

LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUALISM AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

VOL. LXXIII. No. 3395

MARCH, 1953

WHAT LIGHT STANDS FOR

LIGHT proclaims a belief in the existence and life of the spirit apart from, and independent of, the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate. This position it firmly and consistently maintains. Its columns are open to a full and free discussion conducted in the spirit of honest, courteous and reverent inquiry, its only aim being, in the words of its motto: "Light! More Light!"

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LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE LTD.

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MEETINGS IN MARCH

TUESDAYS AT 6.30 (Free to Members. Non-members 2/- on 10th and 24th).
(Coffee and Sandwiches served at 6 p.m.)

March	3rd	"CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT ?"	Miss Crystal Rogers.
"	10th	DEMONSTRATION OF CLAIRVOYANCE	Mr. F. Jordan-Gill.
"	17th	"OUR SURROUNDINGS IN THE NEXT WORLD"	
"	24th	DEMONSTRATION OF CLAIRVOYANCE	Mr. R. A. Woollven.
"	31st	"THE DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMSHIP," III	Mrs. Ena Twigg.
			Mr. Arthur Bhaduri.

WEDNESDAYS AT 3. Members 1/-, Non-Members 1/6 (including Tea.)

March	4th	"THE IMPLICATION OF APPORTS"	Mr. H. Stuart Berry.
"	11th	"LOOKING BACK"	Mrs. J. D. Coleridge.
"	18th	"SPIRIT SHADOWS"	Mrs. E. M. Taylor
"	25th	"GOOD EVIDENCE FROM POOR SITTINGS"	Miss C. Chaundler.
April	1st	"MME. BLAVATSKY"	Miss Ursula Low.

THURSDAY LECTURE 6.30 p.m. (Coffee and Sandwiches served at 6 p.m.)
Members, free ; Members' Guests, 1/- ; Non-Members, 2/-

March 26th "WHAT ARE THE MECHANICS OF THE PARANORMAL ?"

Major D. B. Stevens, R.M., A.C.A.

The President, Brigadier Firebrace, will preside.

SUNDAY AT-HOME. (Admission 2/6, including Tea.)

March 15th 3 to 5.30.

Speaker : Mrs. SITWELL

Clairvoyance : Mrs. Frank Brown.

Presentation to Miss MERCY PHILLIMORE

PRIVATE SITTINGS WITH MEDIUMS arranged daily between 10.30 a.m. and 5 p.m. and during sessions in the evenings on Tuesdays and Thursdays—Mrs. Elizabeth Bedford, Mrs. Annie Brittain, Mrs. Frank Brown, Mr. Douglas Johnson, Mr. F. Jordan-Gill, Mr. John Lovette, Mrs. Mary Methven, Miss Thirza Smith, Mrs. Ena Twigg, and others approved by the Council.

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Open discussion in the pages of LIGHT is welcome, but the Editor cannot be held responsible for views expressed by contributors.

Sidelights

BELIEF in fairies and nature spirits has never completely died; witnesses of unimpeachable integrity and veracity claim to have seen them, and there can be no possible doubt in such instances at any rate of the sincerity of the claim. Whether some such form of life does in fact obtain in an order of existence other than that familiar to us, whether there resides within human personality some sort of creative power the fruits of which can become temporarily externalised, or whether what is seen is an hallucination having its origin in some such creative urge, is at present an unsolved mystery. Whatever the explanation, it is felt that readers will take pleasure in renewing their acquaintance with a friend of their childhood, Hans Andersen, the story of whose life and psychic tendencies appears in this issue of LIGHT.

* * *

TWO interesting notes have been sent us by a correspondent (F.E.L.) on island folk-lore and island life. The former is in regard to a book on *The Island of Jersey To-day*, by R. C. F. Maugham (re-published in 1950) which has a fascinating chapter on the folk-lore and superstitions of the island, containing many stories of haunting and psychical experiences. One of the most striking is that of the distressing atmosphere of an otherwise beautiful and comfortable old parlour in an old stone-built house. The polished floor of dark oak, the deeply inset latticed windows, the wide fireplace, all invited to safety and repose; yet there was no security of mind there. Sitting late and alone there one evening the mistress of the house witnessed

X

a scene which ended in her losing consciousness. What impressed our correspondent most in the recital was the behaviour of the "valuable cat," which "was never happy in that room—could indeed be induced with difficulty to enter or remain long in it. One evening, the animal burst, unaccountably, into a state of wild excitement, and on the door being opened rushed tumultuously away from the room to which nothing would induce it to return." A very similar scene is described in a book on natural history published last century, and "since animals do not read books or periodicals dealing with their reactions to unseen influences," our correspondent comments, "I have always considered their testimony in these ways quite as valuable as any that finds its way into print."

The second note possesses entirely different associations. It refers to an article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on the Fiji Islands, from which it is interesting to learn that the original (cannibal) natives were so firmly persuaded of the continuity of life that they quite "kindly" killed off their old and sick relatives. Since death was only an incident, the opening of the door, why object to it? It occurs to one that the Christian missionaries must have found the ground better prepared for them than would be the case today in our "civilisation."

* * *

THE International Spiritualist Federation, the purpose of which is to foster closer relationship between spiritualist organisations and individual spiritualists throughout the world, announces that owing to pressure of business Miss Joan Cocks has had to relinquish the Editorship of their Journal *Yours Fraternally* and that they have been fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Horace Leaf, F.R.G.S. in that capacity.

* * *

THE PAST GLORIES OF MEDIUMSHIP were the subject of a talk by Mrs. Hankey at the Alliance on a recent Wednesday afternoon, when she spoke mainly of physical mediumship, both as recorded in the 19th century, and from her own experiences thirty years ago, in comparison with mediumship today. It is hoped that these observations will be published in LIGHT later on.

The President, from the Chair, extended a specially hearty welcome to Mrs. Osborne Leonard, who was present on this occasion. Members who had heard of the renown of Mrs. Leonard, and perhaps had read her books but had never seen her, were delighted to have the opportunity of meeting this gifted sensitive, and particularly of hearing at

first-hand the personal experiences and opinions which she contributed to the discussion. Mrs. Hankey said she considered Mrs. Leonard's presence an honour, and felt it was also a reward to the members who had braved the inclement weather to attend the meeting.

* * *

STRUCTURAL alterations at Queensberry Place. The officers of the Alliance wish to thank members, visitors, and all workers for the tolerance and patience they have shown during the past few months in enduring the discomforts of the carpetless stairs, the noise of hammerings and other disturbances unavoidably caused during the work that has been done to the top two floors of the building. It is hoped that before this paragraph appears in print, the work of the conversion will have been completed, and peace and comfort will have been restored.

* * *

SAGITTARIUS and the Spitting Cat was the dramatic and intriguing title of an astrological map shown by Mrs. Margaret Hone, Vice-Principal and Director of Studies of The Faculty of Astrological Studies and Author of the *Textbook of Astrology* when she lectured on "Symbolism from the unconscious" at the Alliance on 22nd January.

Mrs. Hone briefly outlined the case history of a young woman, who was a talented artist, but whose ability to paint had entirely failed when she was about 21 years of age, when she entered a period of prolonged and severe physical ill-health and emotional disturbance. Some seventeen years later, after she had undergone several operations and received much medical treatment, she came in contact with certain influences which contributed to her ultimate recovery and during this latter period the gift of painting returned, but of quite a different type from formally. During a period of about eight years, the artist produced a series of 24 pictures, which, in Mrs. Hone's opinion, definitely expressed symbolism from the unconscious, of which the artist was quite ignorant and in which she seemed entirely disinterested.

