen and heard, touched, and shaken hands with, given the necessary material and environment. The man maintained he had seen a ghost in the house. If he had averred he saw a cat or dog, or a human being, walking about the house, his eyesight and truth would not have been doubted. Yet, because he had that extension of human vision by which spirit people become perceivable, it is a mere illusion. It is a pity the public are not more familiar with the facts and contributing conditions."

It would be interesting to know what rejoinder the coroner could make to this pointed comment.

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