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A Texan Spiritualist
"The Life Story of a Phenomenologist"

Brief Notices of New Books

EDITORIAL: FREEDOM FOR SPIRITUALISTS

OUR INTERNATIONAL CHRONICLE


Description of the Great Beyond

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IMPORTANT!
It has been brought to my notice that my own original design here shown is being used by a person giving himself a high-sounding scholastic title. He has also done me the honour of copying my style and formulas. I wish it to be clearly understood that I have no connection with this man, and am in no way responsible for the inadequately imitative efforts that he puts forth.

GABRIEL DEE

ANY OF THESE QUESTIONS YOURS?

GABRIEL DEE, Carlton House, 115, REGENT STREET, S.W.1
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S HOMECOMING.  
SPECIAL INTERVIEW ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR  
AND THE BATTLE FOR FREEDOM.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, in ruddy health and apparently in as splendid vigour as ever, honoured us with an interview at his Psychic Museum on April 19. He was interrupted for a moment at the start by a press agency request for an early appointment, and he took a few minutes to explain vividly to an unknown lady caller the meaning of "The Eternal March," that great picture which fills one whole wall of the Museum. Then he began to speak.

Government had not only prosecuted our mediums, but had actually dragged the lady secretary of one of our chief Spiritualist Societies before the courts although she had done nothing beyond arranging interviews. I said they would have to wipe that out with a very definite assurance. The third person we saw was Miss Rosenberg, the secretary of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and she thoroughly grasped the whole position."

SIR ARTHUR continued: "I could not conceive anything more successful than our tour in South Africa has been. When we landed at Cape Town 'Phineas' said, 'We have arranged the beacons; go round with the torch and light them!' It is not too much to say that each town we visited flared up when we arrived, and nothing else but Spiritualism was discussed by the people and the press. The newspapers printed whole sheets giving reports of our meetings, with many letters and discussions, and the opposing elements were surprisingly small. The local Spiritualists were able to hold their own in it my assistance. From nothing to regret and there did not leave the mark amusing incident at Nairobi,ised. It was about a spirit here were newspaper placards of Exposure of Conan Doyle's poster tell you about it. The ng were entirely with me. When I himself off as a ghost in a

An Open Letter to a Mourner  
BY LADY CONAN DOYLE.

DEAR MAM,

I feel I must write and tell you how deeply I sympathise with you in your infinite loss, and in all the sorrow you must have in losing the physical presence of your dear one. I wish I could bring a little of the comfort and joy to you which the knowledge of Spiritualism brings one, and put it into your sad heart. I know just all that you must be suffering, and as a woman who loves greatly too, let me try to bring a little comfort to your soul, and a little light into your darkness.

First, if you could only see, if you were truly clairvoyant, you would be aware of your lost one continually with you in your home. Those who have passed to the Higher Life always say that love never breaks, and that the power to love becomes even greater and deeper in those who pass on.

In God's own time when you leave this earth-plane, the first faces you will see will be your dear ones, and they will take you to the home which it will be their great joy now to prepare for you—a home so sweet and lovely, all peace and happiness, with beautiful Nature all around. There you will live with them and develop every gift that is in you, and life will be so full, so radiantly happy, that you will feel that all the trials and sorrows you went through in this world were well worth while, as it was those that fitted and prepared you for the indescribable joy and happiness which will then be yours—the contrast will be so wonderful.
An Open Letter to a Mourner

BY

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Then he began to speak to us about the question at present uppermost in his mind, namely the arrangements for Spiritualist united action in the cause of Freedom at the General Election to be held this month. He said:

“Mr. Oaten and I went around to the various political headquarters yesterday, he officially and I unofficially as one who would be known to the people. The chief agents were away in two cases out of three. We saw two of the sub-agents, and in each case Oaten stated our case very clearly while they listened attentively and intelligently. They said they would put the matter before their principals, being in sympathy with our arguments, and before leaving I told them rather brutally that we numbered three or four hundred thousand voters who would as far as possible vote together as one man on this question. If any party opposed us they would receive no votes from us; if two parties were in our favour they would share our votes; if only one party undertook our cause we should give it our solid vote. I think myself that probably all three parties will give us their pledge. Then we shall be on velvet whatever happens. I told the Conservative agent he was starting behind scratch, because his Government had not only prosecuted our mediums, but had actually dragged the lady secretary of one of our chief Spiritualist Societies before the courts although she had done nothing beyond arranging interviews. I said they would have to wipe that out with a very definite assurance. The third person we saw was Miss Rosenberg, the secretary of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and she thoroughly grasped the whole position.”

SIR ARTHUR continued: — “I could not conceive anything more successful than our tour in South Africa has been. When we landed at Cape Town ‘Phineas’ said, ‘We have arranged the beacons; go round with the torch and light them!’ It is not too much to say that each town we visited flared up when we arrived, and nothing else but Spiritualism was discussed by the people and the press. The newspapers printed whole sheets giving reports of our meetings, with many letters and discussions, and the opposing elements were surprisingly small. We found that the local Spiritualists were generally very well able to hold their own in argument, even without my assistance. From first to last we had nothing to regret and there was no place where we did not leave the mark of Spiritualism deeply.

‘There was one rather amusing incident at Nairobi, which is by no means closed. It was about a spirit photograph. I understand there were newspaper placards in England announcing ‘The Exposure of Conan Doyle’ about this affair, so I had better tell you about it. The audience at the Nairobi meeting were entirely with me. When the man said he had passed himself off as a ghost in a
This life is the school life for our characters. The next is the real home life, and your dear one] has, as it were, gone home a little before the end of the term. You will be with them a little later, never to part again, with sphere after sphere ahead of you of ever greater happiness and beauty. These grey years upon the earth-plane when you were lonely will seem so little then.

In the meantime, if you can get some good Spiritualist to help you to form a little circle in your own home you may well be able to get into touch with your lost ones, or possibly you may develop automatic writing, but whatever you do should be under good advice and in a religious spirit, guarding especially against self-deception. You will soon feel their presence in your home, and they will help you mentally with their loving care and advice. Read all you can upon the subject and if you can take a weekly paper which treats of it, do so, that you may help the Movement and so assist others to this God-given comfort and light.

I may add that I have myself lost many dear ones, my beloved mother, brothers, and many more, and I have been in touch since they passed on with every one of them. Sitting with good mediums, I have heard their own voices, and in the presence of witnesses have talked with them, and on some occasions have seen them. In our own home, without any outside medium, we constantly have most wonderful sittings, keeping in touch with all our dear ones who have gone on to the homeland.

With very much sympathy, and hoping that the sorrow in your heart will soon be eased, and a great new joy rise in its place,

I am,

With all best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Jean Conan Doyle.

February, 1922.

---

Read "The Two Worlds." Price 2d. 18, Corporation Street, Manchester.

"Light." Price 4d. 5, Queen Square, London, W.C.

"The Psychic Gazette." Monthly, 6d. 24a, Regent Street, London, S.W.
haunted house, and was in fact the ghost whose picture I had thrown on the screen. I invited him to come to the platform, and he played a trick twenty years ago and the photograph shown had been taken by him. I was sent in good faith by a Nottingham Spiritualist, but I always make a point of saving when I exhibit a picture vouched for by one person only. 'This photograph is not evidential,'

``I was greatly surprised to see that experimental photo of mine appear in your list. The real spirit photo I was concerned in was not taken at the haunted house. After I saw and felt the power of the real haunted house I could not have posed again.'