Mrs. Hone had drawn an astrological map relating to the artist, which was entitled "Sagittarius and the Spitting Cat" and which was used as a reference during the lecture. The particular 24 pictures under consideration were shown, one by one, to the audience as Mrs. Hone described their meaning, corresponding in detail with the astrological signifiers of the map in their relation to the history of the artist.

Prediction

BY R. F. C. O'BRIEN

THE gift of prediction was a feature of religion in earlier times. We find it with the Pythoness or Priestess of the Delphic Oracle, the Sibylline prophetesses and the Major and Minor prophets of Holy Writ; and at the beginning of the present era, in the early Christian Church, prophecy ranked second in importance only to Apostleship. Then, in the second century when the Church had become somewhat secularised, there arose a sect—the Montanists—whose purpose was to restore the former spirituality and austerity of the Church, but whose prophetic utterance was brought about by working themselves into a state of ecstatic frenzy, similar to that of the Whirling Dervishes of the Sudan, and this was their undoing. The Church looked on these activities askance, and an edict was issued branding such manifestations as of the Devil and not of God; and prophecy ceased thereafter to be a recognised part of the ceremonial of the Church. But such attempts to check natural gifts only result in driving them underground. It is as impossible to change human nature as the leopard's spots, and so this human quality of prediction continues to function in some form until the present day.

The Greek word for prophecy had originally two meanings: the first, "forth-telling," or a proclamation of the will of God, which might depend for its fulfilment upon some other conditions; and "foretelling," which was a definite statement of fact regarding a predestined future. A good example of the former is found in the book of Jonah, where the Almighty instructed the prophet to go to the King of Nineveh, capital of Assyria, and warn him that owing to the evil mode of life of his people, Nineveh was to be destroyed in forty days. When the King heard this, he ordered a general fast, the wearing of sackcloth and ashes, and united prayer that this punishment might be averted. And we learn that God marked this act of repentance and that the evil was accordingly not brought to pass. Jonah was so angry at having thus "lost face" that he was taken to task by the Almighty for putting his status as a seer above the happiness of his fellows. This then was a case of "forth-telling," when the fulfilment of the prophecy depended upon Assyria's continuance in their evil ways. They did not so continue, and the prophecy was not fulfilled.

An example of the second form of prophecy is the ancient tradition in the Middle East, that Jerusalem should one day be freed from the Infidel by the "Prophet of the Lord," who would not ride into the city like a conqueror, but merely walk in and set it free. The two words for "Prophet of the Lord" were the Arabic "Allah" for Lord, and the Hebrew "Nabi" for "Prophet." So "Allah Nabi" was to set Jerusalem free.

In 1917 this had a striking fulfilment. In that year Jerusalem was freed from the domination of the Turk by Allenby, which is very similar in sound to Allah Nabi; and General Allenby as he then was, knowing of this prediction, did not ride, but walked into the city and thus completed fulfilment of the prophecy.

We find prediction hard to accept, because we tend to divide time into three compartments—past, present and future. We say we can remember the past, but that we cannot foresee the future which is as yet unborn, and all we can do in fact is to grasp the present. But time is not like that. When we hear a motor car coming and we follow it past with our eyes and say "That's Shell, that was," we get a better description of the passage of time. We cannot grasp even the present, which is gone in a flash, and there are no compartments. Time is like "an ever rolling stream."

Let us imagine we are standing on the bank of that stream; a broad river, sometimes rough, sometimes smooth, sometimes dangerous, like life. Part of that stream is visible as we stand on the bank. Behind us is a hill, and the stream bends back to our right and left behind the two shoulders of the hill and disappears from sight. The part of the stream we see is our present. Boats, rafts and other objects which we saw there a moment ago, have disappeared downstream round the left hand shoulder of the hill, and they are in our past. And for aught we know there may be other objects upstream, behind the right hand shoulder of the hill which have not come into view. They are in our Future.

But a man behind us standing on the top of the hill will still be able to see into our past, for he can see the objects round the left-hand shoulder of the hill which have passed from our sight. And since he can also see further round the right hand shoulder, he can tell us something of what is coming from upstream. Thus he can inform us about our future. It is a question of individual standpoint. And it makes no difference whether we regard Time as a moving stream and ourselves as stationary, or Time as a fixed and painted panorama and ourselves as moving past that panorama. The

position is the same. If we are travelling in a railway carriage our Present is represented by what we can see out of the window. What we can no longer see, and what has not yet come into view, represent our Past and our Future respectively. But if we go up into an aeroplane we get a wider view of the present; a view which now includes what is past and future to the traveller in the train. Again it is a question of standpoint. And something of this kind appears to happen in trance and in the somewhat analogous condition of sleep.

Muldoon in his book entitled *Projecting the Astral Body*, describes how he has been conscious during sleep of rising in his Astral Body and floating horizontally above the physical body. Thereafter he has moved to a vertical position standing beside the bed, and has seen his physical body lying there. Later he has returned to the horizontal floating position and has gradually sunk down and merged with that body and has at once awakened, fully conscious of all that has gone before, and of the extension of consciousness experienced during his out of the body experience. It has been suggested that something of this kind explains those flying or floating dreams that are not uncommon.

Another fairly frequent experience is the curious sensation that "this has all happened before." Something occurs in our everyday life, which seems familiar in a fleeting and rather eerie moment. We know this is really the only time it has occurred and yet somehow it is familiar. There are three explanations at least. The first explanation is that the whole sensation is illusory. It is said to be due to a temporary lack of co-ordination between the two lobes of the brain, giving a dual impression, where the two impressions do not synchronise, but rather overlap. This causes as it were, an astigmatic vision and a sense of sequence or time-lag. But the whole thing is an illusion due to this temporary cerebral irregularity. The second explanation is that this has in fact occurred in a former existence. As to this we can only maintain an open mind. But it is not necessary to go to such extremes, if one accepts, as the evidence forces us to accept, the fact of premonitory or previsional dreams.

In his book *An Experiment with Time*, J. W. Dunne tells of his having experienced so many of these curious dreams that he decided to keep a bedside book, in which he recorded his dreams immediately upon waking, and these records on subsequent examination showed many examples of happenings in his waking moments which resembled, if they did not always coincide with, dreams of an earlier date. For example: he describes that one day he had been out shooting, and

came to a field bearing the notice "Trespassers with be prosecuted." It would have been inconvenient for him to go round that field, so he took a chance and climbed over the stile. And when he was nearly across the field, he heard shouts behind him and the barking of a dog; and looking back he saw, to his embarrassment, two men with guns climbing the stile and urging on a dog that was making for him, barking furiously. Conscious that he was in the wrong as a trespasser, Dunne put his best foot forward and got across the opposite stile before any uncomfortable *dénouement* arose. Being as he says, a rather sensitive man, the incident distressed him, and he felt this was quite the sort of occurrence that might have promoted one of his prophetic dreams. On consulting his note book he found nothing at all corresponding to what had happened, until at the very end of the entries he saw, written in a faint scrawl, no doubt while he was half asleep, the words, "chased by two men and a dog." And he had no recollection of this dream.

