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PRICE TWOPENCE

"THE FATEFUL HOUR FOR THE WESTERN WORLD"

A MOMENTOUS HOME CIRCLE MESSAGE

By E. B. GIBBES

AT this season of the year, Spiritualists make special effort to attend a seance in order that they may give greetings to those they love who have passed into the Unseen. Many are the ways by which we can make contact with the departed. But perhaps the manner more generally adopted is that of the home circle.

From a study of the Cleophas Scripts* it is evident that the early Saints were well versed in this form of communication. However, so far as is recorded in those volumes, they used these powers only from the very highest motive—that is, when they especially needed the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

In an unpublished volume, an account is given of the method employed. This bears a singular resemblance to the manner in which a seance is held at the present day. First, however, it is necessary to give a short resumé of the events in the travels of Paul which led up to the holding of this ceremony.

We are told that Paul had been "for more than two years lying in bonds at Rome . . . and his spirit chafed within him; for he desired greatly to be gone to Spain, yea, and to Gaul and peradventure, to traverse the cold northern sea, seeking out the barbarians who dwell in Britannia and Hibernia, those strange isles of mist that rest in the path of the setting sun."

The Saints, however, were somewhat perturbed in mind at the prospect of Paul being released from prison, and again at liberty to journey from city to city, from country to country. They "feared the tumults and battles that ever and always raged if Paul came forth, as was his wont, and spoke in the market place. Truly, this Saint stirred up more choler within the Empire than any other known subject of the Caesars." Thus speaks the Messenger of Cleophas.

At a meeting held by the Saints in Rome after the release of Paul, a letter from

Peter was read before the assembly, announcing that Linus had been made Bishop of that city. As there is a certain quaintness in the account given in the scripts, this is quoted rather largely from them.

"The Saint of Tarsus welcomed the news concerning Linus: 'I am but a wayfarer,' he said; 'and will speedily depart from Rome. Wherefore, I am rejoiced that my place is now filled and I am free to go.'

"Then the councillors looked at one another, but said no word, though there was uneasiness in the hearts of certain among them. Mark and Linus were well acquainted with the fears of the Apostles in Jerusalem concerning a freed Paul. They held him to be in the semblance of a lion, a noble beast, kingly in his ways, but one who was too ready to give battle, too bold in his manners, thus giving offence to both Jews and Romans. Wherefore, there was much debate among the elders in the Church at Jerusalem when rumour was borne to them that Paul would soon gain his freedom. 'Of a surety if he goeth again to Asia and to Hellas he will raise up enmity among our countrymen,' they declared. 'These will lodge their complaints against him and against us also at Jerusalem and we shall be undone.'

"Having learned that in the last year of imprisonment Paul had been nigh to death through a sore fever, they perceived a means whereby they might dissuade this sick and wasted Lion of Tarsus from setting forth once again upon his journeys.

FROM THE CHIEF OF THE APOSTLES

"Linus rose up in the midst of the council and asked of Paul if he might read to all present a letter written by the hand of the chief of the Apostles in Jerusalem. The Saint bade him declare it.

Christmas Greetings.

To all our Readers, Contributors,
Advertisers and Supporters, we
extend hearty good wishes for Christ-
mas and the coming New Year.

"James, a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus, in the name of the Apostles, to our beloved brother, Paul, greetings. We are mindful of thy many afflictions and sorrow, because of the sickness which we learn hath fallen upon thee and wasted all thy

strength. Howbeit, we rejoice inasmuch as we have learned that thou wilt speedily be granted thy freedom. We have well considered all thy labours for Christ, all thy sufferings, and we hold thy life precious and desire that thy days shall be long in the land. Wherefore, we pray thee to withdraw from this present world into honourable retirement. Our brother Luke we know will tend and care for thee in such well-earned repose. And we are persuaded that thou wilt perform a great work, render a noble service to our Lord Jesus if thou wilt thus abide in one place which will be favourable to thy health, and dost there, in prayer and in writing, bear testimony to the truth and to the life of our Master Christ.'

"Here Linus halted in his speech, and on being prayed to continue by Mark, he read but the last words of the letter wherein James declared that it was the will of the Apostles that Paul should thus enter upon quiet days in serviceable retirement. 'Truly, brother, thy warfare is accomplished and thou wilt best labour for Christ in the manner which we have herein declared unto you.'"

There is a certain humour in the suggestion that the indefatigable fighter, Paul, should seek "honourable retirement." Nothing was further from his mind. After some lengthy argument with the Saints he closed his eyes, praying silently for a brief space. Then he opened them and said:

"Come, let us fast, brethren, and pray, and in the early hours of to-morrow's eve partake of the Cup of Remembrance; and after that we shall keep the Hour of the Watch and seek the counsel of God as given by the Holy Spirit. I promise thee, that if I am bidden to seek honourable retirement and the quiet days on to-morrow's eve, I will obey. For no man among us may disobey the word of God given through His Holy Spirit."

IN AN UPPER CHAMBER

The following is an account given in the Script, which bears a certain resemblance to the method in which we now conduct our home circles.

"Mark, Linus, Trophimus, Aristarchus, Crescens, Lucas, Andronicus and Junias all gathered together after fasting and prayer in the upper chamber of Paul's hired house.

"The darkness gathered, swiftly covering up Rome with its wings. The sound of street brawling and the songs of the people passed and ceased, as a great wind blew and rain fell, as if the skies were fed by all the springs of water in the earth.

"Paul tarried. No man durst summon him. They but kindled two rushlights, setting them in rings that were welded into the walls.

"At last he entered the chamber, and with humility, asked Linus to bless all who were present, for he spake, saying, 'I am least among ye all, brethren, a worn tool, whose blade is blunted; wherefore I am of no more service to anyone of you who are in the bloom of your years, strong in faith and understanding.'

"No man durst answer this saying; but they trembled as if they had been beaten with an iron flail. At times the Saint had an edge upon his speech which did wound; for all these men knew well that their labours, their sacrifices were as nought besides those of Paul of Tarsus.

"And again he spake, asking Linus to commence with prayer. Humbly this brother hastened to obey, though he greatly desired that the Apostle should thus take the leadership. But he feared rebuke, feared that sternness that glimmered in the eyes of the Master of Tarsus.

"And when prayer had been offered and the Great Words of Life spoken, all partook of the Cup of Remembrance. There then did steal within that chamber the peace that quelleth bitterness, the peace that consumeth littleness and pride, the noble peace that passeth man's understanding. It reigned within the hearts of all, so that they were verily gathered within Christ in that hour, their minds lifted up to the lofty places beyond the ken of men.

"And behold, the noise of the rain and the wind passed from their hearing. In this Hour of the Watch they

seemed to dwell in another earth, remote from the Babylon which surrounded their fleshly bodies in that time.

"Now, there is a fine shape which is called 'the Image of the man.' It is of a substance akin to the flesh, yet is invisible; and there is also that companion of man, the Body of Light in which his spirit abideth, and through it he may send messages to his baser parts, the Image Body and the body of the flesh. In the Hour of the Watch, if the Body of Light be pure and without soil, the soul of the man may withdraw from it and the Great Spirits or even the Holy Spirit may enter therein and speak the Word of the Highest.

"So it came to pass that, in this Holy Hour, Paul's spirit withdrew from his Shape of Light. Slowly it passed from it, and though the eyes of the men present only perceived that the Saint had fallen into what seemed a deep sleep or swoon, yet this Mystery was accomplished as has been hereunto declared.

"Firstly, there blew a soft, chill air through that chamber. Then arose a pale mist that caused the two rushlights to dance and wink and be dimmed as if drops of water chid their flames. Now were the minds of the brethren drawn back from that other world of being, and they gazed eagerly upon Paul who lay there bent and shrunken, his countenance still as a stone. And all grew afraid as time passed and he made no stir, and the vapour thickened about them. They yearned to pray, to cry out their strange fear, but dumbness locked their tongues. So they bowed themselves forward, thus making obeisance to the Mighty Presence that filled the lone chamber, holding all fast.

"Soon, as little stars dance upon the hill-tops, so did little lights flit to and fro and the dimness passed. A radiance came from out the person of Paul, and slowly was it shaped into the likeness of an angel. Then the brethren bowed their very brows to the ground before it, and they were awake and in no dream; for all heard the same speech, words that were spoken to Linus, now chief elder in that gathering.

THE SPOKEN MESSAGE

"Behold, I bear to thee the Will of the Most High, and it may not be gainsaid by any man. Thou art Overseer of the Church in Rome, wherefore thou shalt declare it to the brethren. Let Paul, our servant, gird up his loins in this season, gather to him trusty companions and seek a ship which will carry him to Spain. He is bidden make haste, for his years are numbered, and he may not tarry in one place any long time. The salt wind, the sea wind will cleanse his body, and the Spirit will nourish his strength. Wherefore, we conjure thee, Linus, to make smooth the road of Paul, so that he may depart as speedily as his course can be shaped. He shall journey through Spain into Gaul where the word of the Holy Spirit will again be declared to him.'

"Linus strove to speak, but he could not make any sound. The breezes blew through that chamber, the little stars came again, were whirled and tossed about, and other voices sounded. Then slowly did the radiance and the glory fade; the Shape of Light passing from the sight of the brethren, and they were aware only that, with a loud noise of thunder, the Mighty Presence swept from that chamber and the quiet of earth, gathered within it once again.

