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Continental Editor: M. PASCAL FORTHUNY

No. 197. Vol. 18.

FEBRUARY, 1930.

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Publishing, Editorial, Advertisement and Registered Offices:—

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE, LTD., 69, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1  
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# THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

No. 197. Vol. 18.

FEBRUARY, 1930.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

## Our Outlook Tower.

### SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S HEALTH.

WHEN Sir Arthur Conan Doyle returned from his Continental Tour for Spiritualism in time to be present at the last Armistice Services in the Albert Hall and Queen's Hall, the state of his health was such as to fill the hearts of Spiritualists everywhere with anxiety, if not dismay.

Prayers for healing and strength have ever since been offered at Spiritualist Churches, Circles, and Homes on his behalf, not only in this country, but in America, Australia, and elsewhere, and if it be true that the prayers of even one righteous man availeth much, we may feel assured that the fervent mass prayers of a whole world-wide movement have not been ineffectual.

We were immensely relieved and delighted to learn that Sir Arthur had sufficiently recovered to be able to leave his sick-room at Crowborough and attend the funeral of his friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Ashton Jonson. And since then he has had a long letter on the leader page of *The Times*, dealing with the present crucial situation in India with vast knowledge and statesmanlike insight and grasp. Then he had another letter in the *Evening Standard* on Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," from the point of view of literary criticism.

Before going to press we have asked Sir Arthur for a little message to hand on to our readers, and he replies:—

"I slowly gain strength. I can walk for ten minutes or so. Then comes the heart-grip, but it is breathless, not painful. Pain is the real enemy; death is a small thing to a Spiritualist. It is splendid of the folk to pray for me."

That is good, reassuring news indeed, for the present, but we "keep believing"—as the good Salvationists say—for better and better news still. We must continue our ardent affectionate "prayers without ceasing" until our great Leader's health is fully re-established.

### PRAYERS FOR RESTORATION.

At our suggestion Mrs. ST. CLAIR STOBART has kindly written the following beautiful special prayer to be used by English Spiritualists in churches, circles, and homes:—

#### ENGLAND.

FATHER GOD!—With one accord we, who are fellow Crusaders in the Quest for Spiritual Truth, beseech Thee to restore physical health to our beloved and honoured Champion, Arthur Conan Doyle.

From holy spirits at Thy command, may Healing Rays go forth, which shall turn darkness into light, suffering into health!

In the forefront of battles in many lands, fighting fearlessly, and at risk of all that men hold dear, he has suffered in the great Cause wounds which Thou alone canst heal. Oh! Gracious Father, heal these wounds, and for a further spell, spare our Captain to lead us ever onward and upward in the great Crusade to overthrow Materialism and spread the Gospel of Eternal Life!

Through the wilderness of Unbelief, he has led multitudes to the Promised Land. Sustain him Father, now, with spiritual Manna, that he may have strength to continue as a Pillar of Light, to show the way to us Pilgrims of the Infinite! O loving Father, hear our Prayer, and let our heartfelt cry come unto Thee.—  
Amen!

#### AMERICA.

MRS. RIDPATH-MANN, the Editor of the *National Spiritualist*, U.S.A., composed and printed the following

healing thoughts to be broadcast daily by the Spiritualists of America, in her January number:—

Health is the Law of Nature.

The Laws of Nature are the Laws of God.

Through the Invisible Helpers the Giver of All Good Things now pours into your being the Stream of Perfect Health. You are one with it. It is removing from your organism everything that is an obstacle to perfect health, physical, mental, spiritual. It penetrates, permeates, renews, restores, redeems, cleanses, vitalises and heals every cell and nerve, every muscle and tissue, every vein, artery and capillary, making you every whit whole!

This under Thy Guidance and Beneficence, O Infinite Intelligence!

### AUSTRALIA.

And Mr. W. BRITTEN HARVEY, Editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, thus voices the prayers of Australians in his Christmas number:—

"May God continue to bless them (Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle)! And may the angelic guardians—who have thus far sustained and protected them in all their journeyings—continue to uphold and inspire them, and eventually be with them as the light of earth fades away and they listen with unspeakable rapture to the welcoming song of the heavenly hosts: 'Well done, good and faithful servants, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'"

Mr. Harvey adds:—"Like the selfless heroes who, a few years ago, fought in a very different sphere of sacrifice, the name of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will 'live for evermore,' and nothing could be more assured than that future generations will rise up and call him blessed."

### "THE LAST ENEMY."

A Spiritualist play with this title has been attracting large audiences at the Fortune Theatre, Drury Lane, since the week before Christmas.

It is written by Mr. Frank Harvey, is magnificently staged and acted, and we hope it may have a long run.

The opening scene is in a tent in the Antarctic where two explorers, cut off from relief by a blizzard, find themselves face to face with death, "the greatest adventure of all." They speak of future life and finally die, muttering the Lord's Prayer. The second scene shows them at once on "the first landing" of the other world. They realise the change from death to life has been "as quick as death," that in fact there is no real death in the scheme of things. A Spiritual Guide tells them they are on their way to heaven, and will meet God, but that there is nothing for even sinful men to fear for God understands. In the final scene we see them here again setting out for "the second landing," after one of them has providentially intervened to save a girl still on earth from moral danger. It is around this girl and her two lovers during the hectic period of the war that the most moving scenes in the play are enacted. In discussing the ghostly intervention, the girl says, "You don't believe in spirits, do you Jack?" "No, of course not," he replies; "only strange things do happen—Conan Doyle and all that!" a humorous touch which was quickly appreciated by the audience.