It is worthy of note that dreams do thus pass from our memories, like Nebuchadnezzar's famous dream. On waking from a vivid dream, we sometimes decide to describe it to others when we are at breakfast; but when we come downstairs, although we know we had a striking dream, all memories of it have flown. And this seems to be a wise provision of nature; for if we recalled our dreams, it would be difficult, looking back over a long life, to distinguish fact from fancy.

Dunne was so impressed by his experiences, that he asked some of his friends to keep a similar bedside book, and he found that their experience was the same as his own, which suggested to him that such dreams were a common human characteristic.

The writer of this account has had several dreams of the kind. At some date in the neighbourhood of 1935, he dreamt that he was looking down a dark street, and that a tall, shabbily dressed man was gliding towards him out of the darkness, bearing an expression of misery and horror. Behind this man, sensed rather than seen, were crowds of people following him, and in the distance behind these there was the light of a fire against the dark sky. The most noticeable part of this very vivid dream was the sound of wailing and crying which arose from the oncoming crowd. The dream remained vivid after the writer awoke, and seemed to represent peasantry flying from a volcanic eruption. The memory returned several times later on, and always brought a feeling of great depression. And then in 1940 the dream was fulfilled. There were the crowds hastening down the

blackened-out street towards the shelters ; there was the fire of a building blazing behind them : and there were those wailings and cryings. But the cries were not emitted by the people ; they were the warbling of the sirens giving the alert.

In the "Tempest," Prospero says "We are such stuff as dreams are made on." He might equally well have said "such stuff and nonsense as dreams are made on." The absurdity of dreams is recognised, and this arises partly from the association of ideas, where one idea suggests another in the chain of memory. These ideas may be similar or opposite to the idea foremost in our minds, and since our thoughts are under control when we are awake, we disregard associated ideas and concentrate on the thought which is uppermost.

But in sleep we are not under such control. We are then passive observers of the passing pageant, and ideas emerge into our consciousness unbidden and unchecked. In addition, there well up memories of the past such as we should recall in our waking moments, and forgotten, unwanted memories which we have relegated to the lumber room of our unconscious minds, but which we cannot now repress. And there are passing feelings of the moment, such as the slipping off of bedclothes, leaving our feet exposed, so that we think we are paddling in the sea, or digestive disturbance from an unwise meal of rationed food. And then on top of this we may get these strange dreams predicting future events in our lives. These dreams fight together for mastery, and unless one dream is very powerful they become mixed, and we get a kaleidoscopic amalgam—a sort of Heath Robinson picture.

This confusion of different dreams may in some degree account for the apparent symbolism in certain dreams, of which a good example is provided by the dreams of Joseph described in Genesis. Joseph dreamed first that his brethren's sheaves of corn bowed down and did obeisance to his sheaf ; and later that the sun, moon and eleven stars bowed down and did obeisance to him. This was a case of "foretelling dreams," which described allegorically what actually came to pass some thirty years afterwards, when Joseph's brethren came to Egypt to buy corn, and not knowing that the man to whom they made petition was their brother Joseph, bowed down and did obeisance to him.

It is suggested that the symbolism of this dream occurred because in fact Joseph had two dreams which merged on each occasion. First he would be likely to dream of the corn sheaves waving in the breeze in the sunlit fields, and later, of the brilliant moon and stars

shining like jewels in the clear night of the Eastern skies. And on each occasion there also came to him that insistent prophetic dream of the obeisance to be paid to him years later by his brethren. Therefore, as these dreams became mixed, Joseph saw the corn sheaves of his brethren bowing down before his own sheaf; and on the second occasion he saw, not his two parents and eleven brethren bowing down before him, but the sun, moon and eleven stars doing obeisance. This may partly account for the allegorical nature of some dreams. It is remarkable that although two attempts were made to defeat these predictions of a settled future event, both attempts were brought to nought. When Joseph's brethren saw him approaching them shortly after he had related his dreams, they said, "Behold this dreamer cometh; let us kill him." Then one of them intervened, saying "shed no blood, but cast him into this pit" and thus the first attempt failed. So they cast him into a pit without water in it so that he should die. And thereupon there came on the scene Midianite merchantmen—a camel caravan—and realising that there was money to be made, they drew Joseph out of the pit and sold him to the merchantmen. And so the second attempt failed. And these merchantmen sold Joseph into slavery in Egypt, and then he became in time the Pharaoh's right hand man and invented the idea of storing reserves of grain in times of prosperity to cope with the recurrent famines in the Middle East. So when later a famine arose in Canaan, and Joseph's brethren came to Egypt to buy corn, the dreams were fulfilled in spite of all efforts to defeat them.

We find prediction also in cheiromancy. The importance attached by Scotland Yard to finger prints sufficiently proves that no two hands are quite alike. Therefore it is not incredible that a skilled exponent of cheiromancy can tell the probable characteristics of a sitter by examining the lines, hills and depressions on the palm of his hand. But when he claims, as some do claim to foretell the future from these markings, it is harder to accept. One of the latest cheirosophers—Cheiro—claims many such predictions. For example, he tells that on one occasion when the late Lord Kitchener was a young man, he told Lord Kitchener that he would die of drowning. This was a most improbable end for a Royal Engineer, but it came to pass.

It may be that such predictions are not wholly effected by scrutinising the palms of the hand. Certain gifted psychics tell us that they can obtain no results unless they effect *rapport* with the sitter, and this is a physical *rapport* entailing the grasping of one or both of the sitter's hands. When this contact is maintained the occult faculty gets

to work, and remarkable forecasts are frequently made. Possibly therefore the exponent of cheiromancy may unconsciously bring this psychic faculty into play, when he holds the sitter's hand, ostensibly to read his palm. This theory has some support from what happens in psychometry, where the *rapport* is gained not by contact with the hands of the subject, but by holding some article which that subject has carried about on his person.

(To be continued)

A Strange Experience

BY M. G. GIBBES

RECENTLY I have had some experiences which seem to me rather unusual, and I wonder therefore if possibly they may be of interest to readers of LIGHT. Within the last two years two old friends of mine have passed away. They were both in their seventies. The wife, whom I will call Grace Weston, died in November 1950. The following December I was trying the ouija one afternoon with a couple of friends, both interested in psychic subjects. We took it in turns and while these two had their fingers on the pointer and I was taking notes the following message was spelt out:

"How are my garden plants?" (Who is it?) "Grace Weston—Glad to come this afternoon. I am so grateful. Will you tell Arthur I am happy and rested. Come again soon."

This intrigued me so much that I wrote to an intimate mutual friend, who was also her doctor and asked for details of Mrs. Weston's passing. Although she had been ailing for the last few years, he said her death took place after a very brief illness, previous to which she had been full of energy, re-arranging her garden. Hence the reference to "my plants."

I was greatly puzzled as to whether I should give her message to her husband, as I had no idea how he might regard psychic matters. So I wrote again to the above-mentioned friend, stating my difficulty. He advised me to hand on the message and after a good while I decided to do so. The reply was quite brief, just thanking me and then saying he was living with his married daughter and much interested in her children.