"In all that time, Paul lay as a sleeper who has passed beyond the borders of dream, so tosses not to and fro, but lies still. His lips framed no speech, his limbs made no sign. He was held fast within that Holy One who possessed him, entering within his Body of Light, declaring the Will of God."

At the end of this Script, the Messenger wrote:—"Call this roll, if thou wilt, by this title—'The Fateful Hour for the Western World.'"

In view of the problems which, at the moment, confront the Governments of Europe, this heading seems curiously appropriate.

**The Scripts of Cleophas, Paul in Athens, The Great Days of Ephesus.*

Tonight - not our plan - in hour

"EXCEPT YE SEE SIGNS AND WONDERS"

EVIDENCE THAT EXCLUDES TELEPATHY

By MAJOR C. H. MOWBRAY

I HAVE found from experience extending back to 1912 that, as a rule, the most rabid people against Spiritualism are those who know nothing whatever about the subject, have never been to a sitting and, if they are inclined to make us any concessions at all, they murmur the blessed word "telepathy," thereby imagining that they have put us back into our proper place.

I can sympathise with them, because I know in my own case I absolutely derided the accounts of a series of sittings my sister had in 1912 with Mrs. Wreidt, the wonderful American Voice-Medium; and it was not until later, when I had had some experiences of my own, that I realised that she had had some very evidential sittings.

I think I went through the telepathy phase, but I cannot remember ever feeling so perplexed mentally as to try to explain things away by the "hallucination" hypothesis.

My friend, General X., was no exception to the rule. Spiritualism to him was anathema—so much so that I made a point of never speaking about it in his presence. I never could imagine why he was so rabid against it—but there it was; to his mind survival was an idle dream and incidentally a very terrifying fable.

A SURPRISE

Imagine my surprise when one day he came up to me in my Club and said: "Who do you think is the best Medium in London?" I stared at him in astonishment and asked what on earth he wanted to know that for. "Well," he said, "my wife would rather like to go to one."

Now, though I had at that time never met his wife, I knew that he thought the world of her and he had always told me that it was she who had all the brains and that she was a very well-read woman.

I said I would do what I could, that I was going up to the Psychic College after lunch and would try to book a sitting, and ask them to communicate with her direct so as to save trouble. He begged me to do nothing of the kind. "Can't you book it for a friend of yours without mentioning her name?" he said. "If anything did come through, it would be so much more convincing if they did not know who she was."

I told him that it would rather cramp the Medium's style, as it would prevent her (having nothing better to do) going round old burial grounds to see if she could find out something about his wife's relations; but I would get the sitting under his conditions if he would promise to believe me if I said that her name or address would never be mentioned. He promised to take my word for that, and I duly booked a sitting with Mrs. Mason for "a friend of Major Mowbray."

The day before the appointment, the General asked me to lunch, and I told Mrs. X. what would probably happen next day. I explained who "Maisie" (the guide) was, told her not to be flustered and to talk to her in a natural manner. I also said "Your sitting is at 2.30, be at the College at 2.15 and I will meet you there."

Next day I saw the lady coming along the street. I opened the door, took her into the waiting room and told her to keep quiet. When the Medium was ready, I took her upstairs and said to Mrs. Mason: "Here is a friend of mine; give her a good sitting"; and then to Mrs. X., "I will wait for you downstairs." "Good," she answered, "come and have tea at our flat after."

About an hour later, I saw Mrs. X. coming downstairs—crying! So I remarked to her "I see you have had a good sitting." She answered "It was wonderful,

but I want to collect my thoughts, so let us go to the flat quietly."

We walked along in silence, got up to the drawing room where the General was sitting over the fire. He looked up and asked in a half-mocking voice: "Well, did you get anything?" I will try and give the conversation I listened to as nearly as I can remember—

"Donald came."

"Nonsense," said General X.

"He did. He talked about the wound in his chest and the gash on his head, but then he talked about a bandage round his throat which of course he never had."

"Oh yes he had," said the General. "They performed tracheotomy, but it wasn't successful and he died a few minutes after—I never told you about it to spare your feelings."

AN EXPLANATION

I then asked for an explanation and they told me that "Donald" was her son. When he was ten, he had been riding his bicycle, it got out of control down hill, he run into a milk cart, the shaft penetrated his chest and his head was badly injured. He was picked up, taken to hospital and died there a few hours later.

At the sitting, he remarked to his mother: "When you come over here I shall have to appear to you as a little boy. You know I am grown up now and am 30. You would not recognise me if you saw me as I am now."

Mrs. X. told us that her father had come—she had not in the least expected him as they had not been on good terms. He gave her good evidence of identity and thanked her for letting her brother have some of her spare furniture (which was true).

Then Mrs. X. told us that a woman friend had come, who gave her full name. She had died and her husband had married again within three months. Mrs. X. and others had been horrified and thought the widower had been heartless, but the first wife told her that she was delighted her man had re-married because he was so lonely and so badly wanted someone to look after him. She had added: "You know he is really mine and will always belong to me when we are reunited."

This was so opposed to Mrs. X's ideas that for her it ruled out telepathy. She told us that several other friends of hers had communicated but I forget details.

And the result of this sitting? General X. became almost a missionary, and he told me: "You know my wife is ultra truthful. I know when she tells me anything it is the absolute truth. I don't understand these things, but to my mind survival is a fact. I shall not worry—I shall know all about it when I go over."

Much to my regret he passed over a short time ago, and I have no doubt that the knowledge he gained from that one sitting has been of immense service to him.

I might add that a little time after his wife's sitting he had persuaded a woman friend to sit with Mrs. Mason and he told me that the results were, if possible, even more conclusive than those obtained by his wife.

A great little Medium, Mrs. Mason, and we all hope that she will speedily be restored to good health. We miss her good work sadly.

Let not me, who have no mission
Yet to see the Shining Vision,
E'er forget that night and day
Are His strange vicarious way;
He by one prepares the other,
Glooming me to light my brother:
May I ever blinded be
If my disability
Help my fellow-man to see.

W. L. Wilmshurst.

"BEYOND HUMAN PERSONALITY"

WHAT THE LATEST MYERS' SCRIPT TEACHES

MISS GERALDINE CUMMINS, through whose hand the scripts contained in the book were received, presided at a discussion on *Beyond Human Personality* at the L.S.A. on Thursday evening last week (December 12th). The speakers included Sir Lawrence Jones, Bart, Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby, and Mr. Stanley De Brath. The lecture-room was filled to overflowing with a most interested and attentive audience.

Miss CUMMINS said *Beyond Human Personality* was a sequel to *The Road to Immortality*, and purported to be communicated by the late F. W. H. Myers. It contained detailed descriptions of life after death, and traced man's journey through eternity. Introducing Sir Lawrence Jones, she said she understood that he was a friend of Mr. Myers, and so was an authoritative critic of the book and its authorship.

DR. RICHEL AND SURVIVAL

SIR LAWRENCE JONES began with a reference to the great loss that Psychical Research had sustained by the death of Professor Richet, the great French biologist, scientist and Psychical Researcher. His book, *Thirty Years of Psychical Research*, was, or should be, familiar to most students. It covered an enormous amount of ground, it was exceedingly readable, and only failed in one point—and that is putting the boot on the right foot.

"It must be getting on for some forty years ago," said Sir Lawrence, "that I first met Professor Richet. I wrote and asked him if he would come as a friend to diagnose a very sad case of neurasthenia in a friend of mine, and he most kindly came, and very soon found that it was not a case he could help in. I only mention this because of what he said when he said good-bye to my friend. I was standing by and I heard him say it. He said: 'Adieu. Au revoir dans ce monde ou dans l'autre.'"

"Not long after that, I lunched with Richet at his house in Paris; and, after lunch, he took me into his study, and we were talking of these things, and he showed very great interest, and we compared notes. Then he picked up a ball of rough glass from his table and he said to me, 'That ball of glass crystallised in my hand from a shower of glass that descended from the ceiling. I put out my hand; the glass fell into it, and, in my presence, formed itself into that ball which is there.'"

After referring to a play dealing with Reincarnation which Professor Richet read to him, and in which he supposed that the person who reincarnated remained on the "other side" and was able to guide his double, Sir Lawrence said he only mentioned these things to show that Richet in his heart, and when with sympathetic people, firmly believed in Survival; but when he was with his colleagues, and the critical French doctors and scientists, he reacted to them and, as he says over and over again in his book, "These stories I tell you are most simply explained by the theory of spirit-return, but that is impossible—because there are no spirits."

"In my heart," said Sir Lawrence, "I am sure that Professor Richet did really believe in Survival, and that now, a week or so after his passing over, he is beginning to realise with delight that things are very much better than he had ventured to hope."

THE DOUBLE

Sir Lawrence said he had tried to interest Professor Driesch, of Leipzig, in *The Road to Immortality*, particularly in the chapter on memory, but he would have none of it—"too Theosophical," he said.

These experiences had brought him to the conclusion that what Spiritualists ought to concentrate on was the Double. There was a certain amount about it in *The Road to Immortality*. It was evidently a subtle and a

difficult conception; but if they could get experimental proof, by ultra-violet rays, or photography, or infra-red photography, of the existence of the Double, then the scientific men would feel they had something to work on. Otherwise they say "the brain goes, and that is the end of it." But if they could understand that the Double, which is the intermediary between the physical body and the soul, survived—if we could only prove that to them—a very great difficulty would be overcome.

