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PRICE TWOPENCE

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN THE OTHER WORLD

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL

By HORACE LEAF, F.R.G.S.

AN enquirer into Spiritualism recently expressed to me his surprise that spirits said so little about their spiritual environment. He felt it was their duty to tell us all they could about the world to which we are destined to depart sooner or later. Furthermore, he resented the platitudinous nature of many spiritual discourses. He had, he declared, never heard a spirit say through a Medium anything better than he had heard through members of the Salvation Army.

"One would suppose," he said, "that if life in the next state of existence is really an improvement upon life on earth, spirit-communicators would have new conceptions of Truth to reveal to us; instead of which we get a steady stream of commonplaces which tend to depress one. Who wants perpetually to be reminded that virtue is rewarded and vice punished in the Beyond? Why can't spirits say something else and say it better?"

It is distressing to hear spirit teachings compared with those of the Salvation Army; yet this critic was not altogether unjustified. I must confess, after listening for many years to inspired and controlled Mediums propounding spiritual philosophy, that there is something wrong. But perhaps the fault is not with the spirits at all.

This possibility was forced upon me thirty years ago by a clever young man who was trying to develop his Mediumship. We both had practically no knowledge of Spiritualism; but, being of an experimental turn of mind, decided to see what we could discover for ourselves. One of the things we found was that a change of personality occurred in my companion, and under the "control of a spirit" he developed the habit of delivering little homilies which at first astonished, then perplexed, and finally bored us.

Rising to his feet my companion would perceptibly expand in the chest, become very red in the face, look very grave and then declaim in a very loud voice on some aspect of morality. The burden of his speeches

was, "Be good." I think this might safely have been the title appended to all his fulsome speeches, which invariably ended with a "God Bless you," and Jack would be himself once more.

So intimate were we with each other that we had practically plumbed the depth of each other's mind, and were thoroughly acquainted with the scope of each other's language and phrasing. These features we readily saw must contribute not a little to any solution of the problem: whether Jack was evolving these speeches from his own mind, or that he was actually under the influence of a spirit. The "control" always insisted that he was the spirit of a late important member of the British Government, although he never gave us proof in support of this claim.

"Don't worry about what I was when on earth," he would say, "but take me at my present value."

At first we valued him very highly. Later, however, we began to doubt this judgment, but in the end returned to our former opinion. One incident went a long way towards this—namely, a reply made by the "control" to a somewhat impudent piece of criticism on my part.

After listening impatiently to what I called his "diatribe" (for he had been roundly condemning certain popular religious beliefs, as well as harking on his old theme about being good), I said rather irritably: "Why can't you say something else? Jack and I know all about being good."

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE

"You surprise me," replied the "control." "My impression was that you didn't. There must be something wrong somewhere. I wonder if it is that you and Jack know the words without comprehending their meaning? In my world the meaning is very clear and significant. So much so that we endeavour to put it into action. The difference between your interpretation and ours appears to be that you understand superficially the meaning of the words, whilst we understand it by spiritual realisation. Being good is a condition of soul, a wonderful experience which

can come to pass only by an inward state—an attunement with God."

I felt the force of this answer, but persisted in my criticism by urging the "control" to give us some "higher teaching."

"You've beaten me now," he replied. "I know of nothing higher. If you can suggest something, perhaps I can try to meet your wish. Think it over," and he departed.

Both Jack and I saw the "control" had scored all round. What higher teaching could there be than this urging upon us the necessity of acting with pure motives and in all our ways trying to live up to that noble ideal? We talked it over, and soon agreed that all that was wrong with mankind was that it was not good enough, and that what we had been seeking was not spiritual enlightenment so much as clever speeches. Second thought showed us that clever speeches might in no way add to our virtues, although they would certainly interest us more.

But of what could clever speeches consist? Only of those things that we already knew and which appealed to us as worth-while. Suppose, however, the "control" lived in a state where things accounted clever on earth might not have any significance? We were, for instance, both interested in the theory of Evolution, especially in that part of it known as Natural Selection. We had listened enthralled to well-known lecturers on this and kindred subjects, but had come away little improved by them, except it be that the theories were made plainer—or perchance, more complicated. We had discovered that such theories were full of hiatuses and that as much could be said for them as against them. In other words, they were defective attempts to account for certain aspects of life and nothing more. That they might be wrong was clear, and so they could not be regarded by us as real knowledge.

TESTING THE "CONTROL"

I determined to test the "control" on this point, and when he again manifested, I asked him what he thought of the theory of Natural Selection. His reply offended both Jack and me.

"It is an interesting theory, but it is wrong in detail, almost in substance. Charles Darwin, who propounded it, didn't know what he was talking about."

This accusation against one of the world's most conscientious and effective thinkers made me angry, and I straightway said so.

"I didn't say he wasn't clever or conscientious," replied the "control" tolerantly. "He was a wonderful soul, and did splendidly with the material he had at hand. The trouble is that he had very little material, and no one can judge a picture by seeing merely its frame. When he came over here, he found much more data, and must have greatly modified his opinion."

I begged the "control" to give us some of the other data.

"Now you've put me on the horns of a dilemma," he replied. "I simply can't. You see, my world is so different from your world that there are few points of contact. My world is, except in the fundamentals of morality, a causal world, your's is relatively a world of effect. Now, an effect may be so unlike its cause that, by trying to judge from it, one may go far astray. As a matter of fact, that is exactly what happens. If I tell you that your world is an illusion, you will laugh at me. Look how much difficulty you have to prove its reality! Day follows night, death follows birth, disease, pain, sin, landlords, tax-collectors, wars and famine are all real to you. You know when it is fine and when it is wet, and so on. There can be nothing more real than such things. Indeed, you spend your life among them and regulate your conduct by them."

The very idea that these things were unreal made me laugh and the "control" laughed with me.

"It is a good thing that you can laugh," he said. "In a way laughter is the best thing in your world,

and without it I don't know what you would do. As a matter of fact, your world is worth laughing at. But do you ever laugh at your dreams? If you have nightmare you feel you are experiencing reality—whilst it lasts. Afterwards, you smile at it because you realise that it was a shadow and not substantial. Think that over."

We did, and came to the conclusion that the "control" talked sound sense. How could our world be real when it was always changing? How could it be real when everybody held different opinions about it. People who were poor thought they would be happy if they had plenty of money, but people who had plenty of money often thought they would be happier if they were poor and in the grip of material necessity.

Fame, to our youthful minds, seemed among the world's greatest blessings and realities, yet those who had won it said it turned to dust and ashes in their mouths. Almost everybody wanted material wealth, and those who had it were ranked among the world's most successful people; yet, when it came to a final test, it was those who renounced the world who were most admired as the best types. Any millionaire compared, in public estimation, very poorly with St. Francis of Assisi. Buddha renounced his wealth and became a beggar, and therein found happiness and fame far exceeding anything the greatest Materialist could hope for. Jesus was a poor carpenter.

A CAUSAL WORLD

Obviously there was something wrong with the supposed "reality" of the world. Its reality simply faded into insignificance when compared with one's state of mind. We decided to question the "control" again.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "wherein life in your world, which you say is a causal world, differs so remarkably from earth life? How can the effect be so far removed from its cause that one cannot trace their relationship?"

"I didn't say you can't trace the relationship," he replied. "What I say is that, taken at its face value (and that is the common way of judging), it is unlike its cause. Furthermore, when I say 'our world,' I speak of the spirit-world in general, not in particular. There are higher and lower states of reality here."

"Well, here are some of the differences between your world and ours. In your world, Space is regarded as objective, 'A Thing in Itself,' in which Nature has placed the various objects you see. In our world, Space is subjective. It is something we make in which to place the objects of our minds. Then you have successive time, whilst here there is no time, unless we make it. In your world, when you see objects they are the result of perception; in our world they are conceptions. In short, in your world you project existence more or less, and think it exists outside your mind or soul; in our world, we know that such projection occurs, and in consequence regard all things as being within us."

"I know you can't understand all this, and that is why we have so much difficulty in telling you about our world, and when giving spiritual teaching to do more than refer to principles."

"Have you not observed that, when I attempt to develop any spiritual subject, I resort to examples from your world and daily life? You know, for instance, that when I speak I use my Medium's language, even his phrases. That is because I don't use language in my world, but merely thought. I am using thought now. This I transmit to Jack's mind and he passes it up to his consciousness, and with mechanical precision says what I am thinking in terms of his own. These terms, whether words or illustrations, must be such as his language has been formed to express. In other words, Jack is controlling me as much as I am controlling him, if not a great deal more. Think that over also."