So the episode appeared closed until during early June of this present year, when Mr. Weston was taken ill rather suddenly and died within a few days. This upset me very much. I had known the couple well, but naturally was more intimate with the wife. Her passing had grieved me, but his did more than that. I felt completely obsessed by it, and could not put him out of my mind day or night. Once I had a vivid dream—that he came to me and said he had been away on a long journey and only just returned. All this went on till about a fortnight later I received a letter from Miss Geraldine Cummins in Ireland. She had been doing automatic writing for someone, at the end of which her guide requested her to give me a message from my husband. It ran as follows :

“I was near Maud recently when she was deeply asleep and I saw our old friend Arthur Weston following her about when she was out of her physical body. The fact is, the poor fellow was so wrapped up in earthly things he can’t realize that he is dead, or in other words reborn, and should send out a summons to his wife. But Maud can help him. Before sleep for three or four nights I would like her to send out the thought to Mrs. Weston, Grace I mean, that Arthur has passed to our world, is in the darkness of No Man’s Land, is earth bound and needs her. She will then, through the bond between them, be able to find this miserable lost soul by coming to Maud. Arthur is hanging about Maud, so Mrs. Weston will find him and be able to release him from the darkness. Impart Grace where there is no Grace, to use an epigram. That is the message so far as I can recollect it.”

Of course I did my best to carry out the instructions and every night called Grace Weston. At last, in a dream, she came to me. She looked well and cheerful, quite her normal self, and we had a long chat. What it was about I cannot recall, nor whether her husband was present. But when I awoke next morning everything seemed different. That haunting obsession had gone and I felt certain that somehow all was well with my friends.

After a short time had elapsed I received another message from my husband, given through Geraldine Cummins automatically, as before. He said :

“I am more pleased than I can say with your success. It is entirely due to you that Arthur is out of the darkness and in our world of light. He is in the highest spirits and has asked me to convey to you his warmest thanks. He says he fully realizes that you were the angler who fished out the poor sinner. But joking apart, he is very grateful to you for your faith which upheld him when in the darkness,

and your prayers which brought him Grace and the Light. I have not met such a happy couple for a long time. They have gone back to the days of early love and are completely fatuous in their delight in each other."

Perhaps I should state here that Mr. Weston's earthbound condition was not the result of a bad life. He was a most worthy person and attended his church regularly, though possibly religion did not mean much to him. His interests were purely mundane, such as agriculture, politics and local county work. I may explain too, that my friends were unknown to Miss Cummins. I had not told her of their passing nor of my concern with them. The messages she sent me were entirely out of the blue and seemed to her rather nonsense. So telepathy played no part in them.

To me, however, this experience was naturally a cause of great thankfulness and satisfaction. It is very wonderful to realize one has been instrumental in helping a departed soul. Only it does seem strange that an ordinary person living in the flesh, should be chosen for such work. Of course we all know that the Church has been given the power of exorcism. But it appears to be very seldom that this is employed.

The Problem of Words

BY E. BLOMFIELD

HOW is it that a medium can give general information, and has an excellent flow of words and yet, when just a little more is needed to clarify a message, that extra word or sentence is not forthcoming?

Perhaps an instance or two will show what I mean.

On one occasion it was important that *a place* should be identified. Apparently the guide on the other side was as anxious to make it known as the sitters were to find it out. The medium was definitely not good at getting names, so we did not expect that, but she described carefully "Green grass and some trees." "A wood?" asked an anxious enquirer.

"No, it is a cultivated place. I see flower-beds."

"A garden, then?"

"I think not. It is not a great distance from here." and she went on to describe a group of trees in great detail.

"Would it be the Park?"

"No, it is not the Park."

We gave it up. Subsequently it was found out by ordinary means that the place was the Recreation Ground. It would have saved so much trouble and enquiry if that could have been stated.

Here is another case. A widow, living in a lodging-house with her little daughter, Isobel, and hard-pressed to keep the child in decent comfort, had managed to buy for her birthday an attractive pair of shoes. She had placed them behind a curtain in a recess in their room, hidden as she thought, till the important day; and they had disappeared. There seemed no other solution but that the little maid who served the house generally had stolen them. She was rather simple-minded, and came from a poor home where there were several little sisters. The woman liked this girl, and was unwilling to suspect her, but the shoes meant a lot to her. She asked a medium at a meeting where questions were invited, if she could throw any light on something that was lost?

The reply was "What you have lost has been stolen, but the thief was innocent. You will eventually recover your property from some place lined with wood."

Well the enquirer supposed it meant the girl had stolen the shoes, but was not wholly responsible for her actions, though she could hardly be called "innocent." Not wishing to cause trouble she let the matter drop.

But a month later in a tool-shed in the garden, she found the shoes, only slightly damaged. It transpired then that the "innocent thief" was a puppy belonging to a visitor who had spent a few days as a guest of the landlady.

Now why could not the word "puppy" have been given? It would have saved all that unhappiness and suspicion, and also have suggested other places to search than just in their own room, and the shoes would doubtless have been found before the damp had spoiled their first freshness.

* * *

When we die, we shall find that we have not lost our dreams; but that we have lost only our sleep.

—JEAN PAUL RICHTER

Light

Contributions of suitable length are invited and should be addressed to THE EDITOR of LIGHT, 16 Queensberry Place, South Kensington, London, S.W.7, Phone : Kensington 3292-3.

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Myths and Mediums

ARE spiritualists too apologetic about their perfectly legitimate belief in survival? Are they too much on the defensive, as though their intelligence or integrity was suspect? Eminent men and women, including profound thinkers, have firmly upheld belief in survival on the ground that it is the only deduction to be drawn from certain phenomena of a psychic order, unless one is prepared to *assume* as correct, the non-survivalists' hypotheses.

Spiritualists are in a remarkably strong position ; while recognizing other people's right to an opinion, there is not the slightest necessity for being apologetic in respect of their own, and moreover they are entitled to ask what evidence can be produced by the non-survivalists in support of the latter's explanations which do not explain. We come no nearer to truth, which we all seek, by assuming anything without sufficient grounds for so doing. What *evidence* is there after all, that from the practically inexhaustible reservoir of data which may constitute the contents of a human mind, that is, the mind of the sitter *or someone directly or indirectly associated with him*, a medium can select at will and in abundance, those matters particularly appropriate to the case and moment? What is the mechanism of this alleged and sometimes rather miraculous selection, and how does it function? Opponents of the survival hypothesis have hitherto observed a silence on this point more eloquent than illuminating ; it is time they made some effort to substantiate their case. A medium's ability to extract information in such abundance of detail, either from a cosmic mind or from some human mind which is sometimes only very indirectly and quite unconsciously concerned, is *assumed* by some people, but is not proved. The sometimes quoted Gordon Davis case is not a satisfactory

illustration of this alleged ability, inasmuch as a proportion of the subject matter furnished at the sitting was not factual at that time, although it became so later. If on the other hand it is desired to explain the case by precognition, it would nevertheless appear improper to assume that mind, competent to thus go forward in time, is restricted in duration by the physical organism it appears able to transcend.

This is a theme of which we are likely to hear more and more as time goes on, for the more profoundly thinking amongst the public will demand to know in increasing detail, on what grounds these alternative hypotheses are put forward. In no event are they likely to be satisfied by mere assumptions, or newly coined expressions or a plethora of words. The non-survivalists may find themselves pressed for substantial and satisfactory evidence that what they maintain is true. The public is entitled to say to them in effect and in all probability *will* say to them, "We know what you *assume*, but what are your reasons for assuming it and where is your supporting evidence?" In short they are likely to demand from both parties, facts, not fancies and moderation, not myths.