"I don't know how it is to be done," said Sir Lawrence, "but I feel it is a thing on which we might very well concentrate, in order to bring such speakers as you heard at Caxton Hall to a different point of view. It seems that something cuts them off! If we could break down that barrier, I feel then they would gladly come across."

Sir Lawrence, continuing, said it was just 2½ years since he took part in a discussion in the same L.S.A. Lecture Room on the first of those two volumes (*The Road to Immortality*), and he expressed his opinion that these were genuine communications from Frederic Myers. "I have seen no reason whatever to alter my opinion on that subject," he added, "and as regards the volume before us to-day (*Beyond Human Personality*), it is so obviously a sequel and an expansion and continuation of the first book that any suggestion that one should be from one source and the other from another source seems, to me, frankly, incredible. I am prepared to accept this as I accepted the first book—as real communications from Myers. I say that in order to clear the ground as far as I personally am concerned."

REINCARNATION AND THE GROUP SOUL

The criticisms of the book, he thought, would turn on two points. The first was that the phraseology is too Theosophical; it would be said, with truth, that Myers during his lifetime was very far from any sympathy with Theosophy. For himself, though he had never had any leanings towards Theosophy, he felt that it was probable that, as far as the astral world goes, the Theosophists did know something about it, and possibly their Reincarnation doctrine had a great deal of truth in it. Therefore, personally, he did not feel that objection.

"We are," he continued, "in the presence, in this book of a very elaborate development of the theory of Reincarnation. But, as treated by Myers, it has one element which is missing in Theosophy—and that is the Group Soul. Reading this book, you will find he makes more and more use of it throughout, and I think it is a very interesting and important point. It was to me quite new when I read it in the first book, but I have now found a mention of it, or rather a suggestion of the Group Soul, which no doubt came out in Myers' lifetime, by Sir Edwin Arnold, in a book called *Death and Afterwards*. (Sir Edwin Arnold died very soon after Myers, in 1904, and I feel sure this book was written some little time before, but I have not been able at present to find out at what date.) In this book, *Death and Afterwards*, Arnold suggests that personality is 'coalescent existence, as superior to persons as the tree to the cells of which it is composed.' That seemed to me a very interesting suggestion of the theory which Myers has brought out and worked out in some detail. I think it is quite likely that he was aware of that theory, because Sir Oliver Lodge in the Preface, I think, mentions that the Group Soul theory is one that he himself had talked over with Myers. On that ground, I am quite prepared myself to accept it, and think that it forms a very important and valuable addition to the Reincarnation theory."

"After the publication of the first book, I was asked whether there was any point on which I should like further information, and I suggested that it was a mystery to me what was the ruling power in, say, the 'Land of Illusion,' because it was quite obvious, from

scattered remarks, that there was such a ruling power. Myers himself says, 'I am not permitted to describe the fate of the cruel in the next world.' Well, I wondered who did not permit him, and I asked whether I could get any information on that subject. You will find that there is a certain amount of information in the second book. Myers speaks of the Divine Hierarchy who govern this planet and also the lower planes. They may be called the angels—evidently they are something less than the Deity—who, under the Deity, have to do what they can to make the best of what must seem very often a very bad job. I don't think there is any light in the book on the problems of the more dark and meaningless sides of life on this planet; such things, for instance, as parasites, internal parasites which cause such terrible suffering and shorten the lives of many thousands of people on this plane—one does not quite see why they are necessary to existence at all. Those subjects do not seem to be treated by Myers, but you cannot expect any one communicator to envisage every side of these marvellous things, and that is a side on which, as far as I have noticed, he does not touch at all.

WORLD OF IMAGINATION

Myers' far-reaching thoughts on the World of Imagination would please Mr. Edward Douglas Fawcett, the philosopher, who published, about 1916, a large volume in which he said he regarded imagination as the nearest thing to the divine, and deduced that probably the universe as we know it was the work of imagination. He felt sure that if and when this book came into Mr. Fawcett's hands, he would find it a very great support to his theory.

Miss CUMMINS, before calling upon Mr. Battersby, said they were all acquainted with him through his brilliant reviews in *LIGHT*. In reviewing *Beyond Human Personality* he wrote: "It would be easy to delineate the heavenly mansions if only a few reports of them would agree." She thought that was a matter easily explained. Supposing that Bernard Shaw, Einstein, an African Negro, a Red Indian, a Hollywood film star and an Irish peasant all gave descriptions of the earth, they would all be different—quite certainly Bernard Shaw would entirely disagree with all the others. She could not believe that the mere episode of death would lead fallible human souls to take on some of the attributes of deity and bestow on them that clarity of vision which would enable them to give an absolutely accurate description of the Infinite.

BASIC FACTS OF "IMAGENISM"

Referring to Sir Lawrence Jones' suggestion that Mr. Douglas Fawcett would find support in Myers' writings for what he had written on "Imagenism," Miss Cummins said she had received a letter from Mr. Fawcett, well-known as a philosopher, in which he said the contents of *Beyond Human Personality* were in harmony with the basic facts of Imagenism (not to be confused with "imagination"), which was the most modern philosophic theory concerning the Deity and the nature of the universe. She did not know what Imagenism really meant, but apparently her communicator, Myers, understood it.

Mr. PREVOST BATTERSBY said Myers told them that, on the Fourth Plane, there was grave danger alike to a fanatical Buddhist or a devout Christian of being held for aeons within the groove of his earthly beliefs from any hope of progress. So, if they were to avoid imprisonment in their own mundane conceptions, it behoved them, while they still had the chance, to clear their minds of misapprehensions. He then dealt at length with some of the revelations made by Myers in the book, particularly in regard to the relative unimportance of the earth and the importance of other planetary systems. If, he said, Myers could persuade them to get rid of the illusion of our earth having a monopoly of spiritual importance, it would help Christianity out of its delusion that the world's spiritual evolution could only be achieved by some cataclysmic

and divine metamorphosis. (A full report of Mr. Battersby's address will appear in *LIGHT* next week).

Miss CUMMINS, commenting on points raised, said she did not think that Myers suggested that to any considerable degree there was reincarnation of human beings on other planets, nor did he suggest that human history was repeated on other planets. Mrs. Annie Besant had stated that people had as many as 800 lives on earth—which would mean that they would only spend week-ends in the Beyond; but Myers suggested the more merciful hypothesis that "animal man," whose whole personality was of the earth, reincarnated as long as his desires were only for natural pleasures, and she gathered that usually meant six or seven lives on earth. Myers wrote: "I have not noted any evidence of a continual progression of birth and death for any particular soul; the majority of people only reincarnate two, three, or four times; there is no set law."

With regard to Myers' statement about the Group Soul in the *Road to Immortality*, Miss Cummins said she would like to correct a mistaken reading. Several people had said to her that they could not accept the idea of the Group Soul because it seemed to mean that they would all lose their personal identity in the Hereafter through being absorbed in the Group Soul. Myers made it clear in *Beyond Human Personality* that we do not lose our identity, but that through our sharing in the experiences of the other souls of the Group our petty human selves are enlarged, increased in wisdom and become more clear cut. They were *inspired* rather than absorbed through the intimate fellowship of life within the Group Soul on the higher levels of consciousness.

NATURE OF THE SOUL

Mr. STANLEY DE BRATH said he approached the book *Beyond Human Personality* much more as a learner than as a critic.

"It is perhaps rather futile," he said, "to object that Part II., which gives its title to the book, is to me the least important part of it. Nevertheless, beyond admitting that a knowledge of higher progressive states is eminently desirable, I do not think that much can be gained by indicating the details of such states to our present material conditions. Much more important—as appears from the recent discussions at the L.S.A.—is the condition of the very next state, which we all have to enter not many years hence."

Myers, he said, made certain statements which bear directly on the subject:—

- (1) The Ether is an ancestor of Matter—i.e., Matter is formed from Ether.
- (2) Every molecule, every cell has its metetheric counterpart (p. 45).
- (3) Each animal has an invisible body made out of modified Ether.
- (4) The etheric body is the link between Mind and the cerebral cells.

"My own unseen friend," said Mr. De Brath, "gave me precisely similar information long before this book was published. The soul is not stuck into the body like a knife into its sheath, but is intermediate between body and spirit, the latter being the channel of Life derived from the Creative Spirit whom we call 'God.' The soul is cellular, and its first function is the ability to accrete matter upon its primary cells. The *cell* is the first product of Life. The best dictionary of the English language defines the soul as 'A substantial entity which in each person lives, thinks, feels and wills.' 'Animals and even plants have been thought to have souls.'"

The distinction which Myers made between animal-man, soul-man and spirit-man was vital, and the fact that in this earth-life all our thoughts and acts are of the soul explains how it is quite natural that the surviving etheric body should carry life and character away with it. In current parlance, the soul animated by the spirit is the surviving person, and the fact that so few persons have any distinctive spiritual life accounts for the triviality of so many communications. They

DOGS THAT TALK AND COUNT

"KURVENAL'S" REMARKABLE POWERS

A MOST interesting article bearing on the intellectual and psychic faculties of animals (and especially of Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven's dog, Kurvenal, of whom frequent mention has been made in *LIGHT*) appears in the July-September issue of *Progress To-Day*, the Humanitarian and Anti-Vivisection Review founded and directed by Miss Lind-af-Hageby, President of the L.S.A.