``So I said to the audience. 'I am here to prove preternatural things, and I cannot do it although he admits he did this very questionable action of pretending to be a spirit. But from then on I have learned, I think that copies of that picture had at one time been sold as of a genuine spirit photograph. My lady correspondent says that in his father's chemist's shop there was an enlargement of it, with the statement that it was a photograph of a spirit. But that piece of rubbish was printed and sold representing it as a genuine thing. If that is true, then I think my interrupter has a great deal to explain. In any case, we have in it a startling example of the working of the press. Here I was rounding all Africa a month before an exhibition of spirit slides showing supernatural phenomena, and all the press took notice of was one questionable one and the fact that a doubt had been thrown upon it. That was the one picked out to be cabled to England about what some South Africans regarded as a heavenly thing. And even if this is the case it will not be the same again spiritually, for so many thousands of new people have got the light.'

``I said one sensational thing but there were two, the other being a monument to the poor women and children dying from the South African War. That monument had my sympathy, but on it was an inscription that was not intended. I said if I had misunderstood, my own representative had not contradicted me. However, if he assured me that no inscriptions by the British at all, I said if I had misunderstood, it was not intended. He did not contradict me, but he put in a very ambiguous account of what I had said. He made out that I had disparaged the claims of the women and children to a monument, whereas I was merely defending the honour of British troops. There was a great ferment over this, but it did not reach me in a personal way up to the time I went accompanied by Mr. Ashton Johnson, to see the editor of one of the local paper, Folkestone. He was a very nice fellow, and said 'I had misunderstood the inscription which I read as suggesting that the death of these people had been brought about by the British and they should have revenge.' A Dutch journalist was with me and I said to him, I thought that was an innuendo. He did not contradict me, but he put in "a bootstrap" which would not be the case.
My Adventures in Spiritualism.

By A TEXAN

Part II.—PERSONAL PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

S OON after my introduction to Spiritualism, through the mediumship of a healer in Fort Worth, I went to meetings or clairvoyance meetings of the Rev. C. L. Sharp of that city. Although Mrs. Brantly has now passed to higher spheres, Mr. Sharp is still doing fine work. He is, by the way, of Scottish descent, and his features are of strikingly Celtic cast.

One of this medium’s specialties is the reading and answering of questions passed up to him from the audience in sealed envelopes, which he does not open but merely holds in his hand for a moment. He then gives both question and answer with almost invariable correctness. Mr. Sharp’s meetings have always been attended by large numbers of interested people. His powers contributed to my early conviction.

I should like to describe a rather striking message given me by one who was not at all a Spiritualist, but was unconsciously mediumistic. It happened at a little party in a friend’s home. A lady present had an ouija-board, which she invited me to ask a question. Telling me that while, of course, “there was no actual communication,” yet she had often “told people things” which had come true. Although Spiritualists had told me that ouija-boards were usually to be avoided, still in order not to seem ungracious, I put my hand on the board with hers. For want of a better question, I aimlessly asked—

"Shall I be in my present business position long?"

The answer was “No,” and I then asked—

"Shall I have to leave it?"

"Yes."

"Shall I make another connection soon?"

"Yes."

"Will the new work prove more to my especial liking?"

"Yes."

"Will my salary be as large?"

"Yes."

I was quite amused at this, as I was then holding a position I had had for some years, and which there seemed no possibility of my losing. Just two days later, however, I was told that reductions in the force had suddenly become necessary, and as I was the youngest in point of service in my department, of course I had to go. I immediately secured another position, at a smaller salary, but in a line of work I had for some time wished to enter. Thus, every detail of my ouija-board message was proved to be correct. I have since had many interesting messages, from both professional and non-professional mediums, but I do not know that I have ever received one which was more convincing in connection with something which absolutely was not in my mind at the time.

Shortly after becoming interested in Spiritualism, I moved to Dallas, another small city about thirty miles from Fort Worth. Here I found fresh conviction, through coming in contact with a medium named Mr. Cervin. Some phases demonstrated by Mr. Cervin are healing, message-bearing, “development circle” work, and, at times, inspirational lecturing. He is a man of intense earnestness and consecration, who has proved the truth and beauty of Spiritualism to many Texans. I may mention that this medium has reared a notable family of eight children, and cared for his wife and two aged parents, entirely on the proceeds of his psychic work; yet he never made a fixed charge for a reading or a “treatment,” but took as his motto the text: “Freely ye have received, freely give.”

For several months I sat in Mr. Cervin’s development class. To my surprise, the first personal demonstration I had was physical, in the form of loud raps on the wall of my room at nights. Also, as I was about to fall into the sleep state, my bed would frequently violently rock violently, and my hand on the board being desirous of higher manifestations. However, it is plain to me now that these things can be always prepared to perceive higher phases.

Presently I began to see spirit lights—at first extremely faint, then gradually increasing in size until they were at times as large as small fireworks.

Early one morning, in my sleep I was privileged to hear and understand the vibrations of the spokes of a spinning car; or, speaking more correctly, of the vibrations that impinged on my ear. I walked much startled, and was overjoyed at the manifestation, yet disappointed that it could not have come in the waking state. However, the following morning at breakfast my mother (who I should say is an anti-Spiritualist, but is apparently quite psychic) asked my father—

“Did you catch that strange rapping last night?”

On being answered in the negative, my mother stated with conviction—

“Well, a man’s voice called, ‘Kate!’” (my mother’s name).

I later received a message from a medium to the effect that with my grandmother had come a deceased brother of my mother, which would account for the voice that she had heard being masculine. And by a medium visiting Dallas, who knew nothing of this little occurrence, I was given a very interesting message from my grandmother describing this manifestation to me.

A more convincing experience came to me later, when one night just before falling asleep, I was shown a vision of a Civil War soldier in the Federal uniform: whose features, colouring, approximate age and weight, I saw very vividly. I remarked to myself the fact that he was bareheaded. I was given the impression that this man had been a friend or relative of a medium of my acquaintance. On next seeing the latter, I began to describe this occurrence, but the medium stopped me, saying:

“I know exactly whom you saw. Let me describe him to you, so that you may know you actually had the experience.”

He then told me the soldier’s features, colouring, age, etc., just as I had seen them, and mentioned especially the fact that he wore no cap!

My own personal demonstrations, however (which should state have as their distinguishing mark their novelty considering that they have been spread over a period of three years of attempted “development”) have come most often in the form of strong “impressions” that certain things were to happen. For instance, I was one day “concentrating” for the recovery of a sick friend who had been between life and death. A large light burst in front of my eyes, with the effect of a firecracker, and there came over me a sensation of great well-being, coupled with absolute assurance that my friend would get well. I later learned that on that very day she had “turned the corner,” from which time she steadily mended.

The reader will pardon the recital of these personal demonstrations. They are the experiences of one whose psychic faculty, even after years of effort to “develop,” is exceedingly slight and spasmodic. But they do show, I believe, that if one is sufficiently in earnest, certain individual proofs of life beyond can usually be obtained even though the mediumistic gifts be very weak. “Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.”

Part III.—A Semi-Materialising Seance, next month.

THE BENEFICENCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

We take the following stirring passages from a letter in defence of Spiritualism by Mr. J. Nicholls Turner, Ropsley House, Porthcawl, published in the Dinas Powys News:

“Condemnation of anything is easy. What is needed are builders of truth, not destroyers of labour. With God all things are possible, as experience has shown. Like thousands more, I have spoken to those who live and love (mark these words), and who have passed through the Valley of the Shadow, and in God’s good time have returned to earth with the glorious news that our loved ones still live. I have spoken to scores of spirit friends, who do not return to haunt, but to help. By their wise counsel they have taught us to realise the importance of building up character and becoming broad-minded men and women. They have been the means through mediumship of saving people from murder, suicide and crime. Here in Wales we have scores of wonderfully developed mediums of both sexes— healers, speakers, psychometrists—who have rendered valuable service. Spiritualism is neither black magic nor fortune-telling, but Truth. Its teachings point the way to a broader, newer, better, purer, surer, happier conception of life here and hereafter, and the means through which to grasp its meaning. Its mediumship is the greatest jewel the world has ever received.