Meanwhile spiritualists would be well advised to follow the example of earlier days, and pay closer attention to the discovery or development of mediumship of a calibre equivalent to that of Kluski, Florence Cook and others. However unattractive to sensitively minded people the genesis of a materialised phantom, at its best it presents opportunity for observation and experiment, and that is the principal road by which knowledge advances.

It is probable that first class mediums already exist despite their seeming scarcity, but, with unintentional selfishness, confine their activities to select groups of friends. For this they cannot be blamed altogether in view of the un wisdom with which mediums have been used, and abused, in the past, by persons whose acumen has sometimes been less marked than they themselves supposed.

Occasionally there has arisen a medium who, standing head and shoulders above his fellows in perspicacity, has permitted reasonable control of his or her movements during séances. Is there no medium big enough in mind and spirit and with sufficient understanding and sympathy for humanity's urgent needs, to co-operate intelligently in an effort to again produce what the public can safely regard as undeniably genuine phenomena that convince and instruct?

Fraud may not be always conscious fraud, a fact that intelligent mediums would do well to consider. Modern methods of research, instrumental evidence, and an intelligent medium *who would co-operate*

on equal terms with the observers in producing fraud-eliminated phenomena, free from wishful thinking and mal-observation, would do an immense service to the world, the importance and value of which might be incalculable. They would indeed be doing something towards destroying the hideous canker of materialism which has been eating into the very heart of human effort and human kindness. The argument that it has all been done before is unsound, and an attempt to follow the road of least resistance. New truths are not widely accepted until they are demonstrated over and over again, and until such demonstrations become capable of being repeated more or less at will. Who amongst the professional or non-professional mediums possesses the courage and generosity to volunteer?

Falling Pictures and the Dog who 'Saw'

The following report on behalf of a friend, the wife of a clergyman, has been sent to us by *The Rev. Canon A. F. Webling*.

IT was when I came back from Australia in 1920 that my father told me he had been reading some books about certain happenings with mediums and at first he said he did not think messages could be sent, or his friend, who was more than a brother, would have sent one when he passed over as a young man. "Did you arrange anything special?" I asked, and he replied "No". "Perhaps there are only a few things that they *can* do," I said "so let us arrange something."

We had just before read something in a magazine about Lord Kitchener, who was supposed to have said he would let a friend know when he died and on the day Kitchener was drowned, a picture was said to have fallen in the friend's house. Pictures seemed to be a possibility, so dad and I arranged one in a back bedroom where all the pictures which were not particular favourites were put. I remember distinctly saying, "If you go first, do not knock it down if mother is alone, or it will give her a shock."

Well, the picture came down; my mother was alone for about an

hour after my father died, and it was while the doctor was with her that it happened.

There is a sequel. I told my husband's brother about the incident and he was convinced it was no coincidence. In 1934, five years afterwards, this brother himself died, when we were living in N—— where my husband was helping the vicar, an old friend of mine. We had just received the telegram telling of his passing the day before, when a large oil painting of my father fell. My husband hung it up again, and rushed off to the vicarage to see what could be arranged for him about going to London for the funeral. After he had gone it struck me as being rather strange for the portrait to fall just at that time, so I went into the hall where it was hanging and said to it:—"now then dad, or Wilfred, did you knock that down? If you did you had better knock it down again, and then I shall know." But it did not fall again and I went on with my work.

The house was an old Tudor one that had been divided, and we had our meals in a large kitchen. The hall where the portrait was, led straight out of this kitchen, both having stone floors. The dog from next door, a retriever, always came in at lunch time and waited until we had finished, when I gave him the scraps; he always went and lay down in the doorway, between the hall and the kitchen. I presume it was a cool spot and it was very warm weather. On this particular day he came as usual, but when he got to the door, he stopped, looked at the portrait, his hair stood on end and he howled and howled. I could not stop him, so took him by the collar and put him outside.

The next day he came in and lay down as usual; that was the only day he behaved like that the whole nine months we were there. He must have seen something that I could not; *his eyes were on the portrait the whole time.*

* * *

TESTIMONIAL TO MISS MERCY PHILLIMORE

The Presentation of the Testimonial to Miss Mercy Phillimore will be made at the "At Home" at the London Spiritualist Alliance on Sunday, 15th March, at 3 o'clock. It is hoped that as many members as possible will be present on this occasion.

Hans Christian Andersen—1805-1875

BY URSULA LOW

ANDERSEN is a true poet—an interpreter. An entry in his diary reads: "I am like water in which everything is mirrored," which recalls Keats' plaint of possessing no individuality. Although not in the ordinary sense of the word psychic, his spiritual intuition opens a door into realms of 'faerie'—of haunting beauty, yet withal homely, linking two worlds.

There is in his writings much that falls into line with some of the mediumistic communications received to-day. It is not difficult for spiritualists, who realise that the whole Universe is permeated with life, and that the motive forces which animate nature are rooted in the invisible, to believe that these fairy tales are adumbrations of truth.

Born of peasant stock in the ancient town of Odense, in the Island of Fünen, the life of Hans Christian Andersen is as strange as any of his stories. His father was a delicate young cobbler, his mother a washer-woman, but he ended his days as one of the most celebrated figures in Europe, welcomed and fêted wherever he set his foot. He was an only child, adored by his parents, but his father, long sunk in a condition of melancholia, died when he was eleven years old, and it fell to the lot of his hard-working mother to make repeated, but futile efforts to start him in some trade. Immersed in day-dreams he showed no diligence at school, but spent his time in playing with a puppet theatre made for him by his father, and composing dramatic dialogues for his little dolls.

This passion for the theatre remained with him throughout life, and at the age of fourteen—against the advice of all who knew him, the plain, over-grown ungainly boy started for the capital—a formidable journey in those days, entailing crossing the windswept waters of the Great Belt, and parted from his sorrowing mother with a few rigsdaler in his pocket and carrying a slender bundle of clothes. Before leaving home an old crone, who foretold the future by means of coffee-grounds and cards, said to his mother:

"Your son will become a great man, and in honour of him Odense will one day be illuminated."

Forty years later—in 1867—this prophecy was literally fulfilled. On reaching Copenhagen, some years of a hand-to-hand struggle for existence followed. Underfed, and lodged in a room which was

virtually a cupboard, without light or ventilation, he was temporarily accepted for training in the theatre chorus, and later for the ballet school, but the severe Danish winter and leaking boots put an end to his singing, and with his grotesque appearance and huge hands and feet, he could, as a dancer, only be entrusted with the part of a troll.

But he was writing already, and one of the most astounding episodes of his career was the literal storming of the home of Commander Wulff, the Danish translator of Shakespeare, Head of the Naval Academy and one of the most important men in Copenhagen. Shown by an astonished footman into a small parlour, and hearing voices, he walked into the adjoining room where the Commander and his wife were breakfasting, and addressed the former, who was petrified with astonishment at the strange apparition :

“You have translated Shakespeare. I too admire him, but I too have written a tragedy. Shall I read it to you ?”

This the lad proceeded to do, waiving aside a kindly offer of refreshment, and replacing the manuscript in his pocket, asked anxiously :

“Do you think I shall amount to anything ?”

It was a difficult question to answer with writing so immature, but with the Wulff family was thus started a friendship that was to prove life-enduring. A subsequent introduction to Jonas Collin, a Councillor of State, and chief adviser to the King, resulted in a royal grant enabling Hans Christian to be sent to a well-known school at Slagelse for the further education he so badly needed.