The play is on the whole the best and frankest portrayal of Spiritualistic facts ever put on the British stage. We would not all agree, however, with the Spiritual Guide's remark, "You are all on your way towards the Source of Life, that great Spirit of which each man is an infinitesimal part." (That idea, as it happens, is gently controverted in our leading article in this number, our view being that God and Man are of essentially different substances.) And again, pointing to many sparks of light seen flickering around, the Guide says, "Each spark is a soul on its way to be born in an earthly shell."

The soul will go on being re-born until it fulfils its destiny." This view is rather Theosophical than Spiritualistic. A "spark" is not a happy synonym for what is known to have human form in the after life and to live on very much in the same way as on earth, only with greater freedom and power. "Sparks" do not think and feel and love and express personality; neither do they ever exist as things hovering loosely apart, awaiting birth and re-birth in earthly shells! That is not according to Nature!



## A SPIRITUALIST VETERAN.

**D**R. ABRAHAM WALLACE, after a fall and about two months of not very serious indisposition which kept him indoors, passed peacefully away in his sleep on January 23.

This event occurred at Wallacefield, the cottage at Paignton, Devonshire, to which he retired about a year ago, after his long practice as an eminent and highly-respected West-end physician.

Though an octogenarian, the Doctor retained to the last his buoyant and youthful spirits. A Scot by birth, he was an eloquent and forcible speaker on many platforms, and was ever the soul of good humour at social events, when he let the pawky genial wit of his country have free play.

He was the author of an excellent study of "Jesus of Nazareth," and quite recently he published a monograph on Lord Lister, with whom he had been associated in medical work sixty years ago.

The Doctor's body was cremated at Golder's Green on Monday, January 27, in the presence of a goodly number of friends. A laurel wreath lay on the purple coffin, but there were no flowers or trappings of woe. The ceremony was as simple as saying Au Revoir!

Mr. ERNEST W. OATEN, President of the Spiritualists' International Federation, after reciting the Lord's Prayer, said they had met together to pay the last sacred tokens of love to the body in which had resided for over four-score years the spirit of their friend and companion, Dr. Abraham Wallace. They were there to remind themselves of the transitory nature of life and the necessity for truly performing their allotted tasks, while it was yet day, for soon they would all have to leave behind the entanglements of the physical world, and would only carry with them into the spirit-world the characters they had built up, the memories they cherished, and the loves and affections they had won. For over fifty years Dr. Wallace had devoted himself to Psychical Research, and for over forty years his scientifically trained mind had been satisfied by personal experiences that there was a life beyond. With all his wonderful intellect and great heart he was a very simple man, and he had requested that there should be no flowers or tears or sermon at his funeral; a few honest words, he said, were all that was necessary. He had gone hence, and his beneficent work among them would remain as an everlasting memory. He had answered the last call, passed through the gates to higher service in the Heavenly Father's kingdom, and perhaps it would be their privilege to again see his face peering through the veil, and hear his voice cheering and sustaining them until the day when they would all meet again in the land beyond, to resume their journey together hand in hand.

Among those present were Mrs. Perkins and Miss Wright ("Verona") with a nurse, from Dr. Wallace's household, Mr. Evan Powell, Paignton; Mr. C. W. Newcourt, Bournemouth; Mr. R. H. Saunders, Miss Estelle W. Stead, Miss Florence Morse, Mrs. Barbanell, Mr. Vout Peters, Miss Mercy Phillimore, representing the London Spiritualist Alliance; Mr. F. Hawken, of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association; Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt, representing *Light*, in the absence of Mr. David Gow through indisposition; Mr. H. N. Bolton, representing London District Council of S.N.U.; Mr. Noel Hackney, and Mr. John Lewis, Editor of the *International Psychic Gazette*.

## MR. R. H. SAUNDERS' TRIBUTE.

**S**our dear and valued friend Dr. Abraham Wallace has made the passage! There is no doubt but that he welcomed the call. He had lived a long and strenuous life, and towards the end grew somewhat tired. When he retired from active work, the announcement of his decision was conveyed in a circular unique in its nature. He thanked his friends and patients for giving him a happy life.

No finer tribute could be paid to a man's life work than Abduhl Latif, the great Persian physician, paid to Dr. Wallace, at a seance which he and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle attended. The Persian having manifested, the Doctor seized the opportunity to thank Abduhl for the help he had given him in an accident, and Abduhl replied—"Let me tell you one thing, my good and learned Doctor. You have 10,000 hearts in one that will always make you well, and not until you are ready to lay down the mantle and say, 'Good Lord, I have done my best with that which you gave me to do'—not until your spirit has done all that is within you to do—will you be willing to go hence!"

## SUDDEN PASSING OF MR. ASHTON JONSON.

**I**t was with deep regret that we heard of the very sudden passing from earth life of Mr. G. C. Ashton Jonson on January 10.