Throughout the world the subject is being taken up by all classes of all colours and creeds. Love is its driving power. Its literature runs into thousands of volumes. Victory over death has been established, and all honour—"
WRITE TO YOUR CANDIDATES!

THE following letter, sent by Mr. R. H. Saunders to Mr. F. G. Penny, M.P., may serve as a model to Spiritualists seeking to enlist the support of Parliamentary candidates to our cause during the present month. Every such letter sent to a candidate will help the good work:

Oxford Lodge, Surbiton.

"DEAR SIR,—There are so many things inviting attention at, and after, the General Election, that one might easily forget you and further objectives, yet there is one matter I should like your views upon.

There is the archaic Witchcraft Act of 1756 (never yet invoked) and the Vagrancy Act of 1824, which treats as a crime the visiting of mediums, on the police view of "fortune-telling." No Spiritualist would place any barrier in the way of prosecution of fraudulent mediums, but to treat respectable and law-abiding citizens as criminals is a crying injustice. The Vagrancy Act was framed for the punishment of "idle and disorderly" persons, and not for decent people, and Spiritualists are determined to use their 250,000 votes (in and around London) for those who are willing to see justice done to a large body ranking high and low in the social scale.

May I hope to include your name in an effort to set right a great wrong?—Yours faithfully,

R. H. SAUNDERS."

MR. PENNY'S REPLY.

12, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

"DEAR SIR,—Replying to your letter, I have forwarded it to the Home Office to see what action, if any, can be taken in the case of instruments in my possession who are not committing any breach of the law.

You are perfectly correct in pointing out that the purpose of the law is to deal with people who are transgressing against the common weal of the community, and I feel you are unfairly alarmed in considering that the possession of a spirit under the Acts you mention.

I would find that such hardships do occur, I would certainly do all in my power to see that an adjustment was made.—Yours very truly,

F. GEORGE PENNY.

HUGH WALPOLE'S INTERPOLATED NOVEL.

GEORGE ELIOT wrote "Silas Marner" when she was in the midst of writing a longer novel. Mr. Hugh Walpole has apparently done the same, in circumstances that strongly suggest psychic inspiration. George Eliot said that when writing certain dramatic scenes in "Middlemarch" she was "seized by a self-outside." Mr. Walpole says when he reads the proofs of his interpolated novel, "I seemed to have had nothing to do with it."

Here is Mr. Walpole's own account, as it appeared in the Glasgow Herald of April 1.

"Some years ago," Mr. Walpole recently told the Killearn Rotary Club, "I was staying at a Swiss hotel with my father and sister. I was in the middle of a very long novel and had not another idea in my head but this work. On several occasions I noticed in the dining-room an ugly, morose woman who was always alone. One evening I saw her rise from her seat and cross to another table where sat a very pretty girl. The girl was wearing round her neck a beautiful string of
gems, and the woman fingered these and spoke of them.

"And suddenly as I sat there I was obsessed with an idea—something which I could not resist, which was stronger than myself. I saw this woman in a certain situation, longing desperately to possess some beautiful thing which someone else had got, and straightway I went to my study and began a story about this woman. Writing from morning to night without cessation, I finished the story in a month, and it was published as "The Old Ladies.""

"Then I went back to my long book and completely forgot the characters in the other. When I reread "The Old Ladies" in proof I was touched to find that I had nothing to do with it. I did not know at all where these old women came from, or how I knew anything about them, or why I had been driven to write about them. The whole thing was very mysterious."

Mr. John Aslay Steele has an article in the same newspaper on "The Author as Amansanimus." He mentions that Robert Louis Stevenson confessed to having had the kindly collaboration of nocturnal "Brownies" who provided him with plots quite apart from his "morbid reveries." George Sand said that on completing a novel all its characters would vanish, leaving so far apart her ordinary self were they that she could read her newspaper in peace. Sir Walter Scott said that a demon seated himself on the feather of a pen whenever he began a novel and led it astray from its original plan.

CONCERTS BY THE INVISIBLES.

By V. MAY COTTRELL, Napier, New Zealand.

SIX months ago I attended a series of ten concerts given by completely invisible performers. No! not wireless, in the ordinary accepted sense of the term. Those of us who were privileged to attend these unusual performances sat in a brightly lighted room. Deep chords were played on a piano. In the few minutes a voice was heard singing, softly at first, but gradually gaining in strength and clearness. Those who had heard it greeted the spiritual singer by name and were greeted by name in return. Other voices were soon heard, and cherubic greetings and perfectly natural conversation exchanged between the invisible concert party and their audience.

There was a novelty and charm about these visitors from another plane of existence—ten of them spoke, sang, and played instruments in my presence who were most infectious. They loved their audience to be happy and bright, but when anyone was in real trouble their voices and words expressed a wonderful depth of sympathy and understanding.

Strange happenings only became possible because of the presence of a natural young girl. This girl possesses, to a remarkable degree, some mediunistic power that enables folk who are no longer in the flesh to make their voices clearly audible to those who are. She supplies some strange channel for communication, and the vibrations set up by the piano seem to act as a 'carrier wave.'

It is those spirit-peoples' own characteristic voices that are heard coming out of space. For the young girl's vocal chords are not used in the production of the sounds. I have heard the singing of these invisible folk as clearly as ever while she (the medium) has been eating cake. So that disposes of the ventriloquial hypothesis. No ventriloquist could create the clear-cut, vivid, and lovable personalities of these folk and sustain them night after night, for three hours at a time, nor could he produce all the varying tone qualities of the voices and instruments.

The childish treble of Wee Betty, the deep, rich tones of Sauseloth, the full, clear notes of Charles the soldier-boy, once heard were unmistakable. The voices of the other singers were each so distinct and different as to readily be recognised at the second hearing.

Violin, cornet, and banjo solos were played by invisible artists at each concert that I attended, and encores were given on request. Judging by the laughing acknowledgments of our praise and appreciation the performers were just as pleased at the success of their items as you or I might have been.

There was never any set programme at these unique concerts. On several occasions nearly the whole evening was taken up in conversation with just an occasional song or instrumental item, at the request of the audience.

As nothing could appear stranger to the average mind than the fact that we, being alive, should converse thus easily and naturally with those who are "dead," I count this by far my strangest experience.

* The medium referred to is Pearl Judd, of New Zealand. Full particulars of the phenomena and the prove are contained in the book, "The Blue Room."
May, 1929.

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

"The Life Story of a Phrenologist."**

E A R L Y  S T R U G G L E S  A N D  F I N A L  T R I U M P H.

The Professor was born in the Derbyshire village of Codnor on May 20, 1860, and he has now published the story of his sixty-nine years' parents' life. It is a work of over 300 pages, written with great skill, and it will be read withr thralling interest.

The author is a native of the Derbyshire countryside described by George Eliot in "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner." His father was a weaver of silk stockings, and his handloom now reposes in the South Kensington Museum. He was a Quaker and attended the same Meeting House as William and Mary Howitt. His wife (the author's mother) was a Quakeress and worshipped at the same Friends' Society in Derby as the parents of Herbert Spencer, the famous philosopher.

"After the death of my mother, she was adopted by Herbert Spencer's parents, with whom she lived for a considerable time. Young Herbert was then a sprightly youth in his teens, trying to be a school teacher. My mother told me of many interesting incidents during the time she lived with the Spencers. Both father and son were keen experimenters, and would on occasion fill the rooms with nauseating smells from burning chemicals; for even at that period they had between them a notion of making india-rubber soles for boots. Serious as Herbert Spencer was in later life, he had little liking for going to school and often played truant to wander among the lanes bird-nesting and black-berrying. Between seven and eight he was taught to do silk-winding for his father and other handwork, but rather to wander, he often visited a kingfisher's haunt, where he once let his brother slip over his head into the water.