These school years were the most unhappy of his life, for the Headmaster, one Simon Meisling, a good classical scholar, but a coarse-grained, brutal man, took a sadistic delight in holding up this new pupil—who was three years younger and a head taller than the rest of his class—to ridicule before the whole school, and this in spite of the good reports which he was obliged to send to Collin. Spurred by ambition and an unshakeable belief in his own destiny, Andersen worked hard.

This intolerable state of affairs was at length reported by an outside observer to Collin, his fatherly guardian, whose house was the nearest thing to a home that he ever possessed, and he was at once withdrawn and arrangements made for private tuition which enabled him to pass his university examinations with success.

From that time onward poems, travel-sketches and dramas poured from his pen, and at the age of twenty-three his first play, a light, amusing vaudeville was staged. In tragedy he was never to succeed, but a vein of delicate irony permeates much of his work.

It was *The Improvisator* a largely autobiographical novel, laid in Italy, which at the age of thirty firmly established him in the world of letters. The ugly duckling had become a swan.

At the same time he threw off the first of his fairy tales—four in number—in pamphlet form. Of these he himself thought very little, but one of his most discriminating critics, Örsted, the scientist, at once wrote :

“*The Improvisator* will make you famous, but the tales will make you immortal : they are the most perfect thing you have written.”

For many years to come, in addition to much other literary activity, the fairy-tales followed in a flood : he said himself that birds and beasts—and even inanimate objects—told him their own story—he had only to listen. In some of them—in his inimitable way, he castigates vulgarity and pretentiousness, and of these *The Swineherd* and *The Emperor's New Clothes* are supreme examples. But it is in the stories which deal with Nature Spirits that Andersen's peculiar genius is most shown. *The Snow Queen* and *The Little Sea-maid* illustrate the inner development of the soul—through sacrifice,—and in Denmark the last-named is considered his masterpiece. In commemoration of this, a beautiful bronze statue of a nude young girl is to be seen in Copenhagen, seated upon a low rock, which rises above the waters of an inlet of the sea.

Andersen's religious outlook was in advance of his time. It was unformulated, and he shocked his orthodox friends by believing that other religions than the Christian were not excluded from the All-embracing Spirit's love, and by repudiating the dogmas of Eternal Damnation and the Resurrection of the Body, which were then being taught by all the churches. But the Immortality of the Soul is implicit in all his writings, and in *The Girl Who Trod Upon Bread*, he gives a very wonderful symbolic picture—psychologically true—of purgatorial conditions awaiting an utterly egotistical soul—and this too recalls many recent spirit teachings.

The girl in the story, Inger by name, sinks at death to the underworld through her own selfish action. There she remains in torment, sullen and resentful, and the sound of her mother's loving reproaches, which reach her, only serve to harden her heart.

Years passed, and she heard her story told to a little girl, who asked “Will she never come up again?” “No, never,” was the reply. And the child, much distressed, cried out that she would have given all her dolls for that. Then a ray of pure compassion—free from condemnation—pierced Inger's soul, and she would have shed tears,

but could not. Again long years passed, and the little child—now an aged woman, lay dying, and as the gates of Paradise opened for her, she saw Inger held fast in her morass, deep, deep underground, and wept again and prayed for her.

And at last the tortured, imprisoned soul saw herself as she had been, and feeling overpowered by the loving compassion she had so little merited, was enabled to free herself and escape towards the light.

In spite of the prosperity of his later years, and his numerous friends—among them many of the most notable personalities in Europe, Andersen was a lonely man. Unusually susceptible, there was something lacking in his nature—the combative male element perhaps—and the women he cared for were ready to give him friendship, even tender affection, but no more. His love for Jenny Lind was the most enduring of his life, and in *The Willow Tree*, one of his less-known stories, telling of the hopeless love of a man for a great singer, much of himself, his peasant childhood, his frequent wanderings and his inner loneliness stand revealed.

What the fairy tales of Andersen have meant to the world, is well expressed by Walter de le Mare—tribute of a poet to a poet :

*“It was these despised trifles, improvisations—feats of pure nature and intuition rather than of art—strange and lovely tributes—to whatever is true and good and beautiful that were the sesame of this wizard’s life.”

* *Pleasures and Speculations*, Walter de le Mare

* * *

Of fundamental importance, indeed, is this doctrine of telepathy—the first law, may one not say?—laid open to man’s discovery which, in my view at least, while operating in the material, is itself a law of the spiritual or *metetherial* world.

—*Human Personality and its survival of Bodily Death*. F. W. H. MYERS

* * *

TWO WORLDS. It was announced in last month’s issue of *LIGHT*, that Mr. Maurice Barbanell had been appointed Editor of *Two Worlds*. We are informed however that his appointment does not in fact take effect until this month, Mr. J. W. Herries having hitherto been Acting Editor and Mr. Barbanell Managing Director. We regret the misunderstanding while at the same time proffering our congratulations to Mr. Barbanell on his appointment as Editor, as from the 6th of this month.

Conversion to Spiritualism Through a Haunting

BY E. M. TAYLOR

THE house we moved into in London was haunted ! It stood in a terrace of old tall houses, with basements, and had four floors above, each having two or three rooms.

I was sleeping in the house for the first night alone, except for two temporary charwomen. The family, including my husband, could not arrive on the scene, while there was the usual moving-in chaos. I slept in a small room in which there was a fixed bath, so I attributed various strange noises I heard to air in the pipes.

But that did not account for a feeling of depression, so deep, that when my husband did turn up, I said, "I hope we are not going to be unhappy or unlucky in the new home." He remarked, "That is a nice way to start in it." So I tried to shake the depression off, and did so to a great extent when the family arrived.

As soon as we were settled in, my mother came for a night, and occupied the spare room on the first floor. We were on the second ; the maids and children on the third. She asked me in the morning if anyone had been ill in the night, as she heard footsteps passing and repassing her door. I made enquiries, but no one had been up or ill during the night. Mother was so sure someone had been on the staircase outside her room, she felt nervous, and I could not persuade her to prolong her visit. The cook complained next, saying her door, however carefully she shut it, opened in the night. I suggested putting a chair under the handle, and as I heard no more about it, I presumed it worked. I made no enquiries into the matter, as I did not want the servants to become as alarmed as my mother, and also to depart from me. But worse was in store for us ; I was told by the nurse who slept in a room leading out of the children's bedroom, that my second child, a little girl aged six or seven at that time, had called to her in the night and asked "Is that you, Gertie ?" and that she, the nurse, had told her she had been dreaming, no one was in the room. The child then exclaimed, "*No*, I wasn't dreaming," and persisted in saying so. "Of course you were," I said, but with the conviction that there *was* a ghost, and that my child had seen it, in her bedroom. Soon after this affair the children developed measles all at the same time. So I installed the two girls in my big bed, with

the boy in another, and I slept in a dressing room opening out of my room. This in order to make the nursing easier, as all their food coming up from the basement-kitchen, the stairs were very tiring to myself and the servants. My husband stayed with my mother to make things easier. One evening I sent the servants out for a little pleasure, and sat with the sleeping children, taking their dog, a black pug, to keep me company. I asked that when one of the maids came in, she would first of all come to my room, before taking off her outdoor clothes, and give the dog a little run.