STRONG PROOF OF IDENTITY

A SITTING WITH WILLIAM HOPE

By MAJOR C. H. MOWBRAY

I ONLY had one sitting with William Hope, of Crewe, the photographic Medium, but I was completely satisfied with the result.

Having arranged an appointment, I asked "Penanne's" mother if she would care to come with me. She was delighted at the idea, so we two went off to Crewe together. Hope only expected me to come by myself; and, to the day of his passing, he had no idea who my companion was.

I had previously bought a packet of Imperial extra-rapid quarter-plates from a dealer in Old Broad Street, and had amused myself the night before by making marks on the outside of the unopened wrapper, so that I could easily distinguish them in a bad light.

Having gone round to Hope's house, we found he was out—not having expected me that day, but he soon returned and the sitting started. Hope, Mrs. Buxton (who used to work with him), my friend and I sat round a table in full sunlight with the unopened packet of plates in the middle. After a few minutes, I was told to take up the plates and hold them with one hand on top and the other underneath. Hope placed his hands on mine, my friend placing her hands on Hope's, and finally Mrs. Buxton did the same, thus there were four hands on top and four underneath the packet.

After we had held the packet in this way for five minutes or so, Hope said it would do, and he told me to come with him into the dark-room. I placed the plates in my pocket and followed him; but before doing anything else, I made a most careful examination of the dark slide he handed to me, and I satisfied myself that it was quite normal.

I then went into the dark-room with him, opened the packet of plates (which was the one I had bought in London), took out two from the middle, inserted them in the slide, signed them, replaced the remaining ten plates in my pocket and, holding the slide in my hand, went into the "studio"—a small green-house with an army blanket stretched over a brick wall which served as a background.

AN AGED CAMERA

I examined all this most carefully to make sure that no one could get behind the blanket and poke his head through (an explanation which an exceedingly well-known scientist gave me later as to how the extra had come on the plate).

Sitters with Hope will remember how he worked with an old Lancaster "Instantograph" without shutter or cap, and this I was allowed almost to pull to pieces to see if I could discover anything unusual about it. Except for its age, it was quite normal.

My friend and I sat down and Hope proceeded to focus us; I got up and focussed the camera myself, Hope taking my place; and I then inserted the slide in the camera, sat down again in front of it, and he made the exposure by drawing the slide, keeping it up for ten seconds or so, and then pushing it down again. I got up, reversed the slide, and Hope made a second exposure in the same way. I then removed the slide from the camera, went with Hope to the dark-room, put the two plates into the developer together, covered the dish with a card to prevent light getting on them (the dark-room was, like the camera, somewhat ramshackle) and developed them myself, Hope at no time interfering with me. After fixing, I found there was an "extra" on one plate, the other being normal.

When I received the print, I found the "extra" to be the photograph of a man in civilian clothing, extremely like an ancestor of my friend, only younger. She told me that his name was M——.

Some time afterwards, I took this extra to a sitting with Mrs. Barkel, and showed it to White Hawk, who

said: "There is a small picture of this man in a rounded frame put away in a box; he is wearing a red coat and he says his name is Brown." Of course, this didn't seem to fit in, but when I told my friend what White Hawk had said, she replied: "Yes, his name was Brown, but he changed it to M—— on inheriting some property." A miniature of this man in red uniform, painted by Ingleheart, was found put away in a plate chest; the frame is oval.

I later showed the miniature and the extra to an ethnologist at Cambridge; he examined them closely and told me that in his opinion they were one and the same person.

After lunch, we went back for a second sitting—the procedure being exactly the same as before, except for the holding of the plates, which, of course, had remained in my possession all the time. Two plates were exposed, which, on development by myself, were found to have an "extra" on each—these were of "Penanne." How do I know they were the child's photographs? Because both her parents recognise her, and surely they should know their own child. I have the mother's letter before me now as I write. She says: "My husband and I are absolutely certain, without a shadow of doubt, that the 'extras' on the two photographs are Penanne, as she looked the last three months before she passed out."

HOW THE MOTHER KNEW

On talking it over with her later, she told me that she knew it was the child because: (1) it is exactly like her; (2) three days before her passing she had an operation which necessitated the hair on the right side of her head being shaved off: this shaving can be seen on the photograph; (3) she had a slight cast in one eye—this also can be observed.

No photo was taken of the child after the side of her head was shaved. She never recovered from the operation.

Surely, this is proof enough of identity—many people have suffered the death penalty on less evidence.

When we were on the point of leaving, Mrs. Buxton asked if we would like to try to get a skotograph; so we came back. I slipped a plate into a slide, which she held against her head for a few seconds. On developing, I found a curious ribbon-marking on the plate.

In spite of what some people have said against William Hope, I give it as my considered opinion that these are genuine "extras," and I say deliberately that not only did he not trick, but that he had no chance of doing so. And, even if I were entirely bluffed, how could he have got a non-existent photo of "Penanne" with the shaven hair to put on a plate? I am convinced that either these were photos of the actual child or else photos of thought forms in the mother's mind, but if the latter, why didn't Hope get them until the second sitting? My friend wanted an "extra" of Penanne—that's really what she had gone to Crewe for—and the last person she had in her mind was this ancestor of hers. I think this might dispose of the thought of the telepathic idea.

I have gone into detail in this case to answer beforehand many objections that may be raised.

THE BRITISH COLLEGE

Recently, we announced the appointment of Mr. Sydney O. Cox as Hon. Principal of the British College of Psychic Science, London, in succession to Mrs. Hewat McKenzie, who took the position, temporarily, when it was unexpectedly rendered vacant by the much-regretted decease of Mrs. P. Ch. de Crespigny. We now hear that Mrs. McKenzie has accepted the appointment as President of the College; and that Mr. Denis Conan Doyle has accepted an invitation to become a Vice-President. Mr. A. E. Jay is to be Chairman of the Council. A College endowment fund is being launched.

A CURE FOR SPIRITUAL EGOISM

By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY

A Paper read at the L.S.A. Discussion of the Book
"Beyond Human Personality"

WHEN reviewing *Beyond Human Personality* (LIGHT, October 24th, 1935), I was corrected for having misinterpreted one of its statements. Myers had written: "I am not concerned with the age-long wrangle concerning the divinity of Christ," and I assumed he was speaking of a debate still in progress on the Other Side. I am told that is not so. Well, if the question has been settled over there, how has it been settled?

Myers makes one very startling statement in that connection. He writes: "In the After-life, two ways are perceived by us, and we choose according to our nature, whether we shall follow the road of the Buddhist or the road of Jesus of Nazareth."

Now, surely, if, as I am told, "there is no uncertainty in the next life as to the divinity of Christ," there could also be no uncertainty in a selection between human and divine teaching, between the teaching of Gautama and of God? I want you to realise the importance of settling this matter, because Myers tells us that, on the Fourth Plane, there is grave danger alike to a fanatical Buddhist or a devout Christian, of being held for aeons of time within the groove of his earthly beliefs, as in the tentacles of an octopus, from any hope of progress. So if we are to avoid imprisonment in our mundane conceptions, it, obviously, behoves us, while we still have the chance, to clear our minds of any salient misapprehensions to which the octopus might cling.

It is no good obtaining these revelations from Myers, and from men of his calibre on the Other Side, if, where they run counter to our inherited ideas, we just ignore them. And what I want to make clear is that these revelations are as subversive to certain convictions of Christianity as was the revelation of Galileo's telescope to Catholic theology, just 300 years ago.

The religion of Rome, anchored to the ignorance of Aristotle, was made plausible by the assumption that the earth, and its unique—its presumably unique—human burden, was of a central importance to the entire universe, which revolved subserviently around it. And since to have reversed the rôle to the solar system would have struck a blow at the solidarity of man's importance, and at the divine sacrifices made on his behalf, Galileo was tortured and Giordano Bruno burnt. Yet, even after their heresies had been accepted, and the humble rôle of a planet allotted to the earth, man still remained the sole human product for whose encouragement the entire Cosmos had been created. That, I think, is the doctrine of Christianity up-to-date; it is, at least, the brand I was brought up on.

Now, modern astronomy has told us marvellous things about the stars. It has charted their age, weight, size, habits, temperature and digestion, as carefully and confidently as any case in a hospital, to say nothing of distances as incomprehensible as the Athanasian Creed. It has made the miracle of space still more miraculous, but it has left the stars merely stars, of no more consequence to us than they were before.

Also—and, mark you, this is of moment—it has told us that our solar system was probably an accident, a freak; something unlikely to happen, or ever to have happened to any of the thousand million suns in space.

That statement seems to me so comically audacious that, perhaps, I had better quote it verbatim:

"There is strong reason for believing," declares Sir Ambrose Fleming, "that a planetary system like our own is very rare, if not unique; and the nature and conditions of our earth unique amidst that uniqueness."