At ten and a half he became a farmer's boy to help the family income, and soon became expert at haymaking and cutting corn with a sickle, his wages being sixpence a day and his food.

Before he was twelve he was given another six months' education, and the day after his twelfth birthday he began work as a miner's boy, being immersed twelve hours a day in the pit for a wage of six shillings a week or a penny an hour. His work was to convey the trolleys of coal to the pit mouth with the aid of a restive yellow-coated pony named Taf. That was a very hard and dangerous life for a boy, and owing to the long hours, there were six months of the year during which he never saw the sun, excepting on Sundays.

He became a teetotaler, a Bible reader, and a Sunday school teacher. His mother introduced him to the study of phrenology, of which she had acquired some knowledge from Dr. Spencer T. Hall, a lecturer on the subject who was a friend of her family. Joseph became so keenly interested that he spent his penny a week pocket money on Mr. L. N. Fowler's penny lectures on the subject. Later he was able to buy threepenny and sixpenny books, and became acquainted with a youth who had a good library of phrenological books and a marked chin.

The iron ore pit in which he worked was closed down owing to a disaster, and he became a coal miner, when he nearly lost his life owing to a sudden fall of the roof of the mine.

Next he learnt stocking-weaving with his father, who made the silk hose for the trousseau of Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria. Then he served his apprenticeship as a joiner, and when twenty set out for London in search of fame and fortune! Here he made many friends, and then his real intellectual life began, greatly stimulated by such great preachers as Dr. Parker, Charles Spurgeon, Newman Hall, Frederic Myers, Stopford Brookes and General Booth.

His principal achievement as a skilled carpenter was having sole charge under the priests of the reformation of St. Etheldreda's Church in Ely Place, Holborn, for which he designed a reredos, made in Rome.

By-and-by Mr. Seven determined to take up phrenology as a profession, on the advice of Mr. O'Dell, and started in partnership with a young eloquent but rather irresponsible youth at Southsea. They lectured on alternate nights in the Portland Hall and gave concerts, including solatations during the day, and at the end of five weeks were over £50 out of debt! Then they went to Preston, and did so well that the partnership was dissolved. He started business on his own account at Ryde, Isle of Wight, and from

*The Life Story and Experiences of a Phrenologist. By J. Milloott Severn, F.B.P.S., 8 West Street, Brighton. Price 15/-.
there went to Bournemouth. He now began to flourish and invited his father and mother to spend a fortnight's holiday with him. Till then his father had never seen him and his mother. When he went to Sheffield and gave an average of fifty delineations a day.

It was in his first contact with Spiritualism at a Sheffield meeting. He says, "It was a most astounding revelation to me—something I was wholly incapable of comprehending. I and often afterwards thought and reflected upon it, trying to discover reasons for such singular psychic manifestations. Being myself an ordinary student intellectual achievements had always meant hard, concentrated study, but here was a speaker of seemingly ordinary intelligence, though perhaps a little above the range as regards the reflective and moral faculties, who came on to the platform, and after sitting awhile, got up, shook himself a bit, as it to throw off some unpleasant influence that had associated itself with his outer garments, and then without opening his eyes gave a most astounding address, which from the standpoint of grammar, science, and philosophy, was absolutely beyond criticism. Before coming out of this trance state, the chairman invited questions from the audience, which were dealt with by the medium in the same logical manner.

His life was temporarily blighted by the death from rapid consumption of his first wife within nine months of his marriage, but later he found for himself and his psychic study, and then he found that he was able to support himself in his future work when he married his present wife, to whom he dedicates his book."

"To my loving wife, Alice Maud—commemorate all my interests and concerns, and my helpful, encouraging and constant companion, whose good sense, sympathy, affection, firmness, ready wit and practical intelligence have always been an inspiration and incentive to all my efforts, and without whom I could not have achieved a little of what I have done—I dedicate this work."

The book is choicer of interesting reminiscences of the celebrated people who have submitted themselves to the Professor's analysis of their mental, moral and spiritual faculties; accounts of his extensive travels in foreign countries; notable and unusual degree of clairvoyance and many instructive essays on the phrenological science of which he is a master. It is the most fascinating work which has ever been written on the subject, and is bound to become an acknowledged classic. It contains thirty beautiful illustrations and is handsomely printed and bound.

"THE SHADOWED VALE."

The following beautiful poem was given by automatic writing to Miss Maryrose E. Rowe, by a Spirit who claimed to be the poet, Shelley, on Tuesday, February 19, 1929.

From distant hills the coming storm descends,
The stillly air waits on its swift approach,
The sweet and joyous song of birds encroach
No longer on the lyre of Nature, while
Faint rustling leaves the tuneless hour beguile.

Fair day, where is thy loveliness now flown?
Art thou a wan maid who steals away,
When tempests threaten and swift lightnings play
Up thy countenance. What sudden mood
Has come, that shadows o'er the sunlight brood?

"I was never given to man to choose thy robe,
Or twine sweet garments in thy radiant hair;
To man no power is rendered to prepare
The chariot that shall bear thee o'er the Vale,
To flee the storm-clouds hastening in thy trail.

The curtain of the evening folds around,
Wooing with quickened ardour yonder view,
That had of late reflected the bright hue
Of his first contact, that its spell
May cease to charm this Vale I love so well.

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SHELLEY.

FALSE MESSAGES.

BY CATHERINE EGAN

IN speaking recently with several people regarding spirit communication, I have found some grievously disappointed, even to the point of ceasing communication altogether, because of false messages.

It seems to me, however, when faced with this problem, that the responsibility lies very much in ourselves. Few persons realise that before touching the psychic realm they ought to aspire to become truly spiritualised men and women. It all amounts to "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."

Then comes the testing time. It seems we have all to go through the fiery furnace of doubt, and during that period, as in this world's concerns, those who are themselves false try to deceive us. But it is for us to have perfect trust in the love of God for each one of us, and follow Him knowing that He never forsakes His children. It is for us to hold on through the seeming doubt, and, if we love enough, and trust enough, we shall pass through all the dark passages unhurt, and come into the Blessed Light. Then we shall know without any shadow of doubt, and with divine love in our hearts, all false influences will drop away, and the Veil will be opened more and more to communication between ourselves and our dear ones on the Other Side.

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS BOLSHEVISM.

THERE are those who take exception to Bolshevism. It is Spiritualism! When Moscow, as we now know, is setting out to make a world revolution, she forgets that the world does not consist only of those who are alive in it to-day, but that those millions who are in the Unknown are also watching, and who are waiting to give to the world their influence. They are waiting to enrich the world with their guidance and love, and with all the dynamic power which they can impart. They are waiting to teach the world the way of love.

In modern scientific language, prayer is thought transmission from man's spiritual self to the Highest, and such prayer is intercepted and carried by angelic messengers to the Divine itself, and is then carried by unlimited and omnipotent beneficent spiritual forces.

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To place the identity of the communicator lets in an element out, Telepathy out of record thus:—

the Atlantic on what may in cross-references between psychics evidential pertinence. They in her efforts. Full reports are only her own gratitude but also with a private psychic, Mrs. L. M. and hoped to get cross-references flows out in a generous flood towards the A.P.R. In May, received a posthumous sign, for Psychical Research. In May, seems to have seen anything in it since I've had it, and it to me, knowing my interest in such matters. No one

said, "A pity," said Mr. Stead, "but I try it with friends and arbitrarily dispossess the owner..." T. STEAD'S TRAGIC CRYSTAL.

A new day has dawned. The sun of survival has risen. Man conditions, and we have its light henceforth to illumine the dense obscurities of hitherto uncharted regions, and to define the bounds of the subconscious memory and its possible capacity. To place the identity of the communicator lets in a flood of new revelations. Writing, where 'telepathy' and 'subconscious memory reading' could merely pick out a detail here and there from the general darkness... The book is embellished by some instructive illustrations, including one showing communication of the astral body at death, according to the chiroiyan vision of Andrew Jackson Davis.