The article reveals the surprising fact that—though in many ways a record-holder of his kind—Kurvenal is by no means unique, for we are given a list of 62 "speaking animals" and their teachers: 17 horses, 44 dogs and 1 cat—most of them in Germany.

The Duchess of Hamilton and Miss Lind, as friends of the Baroness von Loringhoven, have both "talked" to Kurvenal, who on one occasion, when he was only five months old, corrected Miss Lind. Wulf had set the dog the following problem: "In a street there are nine houses. I live in the fifth house reckoning from the Park. When coming from the Park, in which house do I live?" Someone suggested the fourth, but the clever dachshund insisted upon five as the correct answer."

This little creature was only taught very gradually and slowly by his mistress, who was determined not to overtax his powers. It has been estimated that during his first year a dog develops from 12 to 18 times more quickly than a human being, and during his second year Kurvenal had acquired a knowledge of spelling and of sums taught him by word of mouth. He knows the look of the letters of the alphabet and indicates by barks the order of the letter chosen, either forwards or backwards from the end: "g" is rendered by 7 barks from the beginning; "w" by 4 barks, "u" by 6 barks from the end. (Others amongst the talking dogs mentioned do the same thing by means of pats with their paw.)

Again and again Kurvenal has been interviewed, by dog-lovers, by medical experts and by scientists and investigators of every type. And much depends upon the type, for if they come merely to try to analyse this strange phenomenon of a small talking and calculating dog, Kurvenal shows an uncanny awareness of human psychology: he delights in demonstrating his powers to a sympathetic audience, and readily doles out praise to himself—"Am clever and wise," "I cleverer than" some other dog, etc.—but he greatly dislikes unbelievers and those who set him tests and try to catch him out, and has more than once expressed himself to the effect that he considers "sceptics disgusting."

He regards most other dogs as "stupid," but is passionately devoted to his mistress and her sister, the Baroness Mimi von Loringhoven. He thought it "very terrible" when his mistress went out and left him behind; declares that he *loves* these two ladies, whilst he is merely *fond* of other sympathetic visitors; and that if his mistress had died in consequence of a severe illness at one time, "I also should have died."

Bidden on one occasion to "say something nice" to a lady visitor, the dog appeared to consider for a moment and then "turned to her like a perfect gentleman and barked out: 'Do you already know Weimar?'"

His memory is amazing: apparently he listens not only to conversation but to reading aloud, and will frequently volunteer information as to names and facts. When asked how he knew certain things, he will sometimes reply, "Read it," following it up with either "You read," or at times, "I read."

Asked what he would like to have for his birthday, the dog answered: "Skittles, Mimi's portrait, cake, flowers," in connection with which items we are definitely told that Kurvenal is very fond of toys and of play (though, strange to say, not of children; this

perhaps being due to jealousy). Often when asked why he wished to go into another room, he will bark out the words: "wish to play."

He can certainly recognise both persons and animals from pictures, correctly naming them when shown to him. "I showed Kurvenal a picture of Madame Borderieux with her dog. 'Who is this lady,' I asked; 'Borderioe.' 'Where does she live?' and he barked, 'Paris.'"

Cake, the eatable, came only third in the list, proving how wrong it is to think of dogs always in terms of food and sausages. As to flowers, Kurvenal has his preferences there as elsewhere, pink roses being his favourites. When presented with a particularly fine pink rose one day, he looked at it radiantly and sniffed at it. "Where shall this beautiful rose go?" asked the Baroness, and the reply came, "Isolde," the name of another wonderful speaking dog who had recently died. "Shall the rose be put on her grave in the garden?" "No," barked Kurvenal. "In front of her picture?" and a joyous "Yes" was the response; and the rose, said his mistress, was placed where he, with such fine feeling, wished it to be.

The little dog's love of play includes a sense of fun. When the French actor, Quarch, one day told the dog in fun that he would give him a thorough beating, Kurvenal looked at him and barked back, "Joke," followed by a long, undecipherable rigmarole, which he afterwards explained as being his return "joke" on the actor. "He behaved in the same way to me," says his mistress, "when a beautiful Roman rug had been given to me on my birthday. 'I find nice rug,' he said, 'will tear'; then paused, made a sly face and barked the added word, 'Not!'"

So one goes on reading statement after statement made by this surprising little dachshund; and for those who are interested there are similar utterances made by other well-known talking dogs—spontaneous expressions of opinion, answers to arithmetical problems, names of visitors, recognition of pictures, etc., etc.; and the Baroness (who speaks from years of experimentation and observation, where we have little or none) comments on the facts thus:

"It is incomprehensible that opposition should still be levelled against talking dogs, the same arguments being always used, when the facts are there for all who wish to see them." Later on she says: "The real measure of animal intelligence may be gauged by the fact that we teachers of animals, who are in daily contact with them, especially dogs, and who are therefore prepared for a good deal, are continually coming up against the unexpected and what is often, even to us, incomprehensible."

Someone who had been having a prolonged "conversation" with Kurvenal said: "We might laugh at the little dog's answers if the whole thing were not so deeply serious and if it were not such a disgrace to humanity not to have sought long ago to probe the depths of the animal soul." Another visiting doctor expressed himself similarly when he wrote: "It is clear that we must unlearn our old conceptions of the animal soul, even though it leads us into the incalculable."

As to the road that leads towards that new understanding, it is ever the old, old road: "Love," says this wise teacher of her lower brethren, Baroness von Loringhoven, "is the great talisman between man and animal. Love and understanding must be boundless, then the animal pupil will learn and respond. And, above all, he must never be considered stupid. He *wants* to learn, and what he does not understand he *wants* explained to him, *clearly*, simply and plainly. As Kurvenal himself says about people who do not believe in what animals can do, 'Sceptics disgusting'; and so they all think."

(Some part of above is taken from an article in the January-March, 1933, issue of *Progress To-Day*.)

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).

"THEOSOPHICAL CRITICISM"

Sir,—Having had the privilege of a long personal acquaintance, almost amounting to a friendship, with Miss Lind-af-Hageby, I am quite sure that a few comments on my part in regard to her very interesting article in your issue of December 5th will not be unwelcome.

I will at once say that there may be some justification for the remarks made by Miss Lind-af-Hageby, and I will go further and agree that, on occasion, an individual Theosophist may write or say something in relation to Spiritualism in an ungarded or even an unwise way.

It would be well if I were allowed to say that no individual member of the Theosophical Society is ever entitled to speak or write in the name of Theosophy or the Theosophical Society, as such, on any question, whether it may be Spiritualism, Socialism, Hinduism, or any other matter.

Any criticism of Spiritualism, therefore, must necessarily be only a personal and private opinion of an individual member of the Theosophical Society, and cannot possibly commit the Society in any way.

As individuals, such great leaders of the Theosophical Society as A. P. Sinnett, to whose book, *In the Next World*, Miss Lind-af-Hageby refers, and C. W. Leadbeater, were always very generous and fair to Spiritualists and Spiritualism in their writings. So was Dr. Annie Besant.

C. W. Leadbeater's *The Other Side of Death* may be mentioned as significant from this point of view, and, if I may venture a personal view, his *The Astral Plane* is by way of being a classic manual in its objective and coherent description of the next inner world of Nature. I venture to think that the facts there presented are a treasure-trove to those who wish to apply reason, common-sense and experience, to the claims usually made as to natural and normal existence on that next inner level. This applies particularly to those who feel and regard this world of ours as an integral part of a much wider realm, that is, however, a realm of order and law. While saying this, I would suggest that the most stringent tests should be applied to this or any other work in order to estimate its claim to coherence in view of what we know of a world of law. I do not feel I would have any qualms if that were done.

Surely we can be reasonably fair to one another, whether Theosophists or Spiritualists, and our relations should be of the happiest and friendliest, even if our respective points of view do often vary, and our emphasis upon what we have in common happens to be different sometimes.

12 Gloucester Place,
London, W.1.

D. JEFFREY WILLIAMS,
Publicity Secretary.

SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Sir,—I was interested to see the letters of E. M. Clague and George Noble drawing attention to the miracles of healing performed by Christian Science practitioners and other metaphysical healers all over the world. "By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Master. When the spiritual understanding is sufficient to heal, instantaneously, a tubercular knee of fifteen years' standing, broken bones (x-rayed before and after), influenza, colds, burns and scalds, etc., and in three days' time, cancer, tuberculosis, pneumonia, asthma, etc., as well as poverty, unemployment and drunkenness are overcome, this is surely worthy of consideration and study by all those who seek to help evolution by true spiritual healing.

I have discussed this with four of the best-known

spirit-guides of to-day, who were all in agreement. They said, however, that they could not touch it as freely as they would like to do, as there was not the understanding, at present, to meet it!

This seems a pity when there is the knowledge in plenty, to perform these miracles in the world to-day, when the need is so great. I was told, also, that the cause of every human distress lies in the pre-conscious, subconscious, or present (human) mind, and is therefore healable, except those failings of Karmic origin where it is necessary that the debt shall be paid "in kind" before the soul can progress upwards. That is where metaphysical healing is supreme, it lifts the cause of the distress, and the healing is therefore permanent.