An even more competent authority, Sir Arthur Eddington, writes: "Not one of the vast profusion of stars in their myriad clusters looks down on scenes comparable to those which are passing beneath the rays of our sun." Sir A. Thompson agrees: "There is something

awesome in the apparent uniqueness of our earth." And Sir James Jeans' calculation, that an accident like ours might happen once in every five thousand million years, only seems to lay stress on the unique quality of our parturition.

That, of course, suits us down to the ground. It underlines the divine significance of our insignificant planet, and confirms in Christian humanity its sense of an egoistical isolation. But Frederic Myers, if we are to believe him, has shattered that comfortable dream.

For this, he tells us, is what has happened. Personally, having a great fondness for solar heat, I have always suspected that, with a little alteration, we could be made quite comfortable in the sun; and now Myers has told us that something far better than comfort awaits us there; for a splendid destiny may be ours as creatures of flame on stars beside which our own respected luminary is but a small and chilly outsider.

And that is by no means all; since, far from our solar system being the happy and exceptional accident the astronomers think it: "There are," Myers tells us, "on at least a hundred million solar systems . . . planets similar in character to the earth-planet, whereon vibrate human beings of like nature to ourselves."

That, surely, if we accept it, must give pause to our spiritual egoism.

For, can you imagine, in all these myriad worlds, peopled by creatures like ourselves, a replica of those adventures out of which our own faith has been devised? Can you picture each of them with its Garden of Eden, its subtil serpent, its fall from grace, its distracting burden of original sin? And if not, why not?

Surely humanity, wherever it is, could count on the same treatment from its Creator? Why should this earth of ours be the only exception, and a spiritual one at that, in a realm of law that knows no unconformity? And, if you concede to those worlds the same fate that has befallen ours, can you imagine, for each of them, the same divine sacrifice, repeated a hundred million times?

That is why I expressed surprise that Myers, having introduced a new and stupendous factor into our eschatological cosmology, should have been content merely to dissociate himself from a solution of such supreme importance. It was he who wrote, many years ago, that: "Religion, in its most permanent sense, is the adjustment of our emotions to the structure of the universe, and what we now most need is to discover what that cosmic structure is." Those were prophetic words, and it is fitting that he himself has been destined to enlarge our concept of that structure.

Some 500 years ago, Giovanni Leardo, the Venetian, produced his famous map of the world. It showed Jerusalem as the centre of the earth, and the earth as the centre of the physical universe. We have dethroned it from that position, but the earth is still for us the centre of the spiritual universe.

If Myers can persuade us to get rid of that illusion of centrality, that conviction of having a monopoly of spiritual importance, it will help Christianity out of its delusion that the world's spiritual evolution could only be achieved by some cataclysmic and divine metamorphosis.

Many Christians seem to think that Christianity only began with Christ; but it did nothing of the sort. It began with the first man, a Cave-man, probably, who loved his neighbour as himself; and it has been handed on by all the great spiritual teachers, of whom Christ was the last. For the faith of Christ is not an affair of function and formula; it is the love of God in a terrestrial dilution which has been at work on the redemption of matter for aeons before the world was made.

And it behoves us now, when every nation is preparing mercilessly to destroy its neighbour, to realise where Christianity has hopelessly broken down, and try to rebuild it on a spiritual foundation, with the help so eagerly held out to us from the Other Side.

ON GUARDIAN ANGELS

BELIEF WHICH HAS FALLEN OUT OF THE BODY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE

By EDWARD LANGTON, B.D., Author of
"Supernatural"

THE doctrine of guardian angels has long been out of favour in all the Churches, although it has maintained its place in the faith of individual Christians. In view of the present neglect of the doctrine, probably few people realize how deeply-rooted the doctrine is in the teaching of the Church from the earliest times.

The reason why the doctrine has fallen out of favour in modern times is too large a question to be dealt with here; it has been carefully discussed by the present writer in *Supernatural*. Here we shall only attempt to outline very briefly the beliefs of some of the most influential teachers of the earliest Christian centuries.

It is generally admitted that the belief in guardian angels is found clearly expressed in the New Testament. We will refer to two passages only. In Matt. 18:10 Jesus says: "See that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." The second passage we have in mind is found in the story of St. Peter's deliverance from prison recorded in Acts 12. It is very generally agreed that the words in verse 15—"It is his angel"—imply a belief in guardian angels.

In view of the later beliefs of the Church that will be cited, it will be well to make a few observations upon the saying of Jesus recorded in the above passage. It has generally been assumed that the words of Jesus have reference only to the guardian angels of the children, and only by implication to the angels of adults. We believe that this is most probably a mistaken view.

"LITTLE ONES"

The grounds of our conclusion have been well summarized by Dr. B. Warfield in Hastings' *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, vol. ii., p. 36ff. (Article "Little Ones"). This writer contends that in every passage in which the phrase "little ones" occurs, the reference is never to actual children, but in every case to Christ's disciples. This is obviously the case in Matt. 10:40-42. Space does not suffice us here to examine the other passages in question. We must refer the reader to the article mentioned above. We can only say that in our opinion Dr. Warfield establishes a very strong case in favour of the view that Jesus was speaking of the guardian angels of all His disciples.

After speaking of the little child, whom He set in the midst, in verses 1-5, there is a transition made to His disciples generally. Many of the things said in the verses which follow can only appropriately apply to adult Christian workers. As the writer mentioned above suggests, the connection between the two paragraphs turns on the idea that, though men enter the Kingdom like helpless infants, they are not left a prey to the evil forces which operate in the world. God takes them under His own protection. They have their guardian angels who are ever on the alert to mediate to them God's love and care.

Whether or no this interpretation of Christ's words be accepted, we shall see that this is the meaning which some of the most honoured teachers of the Church in the early centuries found in the words of our Lord: hence the desirability of having before us the above exposition of Matt. 18:10. If space allowed, it would be quite easy to show that the passage so understood is in perfect accord with the Jewish belief in guardian angels of individuals current at the time when Jesus lived.

In previous articles (LIGHT, July 25th and August 22nd) we have shown that during the first five centuries

there prevailed in the Church an intense belief in the manifold operations of angels in the world and in the life of man. We shall here confine ourselves to evidence of the belief in the guardian angels of individuals on the part of a few outstanding teachers in the early Church; we do not, of course, attempt any complete exposition.

We may also say that we are not specially concerned with the belief that each individual has only one, or a few angels, which are specially deputed to guard that individual throughout life. We find various opinions expressed upon this point. Sometimes it is asserted that individuals have such specially appointed angel-guardians. Other teachers are content to affirm that every Christian, or even every person, is guarded by angels.

Tertullian asserts that angels are ever watchful over the lives of men, and mark those who lend themselves to the service of Satan. He holds the opinion that genii are assigned to all persons from birth, but in the case of pagans these are seducing spirits or demons; and such, he says, was the demon of Socrates. Clement of Alexandria makes reference to the saying of Jesus concerning "the angels of the little ones, and of the least, which see God"; and also to the tutelary angels which exercise oversight over us, as we are taught by Plato to believe. He holds that Plato plagiarised from the Hebrews.

In making another allusion to guardian angels, he says: "The thoughts of virtuous men are produced through the inspiration of God; the soul being disposed in the way it is, and the divine will being conveyed to human souls, particular divine ministers contributing to such services." As regiments of angels are distributed over the nations and cities, so perchance, he says, some are assigned to individuals.

PART OF THE TEACHING OF THE CHURCH

Origen claims that it is part of the teaching of the Church that there are certain angels of God which are His servants in accomplishing the salvation of men. Paul, he says, called these "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation" (Heb. 1:14). Origen speaks of these angels as "bearing the supplications of men to the purest of the heavenly places in the universe, or even to super-celestial regions purer still," and declares that they descend thence conveying to each individual, according to his deserts, the things which God has enjoined should be conferred upon him.

This famous scholar is amongst those who apply the words of Jesus in Matt 18:10 to His disciples generally rather than to children. One angel, he says, is assigned to Peter, and another to Paul, "and so on through every one of the little ones that are in the Church, for such and such angels as even daily behold the face of God must be assigned to each one of them, and there must also be some angel that encampeth round them that fear God" (Cf. De Principiis, Bk. 1, ch. viii.). He definitely affirms that each believer, even the humblest in the Church, is attended by an angel, as Jesus taught, and that the function of this angel is one of guardianship. Frequent emphasis is laid upon the fact that Christians are protected by the Supreme God who sets His divine angels to watch over them, and that therefore they need not fear the hostility of demons.

According to Eusebius, the angels are intelligent beings which are the ministers and almoners of all the blessings bestowed upon men from God.