One of his friends writes: "He was a fellow member with me of a club which gathers monthly to discuss psychic matters, and his genial presence will be greatly missed by us. It was only at the beginning of this month we dined together, and one might easily have estimated for him a long lease of life from all appearances; yet the fiat had gone forth that the passage had to be made. At this dinner Mr. Ashton Jonson introduced as a guest a scientist of distinction, who related some striking instances of psychic phenomena, and Mr. Jonson himself contributed some of his own interesting experiences."

We are indebted to another friend who knew him well for the following brief notes of his career:—

"MR. GEORGE CHARLES ASHTON JONSON was born on July 22, 1861. He was the son of Dr. George Jonson, of 16 S. Eaton Place, London. Educated at Eton, he was deprived by delicate health from going to the University. He travelled widely, and was thirty years on the London Stock Exchange, which he left in 1910. Then for the rest of his life he devoted his energies to lecturing on music and poetry. He was a great student of Wagner and had a very large following.

"During the war he acted as official guide to London to the Overseas Forces, and also lectured all over England to the troops in camp. He also lectured in America.

"In 1912 his attention became riveted on the teachings of Spiritualism. From that time onward he and his wife studied the subject with intense zeal, and in 1928 were privileged to accompany Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle to South Africa, where Mr. Jonson proved of immense assistance, and again in October last he and his wife both accompanied Sir Arthur on his Scandinavian tour.

"Mr. Ashton Jonson was universally beloved to an unusual degree. He breathed love and sympathy to all, and he was never known to say an unkind thing nor perform an unkind act in his whole life. His faith in the Hereafter was unshakable, and his wife finds in that her consolation and her strength now in her dark hour of temporary separation."

## WAS J. N. MASKELYNE A SPIRITUALIST?

**T**HERE has been some controversy on this subject in the *Sunday Express*.

Mr. WILL GOLDSTON, president of the Magicians' Club, claims that the famous conjurer once said to him:—

"I believe there is a great deal in Spiritualism, but I dare not admit it. But I am not influenced by rappings and noises. I think that when we die we rise to a much higher plane and would not wish to indulge in such foolishness."

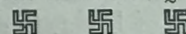
Mr. JASPER MASKELYNE, on the other hand, writes:—

"I have made careful inquiries of my aunts, his relatives, his friends, and all those who were in daily contact with him, and they unanimously declare his uncompromising attitude to Spiritualism at all times. He used to say there might be some form of telepathy, which manifested itself particularly in times of stress, and he would relate how, when as a boy he was nearly drowned, his mother at home experienced an intense feeling of distress."

Mr. J. N. MASKELYNE himself settled the matter in 1892, when he wrote the following letter to the Italian journal, *Annali dello Spiritismo*:—

"Inasmuch as for several years I have been recognised as an opponent of Spiritualism your readers will, without doubt, be surprised to learn that I have become a believer in apparitions. Many facts similar to those related by your correspondents have been verified in my own family, and in that of my friends, in such a way that I have been forced to surrender to the evidence of the truth, and to acknowledge my error."

This letter was reproduced in the *Banner of Light* for March 26, 1892, and in the *Medium and Daybreak* of April 15, 1892. It was also printed in this *Gazette* for November, 1916, when we were having a little controversy with the old gentleman about his £1,000 Ghost Case!



To feel that a whispered cry will bring to our aid a goodly company of those invisible beings who "walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep," is to have our lives so changed by what seems magic . . . that our outlook is brighter, our ambition is higher, and even our afflictions are radiant with unwonted hopefulness—  
*Rev. George H. Hepworth.*



## The Life Story of The Rev. John Lamond, D.D. THE BOY WHO WAS A SHEPHERD AT FIVE.

By THE EDITOR.

THE Spiritualist Movement cannot boast of many such dignified apostles as it has in Dr. John Lamond, a learned Doctor of Divinity whose *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* and great oratorical gifts have been unsparingly devoted to religious and social reform movements for well over half a century. Notwithstanding his seventy-five years of strenuous life he is now carrying the torch of Spiritualism north, south, east, and west, over the land. When he retired full of honours from his ecclesiastical duties as Minister of a famous metropolitan Scottish parish, and as Chaplain of the Royal Scots Regiment, he came to London saying to the Spiritualist Movement—"Here I am at your service; do with me as you will." And since then he has wandered all over Great Britain fulfilling engagements practically every week in large centres like Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Manchester and London, or in smaller towns such as Paisley, Alloa, Plymouth, Paignton, Blackpool, Harrogate, Ipswich, Norwich, Yarmouth, etc.

The other evening we enjoyed his hospitality in his beautiful West End flat in Coleherne Mansions, when we exchanged many mutual reminiscences of life in Scotland half a century ago, and when in gracious, frank, humorous and hearty fashion he narrated to us the romantic story of his eventful life.

