

Light

on

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PRICE TWOPENCE

HINTS ON HOW TO INVESTIGATE SPIRITUALISM

LETTER TO A CASUAL INQUIRER

By JOHN BUTLER

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When the question of Spiritualism cropped up to-day in our conversation, you mentioned that you would rather like to read a book on the subject, provided it were written in plain language that you could understand. You also asked a number of questions, most of which I told you it would be impossible for me to answer unless you had some knowledge of the terms I must employ.

Your questions were probably dictated by a natural curiosity (and possibly also by an effort to understand how a moderately sensible person like myself could be hood-winked by such a lot of trash as you believe Spiritualism to be) rather than by any real desire to investigate. And yet, if you will forgive my saying so, it is clear and logical reasoning which has compelled me to accept Spiritualism, whilst it is very muddled thinking which leaves you in your present state of mind. You said that you thought, no doubt, that there might be something in it, but that somehow you felt it was best not to meddle in such matters. I can understand such a mental state, because I also went through that phase, but I at no time tried to persuade myself that such a stand was a reasonable one to maintain.

FOUR QUESTIONS

Suppose, then, instead of asking me so many questions, you ask just four of yourself. They are the ones I put to myself some time ago and the answers to which I seriously set out to find. But I warn you that, if you do ask yourself these questions and do sincerely intend to follow wherever the answers may lead you, you will end up by becoming a Spiritualist.

Here then are the questions:—

1. Is actual communication with our friends in the next world really possible?
2. Is such communication lawful in the eyes of God?
3. Is it worth while? Or, to put it in another way, can it benefit me spiritually?
4. Is it essential to believe in it or to practise it in order to attain to Heaven?

You will see at once that when you have finally answered these questions, no matter what your answers may be, you will at least be able to descend from the mental fence on which you are now sitting.

Do not, however, believe that the answers can be easily or speedily found. Many astute men have spent years in obtaining a final answer to the first question.

Fortunately, for us, it is not now necessary to do the same. The evidence on which their final conclusions are based has been set down in books, and we can weigh it for ourselves. Two of the books which I first ran across when making my investigations were *Researches into the Phenomena of Spiritualism* by Sir William Crookes, and Arthur Findlay's *On the Edge of the Etheric*.

The facts alleged in these books, however, were so contrary to everything that I had been taught both in science and religion that I rose from reading them in a state of utter bewilderment. Notice that I refer to the facts, and not to the conclusions, since it would have been poor logic for me to have drawn conclusions at this stage of my investigations.

Taking stock of my position, I had to admit that these men had made out a *prima facie* case, but the evidence they adduced could never be real evidence for me. In a matter of such tremendous and vital import, I could not let anyone else do my thinking for me, be he Bishop or Pope or Scientist. I must get my own evidence and weigh up its credibility for myself.

I am not going to set out the personal evidence that convinced me, since that would not help you in the slightest. If you sincerely want to find the truth, you must seek it for yourself—no one else can bring it to you. But at least I may save you some of the pitfalls that await the inexperienced investigator.

GET YOUR MENTAL ATTITUDE RIGHT

In the first place, get your own mental attitude right. You are setting out to prove the truth or falsity of certain facts. It is imperative, therefore, that, as far as is humanly possible, you suspend judgment on those facts until you have accumulated sufficient of them on which to work. Be as critical as you like and take every care to see that your facts *are* facts, otherwise your conclusions will be useless, but do not be unreasonable. The only method, if you really wish to be fair, is not to demand specified evidence, but to wait till evidence is proffered you and to weigh up the value of that.

You will save yourself an immense amount of wasted time if you join the London Spiritualist Alliance or one of the other leading Spiritualist Associations and look only to their accredited Mediums for your evidence. Otherwise you are liable to meet with disaster and, honestly, you will deserve it.

And, finally, you may find it necessary at this stage continually to remind yourself that you are examining

solely the fact of communication with the next world, and not the platform mannerisms of Mediums or the private opinions of public speakers.

As to my second question, whether such communication is permissible in the eyes of God, I must confess that it had answered itself by the time I reached it. I had proved to my own satisfaction that this communication was an actual scientific fact, I had learnt something of the physics and the chemistry involved (the machinery of it, if I may put it that way) and it appeared to me to be no more a question of right or wrong than speaking on the wireless 'phone to my uncle in Australia.

The third question is, to most of us I believe, by far the most important. Is it worth while—can it benefit me spiritually? For myself, if the only communication possible were with relatives and friends in the next world, I would have lost interest at this stage. I had had evidence piled on evidence, but there comes a time when evidence ceases to have a cumulative effect and there is no purpose in seeking more of it. Before finally leaving the subject, however, I determined I would make one more test—I would try and get these results in the privacy of my own home. With a few friends I formed a home circle. Then for the first time I learnt of the existence of Spirits who, all unknown to me, had for years been watching over me, trying patiently and gently to guide me and guard me as best they could. Immeasurably removed from me in the realm of spirituality, they nevertheless, by loving counsel and kindly advice, began to show me how empty were the years piled up behind me; and with infinite patience, step by step, opened my eyes to a philosophy that altered my whole outlook on life and invested every trivial incident of it with a strange importance. I judged myself by their criteria and was filled with shame and humiliation. Only their amazing tolerance and patient understanding gave me hope. The conceit was completely knocked out of me, but at least I had found the answer to my question. It is worth while. If only to feel the healing peace and refreshing harmony of their company, the long road of investigation is worth treading.

I had not meant to tell you these things, for I had wished rather that you should answer these four questions for yourself. But now I have gone so far, I will answer the fourth one as well. Whether you believe it or not, or whether you practise it or not, *Spiritualism is a fact*. You will ultimately attain to Heaven whatever your attitude towards it. But if you have any regard for commonsense, any desire for truth, or any sense of self-respect, you will scarcely be content to leave it at that.

Why not, perhaps, pray about it?

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN BUTLER.

AN APPORT MEDIUM

By MAJOR C. H. MOWBRAY

I HAD several sittings with Lynn, the Newbiggin miner. He was quite willing to undergo any tests we liked to impose, and the results were always most satisfactory. I took several flashlight photos of apports actually arriving, suspended to the Medium by ectoplasmic rods, and copies of these are now at the British College, and the authorities there, I feel sure, would be pleased to show them to any one interested.

To give an idea what these sittings were like, I will describe in detail the first one I had with this remarkable Medium. I travelled North to Newbiggin with the late Mr. Hewat McKenzie, who was good enough to leave the precautions against fraud in my hands. The circle consisted of Mr. McKenzie, Mrs. Lynn, two miners with their wives, and myself.

I took Lynn out into his bath-room, stripped him quite naked and made a minute examination of his body, combing his hair, taking out his dental plate, giving him a drink of water, making him gargle, looking behind his ears, etc., etc., absolutely satisfying myself that it was quite impossible that he had anything concealed upon him.

I then put him into a shirt and pair of trousers, and finally into a black alpaca sack with a tape round the top, which I pulled tight round the Medium's neck, tied it, and sealed it with wax. I then led him into the seance room and put him in a chair in the cabinet which, in the meantime, had been carefully searched by Mr. McKenzie.

No one, except Mr. McKenzie and myself, went near Lynn after I had brought him into the room, which was well lighted by a small oil (white) lamp. In front of the cabinet was a small table on which rested a metal tray.

MEDIUM IN A DEEP TRANCE

The Medium went into deep trance; taps were heard on the tray, and then the table started sliding about the room. I got up and stood over the table, satisfying myself that no strings or other contrivances were being used. The Guide then told me to put a Jew's harp on the table; and, when I had done this, it started to play. I again got up and stood over it—the light was quite good enough for me to see the strings being actually moved by some invisible means, and I felt a strong circular breeze on the top of the instrument. (At another sitting I was fortunate enough to get a flash-photo of the playing harp, which disclosed an ectoplasmic rod plucking the strings).

After this, the Medium went into even deeper trance, and then the apports arrived, generally falling on the tray. Many consisted of a pile of sand, some soot, sea shells, lumps of coal and other articles that I have forgotten. At a subsequent sitting, something like two dozen different articles arrived—a tea spoon, a pen knife with both blades open, ten curtain rings, a large fish-hook, etc., etc., and this after the most minute search of his body we could think of.

When Lynn came to London, I asked the editor of a well-known magazine to attend a sitting, and this is what he published later:

"Spirit photographs have always been particular objects of attack by sceptics; and, before publishing Mr. Shaw Desmond's article, I made up my mind to see for myself. It was my first experience of a seance. I myself assisted at the searching of the Medium. I manipulated one of the three cameras that were set at different angles round the seance room.

"I left the Psychic College with curiously mixed feelings. To say I was 'converted' is perhaps going rather far, but I was certainly amazed."