C. M. BEACH.

THE QUESTION IS—

Sir,—Your correspondent, Charles E. King, takes the usual attitude of those unsympathetic towards Christian Science. Yes, its followers do fail sometimes, and, if so, admit humbly that they have not had enough understanding of the "Divine Mind" to handle the case successfully. But what of unnecessary operations and mistaken diagnosis when we come to Medical Science? And, according to their opponents, even spirit-doctors are not immune from failure.

The question is whether material or spiritual methods are the better. I still think that spiritual healing, under whatever label, is the more excellent way.

The letter of Mr. George Noble was most heartening, and I wonder if he will agree with me that the time is ripe for an attempt to formulate a law to cover the exact *modus operandi* in spiritual healing? The essential seems to be the lifting of the conscious self by means of the spirit (the divine spark) into communion with its divine source, whereby supplies of spiritual power can be drawn upon.

E. M. CLAGUE.

"PREVISION"

Sir,—Mr. Robert Lanchester, the translator of *He Who Sees*, suggests that, in reviewing Noëlle Roger's novel, I have overlooked the description of Lord Duncan in the first few pages as a student of Oriental languages, and the fact that he only acquired the faculty of prevision "after years of study, and the gradual development and perfecting of his psychic gifts."

But he seems to have forgotten that Duncan, "a very modern Englishman," became a changed man immediately after reading the Tibetan script, had acquired the faculty of prevision on his return to Paris before he had a chance of development, and lost his life burning the precious manuscripts because he knew that his friend, who had no psychic aptitudes, would acquire the faculty merely by reading them.

H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY.

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will be continued at

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Light

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EDITOR GEORGE H. LETHEM

As We See It

THE CHRISTMAS IDEAL

CHRISTMAS is upon us again. Some of us are able to look forward to it eagerly and thankfully; others there are who declare they will be "glad when it is all over." Have they perhaps missed the real inner meaning of Christmas?

This festival, as such, goes back far beyond Christian times, as far back as tradition itself. What did the festival stand for in those dim early days? It stood for some hidden esoteric truth, which, if it was to be brought within the range of the perceptive powers of man—very primitive man in those days—had of necessity to be made pictorial, to be dramatised.

The most generally accepted presentation of the festival in Pagan times, was that of the Sun-god, who sacrificed himself by descending to earth for the sake of his worshippers. Our Christmas celebrates the coming into incarnation of the Christ for the sake of man, also a sacrifice, "Jesus Christ was sacrificed for us." And let us remind ourselves that the word "sacrifice" is derived from *sacer facere*, to make sacred; when gifts were sacrificed upon the altar, they thereby became, or were made, sacred.

Has the idea of sacrifice, of making sacred, been allowed to disappear from our modern thoughts of Christmas? Certainly not altogether. For Christmas is the time of GIVING; and, for giving to be true giving and not merely presentation, it should always have in it an element of sacrifice. The mother who steadily denies herself week by week throughout the autumn in order that on December 25th she may have the wherewithal to provide gifts and happiness for children and husband, has undoubtedly by so doing made sacred, sanctified, her gifts. Those who similarly have laid aside, to their own self-denial, sums, be they small or large, to go to provide Christmas cheer for their more needy brethren; or who sacrifice privacy of enjoyment by including at their table some otherwise solitary soul—these people have consciously or unconsciously included in their celebration of Christmas the original idea of sacrifice—of making sacred. This, together with the attitude of worship, of thanksgiving unto Him Who more than any other came to teach us the way of sacrificial giving, is, we think, what should lie behind the outward manifestation of "A Merry Christmas."

"Imperator," writing through the hand of Stainton Moses said: "The Christmas festival of the birth of the spirit on the plane of Incarnation typifies love and self-denial." And love and self-denial, as all Spiritualists should know, pave the way to the joyousness which is associated with Christmas.

UNCONSCIOUS SPIRITUALISM

By JAMES DOUGHTY

THIS title occurred to me while re-reading a book of delightful essays by H. M. Tomlinson collected under the title, *Out of Soundings*. Mr. Tomlinson's gospel is, in particular, the survival value of beauty, and, in general, the survival of the intangible beyond the material. And is not this latter a fundamental of Spiritualism?

He observes with disquietude the growing destructiveness of this mechanical age, and its accompanying cult of ugliness, and is apprehensive that "the faith may be dying that sees beauty in the world."

To a large extent he blames the War. "This engine, they saw, obliterated whatever got in its way. It went over truth and beauty, and nobody cared. So they gave up. They did not believe in anything any more, except the old lies they once thought they were destroying."

But Mr. Tomlinson cared, and does not give up. For all I know to the contrary, he may already be convinced of Demonstrated Survival, but I have heard nothing to indicate this. That he is at least an unconscious Spiritualist is clearly evident. His writings reveal a broad sense of survival, and hint at a secret faith that, though certain bodies he once knew perished in France, friendship was not buried with them.

To those critics who may accuse him of having "a bat or two aloft" he replies: "I do not repine. There is good company and confidential gossip in my favourite asylum. Some of us live there not only with the quick; there are also the ghosts, and they have nothing against us now. They are even cheerful and intimate."

Although Experimental Spiritualism offers proof of survival in place of faith, yet we can hardly deny that without faith the urge for proof would scarcely have arisen. It is sometimes stated that what we now know as Spiritualism began with the Hydesville rappings. But actually it began to germinate with the earliest hope that perhaps the grave did not irrevocably close a chapter. This hope, growing to a faith that persisted, and still persists, supplied the impulse which sought and obtained the proofs that are still denied by many, and unrealised by many more.

Mr. Tomlinson, speaking of a re-visit to a favourite lane in the West of England, says: "I hoped there to meet a ghost or two from the past, because they used to know that road very well, and they might turn up, if the news got to them that I was there again." He did not meet them. Instead he met char-a-bancs on the now modernised highway, and perhaps the ghosts may be forgiven for failing to turn up at a well-loved spot that no longer existed.

Watching the assaults of modern "progress" upon cherished things of beauty, he admits the inevitability of progress, yet has misgivings.

"It may be that the sense of beauty has no survival value . . . nevertheless it does survive. When we see the defacement of beauty we continue to feel as though light were put out in ignorance."

Yet how this light persists is charmingly shown in an account of a certain April morning in France.

"Life had gone; nothing was there but mud, bones, rags, helmets, broken rifles, and skulls. Thiepval was Golgotha. We were turning from it, but were stopped by a fleck of colour in the drab wreckage; life had already returned to Thiepval? It was a wild hyacinth. One bluebell to all April! What, still there and unafraid?"

Is all this irrelevant in a Spiritualist journal? I am not so sure. I often remember Mr. Tomlinson's bluebell when the ugly side of life seems uppermost. When the materialistic outlook is rampant, and a devils' chorus chants of war and murder, oppression and selfishness; when civilisation seems insane and bent on spiritual suicide, it is reassuring to remember that a bluebell once

(Continued on page 811)

LOOKING ROUND THE WORLD

GROUP SOULS

IN the course of the discussion of Miss Geraldine Cummins' latest script-book, *Beyond Human Personality*, at the L.S.A. (reported at length in this issue), considerable attention was given to the "Group Soul" idea described by the Communicator (believed to be F. W. H. Myers), and the question was asked whether this idea is taught by Theosophy. It is—but on quite different lines from that suggested by Myers. Theosophy teaches that insects and birds and animals draw their inspiration (or instinct) from the Group Soul to which they belong—so that a baby duckling knows how to swim, for instance, without being taught; but that when one of the higher animals (say a dog) attains to individualisation (perhaps by a deed of loving self-sacrifice), it breaks away from the Group Soul and evolves as an individual.

Myers, on the other hand, in the new script, teaches that the individual who is passing "beyond personality" belongs to a great Group Soul and benefits by the experiences of all the members without losing his own individuality. The ideas are totally distinct—but they are not antagonistic. They may both be true—the one experience at the beginning of individualisation and the other at its climax.

BELIEVED IN REINCARNATION

In his broadcast talk on Friday night last week (December 13th) Viscount Snowden made the interesting disclosure that Keir Hardie, the founder of the Labour Party (and at one time one of the most trusted men in the country), believed he had lived in a previous incarnation, and, in his private life and public work, trusted to inspiration and intuition. Lord Snowden (who worked with him in building up the Labour Party and enjoyed his confidence) said Hardie was, to the end of his life, a deeply religious man, and quite convinced that many of his experiences were repetitions of events he could dimly remember as having occurred in a previous life.

A QUEST ENDED

Mr. Harrison Owen, "The Seeker," has concluded his investigation of Spiritualism for the *Daily Sketch*. He began, he tells his readers, as a complete unbeliever; he finishes, not as a believer, but as one convinced that "from the mass of mixed material there seems to remain a residue deserving of a careful scientific investigation such as scientists too often seem unwilling to accord it and facilities for which Spiritualists too often appear reluctant to provide."

This is not so good as one might have hoped for with an investigator so anxious to be fair as Mr. Owen, but it is something. According to his latest article, four private seances arranged for him were failures, so that the caution of his conclusions may easily be understood. We hope, however, that he will continue his search; and think it likely that, when freed from the necessity to find something to write about, he may more easily obtain evidence which will convince him of the reality of Survival and communication. That has been the experience of others—is, indeed, the experience of inquirers at the L.S.A. every week.