A Cross Reference

JAMES H. HYSLOP—X: His Book; A Cross Reference Recorded By Gertrude Ogden Tubby. York Printing Co. York, Pa., U.S.A.

This valuable piece of scientific inquiry is by Miss Tubby, former secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research. In May, 1924, she resigned official connection with that Society and sailed across the Atlantic, for "a secret mission," a semi-secret mission of exploration in her chosen field of study. She had received from the medium, Mrs. L. M. Chamberlaine, whose development she had guided. She feels sure that not only her own gratitude but also of her communicators, flowed to her on a generous flood towards all who participated in her efforts. Full reports are given of the various sittings which she says are "more than usually full of evidential pertinence." They yielded ninety-six points in cross-references between psychics of three different countries, including America, and she concludes her record thus—

"A new day has dawned. The sun of survival has risen. Man conditions, and we have its light henceforth to illumine the dense obscurities of hitherto uncharted regions, and to define the bounds of the subconscious memory and its possible capacity. To place the identity of the communicator lets in a flood of new revelations. Writing, where 'telepathy' and 'subconscious memory reading' could merely pick out a detail here and there from the general darkness... They yield ninety-six points in cross-references between psychics of three different countries, including America, and she concludes her record thus—

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KNOWLEDGE THROUGH SPIRITUALITY.

THE MYSTERY OF MAN. By S. D. Ramayandas, D.Sc., LL.D. (Fowlers. 1/6.)

This is an instructive work by an Indian philosopher, who says—"He who would solve the mystery of man must first solve the mystery of his own being. Man has been able to have a plan of life that is practical and yet ornamented with the ideals of goodness, truth, and beauty. He says that "living for God" or "God's will" is the way of life for this man reaches the universal principles of truth. Man is a universe within himself, he has within him all the principles of natural laws which are found in them by living spiritually, and thus solve every mystery of man, for "mystery" is merely a synonym for ignorance.

J. I.
Freedom for Spiritualists!

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has arrived home on the eve of a Parliamentary General Election in which Spiritualists will unite under his forceful leadership to make the long overdue question of their Civil and Religious Freedom the one supreme consideration.

No sooner had he reached London than he visited the headquarters of the Conservative, Liberal, and Labour Parties, and intimated that half-a-million votes of Spiritualists and their sympathisers would at the end of this month be given or withheld entirely according to the three Parties' official attitudes on this most urgent question. Half-a-million votes is obviously no negligible matter when the two chief parties in the State are admittedly very closely balanced, and it may easily have the effect of turning the scale in many a closely-contested constituency.

At the time of going to press, the replies of the Party leaders have not yet been received, but their purport will be published at the earliest possible moment and a clear cue given us as to the party or parties which should have our whole-hearted support, and the party or parties from whom it should be withheld. When this information is broadcast through the press and otherwise, it will be the duty of every loyal Spiritualist in our ranks to support the just cause for Religious Freedom irrespective of whatever party ties may have influenced him on previous occasions. Thus those among us who have been wont to vote for the Conservatives may find ourselves in duty bound to vote for Liberals or Labourists, and vice versa.

Fortunately there is at present no great crucial question dividing the electorate, or exciting any keen party antagonisms. The chief matter in the air is the relief of the wide-spread unemployment at present afflicting the land, and each of its adherents at the polls. The day has now passed when we can find our support in one, and no response, or an uncertain one, from the other, then we should act in accordance, and throw our whole organised vote upon the side of our friends, passing the word to every church and every society in the country.

It is no small thing which we have to offer. Apart from 300 registered churches and many unregistered ones, we have a great number of supporters who would take our point of view, even though they do not belong to any organisation. Indeed, there is a considerable section of the public who would resent so clear a case of religious persecution even if they had no sympathy with our particular tenets.

When one considers how many seats there are which are held by small majorities and when one remembers that there are few in which our support would be negligible, it would appear that we may often be the deciding factor.

But it is now or never. If we miss this chance we carry on into the same dreary routine of secret information from the bigots of the police, agents provocateurs, ignorant and prejudiced magistrates, prison sentences upon honest mediums, and all the other evils from which we suffer. If we break our ranks or fail now, then we deserve even such a fate.

Within the present month the future course of Spiritualism will be decided for many years to come by the individual and collective action of its adherents at the polls. The day has now arrived when we must make it clear to politicians that we can no longer be treated with ignorance and contempt as "rogues and vagabonds," but must be regarded as respectable citizens having precisely the same rights to Religious and Civil Freedom as the adherents of any other denomination within the British realm. We have a just cause, and it behoves each and all of us to acquit ourselves as good soldiers in a united and determined army.

J. L.
rushing headlong out of the class-room at the same turbulent scholar. One day, in the end of June, I was when I was entering on my tenth year. I was rather a that this particular brand of pen was called "death's head," its body being in that form, surmounted by the of my youth when, shortly before the Great War, I met a famous palmist in Paris. While gazing at my hands schoolmate. On what month did he wound you?" "Sir, you will live to be old, but very certainly, at the forty-seven, and on that very day my dear and gallant son was suddenly killed, by crashing in an aeroplane made of That palmist when reading my fate in my hands had not lied. I still sometimes look at that scar, which so terrible news that his father, the king, had been killed, and his debarcation for the ostensible purpose of oceanographic research, and his debarcation much circumstantial detail before it was written in blood...The man took a pair of compasses and measured called "Le Roip Regicide." (This Chronicle is Written in French, and is Translated into English by the Editor.) THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING. Eighteen months before the present king of Italy mounted the throne I published a novel pages entitled "Le Roi Regicide." I described the hereditary prince of the kingdom of Sylvania (an imaginary realm) sailing with a company of philosophers and scientists, in order to forget, between the seas and skies, the boredom of being called upon one day to wear the crown and don the royal purple. One night when passing, on the open sea, the shores of his native land, the young prince Harold sent luminous signals to the shore which were immediately the platform I said, "I am not going to address myself directly to any one of you. I presume there is in this assembly someone for whom I can give a good example of clairvoyance, better than to all the others. Now, think of something. Do not try to influence me. I shall put myself in a negative receptive condition and try to enter into mental communication with the person for whom I may have something to say of particular interest." Half of the electric lights in the salon were extinguished. Some passages of the first chapter I have been haunted I never left, I was sceptical, and I thought little more of this conversation. Now at the end of the War, on the day the Peace Treaty was signed in the end of June, I had just become forty-seven, and on that very day my dear and gallant son was suddenly killed, by crashing in an aeroplane made of wood and iron! My heart was rent by this calamity. That palmist who reading my fate in my hands had not lied, still sometimes looked at that scar, which so long before had unerringly announced the death of my boy. THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING. Eighteen months before the present king of Italy mounted the throne I published a novel of 343 pages entitled "Le Roi Regicide." 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Now I had already completely forgotten this episode in connection with "Le Roi Regicide." Several months later, Humberto, the king of Italy, was assassinated. In reading the details of the crime in the newspapers I recognised all the circumstances described in my book. The future king, Victor Emmanuel, had learned the news of his father's assassination while at sea when he was navigating for the ostensible purpose of oceanographic research, with the same circumstances of the signalling, his recall, and his reception of the people, as I had described them many months before I had been clairvoyant without knowing it, and had foreseen this historic event sufficiently clearly to describe it with much circumstantial detail before it was written in blood in the book of fate! THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE* May, 1929. THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE* A MONTHLY RECORD OF SPIRITUALISTIC AND PSYCHIC HAPPENINGS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, WITH SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS. By MONSIEUR PASCAL FORTHUNY. (This Chronicle is Written in French, and is Translated into English by the Editor.) A FATAL PRESENTIMENT. One day I was working in my home in the country when I received a visit from M. Alberto de Monsaraz, the very distinguished poet, who wished to honour me with his friendship. As I had an appointment in Paris for that evening my friend proposed that I should accompany him in his automobile instead of going by train, I accepted, and we set off. As soon as we reached the high road M. de Monsaraz greatly accelerated his speed. I had really no fear, but I thought that if we should meet with any obstacle a fatal accident might easily happen. In going through a village he suddenly saw an almost imperceptible scar in the left wall of the house—beneath the name of the inn. The innkeeper continued to explain that this occurring. Truly on that day a serious misfortune, to him, and I called "death's head," its body being in that form, surmounted by the of my youth when, shortly before the Great War, I met a famous palmist in Paris. While gazing at my hands was suddenly killed, by crashing in an aeroplane made of That palmist when reading my fate in my hands had not lied. I still sometimes look at that scar, which so long before had unerringly announced the death of my boy. THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING. Eighteen months before the present king of Italy mounted the throne I published a novel pages entitled "Le Roi Regicide." I described the hereditary prince of the kingdom of Sylvania (an imaginary realm) sailing with a company of philosophers and scientists, in order to forget, between the seas and skies, the boredom of being called upon one day to wear the crown and don the royal purple. 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A TEA FOR "TWENTY SUICIDES."