### EARLY INFLUENCES.

The Doctor was born on February 2, 1855, at Aucterhouse, a small village nine miles from Dundee. At five years of age he went to Glen Clova, fifteen miles from "Thrums," made celebrated by J. M. Barrie, and there, as he says, "I woke to consciousness." The Glen is a famous region for botanical and geological study, and the Doctor is at present writing a book of his old reminiscences of that countryside. It was there he learnt to read, and before he was nine years of age he had read the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Guy Mannering," the "Scottish Chiefs," and Robert Burns' poetry, all highly calculated to awaken the Celtic genius within him. "We were five miles from any church," he said, "and religion did not enter into our lives, but there was all sorts of supernatural talk about witches, kelpies, and brownies, and my grandfather, on whose farm I stayed, claimed that he had seen fairies. It was a wild region in winter; all roads would be blocked by snow for six weeks at a time; that lonely life in the Highlands did more for my education even than the University, and from a health point of view the life there was invaluable.

### SHEPHERD-BOY AT FIVE, PLOUGHMAN AT THIRTEEN.

"From the time I was five years of age I herded my grandfather's sheep on the steep hillsides, and used

to sit dreaming beside the wimpling burns, and listening to their musical murmurs.

"My grandfather died when I was about nine and my father and mother emigrated to Australia. My brother Henry accompanied them, and he left me his share of my grandfather's legacy for my education.

"When I was eleven I went after the harvesting to Forfar Academy. I was tall and ungainly for my years, and soon the boys 'stroked my buttons,' a schoolboy ceremony that meant 'you must fight me,' and I had to fight them all in turn with bare knuckles, and usually got the worst of it, for I was rather raw and not up to their town tricks! That was for a time the terror of my life, but on looking back I can see that it developed character. I had to suffer and not complain.

"Of course, we had very competent teachers there, but I think I got more good from the Mechanics Library, where for half-a-crown a year I could read the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Good Words*, *Household Words*, *Punch*, *Tudy*, and *Fun*, and from which I borrowed Dickens' novels and Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' many passages in which I have never forgotten.

"At thirteen I went back to the farm and learnt to plough, cut hay and corn with the scythe, and cast peats, like any other farm-hand. It was a hard life, and there were no wages at all! I had sometimes to walk to Forfar and back, twenty-four miles, and thought nothing about it. I walked once to Montrose to see my brother and two sisters there. That was eighteen miles away. My uncle, who was Provost of Montrose, paid my railway fare back, and offered me a post in his merchant's office at 7/6 a week which I accepted, and stayed there for some time. Out of that 7/6 I paid for my lodging, board and clothes, so there was nothing to spare.

### THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER.

"About 1870 a religious impulse was awakened within me and I studied very seriously the Shorter Catechism and the fundamentals of theology. News had come to me that my brother Henry, who was a sort of hero to me, had been drowned in the Fitzroy River, in Queensland, and I remember still how I wandered one moonlight night along the seashore at Montrose, crying—"Where is Henry?" the natural cry of the human soul bereft. That was the beginning of my thinking about the future life: What had become of him? Was he extinct?

"The only comfort I could gain was to become absorbed in religious activities. I revolted against the Calvinism rife at the time and came into touch with the Rev. Robert Paterson, an earnest-minded man of an evangelical type who turned out half a dozen young men from his church for the foreign mission field. He had an extraordinary power over young men. One of them, David Carnegie, went to Matabeleland, and he was the first man to conduct Cecil Rhodes to the summit of the Matopo Hills, where he lies buried to-day.

### AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

"My next post was a clerkship in a woollen factory, where I received £1 per week, and plenty of leisure to read Macaulay's essays and study the ancient classics and theology. The manufacturer fancied me and would



have made me his partner and successor, but I told him I felt my destiny would lie elsewhere.

TUTOR AND LECTURER.

"From there I went as tutor to Dr. Bowman's Boarding School at Melrose, in 1875, where your brother, James Lewis, was one of my scholars. I only stayed three months for I found I could join the University at the beginning of the New Year, and I became a student of Professor John Stuart Blackie for Greek and Professor Sellar for Latin. But at the end of that session I found my funds had run short, and I accepted a travelling lectureship for the Scottish Temperance League, at which I continued for five years. There is scarcely a town or village in all Scotland which did not come to know me in that period. I had read the works of your uncle (Baillie David Lewis, of Edinburgh) on the temperance question—'Britain's Social State,' 'The Drink Traffic in the Nineteenth Century,' and 'The Drink Problem and its Solution'—and found in these the basic facts and arguments for my lectures. Your uncle was greatly drawn to my mission to an important address as a sort of orator with a ready logic, and a great deal were all carefully written me free to send them that was native to me

PREPARING

"From 1881 to 1885 I was in the ministry. In 1886 I was minister of the Church of Scotland, applying for a parish, Church, Kirkcudbright for half years, and while there I kept my former salary, and keep a horse and trap.

"Then I went to Glasgow, Clyde, and was the minister there. And next I went to Edinburgh, beside the city I laboured for just one year. I was presented with £200 an invitation to return to the Chaplaincy of the Royal Household and had decided to devote myself to Spiritualism.