From the above brief account it will be seen that the belief in angel-guardians of men is firmly grounded in the beliefs of Jesus, and in the teaching of the early Church. In view of such evidence the question forces itself upon the mind as to whether there is any sufficient reason why such a belief should be allowed to fall out of the body of Christian doctrine.

LIGHT A WINTER'S TALE

DECEMBER 26, 1935

CONSTABLE MARTIN PROMOTED

By J. H. BURN-MURDOCH

THE great city throbbed with life. Theatres poured forth their crowds into the already congested streets. Medal-bedecked doorkeepers and stalwart guardians of the law marshalled the long queues of cars.

Everywhere was Light, Life, and Hustle.

Aye! The City! That was where a man had his chance of making good and getting on top. So thought Constable Martin, as, sitting at his brightly burning fire, he threw down the illustrated weekly newspaper and got ready for his lonely night's patrolling along the blizzard-swept country roads that buried themselves in snowdrifts opposite his cottage in that back o' beyond village, Tofton.

All very fine for the papers and politicians to write long speeches about promotion from the ranks being a matter of intelligence, tact, and stick-at-it-iveness.

What a fat lot of promotion had come his way after all these years of cross-country footing it!

More dead!y monotonous than the mud and trenches of Flanders! True, of course, there was enough to eat and drink, and he had his water-tight house, and a good coal fire and no Income Tax worries, so perhaps he might be worse off—.

Ah, well—no good grousing, he thought. Just a few more minutes of his armchair and one last fond smoke, and then, hey ho! he must go out into this awful night. Anyhow, "God bless the man a thousand times who invented tobacco," he said, with a satisfying yawn.

A BANG ON THE DOOR

A thundering bang on the door put an "Amen" full stop to this pious benediction, and incidentally put friend Martin's heart a-thumping in the toe of one of his heavy police boots.

Making a show, however, of recovering the dignified serenity of his profession, he shouted out, in quite a Superintendent's gruff voice: "Come in," knowing full well that with the door double bolted, the hefty spirit rapper couldn't well get in until his heart had got above waist line again.

A second and even more vigorous banging at the door convinced our representative of well ordered Cosmos that it was about time he "should see into it." So, drawing the bolts and lifting the sneek, he stood aside and allowed the blizzard to burst open the door, and, at the same time, belch in a smother of snowflakes which vignettied, as in a Christmas card, the strangest mortal he had ever cast eyes on.

A stout, heavy-looking man of forty or so, his grey-white periwig surmounted with a snow-laden three-cornered cloth hat, a storm-beaten face, a partially unbuttoned heavily caped overcoat showing under it a red and gold faced uniform, and his legs enveloped in long wrinkled leather gaiters, which carried Constable Martin back with a jerk to the days of his youth when a fond mother had taken him to see a Lord Mayor's Show, the only difference being that he had never seen the Lord Mayor's coachman so utterly squelched with snow or so blue-lipped with cold.

"Who the devil are you?" he said, in stupid amazement.

"Sir," said this shivering, but still haughty apparition, "Nor devil or saint be I, but Master Driver 'Dutch Boonen,' William Boonen, sir! Her Maistie's trusted driver of horse. We have lost our way in this devil's spawn of a storm, so Her Maistie demands shelter and hospitality for the night."

"Good Lord!" thought Constable Martin, "what the dickens is Her Majesty doing down here all alone in a night like this?" as from the tone of the man's talk, he gathered that the King was not there. However, with Constable Martin it was ever "action front," so switching on his electric torch, he plunged out into the storm, casting the light in front of him, and there,

hopelessly jammed in the snow, was a coach and four horses, the like of which he had never seen before. Two poor devils of postillions sat cowering on their horses' backs trying, with frozen fingers, to prevent the team from turning tail on to the storm, as is the nature of all equines. Behind them, axle deep in the snow-drift, and with nearly as much snow on top of it, the coach had obviously become a fixed feature of the landscape for some time to come.

With the flashlight shining on the coach, Constable Martin saw a woman's face peering through the window, a woman whom many a time he had heard of and seen pictures of, but whom he had never met face-to-face. The fair and slightly oblong face, the slightly hooked aquiline nose, the small but merry-looking black eyes, the thin, decisive lips, and the brilliant auburn hair backed by a spreading embroidered lace ruff, all studded with softly gleaming pearls, showed him at a glance that Royalty was demanding his hospitality and assistance.

Speedier than wireless were the thoughts which crowded into his mind. What cared he for cities now! The country for him! His luck was in! He—a humble country constable—to act as host and entertain his Queen! He had fought for his country and his King, and now, by all the lucky chances, he had been picked out for such an honour! Lord! he'd be the envied one of the whole County Police Force! He would rise to the occasion and, pray Heaven, promoted to Superintendent he surely would be.

As these thoughts raced through his brain, he struggled through the drift and forced open the half-snowed-up door, which, fortunately for the Queen, and for Constable Martin, was on the lee side, or even Royalty might have had a few definite words on the subject of draughts and drip with a loyal but erring subject.

THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES

With the door opened and his helmet knocked off into the snow-drift, our bareheaded limb of the law made his very best kit inspection salute. Then, seeing that the snow threatened to glissade off the roof at any moment, and that the Queen was already stepping out, Constable Martin, with a wise mixture of nervous discretion and valour, stooped down and flung his left arm around the royal skirts as, simultaneously, Royalty clasped her arms around his neck. Then, standing up, he plunged back to the cottage.

Ye Gods! thought Constable Martin. The cling of these bejewelled arms! The very scent of her hair! It filled him with reverent wonderment. Only a few moments ago he, a common or garden Police Constable, a mere microscopical unit of thousands, he who had never seen a King or Queen in his life, nor even had the chance of saying, "Move on, please," to anyone, here he was, selected by the Gods to carry a Queen of the World's Greatest Empire. He—and he alone of all men—was, for the time being, responsible for her comfort, and her welfare, aye! her very life.

For the time being; is it, thought he. As he plunged through that snow-drift with her on his arm, he felt that were that path to reach on to world's end, gladly, steadfastly, proudly, yet with humble loyalty, would he go on treading it.

Ha!—would that a few of these blasted Bolshies and Communists could be there to dispute his path. Lord! he would show them what a trench-trained constable could, and would, do to them. He ground his teeth as he pictured the frenzied joy of such an encounter.

However, no such happy moments having been horoscoped for him, he reached his doorstep, and the Queen, with a smile and a word of thanks, walked in and sat down in his armchair.

Backing out of the Royal presence, Constable Martin bumped into another member of the party, who angrily exclaimed, "Zounds, Sirrah! Must thou go back on

(Continued on page 830)

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).

ADDENDUM TO SURVIVAL

Sir,—Living 6,000 miles from where *LIGHT* is published, one is at a serious disadvantage when desiring to comment upon anything appearing in a particular issue.

In your Editorial of September 19th (that number happened to be delayed in reaching me) I was interested to read the following paragraph:—

"In *proving* Survival, Spiritualism performs a service to humanity, the value of which is beyond calculation. If Christians are ever to secure for themselves an assured belief based on knowledge, and if they are ever to do the work of world evangelisation for which they are commissioned, they will have to learn to look upon Spiritualism as an ally, and not as an enemy."

That statement—so peculiarly apposite at the present time—is (whether Christians are prepared to accept it or not) true beyond all reasonable argument; but I should like to implement it with another statement, equally true and forceful, which furnishes another reason why Christians should "learn to look upon Spiritualism as an ally and not as an enemy."

There is a Scriptural warning, the true significance of which cannot, I think, be understood by pastor or layman who has no knowledge of what is learned through the study of psychic phenomena, though its full meaning *should be* clearly known to every intelligent Spiritualist. It is contained in the following text: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

What those words teach is the unescapable addendum to Survival, as they refer, unmistakably, to the state into which the soul passes immediately upon the death of the body.

As one, among an ever-increasing number, who has had personal experience of what (among Spiritualists) is known as "rescue work," I have learned much of the very sad conditions in which souls may find themselves on the other side of death, when they have passed over in complete ignorance of what may await them there, as the result of the nature of the lives lived by them on earth.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the vital question involved, as any attempt to deal with details would carry one much too far. It should be sufficient for present purposes to indicate, to those Christians who are beginning to take a serious interest in what may be learned through a practical study of Spiritualism, a special line of study which is calculated to be of inestimable value.

Johannesburg, South Africa. T. A. R. PURCHAS.

EXPERIMENTS IN TELEPATHY

Sir,—The other day I found in a trunk, while searching for other things, a letter written me in February, 1919, by my father, Jacob Henrici, who died on November 26th, 1930, aged 80 years. In it he tells of some successful experiments in telepathy.