GOOD ADVICE

The Rev. Stephen Davison, of St. Helen's Vicarage, Bishop Auckland (County Durham) does not accept Spiritualism, but he does set an example which other clerical critics of Spiritualism might follow, with advantage to their own "growth in grace." He writes (*Auckland Chronicle*, December 5th): "First, let us hold fast to the privilege of freedom of opinion; secondly, cease to assume that our opponents are obstinate, self-willed, ignorant or superstitious; thirdly, refrain from attributing low and ignoble motives to those who may disagree with us; fourthly, let us conduct our discussions in a perfectly honourable and gentlemanly manner."

If this advice were followed—on both sides—there would be less acrimony and more progress towards a good understanding.

BISHOP ON THE AFTER-LIFE

IT is somewhat surprising to find an Anglican Bishop discussing the question, "Is there an After-Life?" without making any direct reference to Bible teaching or to the story of "Jesus and the Resurrection," which was the chief theme of St. Paul and his fellow-missionaries in the early days of the Church.

The Rt. Rev. E. W. Barnes, F.R.S., Bishop of Birmingham, in his article in the *Evening Standard* (Dec. 12th), evidently writes as a scientist rather than as a Christian pastor; and, accordingly, in discussing the possibility of an after-life, he puts forward only what he *thinks* to be likely on the *assumption* that there is a Creator-God and that He is Good. This is his conclusion:

"Because I *believe* that the universe and all that is within it were fashioned by God Who, upon the earth, created life in general and man in particular, and because I am convinced that God's ways must appear reasonable to us, for these reasons I *think* that man's personality survives the death of his body."

A DISAPPOINTING PRONOUNCEMENT

Though quite sound from a philosophical point of view, this line of reasoning is likely to be disappointing to Christian people, who have been taught to *believe* that the future life is a certainty, and that "life and immortality" are definitely "brought to light through the Gospel." And it is disappointing also from the point of view of psychic science, which provides evidence that, if Dr. Barnes would only accept it, would enable him to say, as his friend, Sir Oliver Lodge, never tires of saying, that "individual personal continuance is a demonstrated fact."

That, surely, would have been a more inspiring message for a Christian Bishop to give to the world than a halting "I *think* that man's personality survives."

AROUSING INTEREST

The fact that Sir Oliver Lodge provides a foreword for *Through a Stranger's Hands* (reviewed in *LIGHT* of November 28th), has secured for it prominent mention in *The Times Literary Supplement* (December 7th). Readers are told how people write to Sir Oliver asking to be put in touch with their friends on the "other side," how sometimes proxy sittings are arranged for them by Miss Nea Walker (the writer of the book), and how from these proxy sittings evidence is obtained which cannot easily be explained on any ground other than spirit-communication. The review is non-committal, but it is of a kind likely to arouse the interest of thoughtful people and send them to the book for further information. Incidentally, the critical "Introduction" by Mr. Kenneth Richmond receives well-deserved praise.

"TUNING-IN" TO THE "OTHER SIDE"

Leonora, Countess of Tankerville, looks forward to the time when people will be able to "tune-in" to the "other side," much as they "tune-in" now to home or foreign radio stations. So she told an audience gathered at Edinburgh Psychic College. Then, she added, mankind would be ready for the great advance to which they were all looking forward.

Others have dreamed of and hoped for a similar development, and at times there have been rumours that inventors like Thomas Edison have succeeded in devising "tuning-in" sets by means of which the need for a Medium would be avoided. But always the rumours have proved to be unfounded, and there is at present no indication that "tuning-in" for *two-way* communication will ever be possible except for those of suitable psychic development.

Getting "in tune" with the spiritual world by means of meditation and prayer is a different thing, and is, it is claimed, well within the range of possibility to all serious seekers.

TOPSY IT TO THE YORKSHIRE PSYCHIC SOCIETY

MEETING

Secretary of the Yorkshire Psychic Society, Mr. E. J. Jackson, sent to Mr. Norman Swaine the extracts from notes taken during the control medium, Mrs. Nash, by Topsy, whose story has been appearing serially in our recent issues. Thinking that these extracts might be of further interest to those who have read Topsy's story, Mr. Swaine has kindly sent the notes on to us for publication.

Topsy (to a member of the audience): "There is a little girl in your surroundings, she has hair like the sun and she came from a country far away, many miles across the sea—her mother is here and she sends her love and asks you to convey thanks to someone who is looking after that little girl. This lady is your sister she says."

Member: "That is all correct, but can you tell me the lady's name?"

Topsy: "It is very difficult; I will spell it to you—Ennes."

Member: "That is not quite correct, but it is good enough for me."

The lady afterwards told us that the child mentioned had very pale golden hair—she had come from Australia to her grandmother after the death of her mother. The name of the communicator was "Innis" and the lady in the audience her sister.

Topsy then spelt out two full names by means of symbols—both correct, then described the father and husband of a member of the Society. This was the first occasion on which these entities had been brought to the person concerned.

Topsy: "Your father had a little shop and he made boots with wooden soles" (clogs worn a great deal in this district before the war).

Member: "That is correct."

Topsy: "Your partner (husband) had a limp and walked like this"—giving a demonstration.

Member: "Correct."

It was significant that another member of the audience knew both the "descriptions" and afterwards vouched for their correctness.

Topsy: "You are very fond of horses, and I have here a chestnut horse with a white star on his head—a little girl with long fair hair says that it is Tony."

Visitor: "Yes, that is true; that was my horse and my daughter."

GROUP SITTINGS

Topsy: "You have had two bits of shine" (two wedding rings, as the sitter had been married twice).

Sitter: "Quite correct."

Two descriptions followed, both being pronounced as excellent.

Topsy: "Your mother is here and she is very pleased to see you, as she had very happy memories of this house" (the one in which the sitting was being held).

Sitter: "I think you are mistaken."

Topsy: "Yes, your mother says she has girlhood recollections of this house."

Sitter: "No, I still think you are wrong."

After the sitting he made enquiries and found out that his mother lived in this house when a girl and, in fact, was married from it.

Topsy (to Mr. Jackson): "You are just now working on a problem that you hope will dispense with Mediums."

Mr. Jackson: "Oh."

Topsy: "You are wondering about frequencies, but you are wrong."

Then followed a very technical explanation of certain

(Continued at foot of next column).

THE CONFRATERNITY

MISS GERALDINE CUMMINS TELLS HOW HER SCRIPTS ARE WRITTEN

AT the Confraternity meeting at the Fortune Theatre, London, on Friday last week (Dec. 13th), Mrs. St. Clair Stobart appealed for funds to carry on the work of the Confraternity—the attempt, namely, to establish co-operation between Spiritualists and Clergy. She said they had now just under 100 members on their books, but were hoping to double this number.

Miss Geraldine Cummins was the first speaker. She suggested that her audience should adopt the view of the hardened scientist, i.e., should assume that she was a person whose word could not be trusted, that she possessed a profound knowledge of ancient Christian times, and that she was intimately acquainted with both *The Apocryphal Acts* and *The Clementine Recognitions*, whose style and form of words her books, *The Cleophas Scripts* (including *Paul of Athens* and *The Last Days of Ephesus*) were said closely to resemble. Even on that supposition, she asked, was it conceivable that she would have been able to write these books—as numerous onlookers would testify she had done—never pausing for a single word, for over an hour each day, without a break, and at the terrific speed of 1,700 words an hour?

Miss Cummins' own claim is—as we know—that she received these writings automatically, whilst in trance; and she added that someone had put forward the theory that such communications were relayed through a long chain of communicators, from Cleophas himself, who lived in the first century, down through the years to one who had only comparatively recently passed over—thus annihilating time and distance. Testimony as to the accuracy of facts, names, customs and other technical details mentioned in the books had been freely given by biblical and historical experts; one of the strongest perhaps coming from the pen of the Rev. James Black, of New Westminster, British Columbia, who said of them: "I have come to the conclusion that, as a general contribution to our knowledge of the earliest beginnings of the Church, derived from first-hand and hitherto unknown sources, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to exaggerate their importance."

The Rev. T. B. Clark, the next speaker, had risen before six that morning and motored 90 miles in order to give his testimony as a Churchman to his acceptance of the truth of Survival and the possibility of communication with the other world. The meeting concluded with the usual excellent clairvoyance from Mrs. Estelle Roberts.

GHOST HUNTING

The suggestion is made in *The Practical Motorist* (December 7th) that motorists should "go ghost-hunting this Christmas." They might not discover any ghosts, but in their search for haunted castles and churches and houses they would certainly "see some very beautiful old houses." In support of this assertion, pictures are given of many places alleged to be haunted. The idea is worth consideration.

(Continued from previous column).

principles which for the moment Mr. Jackson withholds, but it is sufficient here to say that even if the Medium had known the nature of the work, the technicalities are beyond anyone without training in the subject. The information given by Topsy has been applied with some degree of success, but Topsy gave a promise that she would make enquiries from someone who ought to know and deliver what information she could collect at a future date.

A CORRECTION.—Councillor Blackwell, of Birmingham, whose name was mentioned in the Appendix to the Topsy story, in the issue of December 12th, has asked us to correct the letters following his name in that article, from "F.R.B.A." to "F.R.S.A."

A SINGING MEDIUM

By FREDERIKA QUANJER, The Hague, Holland

I HAVE just come across a curious form of mediumship. An invitation was given me a few days ago to attend a sitting with a singing Medium. This Medium is a very poor, uneducated baker's boy, 21 years of age, but giving the impression of being younger.