FIRST CONTACT

"It was in 1878 that I came in contact with Spiritualism. I attended a general convention of the Society, passing along the Trongie window announcing that on the following Friday I climbed up three flights of stairs containing forty or fifty persons. Mr. Morse went on the platform. Till then I had no idea of the very little preliminary contortions, sank into a swoon, delivered one of the most remarkable addresses. At the close I went up to him, his address, and he told me in a single sentence he had

as Mark Twain would say, for I had to prepare all my addresses with great care and deliberation, but here was a man who without taking thought, had delivered an address that fairly took my breath away! The fluency of language and the sublimity of thought were alike amazing. Mr. Morse told me he had spoken under the control of a spirit known as 'The Chinese Philosopher.'

"His chairman and host, Mr. Bowman, invited me home with them, and after supper a seance was held, when the spirit of 'The Strolling Player' took control. His wit and clever repartee were extraordinary.

A PAINTING MEDIUM.

"A few days later I accompanied Mr. Bowman, and Hew Nisbet, a great Spiritualist of that time, to a seance with the painting medium, David Duguid. This man was tightly roped in a chair, and his hands tied, the knots being sealed, so that he could not move them. There was a red light in the room, and I can swear he never moved his hands for I watched them. And yet I soon heard the rapid movement of paint brushes on the white card lying beside him, and within a few seconds as it seemed I received that wonderful picture, with the paint still wet, which I had framed and have kept ever since." (This was an oval miniature about 2½ by 1½ inches, depicting a scene at Loch Lomond, with its surrounding woods and mountains.)

"Later I heard about Mrs. Cora Richmond, the famous

medium, and came specially to London to see and hear her. She gave a wonderful address in beautiful language on a subject selected on the spot by the audience.

CONTINUED STUDY AND FURTHER EXPERIENCE.

"There was a long interval after that during which my heavy preoccupations prevented my attendance at seances, but I continued to study Spiritualistic and Theosophical books, the philosophical works of Andrew Jackson Davis greatly attracting me.

"After the war began I had sittings with Mrs. Etta Wriedt and Mrs. Susannah Harris, when the spirits of some German soldiers came through and talked to me. Then I began a thorough investigation and had sittings with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, Miss M'Creddie, Mrs. Lamb Fernie, and Mr. Craddock, and later with Miss Goligher in Belfast, Mrs. Falconer in Edinburgh, and several Glasgow mediums.

"And then the fight began within me as to my duty in the face of this great new revelation. I was still a young girl, my daughter Kathleen, then only a child, work, counselled caution, and I was not sure of whether all this was the work of the Minister of Greenside, or if he did there would be any hands with him!

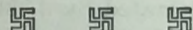
MY DAUGHTER KATHLEEN.

"I died quite unexpectedly, in 1885, leaving my daughter Kathleen, then only a child, in his own house, and I was not sure of whether all this was the work of the Minister of Greenside, or if he did there would be any hands with him!

OBSERVATIONS.

"My Spiritualistic work has been successful. Many people have said they never succeed until it is reached from the pulpits. I have been called over to the Churches for many years time. You cannot do that without spilling it. You must be in a position in which psychic power is encouraged, developed, and allowed to do that. It would be the very backbone of the

beginning of a new era, and would be transformed along with the world that there will be a new religion as a result of the missing link between



OUR READERS' TESTIMONIALS.

A St. Leonard's Subscriber: "I find the 'International Chronicle' in the Gazette most fascinating."

A New Zealand Agent: "Best of wishes for your wonderful journal!"

A Queensland Subscriber: "I always look forward to Gazette and trust you will long be spared to continue the good work."

A Veteran Spiritualist: "I think the Gazette goes one better every time. I am pleased to see your fine programme for 1930. I give my copy away each month, trying to obtain fresh readers."

A Bedford Subscriber: "The Gazette continues to be most interesting. I have just been reading over again your wonderfully beautiful leading article on Immortality. I wish it every success in this year of 1930."

A Well-known Artist: "You will be pleased to learn that a young lady who was a Materialist now believes in Spiritualism through reading the January number of Gazette."

Dr.

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## Dr. Lascelles: The Spirit Doctor who Heals and Gives Helpful Talks.

### LOVE, PRAYER AND SERVICE AT THE GUILD OF SPIRITUAL HEALING.

IF a book were written of the answers to prayer that have taken place at the Guild of Spiritual Healing (29 Queen's Gate, Kensington), under the direction of Dr. Lascelles, the Spirit Doctor who works through the mediumship of Mr. Simpson, it would read, as the Doctor himself says, like a fairy tale. Twelve hundred cases or more are treated every week. The results are marvellous, Miss Rosa M. Barrett tells us in her new book "Beyond," a continuation of the "Seekers," just published by Daniel at 3/6.

The Guild, it is stated, "is not out for making money. No individual healer makes money for himself, but any gifts received go into a general fund for the expenses of the work. Nor are any patients ever refused treatment because they are poor and unable to pay." The home of the Guild, it will be recalled, was consecrated last year by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, and opened, by Elizabeth, Lady Mosley.

#### SOME NOTABLE CURES.

Amongst the cures quoted by Miss Barrett from the Guild records is that of a patient who had become progressively blind during three years until sight almost entirely failed. After two months' absent treatment she walked into her mother's room, saying, "I've been reading, mother."