The letter deals with what father calls his "adventures in search of truth." He tells in it how he was converted from a belief in the materialistic philosophy of the nineteenth century to faith in the existence of a soul that is independent of matter.

Father, in Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania), and a friend, in Sea Gate (New York), 400 miles distant, undertook, in

1905, to communicate with each other telepathetically, At an appointed time on Sunday afternoons they seated themselves in some quiet place, where they could be sure of freedom from disturbance, and endeavoured to place themselves *en rapport*. Immediately after the session they wrote one another, setting forth what, if anything, they had transmitted or received, and posted the letters at once. They had such successes as these:

July 30th, 1905.—Pittsburgh transmitted the word "Unico," taken from a cigar advertisement; Sea Gate got "Mexico." Pittsburgh drew on a sheet of white paper an outline sketch of a door, with a black dot representing the knob; Sea Gate got "a white door with a black knob."

August 20th, 1905.—Sea Gate looked at a nearby lighthouse and transmitted the word "lighthouse"; Pittsburgh got the word "light."

August 27th, 1905.—Sea Gate looked at the troubled waves of the bay and sent the phrase, "Peace, be still"; Pittsburgh got "Peace on earth."

September 3rd, 1905.—Sea Gate sent "Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O Sea"; Pittsburgh got "Tennyson."

Similar experiments which father conducted with members of his family were failures. "I know," father says, "from these and kindred researches, that the mind is not dependent on the senses alone for its content; more and more there has been borne in on me, by independent research, the conviction, expressed by the poet seer, that

'The soul that riseth with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.'

Coraopolis, Penn., U.S.A.

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EDITOR GEORGE H. LETHEM

As We See It

THE YEAR IS DYING

ONCE more we are nearing the end of a year—the
year 1935, and most of us are inclined to say with
Tennyson: "The year is dying . . . let him die." Always we begin the year with high hopes; always we end the year with disappointment and the feeling that there surely must be a better time ahead. We are disillusioned as to the old year, hopeful as to the new. In this we may be neither logical nor grateful—for even at the worst we have all had much for which to be thankful; but yet it is good that we should be impelled to look forward rather than backwards, to hope that the future will be better than the past, both as regards our personal affairs and the affairs of the nation and of the world.

Looking back on the days and months of 1935, it has to be admitted that no very great progress has apparently been made in the chief task to which Spiritualists are committed: namely, to convince the world of science and religion—and through them the greater world as represented by the "man in the street"—that human Survival of death is a fact as natural and as momentous as birth or death. As various events have shown, scientists as a body are not yet ready to consider the evidence for Survival contained in communication from those who have passed on—their reasoning being that attributed by Sir Lawrence Jones (LIGHT, December 19th) to the late Dr. Charles Richet, namely: "Such communications may be most simply explained by the theory of spirit-return, but that is impossible as there are no spirits."

We agree with the suggestion made by Sir Lawrence Jones that, in the coming year, attention should be concentrated to an extent greater than ever before on an effort to prove the reality of the Double (or etheric body) which is the true vehicle of the spirit. "If," said Sir Lawrence, "we could get experimental proof of the existence of the Double, then scientific men would feel they had something to work on."

Already there is much proof of the existence, during physical life, of what Sir Lawrence calls the Double, which others call the Etheric or Spiritual body. There are witnesses ready to swear that they have had verifiable experiences of consciousness apart from the physical body and in a finer body; there are witnesses ready to swear that they have seen the Double apart from the physical body; there are others who testify that they have seen the Double leave the physical body at the moment of physical death. If, to this

MUCH controversy has raged on the genuineness of psychic photographs. For some years I have known of a case which it would be hard to explain away. Names I must not give, but I know intimately everyone concerned. Sir Oliver Lodge is a family friend of the X. family.

In 1917, Mrs. X. (as I shall call her) had a sitting with Mrs. Brittain in London. Mrs. X's husband had died after a short illness in 1916, and she wished to get in touch with him. The sitting was an excellent one. Mrs. Brittain was able to describe and to give veridical messages from Mr. X.

Mrs. Brittain then spoke of a camera having been bought. This was correct. Mrs. X. had, on the previous day, given to one of her sons, who had come up to London for the day, a snapshot camera. (This of course had not been mentioned to Mrs. Brittain). Mrs. Brittain went on to say that Mr. X. said that if his son John would take a photograph of his elder brother, he would try to build up. (The name "John" had not been mentioned, but was quite correct). Following this, Mrs. Brittain gave a most excellent forecast of the future movements of the elder son, which all came to pass.

On Mrs. X's return home, she asked her elder son to allow himself to be photographed in the garden by the younger brother who owned the camera, she herself standing by. This he rather unwillingly did. The boy used up the whole reel. It was then sent to be developed by an optician with a large shop in Edinburgh. As a sideline they develop amateur photographs very satisfactorily. We as a family have always dealt with them.

On the return of the negatives and prints, four of the snapshots were ordinary, on one the word "pax" was written in a corner, and on the last the boy came out well, and standing behind him, leaning on a garden paling, was Mr. X. himself. He wears a soft hat and looks over the paling with head and shoulders visible. One arm is visible leaning on the paling. There is no mistiness, no cotton-wool effect. He looks as ordinary and as distinct as his son. All the family who have seen it agree that it is an excellent likeness of Mr. X. I have examined it myself. I measured it, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $1\frac{5}{8}$ inches. The figures appear close to the camera.

May I suggest that instead of using marked plates, about which there seems to be such endless controversy, these closed spools would obviate the possibility of deceit. Why not, instead of developing them on the spot, send them to any large store which might be chosen haphazard, so that there could be no thought of trickery? This might put an end to the very distressing controversy on this subject.

evidence, there could be added the testimony of the photographic plate, showing, for example, the Double of a living man or the departing Double of a dying man, the case would be so strong that orthodox science would be compelled to take notice—and when science takes notice, the battle will have been won.

Here is a task to which Spiritualists and Psychical Researchers might turn their attention in the New Year more seriously than ever before and with reasonable hopes of success—success which would open a new and better era for the world, in which spiritual values will necessarily rank higher than material values. If, as we suggest, the aid of photography can be called in, progress might be very rapid—and, in view of the unexplored potentialities of the new ultra-violet and infra-red processes with which experiments are being made, this is at least within the bounds of possibility.

LOOKING ROUND THE WORLD

REINCARNATION AGAIN

THERE are always a few people alive who claim to have clear recollections of having lived before. Mr. Shaw Desmond, for instance, often refers to his experiences as a Roman gladiator; and one of his best known novels, *Echo*, is built around these recollections.

From Delhi, India, comes the story (told in the *Sunday Times*) of an eight-year-old girl, Shenti Devi, who says that ten years ago she was the wife of a merchant at Muttra, and died giving birth to a boy whom she speaks of as her son. Names and other particulars given by her have been found to be correct, and when the merchant came to see her she at once recognised him and also his brother.

Pilgrims, we are told, are flocking in thousands to see the girl who tells this strange story, which seems to support the view of reincarnation put forward by Allen Kardec, the French Spiritualist—which was that re-birth may, and often does, take place after a very brief interval.

"WEEK-END VISITS

Theosophists, if we remember correctly, allow a much longer interval on the "other side," averaging about 1,500 years. If the Kardec view is right, then—to use Miss Geraldine Cummins' simile—our visits to the "other side" will be just like "week-ends;" but if, on the other hand, the Theosophist view is right, then it is our lives here which are like week-ends in comparison to the 1,500 years or more in the astral and spiritual spheres.

But it is not quite certain that either of these views is correct, or indeed, that re-birth in a physical body ever takes place. There are other theories which account quite plausibly for these recollections, and recently we have been given the assurance of the communicator of the Myers' scripts (who is believed on good grounds to be Frederic Myers himself) that there is no general law of reincarnation.

CHRISTMAS—A "MYSTERY"

"It is a good thing," says Mr. Rolt-Wheeler in his Editorial in the Christmas number of *L'Astrosophie* (Nice) to have your Christmas tree, and beneath it the figures of Joseph and Mary and the Babe in the stable; not only in the churches, but in the homes. For Christmas," he says, "is a Mystery just in the same way as any of the other ancient so-called Mysteries—that is to say, a spiritual truth appealing pictorially not to the intellect, but to the subconscious."

"Even a crude representation," he writes, "which might seem puerile to our intelligence, may nevertheless profoundly affect our soul . . . The mere act of kneeling may in itself constitute a prayer . . . The coloured windows of a cathedral, the images, the vestments, all make their appeal to the subconscious. 'The Birth of a Redeemer,' explained to us as an abstract theory, leaves us cold; but the pictured representation of the birth of the little child, the manger in the stable at Bethlehem, with the ox and the ass standing by, the gentle Mother with her halo, worshipping shepherds and the Magi with their camels, makes the mystery of the Incarnation not a doctrine, but a profoundly effective memory."