Lynn is certainly a wonderful Medium, and I feel sure that those who have sat with him will bear me out that I have under-rather than over-stated the happenings which take place in his presence.

THE QUEST CLUB	MANY ATTRACTIONS IN AUTUMN SESSION
	<i>Monday, October 7th, at 8.15 p.m.—</i> A PARTY
	at Caxton Hall, - Westminster CLAIRAUDIENCE: Mrs. Helen Hughes Orchestra Evening Dress Optional Tickets 3/- (including refreshments)
	<i>Wednesday, October 9th, at 5 p.m.—</i> 16 Queensberry Place, S.W.7. The Rev. C. DRAYTON THOMAS will give first of a Series of Addresses on "The Teachings of Spiritualism as a Guide to Life" 1/- Admission (including Tea served 3.30-4.45 p.m.)
	LIBRARY —Sittings with Mediums; Rendezvous for Spiritualists. Open Monday to Saturday 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Apply to the Secretary for full particulars.
	16 QUEENSBERRY PLACE — S.W.7 2 mins. S. Kensington Stn.

A VISIT TO HEAVEN

IN his *Tales of the Ridings* (Elkin Mathews) the late Professor Moorman (who, as Language Professor at Leeds University, made such a special study of the Yorkshire people and their dialects) has one story of distinct interest to Spiritualists.

"Fear," says Professor Moorman, "is a resourceful demon, with whom we are engaged in perpetual conflict from the cradle to the grave . . . and the most malign of all forms of fear, is the fear of death." Then he goes on to relate the story of what fear did to a friend of his, Job Hesketh.

Job Hesketh had all his life laughed at fear. Nothing ever took the edge off his Yorkshire appetite: "Why," he had often said, "I'd as soon eat my supper off a tombstone as off wer kitchen table." Every day of his life he faced danger without a thought, as vessel-man in the Leeds Steel Works. He loved his work, and he loved watching the streams of many-coloured molten metal pouring into the giant crucibles. A strong, glad, warm-hearted man, full of life and joy.

A TRAGEDY

And then, one tragic day, in the way such accidents will happen, he saw his great friend, Abe Verity, slip from a railing overhead and fall into one of these cauldrons of molten steel; then a few minutes later the burial service was being read over the calcined remains of his life-long pal.

This tragedy completely changed Job Hesketh. He did his work, yes; but it was as though some of his flow of life too had gone into that cauldron. From a laughter-loving, hearty man, with a smile and a glad word for all he met, he became after the death of Abe a silent troubled man—shrunk into himself, with agony written in his ashen face and trembling hand. His devoted wife failed to bring him any comfort; and it was left to Professor Moorman to discover the root-cause of his suffering. What he dreaded, it seemed, was not death in itself, but the accepted last century Chapel idea of what followed death, with what appeared to Hesketh as complete loss of personality.

"What sud I be doin' i' Heaven," he asked, "wi' a crown o' gowd on me head and nowt to do all day but twang a harp? What mak o' life's yon fer a chap like me that's allus bin used to tug and tew fer his living?" And neither friends nor wife could bring him comfort. From day to day he lost strength and spirit.

"A RETURN TICKET"

Then came the annual August holiday, when the Heskeths invariably went to Bridlington; and a few days later Mr. Moorman was shocked to hear that Job Hesketh had met his death there by drowning. Next morning, however, this rumour was corrected—Job had been saved at the last moment, and would shortly be home again. He came; and Professor Moorman saw at once that it was the Hesketh of six months ago who had returned. "Why, Job," he exclaimed, shaking him by the hand, "I see Bridlington has done you a world of good!"

"Nay," replied Job with his old merry twinkle, "I bin further nor Bridlington. No, further nor Holland even. I bin to Heaven. I reckon I'm t'first Yorkshireman as has had a return ticket from there."

And after a time, the writer of the story got Job to tell him just what had happened.

It appeared that Hesketh, who had always been a powerful swimmer, had not realised how he had lost strength during his period of brooding. He had swum far out, as often before in previous years, to a certain buoy. On his return swim, his strength had given out, and he slowly began to understand that the tide was carrying him out to sea. "Then t'fear of death got howd on me an' clutched me same as if I'd bin taen wi' cramp," he

said. "I tewed and better tewed; an' then I knew I were boun' to drown."

He struggled as long as he could; and then all of a sudden, he knew no more of drowning, he was a little lad on his farmer's farm, playing with a pet lamb. Then he was with his father at Driffield Market; then with Verity at the Steel Works; and then . . . "Thou'll reckon I'm talkin' blether," he went on, "but I tell thee it's true, every word of it;" and he told how he found himself in a beautiful park, with fine trees by the side of a river, and birds making song in the meadows on either hand. Lasses and lads were rowing on the water, and suddenly, as he watched, a hand was laid on his shoulder and Abe Verity's voice sang out: "Hullo, Job, how long hasta bin here?"

A TALK ON THE "OTHER SIDE"

And the two old pals talked together, and Hesketh was "fair flustered" when Abe assured him that this was not "Roundhay Park"—this was Heaven. It took long before Abe could convince him; especially when he pointed to the far side of the meadow, and declared that the building there was "'t Steel Works," where he, Abe, continued to be vessel-man.

"What I say is," he informed his amazed friend, "that folks start i' Heaven wheer they left off on earth. Only t' conditions is different. A lad takes pride in his work here; an' what's more, he's freer to do what he likes. At Leeds Works I had to do choosehow what t' boss telled me; here I'm my own boss." Asked whether that meant Socialism, Abe laughed. "Nay lad," he said, "we'm gotten no-isms i' Heaven. We'm gotten shut o' that. There's lots o' discipline, but no argifyin. Seethee, we hearken to t' Inner Voice an' do what it tells us."

Shortly after that Job found himself being brought back to life and breath on earth. But it was the old gladsome Job who returned. He was going to be himself when he passed over—still allowed to work and express himself in his own special way.

Abe had told him, among other things, that they worked "As lang as t'Inner Voice tells us to," no longer by set shifts; and though Job admitted that he could not always understand everything this new Abe told him, yet he was certain, beyond all doubting, that "Abe knows. An' I reckon I'll know all about it too when I've slipped t'leash an' started work at Heaven's Steel Works." And head high, buoyantly he left his friend's house, singing one of his Chapel hymns with full understanding:

"O grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

M.A.B.

"A FRETFUL PEACE"

Explaining "what the stars foretell" in the *Sunday Express* (Sept. 29th), Mr. R. H. Naylor, says:

"My repeated predictions given in the face of expert opinion, that there would be no war have been fulfilled—so far. A fretful peace will still continue.

"The key period in the Abyssinia dispute lies between Friday last, September 27th, and Saturday, October 26th. The spectre of war will gibber over Africa near October 3rd, and again near October 16th. Fortunately, new factors will arise which may, and probably will, preserve peace.

"Ultimately, the present dispute will go down in history as one of the most fantastic red herrings ever drawn across the trail of international politicians.

"But soon we shall have plenty to think about here in Britain. The stage is being set for epoch making decisions affecting our Empire; watch the political whirligig when Parliament re-opens!

"This will also mean keeping your eye on Ireland, for the Emerald Isle, and not a foreign country, will be the next storm centre on the world's stage."

ANCIENT TESTIMONIES

GERMAN PEASANT'S PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

By M. L. CHRISTLIEB

IN a book on German Pietism (*Der deutsche Pietismus*, a selection from testimonies and autobiographies from the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, collected and edited by Dr. Werner Mahrholz, 1921), there occur passages which present certain similarities between events recorded in these old documents and others taking place in our day and recorded by Spiritualism.

A Frisian peasant named Hemme Haye, born in 1633, went through many troubles, inward and outward, before reaching the religious ecstasy of his later years. As a child, he was lamed for life by an accident; constant misfortunes occurred on his farm, so that poverty always beset him; a daughter 12 years old was drowned in a well; out of 12 children born to him and his wife, "never more than three were alive at the same time," his wife was troubled by many pains and ailments and often discouraged by their straitened circumstances, also by the fear that her husband might die before her and leave them all destitute. In this he comforted her, and said he "knew by revelation that she would pass first." He always seems to have been very religious, but not truly satisfied, always anxiously seeking for further light. When a pastor spoke to him of Jacob Böhme's book, *The Way to Christ*, Haye eagerly asked, "could such grace and illumination happen to a man in these days?" The pastor perceived his great earnestness and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, "Hemme, in a little while a great light will rise upon you."