Whilst Mr. Simpson was in St. George's Square, before he went to Kensington, Mr. Pilkington, literary adviser to the Y.M.C.A., who was told by five specialists that he was suffering from disseminated sclerosis, an incurable disease, went to him, regained his health and strength, and was able to study for Holy Orders.

A retired Government official, Mr. Parsons, has been cured of heart trouble; a girl who was paralysed can now play tennis and enter into the normal healthy life of her school friends; a lady whose husband is an M.P., has been cured of cancer, which had returned after two operations. These are but a few instances from hundreds.

Many patients, especially children, hang a portrait of Dr. Lascelles by their bedside. The little ones always mention him in their prayers. A few weeks ago one of them came down at an unusually early hour for breakfast. This had never occurred before. He held in his hand the photograph of Dr. Lascelles. The surprised family wanted to know why. The child pointed to the photograph, and said, "Him—he said me get up."

#### PROTECTION THROUGH PRAYER.

Healing of the body is not the only, nor indeed the chief, work of Dr. Lascelles. He seeks to uplift the whole spiritual life, and the principal part of Miss Barrett's arresting work is devoted to his Sunday evening talks, which show "how we can and should raise ourselves to a truer and happier and fuller life."

Love, prayer and service are the basis of his teaching and of the work of the Guild:—

**"In any sorrow, any trouble, pray. Never take any step in life, important or non-important, without praying first. Make it a habit.**

**"By constantly praying you can have protection against all evil forces, against disease and suffering."**

He explains the effect of prayer by showing that while we pray there is "a constant stream of angel messengers going backwards and forwards, waiting to give you service, to give you love. They leave you if you don't pray—they go away sorrowing, because there is no place for them."

#### WHAT HAPPENS TO SUICIDES—GOD'S LOVE.

"What Happens to Suicides," Dr. Lascelles was asked at one of the services? The answer, one is happy to find, is not without hope and comfort. He says:—

"I have to be careful in answering that question, because so many factors decide what is going to happen to that particular suicide. If we can mercifully get that soul away from earth, and the horror he has done in taking his life is wiped out, nothing happens much. If it was to help someone, the punishment is nothing at all. Suicides don't all go to hell, that is a figment of the mind. It has a dangerous effect on the spirit, because the spirit leaves the body at a high speed and usually there is great remorse.

"But whether death is by suicide or no, a lot depends on how much the spirit has loved. If a spirit has loved dearly, someone is waiting, and God would be much kinder to a spirit that passed in trouble or remorse than even a mother would be if a son or daughter came to her in trouble and asked forgiveness."

#### SEE THERE IS NO MORE WAR.

To the men who died through the war "the greatest service you can give," Dr. Lascelles says, "is to see that there is not another war." And then comes this remarkable passage:—

"As a military band passed down the streets of London to-day five thousand or more of the young men who have passed over hooted them and turned away sorrowing."

"The effect of war on this side," he says, "is terrible. Within the last month I have met fifty soldiers who still did not know they were dead—wandering, lost. Of course, they will all be found eventually, but that is what war does."

#### GEORGE R. SIMS' EXPERIENCE CONFIRMED.

Those who have read George R. Sims' experience of his reception in the Spheres will be interested to find that its general tenor is fully confirmed by Dr. Lascelles. This is what, he says, happens to the new-born spirit:—

"Kind friends show you where to rest. Then you are taught or shown your way, you are led into a room of silence, you see passing before your eyes all you have done—good and bad—all that has affected your character, your spirit. That will give a shock to goody-goody people. They come out very humble.

"Then you go to a place where the higher spirits come to you and tell you how to prepare yourself for the road to your ideal. . . . You work in the home you have built for yourself, but you seldom reach that particular ideal any more than you could on earth. You evolve something better as you go on."

#### THE DOCTOR WORKING THAT HE MAY RISE.

What manner of man, it may be asked, was this good Spirit Doctor who has come back to heal the sick and talk to us in this kindly, sympathetic, helpful way. Little seems to be known of his life and work on earth; but here and there, in the pages of this book, we catch a fitful glimpse of him, quite sufficient to make us know him and send him our love.

He himself, he tells us, passed over alone, and there was no one to meet him, for his life on earth had not been all he could have wished:—

"That self of mine had known little love on earth, that 'me,' or ego, had to be filled with love before it could rise, and I had to get it. I am getting it now. I am working on the earth plane, through a sensitive, healing the sick, so that, through the love given me by those I heal I may rise. I am not ashamed of my lesson. I was a fool, but I am not going to let you pass like that, if I can help it."

#### HOW THE HEALING IS DONE.

To the question, "How is the healing done," Dr. Lascelles explains that all sorts of rays, besides light waves, are being poured on to the earth. Some of the undiscovered rays have curative properties. In healing, the sensitives concentrate these rays on the patients in great quantity and velocity.

When the patient leaves the healing rooms two guides are attached to him and work at night, under Dr. Lascelles' instructions on the etheric, which as a rule, the doctor says, floats about two feet above the body of the patient during sleep.

"I firmly believe," he declares, "that, given time, perhaps to change the character of the patient sometimes, we can cure any disease."