At 9.30 p.m. I heard footsteps pass the door of my bedroom and go up the stairs leading to the top floor where the maid's rooms were. "You have forgotten the dog," I called up the stairs, "Come and put him out." I was standing on the landing with the dog. No reply came, but he was staring at someone invisible to me, his large eyes protruding, his hair in a ridge down his back, and his tail uncurled hanging down. That finished me! I rapidly retired with the dog, resolving that *nothing* would make me go to that landing outside my room until the maids came in. This they soon did, all three together, and said they had *not been in* before, singly, or otherwise.

On one occasion my small son, aged four years, was found by his father in his pyjamas looking down the stairs, saying he heard 'burglars.' He had evidently heard the footsteps.

How are these footsteps and other ghostly sounds produced? Are they echoes of past noises, sounds that like wireless vibrations are silent, until made manifest to us on our wireless sets? Can anyone explain why some people are aware of them, and see what is causing them, while other people register nothing in their consciousness? I think some of us are like living radios tuned-in to the spirit world.

The day nursery was on the ground floor, so, one afternoon I sat there to do some mending while the children were out for a walk. It grew dusk, I laid down my sewing, and sat quietly resting. However, over me crept such a sense of sadness I found myself weeping for no reason whatever. Who is making me so sad, I thought, and then aloud I added, "I wish you would show yourself and tell me why." Before me in the air appeared a face; that of a fair, blue eyed, untidy-haired girl. She stared at me. I saw no body, my eyes were fixed on hers; again I spoke and asked, "Who are you, and why do you make me so sad?" I felt no fear and strangely no surprise, when I seemed to hear her answer quite normally, "I do not want to make you cry, you are so kind, but I was cruelly treated here. I am a naughty girl, and I have encouraged someone to steal from you, I

am sorry." (I *had* missed many small things, and a maid had left, though I had made no accusation). "What did you die of," I enquired, "and what is your name?" "My name is Susan," I heard, but no further details as to her death, and I wondered if it had been suicide or infanticide or both. Evidently she did not wish to tell me, so I added, "You look so pale, I expect you died of heart trouble?" "Yes," she said quickly. I thought desperately what could I do, to persuade her to leave our house. I had an inspiration: "If you can help people to steal you can help them to be honest, that would bring happiness to you, and free you from this house where you were, and are, so miserable. Won't you try this plan, by finding the other girl, and prevent her becoming a thief?" Susan seemed to consider the idea and vanished.

Henceforth the house was quiet and ghost-free. I made a few enquiries about former tenants, and learned that it had changed hands several times, but at one time had been occupied by a French writer, who had made his wife very unhappy through his immorality. Was Susan one of his victims? I could not find out. Then came a sequel, or shall I call it a second chapter? A new investigator, at the L.S.A. asked me if I would care to join a group of six people to sit regularly with a medium at her home. I decided to do so. I had told no one about my experiences, in fact I felt shy among strangers.

One afternoon however, the medium, Mrs. Immerson, usually known as Nurse Graham, spoke to me, enquiring if I knew anyone called Susie? I thought of an aunt of that name, but "She has not passed over," I replied. "Oh no," said the medium, "This is a young girl who wants to thank you for something." "What is she like?" I asked. The description given was exactly that of Susan, and the medium added, "She has a baby in her arms, but she did not want me to tell you *that*, you might think badly of her." "Tell her I understand, I don't think badly of her," was my reply, which encouraged Susan to say she was not in a reformatory, but was very happy, as she could have her baby with her; she says she has come to tell you she is grateful to you, and will help you any time you call her to come back. I expressed my good wishes in return, and Susan went. This time I neither saw nor heard her, it all came through the medium, and completely convinced me that spirit return, and other claims of spiritualists, were true.

I think I shall meet Susan again, when I am a ghost myself, not, I hope though, a haunting one! She *did* I think, return to help me.

As the children grew up I had a visiting governess, and only needed a nurse-housemaid. This was a young girl aged eighteen years called Carrie. On coming home one afternoon I found she had struck one of the children on the mouth, and cut her lip, which was bleeding.

Horried, I gave the girl notice to leave, for, I said, she was too violent tempered to be left with children in her care. Before the day on which she was due to go, I found a note on the table, in which she begged me to give her another chance, as she loved me and the children, who she promised never to hit again. I did not know what I should do, or if I could trust her, so I thought of Susan's promise to come if I called her. I was alone, and it was dusk, as before when she came to me. I concentrated on her, and spoke aloud, telling her I wanted help about the note, which I spread on my lap, "Should I keep the girl?" I seemed to hear the words, "No, if you do you will have it all over again *in a month*." Still I doubted, was it really Susan or my own mind? Was it right to refuse the maid another opportunity? I thought not, so I rang the bell, and when she came I told her I would keep her. Her note to me made me feel I must give her another chance.

Susan was right. In about a month's time I was so abused and reviled by Carrie, and on the slightest pretext, that she had to go at once. She used to come and see me often afterwards, therefore I think she was at times not quite normal. Her aunt, I remember, said Carrie was not fit to take care of children, when I told her I could not keep her.

I hope Susan has forgiven me for doubting as I did. I owe her a great debt of gratitude for turning me into a spiritualist, and thereby helping me to be happier in the earth-life. Does she know this I wonder, in the better world to which apparently I helped *her* so long ago?

The little light I followed then, has now become a great revolving lantern, at times showing it's beam on the past or the present, and ever pointing to the future, which is no longer dark to those it has led to spiritualism.

* * *

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous as the bodily powers begin to fail?

—VICTOR HUGO.

The Passing of Margaret Lloyd

BY MAJOR ALAN HOWGRAVE-GRAHAM, M.C., V.D.

THE transition of Mrs. Margaret Lloyd, of Johannesburg, to the higher life deprives spiritualism in South Africa and indeed generally, of probably the finest deep-trance medium in the southern hemisphere, one fit to be compared only with such renowned psychics as Mrs. Osborne Leonard and Leonora Piper.

Of incomparable unselfishness and sweetness of nature, Margaret Lloyd had psychic gifts which were beyond price to those fortunate enough to be privileged to utilise them and capable of appreciating them.

For the present writer her passing is an irreparable loss, for it brings to an end thirteen years of close association, for the special purpose of a work which grew ever more extended and exacting year by year. His one hundred and thirty two sittings with her, beginning as quarterly and accelerating to fortnightly, with, for the last years, twelve to fourteen separate directly controlling communicators at each, were all too few and all too short for the growing need. His last sitting, in September, the only one since March owing to her physical condition, was the means of saving a man in the U.S.A., whom neither the writer nor she has ever even personally seen, from taking his own life, as he has twice assured the writer and indeed in profound gratitude wrote to Mrs. Lloyd herself.

Of Mrs. Lloyd's remarkable type of mediumship, the following is sufficient evidence. She knew no word of any tongue but English; yet this present writer has, with her as the mouthpiece of his exarnate communicators, conversed many times in French, German, Afrikaans (the Dutch of South Africa) and Nederlands, the quite different high Dutch of Holland.

Mrs. Lloyd's friends and admirers had but one grievance against her: she could not say "No" to any suppliant for her services, no matter what the cost to herself. No matter how tired she might be, even at the sacrifice of meals, she could not bring herself to withhold them. Yet in all her years of selfless service she was never one penny the better off by the exercise of her gifts, which were an offering solely of love and devotion. She had time and care for every one but herself, not excepting her husband, children and grandchildren, to whom she was equally indispensable.