A NEW ZEALAND QUEST CLUB

A Quest Club has recently been opened at Auckland, New Zealand, and has been visited by two workers from this country, Mrs. Ida Rolleston and Mrs. Gladys Davies. The Secretary of the Club, Mrs. L. Oldfield, writes that these two Mediums proved their high standard of mediumship, in trance address, clairvoyance, diagnosis and healing, and that the new club hopes to be able to raise the status of Spiritualism in New Zealand, where it has suffered by being regarded largely as a means towards material ends. The English Quest Club sends all good wishes to its New Zealand sister for continuance and prosperity in their work.

L.S.A.'s NEXT SESSION

THE L.S.A. winter lecture session, which closed with the discussion on the new Myers' script, *Beyond Human Personality*, with Miss Geraldine Cummins, the automatist, in the chair, has been exceptionally interesting; and the indications are that the Spring session, which begins during January, will be even more notable. As already announced in *LIGHT*, the Caxton Hall discussions are to go on, the next meeting of the series being fixed for January 23rd, when the case for Spiritualism will be effectively presented, and detailed replies given to the attacks made at the meeting on December 5th.

We understand that the Wednesday series of lectures on the Teachings of Spiritualism as a Guide to Life are to be continued in a new and attractive form; and that the other, and more personal, educative and inquiry activities of the L.S.A. will be developed to the fullest possible extent.

The facilities offered to members by the L.S.A., it should always be remembered, include access to the best psychic library in London (if not in the world), and the use of most attractive club rooms.

A really good resolution for the coming New Year (for those who are not yet members) would be to join the L.S.A. and Quest Club.

MESSAGES ON A MOUNTAIN

Neither by taking David's "wings of the eagle" nor by descending to the nethermost depths can we escape the presence of the spirit-world, whether we are aware of this or not. A Swiss doctor musician tells the *Zeitschrift fuer Seelenleben* how he was climbing in the Alps this summer with a young student. They were overtaken by a snowstorm many thousand feet above sea-level and obliged to spend a couple of nights shut up together in a hut. Dr. Renker was kept awake by what he took at first to be the ticking of some insect in the wood of the wall; he indignantly rejected the supernatural explanation given by his companion when the latter was roused from sleep by the doctor's angry banging on the wall to drive away the insect—as he thought. They were shut off from the world, they had nothing else to do, and the young man in the end convinced Dr. Renker that theappings emanated from a spirit-control of his who was trying to give some kind of a message.

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AN EARLY MYSTIC

By M. L. CHRISTLIEB

THERE is an old German book, published in Munich in 1814 and now long out of print, called *Leben Heiliger Seelen* (The Lives of Holy Souls). An English copy is said to exist, and the writer would be extremely grateful to any reader who knows where it could be seen.

It was the reading of this book that gave rise to the question whether an age less sophisticated and more simple than our own did not produce an atmosphere in which heavenly things were more easily apprehended by receptive souls? It would seem as though these men and women of the middle ages, through their very childlikeness reached an awareness of God—anthropomorphic perhaps, but very real in its effect upon their lives—that we with all our greater knowledge and advancement find so difficult of achievement.

Take the case of Marina, of Escobar, the daughter of a Spanish professor. From the early age of four, she constantly had visions of the Christ and of angels, had direct personal conversations with them, which she faithfully records, and passed through periods of highest rapture. These, however, were followed by corresponding periods of doubt, of worldliness and frivolity, culminating in years of intense spiritual agony and self-condemnation.

As a child of ten she one day wandered from home to be recalled by a voice which said to her: "Where are you going?" "To seek God," was the reply, and the answer came: "I am God Whom you seek. I sought you before you sought me. Come with me."

But always the darkness returned after a time: "God allowed Satan to assault me," she wrote, "my soul found no rest anywhere, my conscience tormented me, my body wasted away, and at times I came near to losing my reason."

Sometimes it was a fresh vision of the Lord Himself that changed the intense darkness into radiant light; sometimes it was the wise counsel or the stern discipline of an understanding Confessor. Finally it would almost appear as though she was carried in spirit into heaven; and after that she found more or less permanent peace. Of this visit to heaven she says: "I wanted to remain there, freed of earth, but the Divine Majesty said: 'The time has not yet come.' I wanted then to describe something of the way in which God's saints are blessed in heaven, but I found no words; these things cannot be explained." (See footnote).

In the year 1599, she tells us, the Lord began to urge her to let herself be used for others. She began to go about, to monasteries, in the street and in the market place, speaking to all and sundry of the wondrous love of God, and winning, we are told, many souls. Finally, she gathered round her a number of other women; with them she lived a holy life, though one of incessant activity.

The last years of her long life were a martyrdom of physical suffering, but she never again lost her inward peace and ineffable joy. She died on July 9th, 1633, in the 80th year of her life.

[NOTE.—The inability of Marina to put into words her impressions of existence on the "other side" strongly recalls a message to the same effect received through Miss Naomi Bacon, in which the Communicator said: "When you are there, you could not bring back to earth the glory of it. Everyone here is of one mind. On earth there is Babel, but here, perfect harmony. Every flower even makes harmony, it emits light and sound. The light is dazzling; unless you are ready for it, it would scorch you. Where we enter, if you are not in tune, you could not bear it. The place I speak of is The Holiest. Think of distance, height, going up, greater perception—how wonderful is this atmosphere! But if you stay too long, it unfits you for the lower spheres."]

FOREKNOWLEDGE

By WINIFRED GRIFFITH

THE following occurrence happened in our family many years ago.

We were six brothers and sisters living in —shire. My father, the late Rev. John Brown, was Rector of Coddington for thirty years. On looking back on past years one understands now that he had undoubted psychic faculties, but as young people we did not understand things he sometimes said to us.

My eldest sister, Evelyn, became (during my mother's long illness) his very constant companion; and, after my mother's death she became even more necessary at home. We were all a most devoted family, but I think possibly my eldest sister was more to him than any of us, and she, as it happened, was alone at our home for the latter years of his life, as we had all married or gone out into the world.

In June, 1905, to our very great grief, my father passed on, greatly beloved by us, his children, and by his parishioners. My sister had to leave the home of thirty years and went to my brother, who lived in a village in the south of England.

At this time of her life, my sister contemplated a step that we, as a family, thought unwise, as it would not have made for her happiness, and we all asked her not to do it—but it was a difficult thing to ask, as she was of very marked personality, great intellect, and generally entirely adapted to know what she wanted herself. I think, perhaps, one point in this story is that we tried in all affection to prevent her taking this step, and seemed unable to do so.

However, one night till quite late, she and my brother talked over the matter, and he gave his view in all kindness of spirit. My sister told me she went up to bed feeling utterly worn out, not knowing what to do over the matter and, I am sure, feeling very lonely.

She then went to bed, still thinking and trying to come to some decision—when suddenly, as she told me, our father stood near her bedside, looked very intently at her (she said dressed as usual in the familiar clerical clothes which he always wore—she noticed particularly the way he looked at her) and said: "Don't do it, don't do it, there are other things reserved for you."

She then put out her hands to him and said: "Stay with me," and he answered: "I cannot—I must go—I am wanted in Coddington" (his parish).

My sister said she was not frightened, but awed. The result was that next morning she told my brother what had occurred, and said her mind was at rest, and the step, because of this, was never taken.

The interest to Spiritualists, I think, is this: the amazing knowledge my father had of my sister's future. This appearance occurred to her in September, 1905, three months after he had passed on, and not only did he show his loving interest in his daughter but he knew other things were to be for her.

In 1909 she married a well-known man, whom at the time of my father's appearance she had never met nor heard of. From that time my sister went ahead in public work in great societies. In 19—, she became head of a society in the Diocese of —, and five years after that was elected head of the largest Guild of women in the world, and was, by her wise counsel and influence, a great directing power for good, in her important office for many years—truly "other things were reserved." My sister passed out of this life years ago.

"RED CLOUD" ALBERT HALL MEETING

We learn that the demand for tickets for admission to the "Red Cloud" meeting at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on Sunday evening, January 5th, is so great that it seems certain the hall (which holds 7,000 people) will be filled to its fullest capacity. The special feature of the meeting will be Mrs. Estelle Roberts' clairvoyant descriptions. (For particulars see page 823.)

WAS IT EDGAR ALLEN POE?