For absent patients Harmony Prayer Circles have been formed, with wonderful results. These circles are fully described. Miss Barrett has rendered a most valuable service in again drawing attention to this great work of spiritual healing and in recording Dr. Lascelles' spiritual "talks." So great is the public interest now taken in the subject that her book should find many readers in all parts of the world.



## The Christmas Tree for Spirit Children.

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

"IS Spiritualism fact or fable?" asked Sheila Kaye-Smith recently in the *Sunday Express*. If this gifted lady had been present at our annual Rite of Love for Spirit Children any doubt she might have would have been swept away as effectively as the wind deals with fallen leaves, and the realisation of Spiritualism as a solid fact would be hers for ever. That result would have been of more value than all the speculations of the quidnuncs in literature.

In a room where only a few adults were gathered, and no children of earth present, we heard the voices of numbers of tiny spirit-folk talking, laughing, and questioning about the toys on their Christmas Tree, claiming and naming the toys labelled with their names.

But it was not to establish Spiritualism as a fact, or to satisfy sceptics, that we held our eighth annual Service round a Christmas Tree, but to gratify the desire expressed at intervals throughout the year by spirit-folk that we should continue the "good work," and give them the opportunity once more of testifying to the happiness the little festival imparts to them.

I have a terrier named "Pat," and before the tree was dressed a number of toys were piled up on a table. He selected a doll from the heap, and took it away to his bed. When retrieved I found the doll labelled "Pat"; he must have read the label!

Last year the spirit of a clergyman came to the sitting, and said he was greatly daring in venturing there, but he had heard in the Spheres of the Christmas Tree and wanted to see it for himself. "I do see," he said, "and am satisfied, but I cannot guarantee that when I tell others they will believe it." So we get doubters on both sides of the border, but as many adult spirits have since manifested, our clerical friend must have convinced some!

Some time back, when we were talking of the Christmas Tree, a spirit child asked for a handkerchief to be placed with the toys. "Why a handkerchief?" I asked; "you don't need such things." "Of course," was the reply, "we have no use for them here, but we know the tree and what is on it are not for us only, but to give to the children at the hospital, and there they will be needed. You will receive other presents which will surprise you, but be of use to the hospital." Now amongst the presents sent from various parts of the world there was a child's warm dressing-jacket, an article we never imagined would be sent for the Christmas Tree, but which the Matron of the hospital said was particularly acceptable, and just what was wanted.

"Joe Griffiths," one of Mrs. Johnson's Guides, was very much in evidence at our seance, and took charge on the spirit side, queuing the little ones up, and making his humorous comments on the toys. It must be borne in mind that Mrs. Johnson had herself no time to examine the tree, so that these comments were of special value as tests. One toy that had been sent from America was a squaw dressed by natives in tribal costume. Of this Joe remarked, "There's a couple of Indians sitting watching that toy. They are of the same tribe. I should not be surprised to see a wigwam next!"

We all knew Joe as a humorist, though fully capable of showing a serious side when required. He said, "Dr. Ellis Powell is here; he got such a nice address ready, and cannot get rid of it, because t' lads an' lassie's coom first." Later on some reference was made to gatherings, and he said, "Wee'se got clubs over here, an' I tried to join one, but I was told I talked too much, so I started one o' me own, an' I'm President; I'm picking a few silent listeners, so as I can talk as I like."

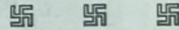
At sittings at the Open Door Library, held specially for spirit children the day before we held ours (and I am glad to see the idea growing) nearly one hundred spirit children gave their names, and often their addresses. Although we had many thousands of them in the room, we did not get so many speaking, but a special feature of all the sittings was that every child gave both Christian name and surname. "Olive Sanderson," said a soft voice; "it is the first time I have spoken; I love to come back." "Jimmie Metcalf I am," said a wee voice. "Oh," I said, "have you been over long?" "I don't know; I don't think so," replied the child in a puzzled tone. And it's not to be wondered at when we find adult spirits equally uncertain of the flight of time. A little plaintive voice piped up, "They havn't got a toy for me." "Then choose one," we said. Instantly the voice altered to a tone of delight—"Oh! I'll have the pwetty

engine." One tiny tot of three could only say, "Mama." That word represented that for which her mind was full! A tiny voice said, "I tan sin a tarol," and the tot started in a sweet voice, regardless of time and tune, "Jesus loves me," but in a few moments other and stronger voices joined in, and we could still hear our little piper coming in at the last bars late, but sweetly cheerful. We took it all seriously, and said she sang very nicely, for we have learnt not to laugh at these efforts of the spirit children, as they are extremely sensitive to ridicule.

At one stage Joe told us the correct time, though the clock in the room was not a striking one, and all was in profound darkness. To help things along an Irish adult spirit with a fine baritone voice sang "Mollie Malone." Joe said the singer had red hair, and "Eh! he was left out in t' rain, an' it got rusty!"

Abduhl Latif, the spirit of the famous Persian physician, flashed in to the sitting for a moment to say "Every little present given with love and sympathy has a tangible emanation, which helps me with my healing of the little ones at the hospital."

There was one curious incident towards the end of the sitting. A sitter asked a spirit friend, "Are you happy?" "Happy?" repeated the spirit in a dubious tone, "well, I suppose so; it's an experience anyway!" I never before heard such a reply; in hundreds of cases the reply has been invariably an emphatic "yes," but I learnt afterwards the conditions of the passing of this spirit were most sad and tragic.