DROWNED IN TRIBULATIONS

At that time, Haye writes, "I and all belonging to my house were almost drowned in tribulations. But, I said to myself, when God visits us with trials, He is thinking of us On the 4th February, 1666, I was wakened out of sleep by the power of divine light. Into my mind there dropped many passages of Scripture which I instantly comprehended . . . and with it there befell a supernatural, quite unspeakable, heavenly sweetness in my soul, a communion with the Universal Being, that from over abundance of joy I shouted aloud and could not stop. I woke my wife and said, 'Now our dear Lord is giving me that for which I prayed so long!' So she, too, rejoiced much and said, 'Have you indeed received this? Then all is well. But why do you shout so?' 'From great joy,' I said"

After this, he did not sleep for three nights, nor eat any food for nine days, nor was he able to go out to his work for several days. One evening he saw a small circular light on a flat stone and wondered if it were caused by the moon, but there was no moon. He walked round and round it, then it disappeared. One night he became conscious of a great sweetness in all his senses.

"I perceived a great light, also I heard sounds so lovely that they exceeded all worldly melodies and plays, thus proving themselves heavenly. There was also a beautiful smell; my wife smelt it also, though she was not aware of the other qualities. 'What is this lovely smell,' she asked? 'Oh, you feel it too,' I said, and was rejoiced that she shared it. I tasted also something peculiarly sweet, a mixture as it were of every kind of delicious taste, the touch also felt something above measure agreeable; everything was heavenly and quite perfect, so that no one could describe it as it really was, and only those who themselves found it can understand it.

"The next morning I said at daybreak to my wife, 'Light a great fire! For it has been shown me that a strange thing is to happen' . . . Later in the day, a strong voice said to me interiorly, 'Hold your foot in the fire!' I felt compelled to say these words aloud. When my wife heard them she said, 'I also?' The voice in me continued, 'yes, you also.' So each of us held the right foot in the fire, which was burning strongly.

Then we withdrew it, and it was unsunged, unhurt, and had no harm at all. Then the voice said, 'Because your wife has been patient in all things, she also will enjoy all things with you.' . . . It was after this that he partook of food again, but immediately was sorry, for he felt he was being hindered and asked God if the great spiritual sweetness might not remain with him. "I received of God the answer, 'without struggle and labour you cannot attain to it.'"

After that first rising of the light of God, other things happened; of many, he says, he hesitates to speak. But he records this: one morning when it was light, and he awake, and his mind deep in meditation, "I was entranced, and my new man parted so to speak from the old one on the bed and left it there like a dead burden. I turned and saw my body lying there as dead, while I came into a bright radiance, and was surrounded by a great light; the new body I wore was so light and glorious that its radiance exceeded the light of the sun."

What then befell he does not say, only adds, "Had someone then come to my outward body, I do not doubt they would have thought I had died."

Towards the end of his life he wrote: "About this time, it pleased God to fulfil in my wife the grace He had promised her through me. At the end of her life, she had a very pleasing illumination which would be too long to describe. Only one thing I will relate. Beside the exceeding sweetness in the heart which cheered my wife greatly, it also befell that in a trance God showed her a lily and in the midst of the lily a pearl, and signified that some received the lily but few the pearl. At that time she was in a weak state and became the longer the weaker, till on the morning of 7th August, 1683, she went on with great joy and consolation"

"Blessed, a thousand times blessed," says Haye, "is he who finds communion with God. One may wish it for others, but can never describe it . . . It requires a perfect devotion to God and a pure love to Him, and obedience to Him in all things."

HEINRICH STILLING

Thus Hemme Haye. The name is, I think, not known outside Germany; but that of Heinrich Stilling, "Jung-Stilling," is one familiar to all students of mysticism.

His mother died in his infancy. His father, Wilhelm, was heartbroken over the loss of his Dorthchen (Dorothea). Parents and sisters and brothers were round him, but it was as if he did not see them. He thought over and over again the days of the past when she was with him, each day seemed Paradise and he wondered he had not shouted and sung with joy every hour. He held his orphan child to him and wetted him with his tears, his state was one of utter desolation . . . The grandparents at first took charge of the child; the grandfather especially had a wonderful way with children. Almost from the first, the small boy learned to adore him. The family all lived together, in the humble circumstances of working class people. From these Heinrich rose to study medicine and to become Professor at the University of Marburg. Beside his professional duties he spent all his spare time in operating cataract cases and in writing devotional books. It is by these last that his name has lived.

In his memoirs he relates that one morning in spring his grandfather had to work in the woods, and took Heinrich, then 9 years old, with him. On the way the old man told the boy many stories about his ancestors who all seem to have been deeply religious people. He then went off to his work while the boy played about. At mid-day, others of the family came and called and whistled for the grandfather to join them at their meal. Presently he answered and came out from among the trees looking extraordinarily happy. "At times he smiled, stood still, shook his head, gazed at one spot, folded his hands, smiled again. His family looked at

(Continued at foot of next column).

PROFESSOR LOW AND THE ATOM

By A. G. THOMPSON, M.B., Ch.B., Oxon.

AN article of much interest to readers of LIGHT has been contributed to *The Sphere* (Sep. 14th, 1935) by Professor A. M. Low. In it, Professor Low suggests, as actual possibilities, ideas that to most scientists would appear incredibly fantastic. The article is entitled—"Are Atoms Inhabited?" and the writer's answer, to quote his own words, is as follows: "In a spirit of some humiliation, engendered by the thought that our descendants will regard us with pity, I suggest that the atom might conceivably be an inhabited world not one whit dissimilar from our own."

In support of this view, the Professor points out that atoms and electrons resemble the universe to a quite uncanny degree; and, after bringing to our notice many facts about the nature of our own senses in relation to the phenomena of the physical world, and especially emphasising the unimportance of mere size, he comes to the conclusion: "That is why I believe that the atom may have people upon it."

Now, in a spirit of even deeper humiliation than the Professor—engendered by the thought that, in addition to his own reasons for such an attitude, my own knowledge of modern physics is but slight—I venture to suggest that this may not be the right way of looking at the matter, but that the relations of the atom to "people" may be something quite different.

Let us suppose Professor Low to be right and the atom a miniature universe with inhabited worlds similar to our own. The physical objects of this universe (including, of course, the bodies of its inhabitants) would presumably themselves be made up of atoms and electrons similar in constitution (and of a more or

(Continued from previous column).

him with wonder, but dared not ask, for he often laughed to himself. But now his heart was too full, he sat down by them and began to relate what had happened, and as he talked his eyes were full of tears."

"When I left you to go into the forest, I saw far away a light as if the sun were rising. I was amazed and thought: why, there is the sun in the sky; is this a new sun? I went towards it. Before me lay a wide plain of which I could not see the end. Never in my life have I seen such splendour; there was a lovely fragrance, and a cool breeze blew towards me. The light in that country was so white that our noon-day light is nothing in comparison. Then I saw thousands of magnificent mansions, near to one another, and all like fine castles, they looked as if they were made of silver. I cannot describe their beauty! And there were gardens, bushes, streams. 'Oh God, how beautiful!' I said. Not far from me stood a very splendid mansion. Someone came out of the door, towards me. A girl. No, a glorious angel! When she came nearer I saw it was our blessed Dorthchen! She said to me in just the heart-winning way in which she used to talk to us, 'look, Father, that is our eternal habitation. You are coming over to us soon!' I looked, and all was forest around me again, the vision had gone. Now I know, my children, that I am about to die, and how greatly I rejoice! . . . And from that time on, old Stilling was as one who is no longer at home on earth."

Very shortly afterwards he had a fall from which he died.

That in the 17th century, a simple Frisian peasant had experiences of ecstasy, of going forth in the astral body, of seeing lights, of fire not harming him, or that in the 18th century the aged charcoal burner and thatcher saw heaven open (*i.e.*, the next stage awaiting us after our earth life) and received intimation of his near translation, is evidence which will be welcomed by modern Spiritualists, as added testimony to the truth of similar events in our own day.

less similar ratio as to size with their own atom-universe) as the atoms with which we deal are with our own physical universe. These minute universes, again, are presumably composed of still more minute atoms and electrons: but why go on?

In the role of *Advocatus Diaboli* against a medieval schoolman, I maintain that it is futile to discuss the proposition as to how many angels can stand on the point of a needle.

It seems to me that Professor Low's theory resolves itself into a case of, "Little fleas have lesser fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and lesser fleas have littler fleas and so ad infinitum."

Why "people" in the atom at all? Verschoyle, in his remarkable book, *The Soul of an Atom*, pursues a very different line of thought, and he is only one of many, both on this side of life and the other.

The mysterious lives and intelligencies by which we are surrounded have, for their habitation, the whole range of the vibrations of the physical universe, which are only perceptible in quite a small part to our senses and scientific instruments; or, to put it in another way, their source is in the fields of force (the old ether) which is a far more important constituent for the universe than the matter we ourselves apprehend.

What other sources there may be beyond, inconceivable to the mind of man and conditions outside time and space—of these we can only get hints occasionally and obscurely.

What need to suppose "people" in the atom when we can conceive of mind and existence anywhere both in the physical universe that we can fathom, or in that vaster part that is beyond our feeble perception?