REVIEWS

Le Flambeau Ardent by Madame Simone Saint-Clair. (*Librairie Anthème Fayard*)
Paris, 1952.

M. GABRIEL MARCEL, the well-known French writer, drew attention not long ago to the contrast between French and English philosophers and scientists with regard to spiritualism, ESP and communication, to the disadvantage of the official French attitude. English scientists and philosophers, he believes, are far more open-minded and willing to face fresh facts, and he deplores the extraordinary neglect of this most important subject by French thinkers. There are exceptions, of course, notably Bergson. Although we English may feel this to be rather a rosy view to take, considering the usual indifference of scientists and psychologists here, it does reinforce the opinion of Madame St. Clair, the writer of this book, who says that the English investigators are not afraid of ridicule whereas in France "this fear seems to annihilate part of our faculties." Thanks to the indifference to ridicule over here, and to the "moral force" of the movement, she considers that we have advanced more than most Europeans, and are to be congratulated.

Unfortunately for many, this very interesting work is in French, but it is simple French and the style is clear. The writer feels so intensely on the subject and the account of her pilgrimage from despair to joy is so vivid that I am sure it is worth making the effort to read what she has written. For Mme St. Clair is a distinguished writer on many other subjects, and she is a woman of great courage, who has been awarded the Croix de Guerre. She and her younger son were in the Resistance Movement in the War; she was captured by the Germans, and was in prison near Paris before being moved to the notorious concentration camp at Ravensbruck. Having returned to France at the Liberation at the end of this terrible experience, she heard that her adored son, Alain, had been killed; the elder, Claude, a sailor, was also killed accidentally in French Indo-China. Her world was shattered; there was nothing left but despair. The manner in which she writes gives some measure of her suffering, and under these cruel circumstances she found her religious faith, although brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, was of no avail. We are nothing, she thought, there is nothing. Then the intense craving to regain her sons led her to search for where they might be. This search was not easy for her as a Catholic, and it began, as for so many others, by reading a book which had been lent her by a friend, called *Trails of Truth*. For some time she had ignored the book, feeling it was just such another, the like of which she had often read before. One evening, however, idly, mechanically, she took it down from her shelves and glanced at it and having once begun, she went on. It turned out to be written by a Canadian woman, Mrs. Pintock, who had lost her husband and two small children. Later on, during a tour attending conferences in Canada in 1946, Mme St. Clair sought out Mrs. Pintock and stayed with her. This lady had told her that psychic science needed long study and that there were difficulties for the novice to encounter and she concluded with the advice, (which should please us of the Alliance) that Mme. St. Clair should, when in London, go to the L.S.A., saying that our society was "a solid bastion in a perilous domain" and its direction the "incarnation of integrity". So began the connection with spiritualism and Mme. St. Clair is now, amongst her many other activities, the

French Delegate on the Executive Committee of the International Spiritualist Federation.

As to her many and varied experiences, I will only mention two. (She must, I think, be somewhat clairvoyant herself, as she had had a vision at the age of twenty). One was a premonitory vision. After a dinner with friends she went to bed, but before her eyes were closed she saw in front of her, her elder son Claude, in the cap of an officer of the Marines, glide forward and stop in front of her. The features were easily made out, but the eyes had no life in them, and she asked herself, how is it that I see him; can it be that he is dead? The following morning she had the message that her son had been killed in Indo-China on the day before this appearance. Another sight of him came in July 1951. She was, she writes, in a state between sleep and waking,—“but this was more of reverie than of dream”—when Claude appeared slowly, clothed in uniform. His head and body as far as the knees were perfectly clear; his face serious and benevolent, and as if transparent, and his eyes had a “living look.” Craving to embrace him, she feared he would disappear before she could reach him, and felt herself advancing towards him, asking “Is it you, my Claude?” She could see his lips move and heard him answer. After a few words she went nearer; to her great happiness she found herself quite close and then felt as though her face “melted” into his. She retreated again and standing opposite her, he began to speak, and she could at last ask the question which was always in her mind—“Shall I, one day, be with you again?” “His smile was gently mocking, one would think that he was astounded at my ignorance,” she writes and he said, “Bien sûr! (Tu ne devais pas avoir ces craintes.)” Perhaps some of us, too, should take these words to heart.

CONSTANCE SITWELL.

Hypnosis in Medicine. By A. Phillip Magonet, B.Sc. M.D., C.M.—Heinemann 9/6.

FOR a book of such small compass—101 pages, Dr. Magonet has amply shown that hypnosis, from suggestion to deep trance, is now a proven part of medical treatment.

The book is rather technical for the general reader and it is to be hoped that Dr. Magonet will soon write another, more detailed and less technical, for the general public.

Of interest to our readers is the fact that behind Dr. Magonet's technical phraseology lies a deep understanding of the functions of the sub-conscious mind and in the creation of a concept world which the sufferer creates for himself and in which he lives. This condition of mind was also dealt with by Christ when he said, “Go, sin no more.” Folly, too, is sin.

Another aspect of interest to occult and astrological students is Dr. Magonet's reference to the correspondence of emotion with physical organs, and quotes as illustration a young girl who was unable mentally to accept her mother's death. This resulted in a contraction in the oesophagus for over two years, which made swallowing very difficult. Under hypnosis suitable suggestions were made with the result that she was able to ‘swallow’ her mother's death and her food.

The possibilities envisaged by this book make very interesting speculation in the realm of healing.

TUDOR A. MORGAN.

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Tues.	10th.	6.30	<i>Clairvoyance</i>	Mr. F. Jordan-Gill
Wed.	11th.	3.0	<i>Looking Back</i>	Mrs. J. D. Coleridge
Sun.	15th.	3.0	<i>Speaker :</i>	Mrs. Sitwell
			<i>Clairvoyance :</i>	Mrs. Frank Brown
			<i>Presentation to Miss Mercy Phillimore</i>	
Tues.	17th.	6.30	<i>Our Surroundings in the Next World</i>	Mr. R. A. Woollven
Wed.	18th.	3.0	<i>Spirit Shadows</i>	Mrs. E. M. Taylor
Tues.	24th.	6.30	<i>Clairvoyance</i>	Mrs. Ena Twigg
Wed.	25th.	3.0	<i>Good Evidence from Poor Sittings</i>	Miss C. Chaundler
Thurs.	26th.	6.30	<i>What are the Mechanics of the Paranormal?</i>	Major D. B. Stevens
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		Mrs. B. Hewitson, Clairvoyance
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Mar. 8th	11.0	Miss B. M. Edwards, Address
	6.30	Mr. G. Kenneth, Clairvoyance
		Mr. A. Bhaduri, Address
		Mr. J. Lovette, Clairvoyance
Mar. 11th	7.30	Mr. A. Bhaduri, Clairvoyance
Mar. 15th	11.0	To be announced
	6.30	Mrs. M. Rolfe, Address
		Mrs. M. Barclay, Clairvoyance
Mar. 18th	7.30	Mrs. E. Twigg, Clairvoyance
Mar. 22nd	11.0	Major E. H. A. Vaughan, Address
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		Major N. Leith-Hay-Clark, Address
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Mar. 25th	7.30	Mr. W. Redmond, Clairvoyance
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