I have just suffered a little disillusion and, as it is connected with my clairvoyant work, I may briefly mention it here. During the time I have tried to put my mediumship at the service of suffering humanity, many women have come to me in Egypt, with a view to having themselves put into the river. To every one of these unhappy women I have given my best encouragement, and I very distinctly believe that had they not been prevented to do so, I should have prevented many suicides. Certain of these visitors became very uneasy by their own admission. They had recovered their taste for life and had learnt that there is ever the possibility of happiness for souls possessing real courage and goodwill. Since my first case of "soul-saving" of this kind fifteen years ago I have written down the names of these sufferers in a special notebook, and find that they now number twenty.

Recently I had the idea of writing to them all, giving them an invitation to assemble at my house for tea. It seemed to me that would be a sort of spiritual feast. The thought of their coming delighted me, for these women were my friends, and I knew that I had given them a second lease of life. More than half of them, however, replied that they would not care to be present at my "afternoon tea," for they might recognize some of their own friends among those who had determined to make a last effort at self-sacrifice. But they were not to be appeased even by my being at their disposal for three days, and I took it into my head that I had offended them by being too forward in mentioning the subject. So I dreamed up a scheme, and asked them to meet me at my house for a tea on the morrow of my death when I was alone in my room, which I vividly recalled on that very day, when I thought my spirit might possibly suffer at the cremation, and I hoped that I might be led towards my happy home. I did not suffer at the time of the cremation, as it is claimed was given by the spirit of Gabriel Delanne, the well-known French Spiritualist, and to have addressed them in paternal fashion thus—"Now you see that however cruel or atrocious life may be, there is ever the possibility of happiness for souls possessing real courage and goodwill."

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The ANGER OF TUTANKHAMEN.

In Czecho-Slovakian newspapers published at Prague on March 19 I find the following statement: "Is it a hoax or does it tell of an authentic phenomenon? The facts are narrated with the utmost seriousness, and are within the range of possibility. Violent supernormal happenings have occurred, it seems, in the studio of M. Folt, a well-known sculptor who possesses a seance-room at Vinohrady, a well-known suburb of Prague. Many persons celebrated in intellectual and artistic circles attended a Spiritualistic seance there. Everything proceeded calmly until the conclusion, when a sitter asked that the spirit of Tutankhamen, the celebrated king of Egypt, should come up from the plains to recruit at a well-known hotel some eight miles above Simla. As I was preparing for my richesaw at walking pace up the gradual ascent, a mile or so from my destination, I distinctly saw my friend sitting on the low boundary wall at a bend in the road only a few yards ahead, dressed as usual in her familiar grey costume, and looking down the road as if in expectation of my coming.

At the same moment my rickshaw men exclaimed, "There is Miss Sahiba come to meet you!" for they were all well acquainted with her from her previous visits to our house. But to our surprise she made no response to our welcoming greetings, and when we reached the spot she was nowhere to be seen! On arriving at the hotel I found her eagerly awaiting my arrival in her own room, which she had not left all the morning; and only by explanation seemed to be that she was becoming impatient at my being later than she had expected.

MOTHER'S AU REVOIR.

Was Mr. David Belasco, the celebrated dramatist, spiritually inspired when he wrote his play, "The Return of Peter Grinn?"

The National Spiritualist (U.S.A.) says it was written when Belasco was living at Newport, U.S.A., while his mother was at San Francisco. One day he was working hard at the theatre directing the rehearsals of a new play. When he reached home he went at once to bed overwhelmed by fatigue, but he soon woke up and was surprised to see his mother standing beside his bed. She was smiling, and called him by his pet name from infancy, "Davy, Davy, Davy." She stooped over him, made a gesture of embracing him, and said, "Do not grieve. All is well, and I am happy." Then she walked towards the door and disappeared.

Next morning Belasco told his family about this vision and said, "I believe my mother is dead." He went to the theatre, set hiliarious Spiritualists, and then found his sinister presage. But by-and-by a telegram was sent from him to his house. It had come from San Francisco, and told him that his mother had died on the previous night about the time he had seen her in his room. He learnt later that his mother at the moment of expiring had pronounced the words, "Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,..." before her death. Mr. Belasco did not consider this a mere transmission of thought, but believed that the spirit of his mother actually came to him at the moment of her passing. It was during that period in his life when he was so dolorously affected by this piece of bad fortune that his mother than he wrote "The Return of Peter Grinn."
seen at certain fixed dates of the year on ancient
battlegrounds.

The most recent narrative of this kind appears in a book
entitled "Psychica," by von Schrenck-Notzing. This work
presents Spiritualistic facts under a romantic form, and
has had enormous success. The Doctor was certainly
inspired by the tradition of these processions of dead
soldiers when he previously wrote his moving story of
the medium优选, who from the top of the cathedral
tower of Strasburg saw on the Alsatian firmament
innumerable combatants who fell in the Great War of
1914-1918. Someday I may here translate that dramatic
story.

To-day I wish merely to refer to an extremely curious
article which appeared recently in the Cretan journal
Gazette. It speaks of astounding
stories. Many farm labourers affirm that they saw
ancient soldiers who died over a century ago in a
celebrated battle at this spot.

The Cretans had suffered much from the rule of Ibrahim
Pasha, and the moment seemed well chosen for an attempt
to free them from their Turkish oppressors. The Greek
general, Epitrite Hadjijanulis Dalianis (perhaps an
ancestor of the general above mentioned) made a first
landing with 380 men on the island. Other troops were
to follow immediately. This landing took place on
March 16, 1829, and the little troop first camped on the
seashore and then advanced foolhardily into the interior.

Suddenly on May 17 they met an army of 8,000 Turks,
commanded by Mustapha Pasha, Ibrahim's generals.
The battle was swift and decisive. The poor Greek,
whom they had seen the day before, was killed. All their
bodies were thrown into a caveat at the edge of the sea, towards which they
had retired during the fight.

Fortunately since then the shades of these warriors
have been seen. Can that have been only a "collective
hallucination," due to physical, atmospheric, and
optical lines. Other persons believe the phenomena
are really objective, though not properly speaking
materialised. They see independent, materialised thought-forms, sent forth in
time by the combatants at the moment of death. I have spoken of the
Cretan townsfolk who saw the Alsatian firmament innumerable combatants in the Great War of
1914-1918. Someday I may here translate that dramatic
story.

At that period Greece planned to annex the island of Sfakia to the Turks.

The review, Psychica, however, publishes the following story, which proves that it is quite
possible.