I hope that the Professor will not take my remarks amiss, as I have the most profound admiration for the breadth and courage of his views, which are expressed in an article that must be read in order to be appreciated. Indeed, in some of his paragraphs he seems to endorse such ideas as I have endeavoured to sketch.

The opinions of a distinguished scientist naturally carry great weight, and it is almost amusing to find them in such direct contrast to those of Professor Julian Huxley, who states that the Universe as described by astronomers gives no encouragement to the idea of an abode for the souls of the departed. After reading his article, one feels that Professor Low could find room for them anywhere, even in the most unlikely places.

One more little criticism. Professor Low thinks we can dream backwards. In support of this, he instances a dream in which the shooting of a lion took pride of place—the shot coinciding with a tap on the bedroom door awakening the sleeper. This dream, he maintains, must have been thought out backwards, for otherwise the sounds would not synchronise. Dreams of this nature are not infrequent, and no one can doubt their occurrence. Possibly, a better explanation might be that the sleeper is in such a condition that the sense of time as we know it does not exist. All the events of the dream, including the shot, appear before him as a picture, and he sorts them out in their proper order as he awakes; but of course this is only a suggestion.

In conclusion, I would urge readers to obtain and read this article, which deals with matters full of interest to all who study the old problems of "Why," "Whence," and "Whither"; and which incidentally sheds light on the evolution of the modern scientist.

Dr. Barker, who presided at a meeting held at Edinburgh Psychic College on Friday evening last week, intimated that a donation of £50 had been received from an anonymous donor, who stated that the gift was made in appreciation of the work that had been carried on in the College.

CROSSING OVER

MR. H. C. G. STEVENS' PSYCHIC PLAY

THE play "Immortal Garden," by H. C. G. Stevens, to which reference was made in last week's LIGHT, had its opening night on Tuesday, September 24th, at Playhouse Theatre, Northumberland Avenue, London.

It has very often been said that what we see in things depends entirely on the qualities within ourselves through which we look at them. This, one feels, will certainly apply to those who go to see "Immortal Garden." Some will be puzzled; some, one fears, bored, and others will agree with Dame Sybil Thorndike, who says, in her introductory note: "I think the author has done something very beautiful."

No artist, we have been told again and again, ever feels that the concrete expression of his ideal—whether in picture, sculpture, verse, music or any other form—adequately expresses the vision as he saw it; and possibly some critics might say that the author's vision was too lofty, too delicate, too immaterial for suitable expression on the stage. There is certainly no hurry, no rapid flow of incidents one on top of the other, such as is beloved by the mentality of this age of rush and tear; but is not this a welcome relief? Instead, we have the development and portrayal of an idea—or rather, of a group of inter-related ideas, dealing with what happens when first we lay aside the physical and pass into the Great Beyond; how we appear to ourselves and to each other there; how and why our loved ones come to meet us, and how what we have loved on earth will be likely to decide on what scene we shall first open our other-than-physical eyes.

INTUITIVE KNOWLEDGE

Spiritualists will recognise, too, the truth of the author's intuitive knowledge of how those that pass through the portal of death need to be gently and gradually led to the understanding of what has happened to them. Spiritualism teaches that this is a duty lovingly attended to by guides and by loved ones gone ahead. In this play, the aged General—so admirably portrayed by C. V. France—had been granted the privilege of assisting in this work by conducting those who step across the border-line through his beautiful garden, and allowing them, in its peaceful atmosphere, to awaken slowly to the realisation of their condition.

It has all been beautifully done: colour, scenery, lighting-effects, acting—they are all in keeping with the loftiness of the idea. If you do not leave the theatre "thrilled" and excited, you certainly come away with a sense of beauty, and with what to many must be an entirely new line of thought. It is not one of those rapidly-moving plays where one sensation effaces the preceding one, so that when you are asked later on, "Did you see 'The X. of X.,'" you stop and reply, "Let me see—I forget—did I? What was it about?" Whether you got the inwardness of it, or not, it is unlikely that anyone will forget whether they ever saw "Immortal Garden," or not.

Mr. Stevens told an interviewer that he had been moved by the desire to "comfort the sad;" and one might wish, perhaps, that the play had more strongly brought out the joy of what we may look forward to in the after-life; even the joy of the re-union of the Jelf family was all—if one may be allowed to use such an expression—such very "solemn joy;" one longed once or twice for a note of the buoyant, overflowing happiness which we have often been assured awaits us.

But on the whole, we agree with Sybil Thorndike when she wrote: "I think the author will succeed in calling again into being faiths that have died and hopes that have failed. One is made to feel a sureness that the Life just beyond Death is a continuation—only a more free continuation, fuller and richer. It must be a great satisfaction to the author to know that he is helping people to realise this—in a world which deep down longs for faith, but is chained by material outlook.

GHOSTS AND A GARDEN

ONE in accustomed to meeting psychic interest in unexpected places. Why, for instance, should a barber's assistant suddenly talk to me of Spiritualist meetings when, to the best of my knowledge, he had no reason for supposing that I would be interested? And why, in all England, should I chance upon a holiday landlady who used to read LIGHT years before I had ever heard of it?

One's first thought upon picking up *Where Smugglers Walked*, by Ian Davison, (Herbert Jenkins, 10/6) might be "Why was this sent to LIGHT for review?" For a casual glance reveals it as another of those charming "garden" books that Marion Cran and Beverley Nichols have, in their different ways, made so popular. And so, for the most part, it is.

WEIRD HAPPENINGS

But of its twenty-five chapters, five, at least, deal with weird happenings that aroused the interest of Denis Conan Doyle, and brought down to the author's house several Mediums and well-known Spiritualists who, unknown to each other, declared that the house harboured the aftermath of black magic. Not only the author, but almost every visitor sees or hears strange and sometimes terrifying manifestations; phantom forms, unaccountable noises, currents of air, and sudden changes of temperature. One visitor is almost strangled by an invisible force. Yet always, when these manifestations occurred, one person in the house would be in a deep sleep the whole time.

This is not a book to read at one sitting. The sudden changes of atmosphere may be disconcerting. At one moment the pages are redolent of the countryside, the friendly lanes and fair vistas of the Weald of Kent, or we are in the more intimate seclusion of a garden, tumultuous with flowers.

"A tortoiseshell butterfly hovering round a Lord of June iris; a robin perched among the crimson berries of a cotoneaster; a golden bee rising from a patch of purple thyme.

"A blue-grey Guernsey grazes beneath an old apple tree; a roan shorthorn gazes wistfully at the silvery fruit buds sparkling from the branches of the tall iron-pear; a calf leaps among the showering snow of damson blossom."

A HOUSE OF GHOSTS

Then, turning a page, we find ourselves in a house of ghosts, and in the presence of sinister and menacing figures from the past.

"Something in the atmosphere that gave to discord and restlessness in the form of unaccountable currents of air; shadows which I took for human forms, until they vanished mysteriously; curious noises near at hand; the imprint of a claw-like hand, usually to be found in the dust upon a table in the early morning.

"After a while I suddenly felt I was being stifled, and a thick shadow closed in on me. Then it felt as if a piece of wire had been wound round my neck and was being slowly tightened.

. . . . Then I prayed to God to stop it, and immediately the strangling sensation ceased."

Mr. Davison took this house on a compelling impulse to quit the stage and town life, and to seek a quiet spot in which to create a garden. But a Medium, Mrs. C. tells him later:—

"You had to come here. It was ordained by higher forces. It is for you to drive these influences away."

And, in the end, he succeeds in doing so, and peace settles upon the lovely old house and newly created garden.

This is a book of alternating quiet charm and excitement. It is a book for one of those shelves that can be placed within reach of one's armchair. It is illustrated with a number of admirable photographs which reflect only the fragrant peace of the place, free of its occult disturbances.

H.J.D.M.

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).

IS LIFE OF NOTHING WORTH ?

Sir,—Your militant correspondent's criticism of my former letter concerning Life and War is certainly staggering in its stark originality and bold assertion, but at the same time it is sadly lacking in logical conception of the true value and meaning of human life.

Among the evil effects of war is the wanton undervaluation of human life. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows," declared the Great Teacher of mankind. Your correspondent appears to see no moral difference between the shooting of pheasants and men.

Apologists for war sometimes maintain that, although human life is ruthlessly snatched away upon the battlefield, yet it matters not in the great eternity of living things. Such arguments belittle ourselves as creatures of God's creative wisdom. Were we born to become the target for a bullet, or the sport of a bursting shell? Were our lungs made for the reception of poison gas?

If our life has a reality, a personality and a value in God's cosmic system, then we have no right to remove it from its present sphere of development. We are robbing an embodied spirit of the very purpose of its earthly domiciliation. Is such an act not a blasphemous interference with Divine Law? Does it not hurl the Lord of Heaven from His rightful throne, and deny His sovereignty over life and death.