This sitting was an enormous surprise. The boy, whose name is Toetenel, was entranced, and began to sing most exquisitely in Italian. His appearance changed entirely, and we felt ourselves in the presence of an Italian opera singer, who calls himself Pietro Moreno. The voice is very fine indeed—a peculiar feature being that the boy himself has a baritone voice, whereas the Italian is a tenor. The Italian pronunciation seems perfect. By request, he sang parts of various operas, such as "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Pescatori di Perla" and "Tosca." The last-named opera seemed to rouse sad memories; he stood for some time, as if absorbed in thought, slowly repeating over and over again: "Tosca, Tosca."

An American lady asked him if she was right in believing that he once sang at the English court. He replied at once in good English, denying that he had ever been there, but he added that he had sung before the King somewhere else. I spoke in English to him, too, and he answered very courteously.

A master of music who was present accompanied him on the piano and then he was delighted. He also whistles beautifully, not rounding his lips at all. The spirit-friend who then used him as his instrument refuses to speak. It appeared that once he had given a French name, or what sounded like it (in writing), so I addressed him in French, but no answer came; he would not even glance at me. Sometimes there seems to be a Russian singing through him. He then sits on the floor, accompanying himself on imaginary instruments. He handles those in what seems the most skilful way. When Pietro Moreno sings, the technique is altogether Italian, and one hears in the voice the same peculiar note that is characteristic of Italian singers.

A married couple with whom the Medium has developed, and without whom he never gives sittings, do not know languages, so he could not possibly have learned anything from them—supposing this to be possible!

UNCONSCIOUS SPIRITUALISM

(Continued from page 808)

survived in Golgotha. While the spirit of beauty resists the onslaught of mechanism gone mad, can the beauty of spirit falter?

And are not all who preach the gospel of beauty and the survival value of the intangible serving the cause of the Greater Spiritualism?

In the unconscious Spiritualist lies the potential convert, and whether he is converted or not, he is on the same side.

If you would seek the unconscious Spiritualist, watch a man's reaction to the intangible values.

Mr. Tomlinson mentions an explorer who, instead of being grateful for his seclusion in a tropical forest, considered that the trees were growing to waste; they ought to be turned into wood-spirit. "He was a modern traveller. He did not call the forest *Green Mansions*, nor see Rima there. He saw a potential reservoir of alcohol."

Though wood-spirit may be more potent than the spirit of the woods, and petrol more powerful to move mankind than poetry, yet was there a virtue in Rima that survived her funeral pyre, and will remain when the spirits of commerce have finally perished in their own combustion.

Before we can learn how not to lose the substance in grasping the shadow, we must determine beyond doubt which is the shadow, and which the ultimate reality.

A GERMAN MEDIUM

WE learn from the *Zeitschrift fuer Seelenleben* for October (Leipzig) of the passing of a great German Medium, Peter Johannsen. His obituary is written by Herr Hans Schmitz, a personal friend of his and himself a Psychical Researcher, from whose account the following facts are taken.

Peter Johannsen, born in Hamburg in the year 1874, was a man of culture and unusually well-read, who worked as an engineer until the outbreak of the War. Greatly interested in all psychic matters, he had by that time published several books and two or three plays on occult subjects, and had himself developed various forms of mediumship, including psychometry, clairvoyance, apports, materialisation and trance, always exercised under strict test conditions.

His chief control was a former Roman Catholic priest called Bruno, and Herr Schmitz writes of sittings at which he was present and where Bruno manifested, as follows:—

"The materialisations on the three evenings (spread over three weeks) were less compact of substance than those, for instance, of Mme. d'Esperance, but were of a fluidic transparency. They built up gradually from a small cloud and were clearly visible in red light at a distance of from four to six feet from the sitters (six in number). At the third sitting, each sitter was called separately into the cabinet. When I went in, I saw a form of superhuman size standing immediately behind the deeply entranced Medium—it was the Catholic Priest, Bruno, with stole and full vesture. The sacred chalice was in his hand and he was celebrating the mass, the words being spoken by Johannsen, but when the appropriate moment came, it was the Priest who drank from the fluidically materialised chalice. Only in one instance have I come across a similar case. The spirit-form drank from the materialised chalice; but when the Medium returned to normal, his first words were in exclamation of surprise: 'Good Lord, what has happened? I have the taste of wine in my mouth, and the whole place is full of the scent of some good wine!'

"The similar instance to which I refer occurs in Brackett's account of Materialisations, where the spirit-form ate an apple and the core dropped from the Medium's mouth."

When war broke out, Johannsen was called up; but the horrors of warfare, intensified in his case by psychometric contact with the clothing and appurtenances of fallen comrades, brought on a complete nervous breakdown and he was eventually sent to Schrenck-Notzing's Clinic in Munich for observation. During a sleepless night whilst he was there, Herr Schmitz tells us, Johannsen had a strange experience. He became aware of a spirit-form by his bedside, a man dripping-wet, wearing an eye-glass, who complained that he could no longer find his way about his own house, which he declared was full of strange people. It transpired that the house had belonged to Diesel, the inventor of the engine bearing that name, who was drowned at sea. Johannsen had known nothing of this, but his descriptions were fully verified and led to recognition of his remarkable clairvoyant faculties.

On recovering his health, Johannsen gave up his engineering career and devoted himself entirely to psychometry and mediumship generally. He had more clients than he could deal with; some he helped to great happiness and to belief in higher things; others by their very disregard of his words proved their veracity. Thus he had begged one woman to abandon her thoughts of suicide, adding that any attempt of the kind would prove a failure, "For I see you struggling through many years of blindness and ill-health after it." His client mocked at such an idea, but only a few weeks later a friend of hers came and told the Clairvoyant that this woman had actually thrown herself into the river, been fished out and had been blinded by the boathook which had caught her in both eyes.

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:: CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS ::

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LIFE'S MYSTERIES

By W. H. EVANS

LIFE hides much more than we see. However keenly we may observe, however closely we may look at things and at our fellow-men, there is always something that escapes us. We may think we have seen all, but when we turn inward and think about it we *feel* rather than know that there was a "something" which we did not see.

To the thoughtful mind, life is full of suggestions, of odd allusions, of beckoning mysteries; it is almost as if truth were playing peep-bo with us, a kind of teasing invitation to look, and when we do look, we only catch half glimpses, just like the shadow of a dream. Our memories, too, somehow get intertwined with the things we see, so that we never see a thing naked, always it is clothed with our own fancies and vague recollections of other things. It is as though some other life slipped in and out of our days, a kind of commingling of shapes that flit before our inner vision, so that there are times when we wonder whether the things we look at are real, or only the shadow of the real. Perhaps that is nearest to the truth, for even our prosaic science tells us that all is in motion, and how do we know but that the slightest change in it may confuse all our conceptions of what we think ought to be? How can we, in a world that is really a dance of electrons and whirling forces, have any certainty of reality?

The Materialist finds his stout and solid matter dissolving in his hands and becoming but "the stuff that dreams are made of." His "cloud-capped towers, solemn temples and gorgeous palaces" melt into the dreams of his own mind, from which they have really sprung. He walks his cities, but by and by they will be dust. Does he not walk on the dust of past ages, and is not his body but the coagulated dust of ancient days? And he thinks this dust is real: that his thoughts, emotions, dreams and imaginings are but the result of subtle combinations of dust, and that his life will "burst as sun-starts on a stream."

Poor man, who has lost the faculty of wonder and no longer keeps tryst with mystery! How can he feel beauty when it is all dust and ashes, the woven fabric of illusion?

Yet not a handsbreadth from him is another world, and threading his own life are the influences which stream from the unseen; he is companioned by the living ones, but he is half-dead and only partially awake. Poor fool, he looks on those who *see* as half-demented and not fit for his hard-headed companionship. "Hug your

illusions," he will say, "but I know."

Even his self-assurance of knowledge is a mystery. He has dust in his brain and cannot feel that finer element which the elf-like children of earth know. They smile; for while to them all is mystery, it is the mystery of light and not of darkness. To them the "little wayside inn" is where the traveller halts to rest before he passes to the inner chamber to warm himself at the central fire of life.

By and by, when the curtains fall behind us—as they will at last—we shall stand in that living light which is God and feel His eternal Presence enfolding us in its warm embrace. We shall feel it is all love and light, and fear will fall away from us and we shall be free. Naught will bind us, we shall "mount up with wings as eagles, we shall run and not be weary, walk and not faint."

Oh! the glory of the strength that will be ours when we pass just beyond the shadowy arc of earth! Over the rim of that darkness shines the glory now hidden from us, though at times pale flashes fall athwart our path and thrill our hearts as if heavenly music were woven into it. Yes, it will be a joy to go when the hour strikes. "To know as we are known," and see "what eye hath not seen," and behold the eternal mystery of God for ever hidden and for ever beckoning us onward.

As the shadows of evening fall, the stars are revealed, the moon silvers the sea and makes a lake of light. The great wonder of silence fills the earth and the heart listens for the word of release. It is coming; one hears its echo in the night-wind, and in the whispering light of dawn. One rises in spirit to meet it and stretches forth hands to grasp the intangible, and gazes with open eyes at the invisible. And then—then one feels the Presence, and a love hallowed by suffering and full of the joy of pain fills the heart. One knows, yet never knows. For ever there is mystery.