THE PROBLEM OF A POEM

By HECTOR WAYLEN

TURNING over the pages of an old volume of *The Spiritual Magazine* (forgotten in these days, but which did good service under the editorship of William Howitt, in the middle of the last century), I came across a poem said to have been given, impromptu, through Miss Lizzie Doten, an American trance Medium, at the close of a lecture delivered in Boston, U.S.A., in 1861. The inspirer of the poem is stated to have been Edgar Allen Poe, who passed over in 1849; and the Medium is said to have been quite incapable of such a production herself. Whoever composed those verses, they are simply splendid, and as communications from the realms of spirit-life are more widely recognised, in these days, than they were eighty years ago, it seemed to me that they were worth reprinting.

But were they really from Poe? That pseudo-poets, assuming great names, have caused their Mediums to perpetrate "poetry" of the most vapid and wishy-washy description is well known to students of the literature of Spiritualism. It is also to be recognised that writers, here on earth, can turn out clever imitations in style; the celebrated "Rejected Addresses" for example. By what standard of judgment, then, can we test the authenticity of such a poem as this; lacking any corroborative proof from psychic sources? By its moral applicability only, taking literary merit into consideration, and peculiarities of expression. But before the poem is read let us briefly recall the main facts in Poe's sad life; and in doing so I deal mainly with his love-affairs, for reasons that will be seen.

EDGAR ALLEN POE'S CAREER

Edgar Allen Poe was born in Boston in 1809. His parents dying when he was quite young, he became the adopted son of a Virginian tobacco planter. His first love, while yet a boy, was for a woman of thirty-one, who died. This deeply affected him, and he would lie, even in bad weather, prostrate upon her grave. Next came a girl of about his own age, Sarah Royster, who, however, was soon married off in another direction by her parents. Poe finally married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a girl of thirteen, beautiful, but consumptive. She died in 1847. As is well known, he had become a dipsomaniac, getting into bad habits of drinking and gambling, even in University days.

His career, which might have been so truly brilliant and helpful to mankind by the wiser use of his faculties, was marred by his inability to master temptation, and thus he has only left us those "tales" of weird and uncanny character, and the few poems which have earned him such fame as he has, but which are surely only a fitful shadow of what he might have accomplished. Those of his critics who have written severely of his faults say he hastened his wife's death through his way of life. Probably so: exactly what the inner aspect of their mutual relationship was, at all times, we do not know. His aunt, Mrs. Clemm, who kept house for the two, said he was always a devoted husband. On the other hand, he wrote to Mrs. Whitman, after his wife's death, declaring that he had never loved Virginia as he loved her. This lady he had met in 1845. In 1848 she would have married him on condition that he gave up alcohol entirely, but as he failed to do so the marriage did not take place. Poe's essay called "Eleonora," written in 1842, seems to anticipate a spiritual severance from Virginia. They had no children.

In his last year, 1849, he became very devoted to another man's wife, Annie Richmond, to whom those excellent lines "For Annie," are addressed. The friendship does not appear to have been objected to by the family concerned. This apparently passed by, and then, on meeting his early love, Sarah, now a widow, marriage was arranged, only to be prevented by his

death, through drink and delirium, in a hospital at Baltimore. His last words were: "God have mercy on my poor soul."

What judgment can we pass upon this man? Well is it for us that we are not called upon to be each others' judges. We may, however, consider his case, as it may seem to our limited understanding of human life.

Of Celtic ancestry, he was psychic and emotional. His parents were theatre people, and his foster-parents, who petted and spoiled him, were by no means ideal moral guides. He read some Swedenborg, and had a distinct leaning to the occult. An entirely "bad" man I do not think he was, although his faults and vices were very serious. An "unregenerate" soul, shall we say, but with capacities for good. He had a sense of the beautiful and sublime, artistic instincts, and a wonderful imagination. Woman was to him an ideal, and his "fancy-formed Lenore," who comes into several other poems besides "The Raven," was a creature of imagination whom he never quite met, and was never quite realised in his various experiences with regard to the opposite sex.

WHAT HE WISHED TO SHOW

Assuming that the following verses were really his (and I do not know why they should not be so regarded), he apparently wished to show that the love of sex, purified, was the means of saving him from those gloomy regions in which souls remain bound when sense-indulgences have been dominant in their earth-lives. Whether she who brought this to him, in the other life, was Virginia, he does not tell us. According to Swedenborg, and other teachers as well, permanent unions in the next life are not necessarily continuations of earthly marriages. It depends upon whether the "conjugal principle," to use Swedenborg's special term for soul-union as distinguished from legal conjugality and mere sex-attraction in undeveloped natures, existed in them or not. In such a man as Poe, we can believe, I think, that this principle, if unrealised in his earth-life, would be made the means of his further progress.

One word upon the diction of this poem. In the "Raven," which it closely resembles in style, there is a piece of balderdash. He adjures this prophet bird—"prophet still, if bird or devil"—"by the God we both adore," to tell him what he wants to know.

But this is a misuse of language, for neither birds nor devils can be rightly said consciously to "adore" God. Now, in the post-mortem poem he claims to have found in what true adoration consists. In his purgatorial state he spoke of adoring a human being; but no created being can ever be an object of adoration to a soul that is filled with the love of God. Transcending this state he then tells us that he knows now "first and only, how to love and to adore," and the best construction we can put upon the words is to assume that he had now learned a deeper lesson of Divine Love. In a larger realisation of pure humanity and spiritual receptivity, he now knows what it is to adore God.

Since writing the above, I find that the poem was republished in a small volume of verse, "Poems from the Inner Life," by Lizzie Doten (Boston 1868), which has passed through several editions, but is not much known, I think, in Britain. I was interested to find that in a later communication—"The Prophecy of Vala"—Poe himself tacitly criticised his previous poem, saying,

"For the soul in its unfolding,

Evermore its thought remoulding,

Learns more truly, in its progress, 'how to love and to adore.'"

And in another, "The Streets of Baltimore," he adds that now he drinks "fresh inspiration from the Source which I adore."

Miss Doten was clairvoyante and normally inspirational. Both from her Preface, and from the

(Continued on page 830)

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THE NEW SESSION

The New Session opens with the week commencing January 13th, and particulars of the first meetings will be announced next week.

THE NEW SYLLABUS WILL BE READY SHORTLY.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY, President of the London Spiritualist Alliance, entertained the members of the Alliance at a Christmas party, on the evening of Tuesday, December 17th. The party was held at Sunderland House, Mayfair, as Miss Lind's original idea of entertaining the guests at her own house was abandoned owing to unforeseen circumstances.

During the evening, violin solos were given by Miss Christine Delius, a personal friend of Miss Lind and a member of the Council. Miss Delius gave several items, which were played with great feeling and sympathy. Lonie Basche accompanied at the piano.

The musical programme also contained many carols and Christmas songs, given by a quartet consisting of Nellie Carson, Mary Morris, Ian Glennie and Cuthbert Kelly. The voices of these singers were beautifully blended, and the performance gave very great pleasure to all.

Many distinguished people were present, including the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Harris, Mr. Frank Romer, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Cammell, Dr. Fielding-Ould, Dr. J. Braun and Mr. John G. Findlay. Many of our leading Mediums were also present.

The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and many expressions of thanks to Miss Lind were heard for so pleasant a party.

THE PRESIDENT

Miss Lind-Af-Hageby has recently addressed a number of meetings, in addition to those under the auspices of the L.S.A. On Sunday evening, December 1st, she spoke to a crowded gathering at the Grotrian Hall, London (Spiritualist Community); on Tuesday evening, December 3rd, the Duchess of Hamilton and Miss Lind were the speakers at a great meeting in the Albert Hall, Leeds, arranged by the Leeds Psychic Research Society; and on Monday, December 16th, she spoke on "Survival and Modern Thought" at a meeting of the Tankerton Hall (Kent) Lecture Society, with which Mrs. Osborne Leonard (the famous trance Medium) is connected.

OTFORD BRANCH

Mrs. Brittain paid a very welcome visit to the Otford (Kent) branch on Wednesday, December 18th, and gave a demonstration of clairvoyance to an attentive and interested audience.

THE OLD YEAR SPEAKS

By W. H. EVANS

SUCH odd fancies come into my mind that I sometimes wonder whether I belong to the earth, or to the kingdom of elves and fairies. It is as if a breeze from another world blew over my soul and quickened into life the hidden side of Nature—or, rather, opened my eyes to see it.

Sitting musing by the fire in the evening, I felt how delightful it is to be able to make use of the stored-up sunlight of other days. I thought I would just peep out into the night; so, drawing the curtains, I saw the world resting in the starlight. There was no moon, and the tender effulgence of the stars enfolded the world.