As a Spiritualist, I believe that every life has a mission and an aim. Any other definition of our earthly existence is false and leads us astray. If we are not here to learn something for eternity, then all our religions and philosophies are in vain; and the rolling ages have unfolded to us nothing but idle tales.

This mad, mad, deluded world must go on with its mutilations and shrieking death, its widows and orphans and oceans of crimson tears, until it begins to think on a higher spiritual plane. Then all will be changed, and every man will become the brother of every man; and there will be one Great Father over all, one great harvest to be reaped, and one great rejoicing to be made.

HENRY HAMMOND.

Ashford Avenue, Hornsey, London, N.8.

SLATE-WRITING

Sir,—I have been trying to obtain some information about that rare phase of mediumship, slate-writing, especially as exhibited to-day. Will any reader who witnessed this with the slate-writing Medium, Mr. Bishop (or "Dolores"), on the occasion of his visit to the Alliance, be so kind as to let me have a description of the seance? I understand that he failed under special conditions; but, in view of the rarity of this phase, and lack of information about it to-day, I shall feel much indebted to anyone who sat with him if they will communicate with me at my home address.

5 Cheviot Road, Liverpool, 7. J. ROBINSON.

SPIRIT HEALING

Sir,—Will you allow me one last letter on the above subject? And, firstly, I am so glad that Mr. R. H. Saunders has so far recovered from his illness as to be able to write one of his usual letters. He was not cured by Abduhl Latif.

As to his 1,800 proofs, the word PROOF should read STATEMENT. An Electric Belt Co., years ago, received 7,000 statements of "cures" until the *Pall Mall Gazette* demonstrated that there was no electricity in the belt at all; and recently a morning paper exposed an alleged consumption cure; they also had received thousands of statements of "cures."

Last week I received a letter from a patient of mine, which said: "I cannot thank you enough for the

wonderful cure your medicine has wrought in me." My medicine did not cure the patient.

I tried Abduhl Latif's epilepsy cure on a patient, and he was very ill for a week afterwards.

I am tired of investigating spirit-doctors; I see no evidence that they can help us to any large extent, and in this respect I would refer your readers to my statement in my first letter. (LIGHT, July 25th).

Constant whining to those "over there" to help us to bear our own burdens is most unworthy of this great subject of life after death, and does not strengthen our characters.

E. H. WORTH, M.R.C.S.

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE

Sir,—May I be permitted to add to the testimony of Dr. Worth's article, "Spirit Doctoring?" Recently, a lady begged me to see her daughter who was suffering with very bad rheumatism in her arm. I asked whether it was really rheumatism or the result of an accident. The lady emphatically refuted the idea of an accident as her daughter was being treated by an excellent band of healers, and her case had been diagnosed by an eminent spirit-doctor as rheumatism.

Immediately I confronted the daughter I asked: "Will you answer my questions truthfully?" The young lady looked astonished at my request. I proceeded: "You met with an accident by falling off your bicycle, you fell into some grass and knocked your elbow; you have been afraid to make this accident known, and have not had the courage to tell the spirit-doctor and healers they have diagnosed wrongly."

The daughter was so astonished she could only gasp acknowledgement of the truth.

I hope healing circles and spirit-diagnosis and advice will, as Dr. Worth proposes, be "drastically controlled."

(Nurse) HANNAH H. JACOBS, T.C.N.

"GREAT LAW" MATHEMATICS

Sir,—The interesting article under the above heading (LIGHT, 19/9/35) states, as a striking example, that the length of the side of the great Pyramid at Ghizeh measures 9131.416 British inches, which expressed in other terms equals 1 furlong, 4 rods, 1 yard, 1 foot, 11.416 inches.

Irrespective of the difference in measurement which temperature during the heat of the day or cool of the early morning might make, there are other causes that militate against measuring such a length of material to an accurate thousandth part of an inch. Obviously the slightest variation in the original figure must affect the calculations and it seems of paramount importance to know "How and when this was measured and authoritatively accepted as the basis for such portentous computations as are set forth?"

A conclusively satisfactory answer to this may assist some of us towards further interest in the subject.

E. P. DAMPIER (Capt.).

"Flower Medium" Letters are on page 638

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(To-morrow)	Mr. ERNEST HUNT
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11th	The Ven. A. F. SHARP, M.A.
	Mr. SHAW DESMOND
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18th	The Rev. S. M. WHITWELL
	Mr. G. H. LETHEM
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25th	The Rev. R. W. MAITLAND
	Mr. ARTHUR FINDLAY
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8th	The Rev. T. B. CLARK
	Miss ESTELLE STEAD
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15th	Mrs. ST. CLAIR STOBART
	Mr. GRAHAM MOFFAT
	(The Ven. A. F. Sharp in the Chair.)

Refreshments may be had in the Theatre.

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WAR MENTALITY AND SPIRITUALISM

By Lt.-Col. DAVID SMITH

CURRENT events demonstrate plainly that there is something very wrong with the mentality of the British people at the present time.

The daily slaughter on the roads, amounting to about 7,000 per annum (as many as were killed in the South African war), passes almost without comment; one would never think that human life was so lightly held, as many of the deaths practically amount to murder.

Then we have the amazing spectacle of bodies which were rabid supporters of disarmament at any cost, now equally rabid for war, the slaughter and sufferings of which do not seem to interest them at all, even if, as would be the case in modern warfare, those who take no part in the actual fighting will suffer equally with the combatants. Possibly more, as the combatants will have whatever protection can be afforded, with means of retaliation and defence, while the civil population will have neither.

It is obvious that there can be no change of heart until the teachings of Spiritualism are adopted in our schools. Orthodoxy was ever in favour of war; even the Archbishop of York, in a broadcast recently, thought that war, to-day the most un-nameable horror it is possible to conceive, would be justified over some dispute in which two so-called "Christian" nations are involved.

"Give us the child until it is seven, and anyone can have it after" is the Roman Catholic method of securing life-long adhesion to its creeds.

Spiritualists must copy this maxim, and strive to abolish the teaching of the history, customs and morality of a cruel and idolatrous people from our schools. I am not an anti-Semite (some of my best friends are Jews), but to feed our children with many of the passages of the Old Testament, even if true, is a crime. I was for some years the Trustee and Governor of a Church of England school, and several of the teachers complained to me how much they disliked putting this terrible stuff into young and impressionable minds.

If, for example, the *Spirit Teachings* of Stainton Moses replaced the usual Scripture lessons, we might hope for a more Christian tendency to develop.

The ever lessening membership of all orthodox Churches, and the big drop in Sunday School attendance is a sign that the nation is slowly turning towards the true light, Spiritualism, just as foreshadowed in many messages from the "other side."

Civilisation has advanced far enough to allow a better conception to be made of the Almighty than One who took a delight in wiping out a tribe because it did not see eye to eye with another tribe probably far worse than itself, or a power to be prayed to for victory by nations all fighting in an unjust and probably money-making war.

The war spirit is now instilled into children at school, and given the approval of the Almighty. If ever peace is to prevail in this world, all these old legends must go by the board.

AFRICAN "MAGIC"

By C. S. COLLEN-SMITH,

MEETING recently my friend Capt. Pigash (late of King's African Rifles), the conversation turned to Abyssinia and the prospects of an Italian campaign. He interested me by saying that in his opinion Italy would not have such easy success as expected, owing to the difficulties of communication, water, and intense heat, which is almost unbearable for a European.

"I am interested in this," I said, "because Mrs. Meurig Morris, who is a psychic, told a press representative in Johannesburg that she had a vision in which she saw the whole Italian army mutilated."

Capt. Pigash then said he had a completely open mind on the question of psychic communications, having spent so many years in East Africa, and having seen so many extraordinary happenings which he could not explain. I asked if he would recount to me some of his personal experiences, and he kindly consented.

"I came over to England for a law case which dragged on," he said. "When it was finished, I went in a great hurry to catch the next boat, and advised no one of my return. On arriving in Africa, I found my personal boy waiting. He had covered a journey of 600 miles, walking most of the way, and had been waiting 24 hours. The boy, when questioned, said he knew his master was to arrive then. It was quite impossible for the boy to have found out by normal methods."

He also related another instance. "After my daughter was born," he said, "I arranged to go back to the farm. Everything was ready. I had had my manager down the evening before, when complications arose and delayed my return. My house was being prepared for my return, when my head man said to the other servants I would not arrive. Ten days later, things were all right and I arranged to return to the farm. It was no use sending a wire, so I just arrived unannounced, but my head man had already said I would be up this time.