A young man died while mountaineering. He fell over a precipice. His brother went to visit a materialising
medium in Lyons, taking with him a number of photographs from the family album of relatives, friends, and
comrades. This medium had never seen his visitor and could have no information about him through normal
channels. He fell at once into trance and was soon controlled by the spirit of the unfortunate young man
whom he had killed on the mountain.

This spirit showed the photographs and asked if he
recognised the persons, and what he thought of them.
He replied to the first, "that is one of your neighbours." To the second, "who is that? I do not
recognise that." All these declarations were correct. And as the photograph was produced by the
controlled medium threw it violently away from him, saying, "That is the portrait of a person who has become
an enemy of the family." Finally photographs of mountain scenes were shown, and the medium picked out
one, saying, "Ah, that is the abyss!" It was, in fact, a photograph exposed by the unfortunate young
mountaineer a few moments before he slipped into the
gulf below.

The review, Psychica, however, publishes the following story, which proves that it is quite
possible.

By coincidence justly on the great mistake many
people make during such seances. The clairvoyant
started with his study of hypnotism at Munich. He knew
and worked with Dr. Carl du Prel, who directed his
researches and had a highly favourable influence upon
him. Beside this master he absorbed all the literature on
the subject, and made his first experiments with the assistance of the medium, Luna M.,
in the studios of the Bavarian artists Gabriel von Max
and Albert Keeler. He then operated himself, trying to
solve the problem of the transmission of thought. Later he entered into relations with the philosophers Von
Hellenbach and Max von Hartmann, and methodically
studied. When he came to Paris in 1890 for the second International Congress of Psychology
and Experimental Hypnotism he met Charles Richet,
Merck, and Sidgwick. In 1891 he translated Richelet's
work, "Experimental Studies in the Transmission of
Thought and Clairvoyance." It was Schrenck-Notzing
who introduced therapeutic hypnotism into Germany, and
he published a book on that subject which was translated
into English and Italian.

Thereafter this Bavarian savant occupied himself
constantly with the problems of mediumship. His life
was laboriously devoted to ascertaining the verities in
this vast domain, so difficult to explore. He had to fight
constantly against the scepticism and the irony of his
contemporaries. But pursuing steadfastly his work of
research he experimented with a great number of mediums,
including Eglinton, Heine, Schraps, Carcassini, Politi,
Lucia Sordi, Linda Gazzera, Essapia Paladino, Anastasia
Tomczyk, and Eva Carrière. The last important mediums
whom he experimented with were de Bruno and the
brothers Willy and Rudolf Schneider.

In Schrenck-Notzing metaphysical science has lost one of its most active and eloquent
champions. He brought to bear on all his work a perfect eclecticism which permitted him
to examine any working hypothesis without prejudice. He was a notable example to the scientists of
the day, who have not his uncompromising spirit of justice and
who regard all researchers in the psychic domain as fools.

THE MEDIUM AND THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Some critics say, it is impossible for a
medium to detect the exact place of
in touching inanimate objects, photographs for
example." Psychica, however, publishes the
following story, which proves that it is quite
possible.

Some weeks ago a violent fire totally destroyed
the transatlantic vessel, Pauli-Locat, in the port
of Marseilles.

This ship was commanded by a captain for a long time. On its last voyage to the Red Sea, one of its sailors
voluntarily cast himself into the sea, and he was not its
first suicide. The captain of the gunboat, La Plaisance, reported this to the fire a sailor exclaimed, "That ship is cursed. On
every voyage there is some mystery, and this time the
comrades. The last was the seventh." The bewitched
vessel at last disappeared in flames.

THE FEAR OF THE TRUTH.

The review, Psychica, gives an account of the public experiments in clairvoyance. Since the
first one, every Wednesday at the Circle of Parapsychic
Research in Paris

It commenced quite justly on the great mistake
many people make during such seances. The clairvoyant
they are often afraid to confess their truth. They remain silent.

The following story drawn from *Mondo Occulto* will interest spiritual healers:

**THE PROPHECIES OF SAINT MALACHI.**

The Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris was on March 26 the scene of magnificent funeral ceremonies for the great Generalissimo, Marshal Foch.

It is well known that this cathedral inspired Victor Hugo's famous novel in which figures Esmeralda, the little gipsy dancer-dresser. But it is not so well known that the name "Esmeralda" has many times been unlucky.

It is not so well known that the name "Esmeralda" has many times been unlucky. Drawn from Victor Hugo's book an opera bearing that title was staged in Paris in which the principal artists were Madameoiselle Falcon and Monsieur Nourrit. Shortly after acting in that play Madle. Falcon lost her voice and M. Nourrit committed suicide in Italy.

Esmeralda sailing between England and Ireland sank with all hands. A mare of great value which the Duke of Orleans named "Esmeralda" collided with a horse in a steepclach and had its head totally shattered.

**DOCTORS AND A HEALING MEDIUM.**

The following story drawn from *Mondo Occulto* will interest spiritual healers.

Many years ago there lived in the Italian province of Terni a Signora Amalia Innocenti, who had the faculty of falling into trance and prescribing to sick people the medicines that would cure them. When this woman lay on her death-bed many persons came to ask her to reveal what they called her "secret," and say how wrong that is! It is thus I find I have often given convincing evidence of some of the power which was apparently not recognised, then when the audience dispersed I was told, "It is all quite true what you said, M. Forthuny, but I was afraid to confess the truth."

The other day I described to a lady a spirit I saw who had been seen to fall into a trance. But exactly one month after her mother's death, on April 11, 1899, Virginia fell into trance and confessed to me afterwards that it was quite true. Psychica demands that in all such cases people should have the frankness to reveal. Yes, yes. And that is what happened. I was called on experimental circle in England, and on March 27. I approached a stranger and told him he was a Roumanian. I gave to him the name of one of his friends in Roumania, a lawyer in Galatz, who happened also to be a friend of mine. Finally I touched his arm and said, "Here you have a terrible wound; your flesh is cruelly torn." The man very bravely stood up, took off his coat, turned up his sleeve, and showed to the audience a fearful scar which covered part of the arm both back and front. That was an excellent "Yes, yes," which did not fail to convince the spectators. All who have any sincere intention to serve the cause of truth should be equally frank when they visit Spiritualist centres.

**PETITES NOUVELLES.**

A Circle for Parapsychic Research has been started in Seville, Spain.

Professor Alonso de Amaral intends to start a centre of Spiritualist instruction in the south of his country.

"PETITE NOUVELLES.

**MISSIONS.**

The following story drawn from *Mondo Occulto* will interest spiritual healers.

The following story drawn from *Mondo Occulto* will interest spiritual healers.

The local doctors became alarmed when sick people from all parts of the country streamed constantly to the medium's house. They accused Virginia of practising medicine illegally and were eager to drag her before the courts. They did not act, however, until 1913, and then the judges at Spoleto acquitted the Signora Fontana as innocent.

After this trouble she retired to the village of Collescipoli where, in the hope of sheltering herself from her persecutors she opened a "magnetic bureau." After she thought the diploma'd doctors could not harm her. She had received advice to do so from the mouth of a former English doctor who spoke through her lips. That did not prevent the doctors of the district, however, from starting another case against her. She defended herself very well and explained to the Court that she did not physically visit the sick people, but that she treated them by means entirely spiritual; that she met them with seeing them, by touching objects or pieces of hair which had belonged to them.

The judge of the Verni tribunal acquitted her on June 23, 1923.

Then the ecclesiastical authorities accused her of being a collaborator with the devil. It was proved that the contrary that she was a devout and excellent Christian. To-day there is a threat of a third legal attack. *Mondo Occulto* says that the present Pope would not make the name of King of Italy. The prophecies of this Saint have proved correct for all the Popes who have succeeded each other from far back times. The one on *Esmeralda*, for example, corresponds perfectly with the period when Benedict XV was Pope, "during the war."