I went into the garden towards my oak. It was very still; and, with no leaves, there was not even a whisper, but the stars shone down even as they did on that wonderful night when the angels sang of peace and good-will to man. I sighed regretfully that peace seemed so very far away; but my friendly oak, looking gaunt and bare in the starlight, seemed to sway towards me as though to assure me that it was coming, though seemingly delayed. And then I saw—

Underneath the oak was one whom there was no mistaking—Father Time, or was it the Old Year? Well, they are one and the same. With him was a boy, quite small, dressed in a suit of blue and gold, trimmed with irises, and I rejoiced in the promise. He looked bright and quick-witted in the star-shine. Father Time Old Year had a big book, and an ink-horn, and a quill pen, which he was holding out to the boy, who looked up at him with enquiring eyes.

Said Old Year in a deep, rich voice, in which there wasn't even the suspicion of a quaver of age—"Here is the book, the page is clean, and on it you will record the secret thoughts and actions of men."

"How dreadful," said the boy, "must it all go down?" "Yes, all."

The boy took the book; and, as he did so, a slight breeze ruffled its pages, so that he saw some of those which had been written on. He uttered a little cry.

"What dreadful things are written. Is man so very wicked?"

"Old Year sighed: "Yes, still very wicked, but there are signs of repentance."

"You think he will repent?" asked the boy.

"If he does not," said Old Year, sternly, "then troubles like a flail will fall upon him."

The boy took the book and looked on the virgin page. Then, taking the pen, he dipped it in the ink and gravely wrote: "May man be wise and worthy of happiness."

I could read it from where I stood, and I thought: "What a wonderful child." Then I looked into his eyes and saw they were full of the wisdom of past and coming days.

Old Year took his hand and, for a while, relieved him of the book. Together they went across the field till the night mists hid them from view.

I was alone, but in my heart there was a stirring, and I remembered the little grey dove which had come to me many years ago as a gift from the unseen. As I turned to go in and caught the glow of the fire on the curtains, I felt, coming from the dove, a great peace.

And so, to all my friends, I pray there may come to them the great peace, and abide throughout the year.

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11 a.m.—Mr. ERNEST HUNT
Clairvoyante: Miss Lily Thomas
6.30 p.m.—Rev. MAURICE ELLIOTT
Clairvoyante: Mrs. Helen Spiers.
Sunday, January 5th, at 11 a.m. ... Rev. C. DRAYTON THOMAS
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Sunday, January 5th, at 6.30 p.m. Mr. G. H. LETHEM
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Clairvoyante: Mrs. Bateman

Wednesday, January 1st.—Speaker: Mrs. St. Clair Stobart
Clairvoyante: Miss Lily 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.
7.45 p.m.—Mrs. Bird, Circle for Trance Diagnosis and for Instruction
of potential healers.
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.
6 p.m.—Mrs. Bird's Ladies' Healing Circle. For appointments write
to Miss Robertson, Hon. Sec.
Thursday. Miss Lily Thomas, by appointment.
7 p.m.—Mrs. Bird's Mixed Healing Circle. For appointments write
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Friday. 2.30—4 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart welcomes enquirers.

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See special advertisement on page 825.

For particulars of weekday activities at Headquarters, Marylebone House,
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A WINTER'S TALE

(Continued from page 822)

thy tracks and tread on our Royal susceptibilities? By my halidom! thy well-shod pedantries do cause our kingly toes to call on heaven for vengeance! But what say you, dear Bess? Shall we use our Royal prerogatives and, while demanding hospitality, pardon our host for his very pressing attentions?"

"Gadzooks!" the Queen replied, half shivering and half laughing, "'twere wisest, good King Charles, that we withhold both judgments and our pardons till we first sample the good host's food and cheer for which, forsooth, in this tempestuous spuming storm our very souls do crave."

"Great Scot," muttered Constable Martin. "Two of them! This is the very devil!"

"No, sir!" laughed the King, as he brushed the snow flecks from his long, dark curls, "you wrong him! We are but the King, and this my fair kinswoman, the Queen of England. But now you have the vantage of us; we know not yet thy name and station, sir. Present thyself!"

"I beg your Majesties' pardon. I am Constable Martin, of the Culmer County Police Force."

"Ah!" said the King, as he "looked down" the long, straight nose and fingered his moustache and imperial chin tuft, "we judged from thy somewhat sombre habiliments that thou wast one of our most worthy servants. What be thy duties in these parts?"

"Well, sir, my duties are somewhat varied, but my chief job, apart from setting traps for road hogs, is to arrest all law-breakers and bring them up to Court."

"Godzooks! we oft have wondered why there were so many rascals at our Court. Marry! Methinks our valued servant here hath much to answer for. 'Twill need some generous cups to drown our sorrow of it."

"How, now good host! what remedy hast thou got, besides this country fire, to warm the cockles of our heart?"

"Well, sir, I'm T.T. myself, but we keep a bottle of whisky for emergencies and accidents."

"My Faith," said the King. "We know it not, but doubtless it is good, so indenture us as accidents most grievous, we'll sample this new wine of thine!"

"Elizabeth! We fill thy glass till runs it o'er, and Faith! our own will not be less, but mark ye, Martin Constable, it is not meet that we carouse with commoners, nor leave thy years of honest service unrewarded. So kneel, sir! kneel! and on thy knees swear to us allegiance."

"The Queen, with bodkin bared, doth cross our drawn sword, and so, in manner Scots, we pledge our good faith, and smite thee neck and shoulder."

"Rise thee, Sir Martin Constable, Sargeant d'armes, and on return to whence we came, thy rank shall be confirmed. We drink thy health!"

"My Faith—that—Black—and—White—is devilish strong! To clutch—our breath!—we've loosed our sword" . . . and with the clattering noise of that falling sword and the Queen's gasping coughs, Constable Martin awoke to find Sergeant Brayne banging at his door.

"Lor! what a night it is, said the Sergeant. I've struggled round to tell you not to go out to-night, Martin. You'd be snowed up before you'd gone a mile, so put that kettle on and let's have some tea. Hillo! reading the local rag, eh? What's the latest lie? Ah, here we are:"

"'Belford Conservative Association Fancy Dress Ball. First Prize, Mrs. O'Passler as Queen Elizabeth. Second Prize, Col. Biscore as King Charles.' . . . Oh! that reminds me, I've got some news for you, Martin. The Chief tells me you're promoted Sergeant, come Christmas, at Charlesford. How's that?"

"Gadzooks"—remembered Martin. "Then they *did* keep faith with me!"

WAS IT EDGAR ALLEN POE?

(Continued from page 827)

whole six poems, which she gives as from E. A. Poe, it is evident that they were written from a state which, while free from the penalties of his immediately post-mortem condition, did not, as yet, transcend the intermediate state. He had come near "Heaven's Gate," but there was still much detachment to be effected from the psychic conditions of his old personality. In the last of these poems, called "Farewell to the Earth," he says that the angels are now calling to him to "Come up Higher"; and Miss Doten concludes: "As he last appeared to me he was full of majesty and strength, self-poised and calm, and it would seem by the expression of his countenance, radiant with victory. Around his brow was an olive wreath, whose leaves glowed with fire. He stood upon the side of a mountain which was white and glittering like crystal, and the full tide of inspiration to which he gave utterance could not be comprehended in human speech."

RESURREXI

From the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love supernal,
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor;

Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine for evermore.

Once before I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal,
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door;

Then I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing,
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour.

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings as of yore;

But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more:

Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens—
Human vampires, sordid cravens—
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore:

Life and I then seemed mismated,
For I seemed accursed, and fated,
Like a restless wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,
Did the purple pulsing life-tide through its fevered channels pour:

Till the golden bowl, Life's token,
Into shining shards was broken,
And my chained and chafing spirit leapt from out its prison door.

But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying,
Ye who guide the fates and furies, give, Oh! give me, I implore,

From the myriad hosts of nations,
From the countless constellations,
One pure spirit that can love me; one that I too can adore.

(Continued at foot of next column).

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WAS IT EDGAR ALLEN POE ?
(Continued from previous column).
Through this fervent aspiration
Found my fainting soul salvation,
For, from out its blackened fire-crypts, did my
quicken'd spirit soar;
And my beautiful ideal,
Not too saintly to be real,
Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-formed
Lenore.
Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love
upbore :
Like a lone one weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the
heavenly shore.
Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls
for evermore.
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love has saved me,
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to
adore.
Oh my mortal friends and brothers,
We are each and all another's,
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure
has the more.
Would you lose your life, you find it,
And in giving love you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety to your heart for evermore.

The communication referred to in the second verse of the above is said, in the *Spiritual Magazine* (April, 1861), to have been published, but not to have been equal in quality to the present production.

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