MY SERIOUS NEWS TRANSMISSION

"A friend came out to stay with me to recuperate after an illness. I was with him in the morning but left to make a 20-mile journey. While away, I was told by one of my friend's 'boys' that he knew 'Bowna' at my place had died. About three hours later a runner came along with the news of his death. Someone going to his room had found him dead in bed. There was no other normal means of communication except by runner, and although I did not believe it at the time, I was told half-an-hour after his death, by his native boy."

Conversation then drifted to medical things, and I spoke about our new treatment for cases of obsession, and explained briefly how, by means of passes, I had thrown out an obsessing spirit, and the patient was cured. He listened sympathetically, and said it reminded him of treatment he had seen practised by witch doctors. I expressed my desire to know something more of the witch doctors' treatment for specific diseases.

"My manager suffered from gall stones," said Capt. Pigash, "and I proposed sending him to a Scottish Missionary at Toma Toma, but my Kanga (native witch doctor) said he could cure him. He made a mixture of local herbs, etc., and gave it to my manager to drink. This completely cured him.

"If an old man is going to die, he is taken out and put in a hut which has been specially built for him," my friend went on. "Every day the relations take food to him, and when the previous day's food is not eaten, they know that he is dead and leave him. Natives will not touch a dead body."

I then asked what he knew of their religion. He replied that they worship a God who, they believe, lives on the top of Mount Kenya, and they will not go higher than the snow line in case they see God and die.

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FOREIGN NOTES

PSYCHIC, MYSTIC, OCCULT

THE Editorial in the September number of *L'Astrosophie* (Nice) deals with the three different lines of development—the psychic, the mystic, and the occult.

The writer, Mr. Rolt-Wheeler, considers that by far the greater part of humanity develop only along the physical line—which for him, includes psychic development. Most men, he says, think only of providing for the needs of the body; and most of them are sceptics, they accept nothing that does not come to them *via* the senses. "But let us not criticise them too harshly," says the Editor, "if their intelligence is restricted, that is because they are young souls. They are free to think as they will, and we must remember that Doubting Thomas was permitted to remain one of the disciples. The sceptic is merely a very personal creature, he believes that nothing can exist or be true that he has not himself either seen or touched, or understood; he cannot accept the conclusions of anyone else, even though they be experts in matters of which he knows nothing."

Psychic gifts are merely extensions of their physical counterparts, clairvoyance is an extension of sight, clairaudience is but super-sensitive hearing, radiesthesia extra sensitivity of touch, and so on. Ectoplasm itself is a physical emanation; although Mr. Wheeler admits that it is sometimes used for purposes of manifestation by discarnate beings.

The mystic despises the physical, nor will he hear of logic or of reason. To him, feeling is everything; and union with God is his ultimate aim. "In a wisely organised life," says the writer, "mysticism is wholly praiseworthy, but if there is repression of all natural life, mysticism tends to lead to religious mania." There should be no false sentimentality, no weak yielding to evil of any sort, no hesitation about the repression of wrong-doing whether in children or in criminals. "Such people are but on the lowest rungs of the Mystic Way. On the heights are those who bear the marks of suffering, who know its value, who bear the stigmata of grief."

Not everyone would agree with Mr. Wheeler in ranking occult development as the highest of the three, nor in his belief that we are, most of us, at a far higher stage of physical than of mental development. Most men, he declares, are at a very mediocre stage of intellectual development, and never desire to rise above it.

Occultism becomes dangerous when self-centredness leads it towards Black Magic; and if pursued without the necessary guidance, it tends towards confusion of moral values.

With one of his conditions for development on either psychic, mystic, or occult lines, probably no one would be found to disagree; he says, "secondly, no one should seek to develop as long as he finds within himself any egotistical, purely material, or malevolent desires."

IS SPIRITUALISM RELIGION ?

An article by H. Kochendoerfer, in the September *Zeitschrift fuer Seelenleben* (Leipzig) says :

"This is a question perpetually debated in our circles. If I become aware that I am surrounded by loving spirits who help and guide me, if I know that I am re-united with those who have left me and for whom I have longed—is this Religion?"

"If I have become confident that some day I shall actually be with them, sharing their joys and their advancement—does that constitute Religion?"

"I do not know; but I do not think so."

"If, however, the deepest sorrow comes upon me, and my soul is filled with sadness, and life has lost all hope; if everything on which I built lies in ruins and blank despair threatens to lay its grip upon me—then do I not stretch out beyond these surrounding spirits? They too, are but creatures of the Eternal, and my

spirit yearns for the source of all-Being, beyond the creature to the Creator. That, I take it, constitutes the hall-mark of Religion—a seeking, a reaching-out, a yearning for the Highest of all, past every intermediary link. And this desire which has been implanted in the soul, is *ipso facto* attainable.

"When we can still the hurried thinking of the day and lay the touch of silence on the rush of life around us; when we can still the lowest whisper of our own wishes and desires—then our spirit goes out beyond the stars, beyond those millions of other worlds, and in the eternal stillness we reach out to God. Then, and only then, we are at one with the true inwardness of all creation, with God Himself. Then our eternal "I" is immersed in the Eternal "I" of the Godhead, whence it returns refreshed and strengthened to its earthly existence, to go forward with fresh courage to its appointed daily tasks. That is Religion."

"FACTS"

The same paper gives the following story told by Rechnungsrat (Financial Adviser) Fritz Bax, and headed "Facts":

"It happened some years ago that the well-known stable-owner, Herr Kunze, of Berlin (full address given) took into his employment a well-set-up man who walked in one day and begged for work. Herr Kunze was busy, there was something that appealed to him in the applicant, and he promptly took him on without asking to see his papers or even to know his name or where he came from. Franz, as he came to be called, proved a most trustworthy employee and soon gained the confidence and liking of his master.

"A year or two later, he was sent one day to take a valuable horse to a wealthy purchaser in the country, and Herr Kunze was shocked to learn that same evening by telegram that soon after his safe arrival with the horse, Franz had died from heartstroke.

"Herr Kunze wired back orders for the funeral, and soon afterwards attended a Spiritualist seance in the hope that he might in that way discover something about the home and possible relatives of his deceased workman. At this sitting Franz himself spoke, giving full details, with names and addresses complete. Herr Kunze then went to the place where Franz had died, and looking through Franz's coat, which was still hanging in the stable there, he found papers verifying to the letter the information which had been given to him at the sitting."

A Spiritualist declares that in the next world everyone will be found to be straight. Naturally, since they will be on a spirit-level.—*Punch*.

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DIARY OF EVENTS

Friday, October 4th, at 7 p.m. **Group Seance—Mrs. Livingstone.**

Monday, October 7th, at 8.15 p.m. **Party at CAXTON HALL, Westminster.** Mediums Associated with the L.S.A. Guests of Honour, Clairaudience: **Mrs. Helen Hughes.** Evening Dress Optional. Tickets, including refreshments, 3/.

Wednesday, October 9th, at 5.0 p.m. First of a Series of Addresses:—**"The Teachings of Spiritualism as a Guide to Life."**—The Rev. C. Drayton Thomas. Admission, including tea (3.30 to 4.45 p.m.) 1/.

Friday, October 11th, at 7 p.m. **Group Seance—Miss Jacqueline.**

PUBLIC MEETINGS FOR ENQUIRERS
(Clairvoyance and Psychometry.)
Tuesdays at 7.30 p.m.

October 15th Mrs. STELLA HUGHES. (Silver Collection)

DAILY ACTIVITIES.

Private Sittings, Trance and Normal, are arranged daily with approved Mediums, including Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Clifton Allen, Miss Naomi Bacon, Miss Frances Campbell, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Miss Jacqueline, Mrs. Livingstone, Mrs. Mason, Miss Lily Thomas, Mrs. Brittain, Ruth Vaughan.

Physical and Psychical Diagnosis and Psychometry: Ruth Vaughan Monday, Wednesday (morning) and Thursday.

Advice concerning the Psychic Faculties, also Private Sittings and Classes for Psychic Development: Mr. Leigh Hunt.

Spiritual Healing (Voluntary): Brig.-Gen. Kemp, C.B., C.M.G., every day Miss Ethel Topcott (Trance), Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Devotional Groups for Absent Healing: Conducted by Mr. W. H. Evans. Sitters invited.

Special Assistance to Enquirers:

Vice Admiral Armstrong: Tuesdays, 3.30—5.30;

Mr. Stanley De Brath: Fridays, 3—6 p.m.;

The Secretary: Every day (Except Saturdays), 10.30—12.30 and 2.30—5.30, and during Evenings when Meetings are held (it is advisable that appointments be made).

L.S.A. AND QUEST CLUB NOTES.

THE PARTY

ON Monday next (Oct. 7th) the Autumn session begins with a party at the Caxton Hall, Westminster. We are looking forward to a very enjoyable evening. Our Mediums will be there as the guests of the evening, and Mrs. Helen Hughes, whose work as a clairaudient has won such approval, will give a demonstration. The charge for admission is 3/- (members and friends) including refreshments. Please note the date: MONDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 7th.

TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM

Some time ago the question was asked in one of the psychic journals "What is the Philosophy of Spiritualism?" A great deal of correspondence ensued, but no one seemed to have any clear idea what the Philosophy of Spiritualism is. One hears the term so frequently that it is natural to suppose there is a definite philosophy, but up to the present no one has stated it, at least not in any systematic form. One hears many points of view ranging from Oriental Occultism to Western Mysticism. The Spiritualist casts his net into the sea, fishing for the pearls of truth in many waters. Thus we have many points of view—some of them in complete opposition; but we are patient folk, even though we may, at times, indulge in a bout of mental fisticuffs. It does not seem to matter much and some seem to enjoy the thrill of controversy.

Next Wednesday, October 9th, at 5 p.m., the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas gives the first of a series of four lectures which will be shared by the Rev. S. Cruwys Sharland, on "The Teachings of Spiritualism as a Guide to Life." This series should prove exceedingly helpful and be of great value.

The moral implications of Spiritualism are sometimes apt to be overlooked; yet anyone who seriously considers the facts must feel that a great deal more hangs

on them than mere scientific interest. Indeed, science is only of value in that we can apply its discoveries to life. We see that in our commercial and industrial undertakings. What is needed is a science that can drive into the public conscience the fact that the law of causality is operative in all realms and that none can escape the results of their own thinking and acting. There are many questions involved and I am sure our lecturers will deal with them in a clear and helpful manner.

MRS. HELEN HUGHES

Mrs. Helen Hughes is now in London and sittings with her may be booked up to and including Wednesday next (October 9th).

OUR HEALING WORK

This is now in full swing again, and it is a pleasure to see how this side of our work is growing. It is growing so fast that we are already feeling cramped for room. We want a house which can be extended like a telescope. One day, perhaps, some budding Carnegie will get a nudge from the "other side" and help us to more commodious premises.

Our healers are ever ready to help those who suffer. The work is done free and is open to anyone in need of help. This aspect of Spiritualism is one of the most fruitful, and the growing interest in spiritual healing is a testimony to the effectiveness of this form of treatment.

The Devotional Healing Groups continue their work. May I stress that these groups never cease their work but continue through *all* holidays. Now we are girdling the earth, and are receiving many encouraging letters from sufferers testifying to the blessings of this work. We feel we would like many others to share in the blessings of helping others. We are always glad to welcome to our groups any who can give a little of their time to assist suffering humanity. The continued influx of those needing help will soon necessitate the formation of new groups.

TIMES OF HEALING GROUPS

Mondays, 2.15—2.45; 6.30—7. Tuesdays, 6.45—7.15. Wednesdays, 3.30—4; Animal Group, 5—5.30. Thursdays, 3.45—4.15; 7.45—8.15. Fridays, 7.30—8. Obsession Group, Saturdays, 3—3.30.

W. H. EVANS.

Little Peggy, aged six, was busy with pencil and paper when her mummie happened to come into the room. "What is it you're drawing, Peggy?" asked Mummie. "I'm drawing a picture of Dod," replied Peggy. "But, sweetheart," said Mummie, "nobody knows what God looks like." Peggy kept right on drawing and replied: "They will now!"

—BROTHER JOHN, in *The Inquirer*.

BEAUTY is a quality of things, events or persons which appeals directly to the human spirit—through channels of sense and imagination—as being intrinsically good. BLISS is the joy of the human spirit in the experience of such Beauty. COMMUNION is the act by which the human spirit draws this bliss from its source in the beautiful thing. LOVE is an affectionate enthusiasm for all that is good in people and things.—MALCOLM SPENCER.

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Secretary: MISS F. V. GREGORY, M.B.E. Telephone: 6814 WELBECK

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6th, 1935.

11 a.m.—Mr. G. H. LETHEM
Clairvoyante: Mrs. Helen Hughes.
6.30 p.m.—Rev. C. DRAYTON THOMAS
Clairvoyante: Mrs. Annie Johnson.
Sunday, October 13th, at 11 a.m. ... Mr. HORACE LEAF
Clairvoyant: Mr. Horace Leaf.
Sunday, October 13th, at 6.30 p.m. ... Mr. SHAW DESMOND
Subject of Address: "What We Really Know about the next World"
Clairvoyant: Mr. R. E. Cockerell.

Silver Collection on entry.

OPEN MEETINGS

Mondays, 6.30 p.m. Wednesdays, 12.30 p.m.
Organ Recital, Address, Questions Answered and Clairvoyance. Admission Free
Monday, October 7th.—Speaker: Mr. Horace Leaf.
Clairvoyant: Mr. Horace Leaf.
Wednesday, October 9th.—Speaker: Dr. H. P. Shastri.
Clairvoyante: Mrs. Evelyn Thomas.

Monday. WEEKDAY ACTIVITIES
2.30—4 p.m. Mrs. Livingstone, by appointment.
2.30—Mrs. Bird's Ladies' Healing Circle. For appointments write to Mrs. Moysey (Hon. Secretary).
2.30—4 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart welcomes enquirers.
6.30 p.m.—Open Meeting in the Grotrian Hall.
6 p.m.—Mrs. Bird's Ladies' Healing Circle. For appointments write to Miss Robertson (Hon. Secretary).
Tuesday. Mrs. Livingstone, by appointment.
Wednesday. 12.30—1.30 p.m.—Open Meeting in Grotrian Hall.
2.30—4 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart welcomes enquirers.
Thursday. Miss Lily Thomas, by appointment.
7 p.m.—Mrs. Bird's Mixed Healing Circle. For appointments write to Miss Mitchell (Hon. Secretary).
Friday. 2.30—4 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart welcomes enquirers.

WEDNESDAY CIRCLES (limited to eight sitters)

Members, 3s.; Non-Members, 4s.
Oct. 9th. 2.30 p.m. Miss Jacqueline. 6.30 Mrs. Bateman.
Oct. 16th. 2.30 p.m. Mrs. Livingstone. 6.30 Miss Canon.
Private Sittings arranged daily with the following mediums:—Mr. Glover Botham, Miss Frances Campbell, Mrs. Esta Cassel, Mrs. Fillmore, Mrs. Hirst, Miss Jacqueline, Mr. Horace Leaf, Mrs. Rose Livingstone, Mrs. Evelyn Thomas, Miss Lily Thomas and Mr. Frank Leah (Psychic Portraiture).

Friday, October 4th, at 7.30 p.m.
Mr. R. E. COCKERSELL,
Demonstration of Clairvoyance, with accompanying
Psychic Sketches.
Members, Silver Collection; Non-members, 1/-.

Fridays at 6.30 p.m. Commencing Friday, October 18th—
A Course of Four Lectures by Miss Jacqueline
October 18th—Subject: "The Aura of Living Things"
Chair - Mrs. ST. CLAIR STOBART

Saturday, October 19th, at 7.15 p.m.—Whist Drive
Tickets 1/6 each, including Refreshments.

PSYCHIC BOOKSHOP AND LENDING LIBRARY OPEN DAILY
(Saturdays excepted) 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

CONFRATERNITY LUNCHEON-HOUR MEETINGS

at THE FORTUNE THEATRE, commencing Friday, Oct. 4th, 12.30—1.30
Addresses by representatives of the Churches and by Spiritualists
Clairvoyance—Mrs. ESTELLE ROBERTS
For further particulars see page 631.

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Secretary: Mrs. M. HANKEY

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(Visitors 1/-)

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9th, at 8.15 p.m.—Mr. S. O. COX.
"MIND AND VIBRATION"

GROUP CLAIRVOYANCE

(Limited to eight sitters. Seats must be booked.)
(Members, 2/6; Non-members, 4/-).

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4th, at 5 p.m.—Mrs. FRANCIS TYLER.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 7th, at 3 p.m.—Miss JACQUELINE.
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11th, at 5 p.m.—Mrs. EVELYN THOMAS.

DISCUSSION TEA

(Members 1/-; Visitors 1/6)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10th, at 4 p.m.—
Mr. S. DE BRATH, M.I.C.E. (Editor of "Psychic Science") will
answer written questions.

WRITE FOR SYLLABUS.

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LIMITED BY GUARANTEE.

SUNDAYS at 7 p.m. at

QUEEN'S HALL LANGHAM PLACE, W.1.

Sun., October 6th. Speaker: Mr. FRANK T. BLAKE.
Clairvoyante: Mrs. Helen Hughes.

Sun., Oct. 13th. Speaker: Mrs. BARKEL,
(Trance Address.)
Clairvoyante: Mrs. Helen Spiers.

For particulars of weekday activities at Headquarters, Marylebone House,
42 Russell Square, W.C.1. Apply Secretary: MUSEUM 0676

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6th.