Similarly, Malachi foresees the great saintliness of Benedict X (who was a medium) and prefigured him by the phrase, "Lumen in coelo."

If we are to believe this astonishing prophet the next Pope will contribute to the restoration of the monarchy in France in the reign of a great Celt, whoever he may prove to be. After which there will only be seven more Popes, the seventh about the year 2000 A.D., being named Peter. Then they will disappear at the same time as old Europe will undergo great cataclysms. A new era will come.

None of us may live to see these events, but one thing is certain, namely, that Saint Malachi has not yet merited the title of "false prophet."
THE CAMP OF RECEPTION.

I found on my arrival here that my destination was termed the Camp of Reception. It was perched on a hill which commanded a very extensive view of the plain—extensive enough to show a hundred or so of souls who were philanthropic by nature, who all had in earth life taken more or less interest in the welfare of their fellow-beings, and had taken parts in efforts made to reclaim the fallen or home the outcasts. They were people of various creeds, and some without creeds, whose common motive was to help the distressed.

Now, as a band of brothers and sisters, their duty is to receive newcomers into the sphere, and place them in company and surroundings harmonious to their natures. I need not repeat that earthly rank is no qualification here, and confers no precedence, unless it has been won by, or accompanied with, well-doing out of a common love for humanity. It is the voluntary Humane Society whose diplomas carry weight in our future progress. I do not mean that they are in any sense our arbiters or judges; instead the best judgment enables their guest the better to apprise themselves, so that after a short stay they are ready for the new regime.

The camp was formed by three concentric circles of evergreen shrubbery, each circle having four gates. Placed here were been prepared for our reception in the outer circle. At regular intervals inside the outer-hedge were a number of small grottos or arbours, one for each individual. Within were such furnishings as were needed, and mine was equipped with a couch, a table, a desk, easy chairs and books, hangings, pictures, etc., not needed, for the floor was already carpeted with flower-decked grass, and the dropping leaves and vivid blossoms of vines formed the tapetum.

My neighbour, who was an Oriental, had furnished to his own exquisite taste, and so I believe everyone was suited. Our dwellings were all in this outer ring. The second ring was used for educational purposes and discussions, perhaps being divided temporarily so that several meetings could be held simultaneously. The inner ring was the great amphitheatre for mass-meetings and festivities.

After I had spent some time in reverie and some time in perusal, I heard without a clatter of voices. My Oriental friend called out my name. I responded, and going to the entrance of his grotto found there a man of goodly aspect whom we knew as Jacinth. "Will you join us in our discussion group," he asked; "you may have something to contribute to our knowledge."

"Sir," I replied, "we will join with pleasure, but we can hardly expect to add to your knowledge, since you have outshone us."

"In a general sense we have, but not in the particular sense," he returned; "each individual soul has his own revelations, and surely you both have insight to things not yet revealed to us. You have your predilections, so have I, but each soul best knows his own.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT BEYOND.

In such company I passed through the gate into the second circle, and found a goodly number of people assembled, eagerly awaiting the opening of the proceedings. Several themes were suggested, but finally "The Description of the Great Beyond" was the subject adopted.

The opener of the debate, a man with the fervour of an enthusiast, claimed that identity was an illusion, manifestly a terrestrial phantasy, foolishly and vainly voiced the opinion that our sense of identity arose from the true self, and was therefore eternal. A third defined identity as a dent in the edge of the Infinite, like the teeth in a circular saw, or a watch wheel, which while not really an identity was yet one of the expressions of the Infinite. My Oriental friend opined that identity was the external manifestation of the true self; and so it went the round.

When I arrived, I found myself feeling my own incompetence to settle the question, but at last my impetuous friend insisted on putting his views. I claimed that while being was merged in Being; all spirit in One Spirit; so all identities must be merged in One Identity, and that therefore that identity must ultimately cease. My wishes and my thoughts on the subject could thus be expressed:

As rivers run into the sea
Oh, let my soul like this
Become absorbed, O God in Thee
And lost in sacred bliss!"
and I was drawn into the vortex not at all unwillingly, and found myself gyrating with the rest. It was an experience so unaccustomed to me, who had never indulged in terpsichorean exercises, that I was surprised at my own audacity, but it had awakened some hitherto dormant faculty in my nature, and I gave up myself with rest to the novel enjoyable experience. When this last stage was reached the whole assembly sank upon their knees in worship and the music died away a magnificent Te Deum. Not the Te Deum of the Christian Churches, but one that I stood, but something analogous—something that was beyond description and defies analysis, but having the effect of reverent adoration for the Divine Being in and out in sinuous lines as though representing spiral circles, squares, triangles, and some very ingenious complicated designs which I could not understand, but I was content to follow my leader.

Judging by my own feelings, the exercise was intended first to represent the entire gamut of human emotions, afterwards leading on to the higher emotions akin to ideality and sublimity. When this last stage was reached the concerted action of the people, inspired by changes in the music, took the form of long files of the people following some leader, then winding in and out in sinuous lines as though representing spiral circles, squares, triangles, and some very ingenious complicated designs which I could not understand, but I was content to follow my leader.

When I looked again the glorious throng had disappeared, and I found myself sitting on a panoplied seat and drew together the curtains. More sacred music stilled forth from the structure itself, and then, in sight of all the waiting multitude, came forth a group of radiant beings, one of whom spoke unto us words of power, of energy reverting hands bestowed a benediction upon all. Not mere words, but living visible radiant beams of light, which passed through me and blessed every soul present. With bated breath I asked my neighbours the meaning of this wonderful occurrence, and it was declared that it was a materialisation of the higher souls from the realms above, who through the intermediation of the two persons in the cortinautin and his companions, were enabled to manifest to us.

So ended the silent ranks that arranged themselves who with reverent tread ascended the steps of the crystal structure and seated themselves in the panoplied seat and drew together the curtains.

A Rochester Square Spiritualist Temple celebrates its second birthday by a series of special services and meetings, which had been arranged chiefly by its beloved Founder and President, Mr. Richard Ellis, who had just passed on to the higher life. On Good Friday morning, Sir Frank Benson, the Shakespearean actor, discoursed on The Great Achievements of Jesus, the Christian Master, from the Agony to the Resurrection or the Easter Dawn, narrating personal experiences which had proved to him conclusively that there is no death.

In the afternoon, Mr. Ernest Mead discoursed on the early life of Jesus and his associates, and clairvoyance was given by the Rev. J. J. Walsh. In the evening, the Rev. J. J. Lamond, D.D., eloquently addressed a large congregation on "Life After Death," and the significance to Spiritualists of Jesus' saying: "I am the resurrection and the life." He declared that these words had proved to him conclusively that there is no death.

On Saturday night, Mr. Hannen Swaifer, the eminent Shakespearian actor, discoursed on The Great Achievements of Jesus, the Christian Master, from the Agony to the Resurrection or the Easter Dawn, explaining the epochal significance to Spiritualists of Jesus' saying, "I am the resurrection and the life." He counselled all inquirers to make a sincere search for the truth of the matter as he had done, and assured them that they would become abundantly convinced.

On Easter morning, the Rev. Drayton Thomas delivered "The Resurrection to a full church, explaining the epochal significance to Spiritualists of Jesus' saying, "I am the resurrection and the life." He counselled all inquirers to make a sincere search for the truth of the matter as he had done, and assured them that they would become abundantly convinced.

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Edited by W. Britton Harvey, Author of "Science and the Soul.

Published Monthly. Subscription per annum, post free, payable in advance: Commonwealth and New Zealand, 96; Great Britain, 10/-; South Africa, 10/-; America, $3 dollars 75 c.

Printed for the International Psychic Gazette, Ltd., by Bobby & Co. Ltd., Union Crescent, Margate.

Published at 60, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.