A CAROL

There in a stable
Mother Mary lay,
With her tender babe
Lovely as the May.
Eyes bright and starry
Chubby cheeks and fair,
Rich with the glory
That haloed his hair.

That first Christmas morn
The message of peace,
Was sung by the Angels
To give us release
From sorrow and pain,
From sickness and sin,
Revealing to us
God's glory within.

The shepherds in awe,
Did list to the song,
And soon to the Inn
Together did throng.

Three loving Wise men
Came from the far east,
To worship a king
Laid there with the beast.

Oh! wondrous the love
That chose such a place,
To come to the earth
To bless our sick race.
The ox in its stall,
The sheep in their pen,
All share in the love
Christ offers to men.

Oh! marvellous joy
There'll be in the world,
When Love is supreme
And war's flags are furled.
When in every heart
The Christ-child is born,
Oh! then every day
Will be Christmas morn.

W. H. EVANS.

"BEYOND HUMAN PERSONALITY"

(Continued from page 805)

have no real ideas beyond the bodily life.

"I do not in the least mean to blame them for that," he said. "They stand on a certain evolutionary level and will advance in due time. The great minds of humanity have advanced beyond that stage, and we all may do the like. But meanwhile the triviality is no argument against development. And all are not trivial. Some books such as *Spirit Teachings* and this work of Miss Cummins are anything but trivial. They are deep, logical, and endeavour to express in our limited vocabulary, transcendental truth."

C. C. Massy had rightly said: "The Hegelian logic runs through Nature. Never shall we advance in knowledge if we will abide in apparent contradictions, making one fact nullify another, instead of seeking their reconciliation in a higher and more inward principle. What an utterly stupid and unprofitable thing is a *fact*, until it is interpreted by an idea."

The book *Beyond Human Personality*, said Mr. De Brath in conclusion, "is full of such interpretative ideas."

PROOF OF INTELLIGENCE

Miss CUMMINS, in her concluding comments, said that at the L.S.A. discussion at Caxton Hall (reported in *LIGHT* last week), Mr. C. E. M. Joad had stated that he had found the intellectual content of spirit-messages was such as would normally disgrace a half-wit, and he quoted Professor Broad in support of this assertion. But she maintained that, in automatic writing, communications had been obtained worthy of extremely intelligent men. For instance, Mrs. Dowden and Mr. "V." produced, automatically, writings from a famous author in his style, and sparkling with epigram. These communications were as brilliant as the work of this well-known author written during his life and were produced in his own handwriting at an astonishing speed. Then there was Stainton Moses' *Spirit Teachings*; and the famous case of the *Ear of Dionysius* which contained abstruse classical allusions which could only have emanated from cultured minds. With regard to the Myers' scripts, Sir Oliver Lodge had stated that they were worthy of Mr. Myers' intelligence. In other words—in these cases of automatic writing, the communications did not seem inferior to the work these intelligent and cultured men produced when they were on earth. Therefore Mr. Joad's remark about half-wits and Professor Broad's theory do not cover all the ground.

Some questions were asked, chiefly in regard to Reincarnation and the Group Soul theory. Answering one of these, Miss Cummins said Myers had not mentioned any case of a chain of Reincarnations; he gave an illustration of a family of a very egoistic type, and the reasons why they had to return to earth.

OUT OF THE BODY

Sir LAWRENCE JONES, answering an inquiry about the Double, said his brother, a clergyman, had a severe illness and became unconscious. When he recovered, he said that while he was apparently unconscious, he found himself floating above his physical body in the shape of an egg, in a condition of incredible peace and happiness. All the pain and misery of his illness had disappeared, and he was in a state of consciousness in which he knew that everything in the universe was all right. Then, suddenly, he found himself back in his body with the doctor bending over him. This experience, said Sir Lawrence, made a great difference in his brother's life; he spoke afterwards about spiritual matters with an assurance he had never known before—it enabled him to say "I know," whereas before he had said "I hope."

A Gentleman who said he had seen the departure of the Double, or spirit, from the body, said he had tried to get a photograph, but on each occasion the photographic plate had remained blank.

A PROPHETIC DREAM

By HYPATIA CARIDIA

I DREAMT I was on a balcony, and I was crying bitterly because my husband was dead in the next room. The surroundings were utterly unknown to me. I was looking down at what appeared to be a peaceful sea-shore—blue, silent waters, such as I have seen in Greece or Egypt, and tall, unscalable mountains at the background. I did not know why I was there; I only knew my husband had died of an unknown illness; that his sister, who lives in Greece and never travels, had been called and was coming shortly with one or two of her daughters, also his son who lives in Belgium.

The picture (I can give no other name to these silent and flitting visions) was altogether too fantastic. We lived in England, seldom travelled, and were not likely to buy what looked like a Chalet Suisse and seemed to be our new home.

Suddenly, with no transition, as dreams go, I found myself going down dark, winding lanes with my sister-in-law and her daughter. The other relatives had not turned up, and we left the villa—leaving my husband . . . alone in his room. Evidently, the whole thing was a myth. Who has ever heard of the wife and family leaving the house under such conditions? With a feeling of inexpressible relief, it dawned on me, I was dreaming. The joy was so great it woke me up . . . but I was crying. "I have had an awful dream," I said to my husband, but I could not explain what. "Nonsense; your dreams."

In the morning, I still remembered the dream. I thought of it once or twice, but it was so absurd—the most unlikely nightmare, and my husband was in perfect health—it was easily forgotten.

THE DREAM COMES TRUE

About a year ago, my husband was taken seriously ill, his ailment was not properly diagnosed; and, after a succession of ineffective treatments, I accompanied him to Switzerland. We went to a clinique half-way up a hill. To all appearances it was a private residence. We were there three days, during which I saw no one but the doctors and nurse. My husband was very ill—I never left the room, not so much as looked out of the window, I might have been staying in my own home.

But the end came, and I was told I could have the use of the adjoining bedroom, where I could rest if I chose. I did, and went straight to the window and on the balcony. It was early in the morning; the scenery was vaguely familiar, a secluded bay, blue, silent waters, as I had seen in Greece and Egypt, and the tall, unfamiliar mountains. The nurse came to tell me they had 'phoned to my sister-in-law, who was in Lausanne. She would be coming up presently with her two daughters. Also, my husband's son had been advised in Belgium, and would be coming later. I was too perturbed to remember dreams. What was life, anyhow?

It was only later in the evening, when we had to leave the clinique earlier than my husband—going down dark, winding lanes towards Vevey, that I remembered my forgotten nightmare of four years ago.

As in my dream, we had left my husband alone . . . in his room, and his son and daughter-in-law had not arrived. I remembered how, in my sleep, the foolishness and improbability of the tragedy had brought me back to reality. Could I not wake up again? But this was no dream. "Dreams! nonsense!"

Could I have avoided events, having foreseen them so clearly, by talking them out aloud, instead of suppressing and forgetting these visions?

What I would like to know is: if it is possible for events that have no body to stamp themselves in our mind with such minute precision four years before they happen, what is that meaningless word called Time? And what is that other thing called Reality?

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SHEFFIELD PSYCHICAL LABORATORY

Professor D. F. Fraser-Harris, who opened the Sheffield S.P.R.'s new laboratory, in West Street, Sheffield, on Friday evening last week (December 13th) said that, in his opinion, there were no arrangements in Great Britain for pure psychical research to equal those contemplated for the new laboratory. He urged the Society to make their investigations from the same avenue of approach as that taken by the physicist and chemist when tackling a problem.

Professor Fraser-Harris is to be the Honorary Consulting Director of Research to the Sheffield Society.

The laboratory and science room were dedicated by the Rev. Alfred Hall (Unitarian), President of the Society. At a largely-attended public meeting which followed, addresses were delivered by Mr. Hall and Professor Fraser-Harris, and a trance-address was given by Miss Taylor Wagstaffe.

Very full descriptions of the opening of the laboratory were given in the Sheffield Press.

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RICHMOND GREEN

IT was the sound of two words, "Tilters Green," that caught my ear, as I sat on one of the very uncomfortable wooden seats on Richmond Green but a few days ago; and presently made me concentrate hard on a dark shadow close to my right hand. Not attired in the usual bright chain armour but something solid in hard black plates, a grid for the eyes and a distinct peak over nose and mouth. Who was this ancient warrior, I wondered, on Richmond Green?

I gathered that the Green had been the old Palace tilting ground. This black armoured figure had, during his earth existence, been born of humble parents in Cornwall. Travelling from there on foot to Richmond, he had taken part in an open tilting tournament on the Green on the ascension of the throne by Henry VII. He had won the "golden purse" and was made King's Champion. Falling in love with one of the Court ladies, he bribed a certain "sorry lawyer" to travel to his old home in Cornwall and tell his wife, with her two tiny daughters, that he had been killed in the lists. Then he married the lady of the Court. Several years later the lie he told his wife came back to him, for he was killed on the tilting ground at Windsor Castle. During his rich and prosperous days in London, never once did he trouble himself over the lawful wife he had forsaken in the little Cornwall village.

And the troubled champion vanished—so did the shadowy construction of a royal canopied seat with blurred coloured figures moving around it, as the Richmond County Council's up-to-date motor mowing machine whirled past my feet! Ancient Tilters Green suddenly faded into Richmond Green again.—R.H.

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