11 a.m.—Mr. GEORGE PRIOR.
6.30 p.m.—Mr. FRANK WALL.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9th, at 7.30 p.m.
Mr. HORACE LEAF, Clairvoyance.
(Silver Collection).

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11th, at 8 p.m.
Mrs. HYLDA BALL, Lecture.
"Colour—Its Meaning and Value."

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9th, at 3 p.m.—Mrs. ROUS
Circle for Clairvoyance
(Limited to 8) (Members 3/; Associates and Visitors 4/-).

"AT HOME"—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11th, at 3.30 p.m.—
Trance Address. "SILVER FOX" through Mrs. Sharplin.

HEALING—Mondays, 2.30 to 5 p.m.; Wednesdays, 5 to 7 p.m.
Tuesdays, 3 p.m.—PUBLIC CLAIRVOYANCE (Silver Collection).

Thursdays, 3 p.m.—OPEN DEVELOPING CLASS.
(Members, 1/-; Associates and Visitors, 1/6)

Special visit of The Ven. A. F. SHARP
Vicar of St. Stephen's, Hampstead.
Friday, October 4th, at 3.30 p.m.

Subject—"The Church in Relation to Spiritualism."

Tuesday, October 8th, at 8 p.m.—
Mrs. ESTELLE ROBERTS
(Clairvoyance)

Members, 1/- Associates and Visitors, 1/6

For further particulars write for Syllabus.

THE "FLOWER MEDIUM"

MR. SPROULL AND MR. BELL REPLY

Sir,—We have come to a sorry pass in psychic research when Mr. Stanley De Brath can conclude (in *LIGHT*, September 19th) that the confession, as such, is naturally to be regarded as null and void simply because of some remote event which happened months before and has nothing to do with the confession.

In a previous issue, Mr. S. De Brath did not approve of the impartiality of our group, in regard to which he has simply been quite unable to give any concrete *raison d'être*. Whatever may be our faults, we were sufficiently impartial to ask (a) one who has proved to be a particular friend of Miss Lewis to be a searcher, and (b) two well-known Societies' officials, each to provide us with a searcher, but without success owing to holidays. Moreover, since our discoveries, we have checked up on as many alleged "genuine flower" seances as possible. As a result we have had information on the demonstration on which Mr. Stanley De Brath relies, which gives a different view of what happened compared with the conclusion assumed by Mr. De Brath. We can say without fear or favour that where some of our group have made contact with searchers and observers of alleged "genuine" seances, it has been found that not one has proved to be satisfactory (even to the present judgment of those who originally thought otherwise). However, we have reconciled ourselves to Mr. S. De Brath's excluding his searchers from meeting us, but your readers will no doubt form the same opinion as ourselves as to the lack of test value of the demonstration he mentions.

Mr. S. De Brath's enthusiasm to pass over Miss Lewis's character causes him to shut his eyes to all that has been observed over and over again about Miss Lewis's methods. (Thus, although in the case of a genuine female Medium, three searcher-observers may be ample, yet in the case of Miss Lewis, even in a search-room devoid of surplus furniture, cupboards, fireplaces, crevices, etc., recent experiences have shown three is much too small a number).

Mr. Charles Röthy's authoritative detailed reports of the Budapest demonstrations are silent on just those important test conditions which are a *sine qua non* for this case. They can be dismissed out of hand in the same way as Mr. Stanley De Brath's alluring conditions which do not provide adequately against the loopholes that permit deception without detection.

Miss Lewis may only require one period of less than a minute of non-observation to nullify all the searcher-observers' efforts. Consequently, scientific men with degrees in everything but common-sense, and searcher-observers who are particular friends of Miss Lewis do not impress us.

R. SPROULL.
FRANK H. C. BELL.

AN OBSERVER'S RECOLLECTION

Sir,—Miss Evans quotes only a part of what Mr. Sproull wrote in *LIGHT* (September 19th), and her interpretation of what happened when Mrs. Sproull came into the room is not true. I was one of those who had been detailed to observe Miss Evans, and I particularly observed that, on the only occasion when Mrs. Sproull came into the room, she announced that Miss Lewis

had already confessed and called on Miss Evans and myself to come upstairs to the search room.

The advisability of sending for the police was discussed between Mr. and Mrs. Sproull, and Miss Evans has magnified and distorted this. J. CARR.

DR. FODOR AND THE FLOWER MEDIUM

Sir,—I hope that I. H. Conybeare's witness of Miss Lewis's phenomena rests on more accurate recollections than the statement from which she quoted and censured me for in last week's *LIGHT*.

It is untrue that I ever stated to anyone that the Flower Medium's phenomena were "absolutely genuine." But it is true that I gave her the full benefit of doubt, that I was extremely satisfied with the progress we were making with the investigations at the International Institute, and that I have commended Miss Lewis for her very sensible agreement to improved conditions.

Our first sitting, in the autumn session, was to take place on September 16th, our sixth on November 4th. Considering that all these sittings were summarily cancelled, with no future date suggested, it is rather idle to say that they were only postponed. If so, Miss Lewis still has the chance to vindicate herself. Without prejudice, the Institute is always open to all Mediums who wish to have their phenomena sympathetically examined. Now that Lady Molesworth has ceased to support her, it is perhaps more incumbent upon Miss Lewis than before to get down to action instead of vague talk about laboratory investigations by famous men of science.

Incomplete as the investigations of the Institute were, we have 400 feet of infra-red film. This, with 21 lantern slides, will be shown at a meeting of the Institute on November 8th, at Queen's Gate Hall, S.W.7. Discussion will follow. NANDOR FODOR.
Research Officer.

We are informed from two different quarters that Professor Wm. McDougall had heard of the "Flower Medium's" confession, and the circumstances in which it was obtained, *before* he arranged for test sittings to be held at Oxford.

A Jew and a Christian were talking one day about religion. "We gave you the Ten Commandments," said the Jew. "Yes," acknowledged the Christian, "but you can't say we've kept them."—*The Inquirer.*

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THE FLOWER MEDIUM

An infra-red cinematograph film and lantern slides will be shown. To be followed by discussion. No charge to members (who may bring friends at a fee of 1/- each) Non-members: 2/6 each. Seats may be reserved for an extra payment of 1/- each

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CHURCH MEETINGS

NATIONAL SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, 16 Bath Road, Bournemouth. Resident Minister, Mr. F. T. Blake. Sunday Services at 11 and 8.30. Tuesday at 8. Phenomena; Thursday at 8. Educational lecture and discussion. Friday at 8. Healing. Guild attends & give treatment to sufferers

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"WEIRD, BUT TRUE"

Writing in a South African journal, Mr. Wm. Coulson Tregarthen (of Queen's Town, Cape Province), relates a number of incidents which are described as "weird but true."

A friend of his, a member of the South African Mountain Club, with whom he had often gone exploring, died suddenly one evening.

"I knew nothing of this," he writes, "but the same night, when sound asleep, between twelve and one, I was suddenly awakened with a sharp shake of the shoulders, and on opening my eyes found the room illuminated with a dazzling silver light—indeed so piercing that my eyes closed again and again. The vision remained but a few moments, though it seemed long, then vanished, and all was darkness. My friend, P., had said farewell."

Sixty years ago, Mr. Tregarthen says, he was organist of St. John's, Clifton, and when going home from practice one Saturday evening, he was faced by a figure in white. "I thought it was someone trying to frighten me. So I told him to go away. But the figure did not move, so I shouted, 'look out!' and with that took my music case between two hands, and made a rush at it. There was no resistance, and I simply passed through it. The ghost had vanished. On narrating the occurrence to a friend, I was informed that some time previously a man had been murdered there. Needless to say, I gave that lane a wide berth."

Mr. Tregarthen says he is a Spiritualist and a reader of LIGHT.

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"We then laid our hands on a black tablecloth and saw the auras blend. I could only see faint steam-like effects, but two of us saw beautiful colours form a whirling mass in the centre of the table. This slowly drifted towards Mrs. N., whose vision suddenly opened so that she saw right into the spirit world and gave us some wonderful illustrations of spirit life and activity.

"We then lowered the light and took the glasses off, and were very surprised, to find that several of us could now see clairvoyantly. Each was able to confirm what the others saw.

"My friend is making rapid progress, and sees the perfume of flowers when the sunlight is good. We are hoping, in due course, to diagnose exactly as Dr. Kilner and many sensitives do."

Note: The above extract follows very closely the method adopted in the public demonstrations of "Kilmascene." In LIGHT, of July 12th, fifteen societies reported the results of their public tests. Out of 427 results prove that Kilmascene is the best mechanical method of stimulating the clairvoyant faculty yet discovered. They are sent post free S.W.2, on receipt of 10/-, with full directions for use.

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says in LIGHT—

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