### THE NEW ZEALAND MEDIUMS.

WE have received two communications from Christchurch, New Zealand, with regard to the interesting reports published in the *Gazette* from Mr. H. M. Crane.

The first is from Mrs. Houston, who says it was not Miss Scatcherd, as stated, who materialised at Mrs. Lily Hope's seances. "I am the only person in New Zealand," she writes, "who ever knew her on this plane, and I am positively convinced she did not materialise at all. I have two pictures of her, and the materialised face I saw was not hers. I knew her well enough to know that she would have confirmed to me weeks ago had she appeared."

Mrs. Houston became a sitter at Mr. Lancelot Brice's circle, where Mrs. Hope's seances were given, in order to speak to Miss Scatcherd at the trumpet seances, and she adds that Miss Scatcherd "has not come to the voice circle since that event." She writes of Mr. Brice as "our valued medium."

The second communication comes from "A Regular Sitter" at Mr. Brice's trumpet seances, and refers to Mr. Crane's statement that "Our medium gives his services willingly, but as he is not very well off we insist that he takes two shillings and sixpence from those who can afford it." Our correspondent wishes to point out that Mr. Brice has inherited a very lucrative business from his father and grandfather, that he owns property, "and is generally far more prosperous than many of his sitters, who would only be too willing to pay any fee he might elect to ask."

### THE PASSING OF "SEPHARIAL."

MR. WALTER RICHARD GORNOLD, better known as "Sepharial," died at Brighton on December 23.

The *Brighton and Hove Gazette*, in an obituary notice, describes him as "an interesting and picturesque figure, endowed with a singularly winning presence and voice, and he was a leader in his own circle of followers of mysticism and religious lore."

He was a distinguished expert in astrology and wrote an authoritative manual, a popular primer for students, other occult books and many articles for the astrological journals. He prophesied the Great War, being only a year out in time, and said it would end disastrously for Germany. He also foretold the great earthquakes of 1927, and three years ago said his own work would be completed in 1929.

At the time of his death he had just finished a book on The Great Pyramid. He was Vice-President of the British-Israel World Federation, and an adherent of the Four-Square Gospel Church. His funeral at Hove was attended by his wife, one son, five daughters, and many friends, and a service was conducted at the Cemetery Chapel by two pastors.



## A Startling Message on the World's Present Apathy.

MRS. M. ETHELWYN HALL sends us a message received on November 27 last from the Beyond, which she heard clair-audiently and wrote down as it was dictated. By way of introduction Mrs. Hall says in her covering letter:—

"I am enclosing a message I should like you to publish if you will in the *Gazette*, together with this letter.

"On some three occasions I have been aware of the presence with me of a clergyman who must remain nameless, unless your readers recognise his personality in his message.

"As I did not know him here I sent the message to another clergyman who would certainly have been a personal friend. This gentleman replied most kindly to my letter, asking for confirmation of the personality behind the message, but concluded, 'I cannot honestly say that the words you send me are such as I should expect dear — to speak.'

"That was very true, I am sure; they are not what we expect, but I still feel certain they will carry to many readers the conviction that they come from one whose great heart was—like His Master's—torn by the suffering of blind humanity.

"Please let the message remain anonymous, for the reason given."

"P.S.—In our talk this friend suggested that I, and others who will, should take four men and talk to them, pray for them, as if they were our sons and brothers. The fact that we may not know their names or features does not matter. We can picture them, and we may be sure others on that side will direct the thought and use our prayer."

### THE MESSAGE.

**T**ELL THE WORLD—make it listen!—the curse of war is not ended with death, for the heroes!

"You will be hounded down—by the Spiritualists with their Summerland, by the Church with Paradise, with Purgatory by another section, and with Hell on yet other platforms. It is Hell all right, but God and Christ are *in* this hell of deadening indifference caused to hundreds of the Boys by the cursed war.

"I doubted the heroics about it before. Stop!—not doubted the heroism of the men—oh, no! Never—God bless them!—but the war broke them soul and body, and the stench from the Materialism of the earth has caught them like poison gas. Your theatres, music-halls, public-houses, and brothels, the world over, have their quota of England's Heroes drifting on the current of the stream of sloppy sentimentality and godlessness in the so-called Christian world of to-day. Ignorance is no excuse; we have got to help them out!

"Dare you publish this I wonder?—'An After-Death Straffe by a Parson.' I am dead in earnest, too."

*Question.*—"Surely many of the soldiers passed to better and happier surroundings?"

*Answer.*—"Of course; those who had found their mental and spiritual feet on earth are all right, and carrying on; many, too, giving a hand, but still labourers are few—so few for the work.

### THE NIGHTMARE OF DRIFT.

"Tell men to wake up, and clear their minds of low-vaulted ideals; each one pray that *his* life may attract some fellow here, and wake him up out of the Nightmare of Drift to a definite desire after Life and Service—and Holiness I was going to say, only that word would, alas! scare most men away."

*Question.*—"Cannot the Higher Spirits, and other men who, like yourself, have put off the body, do more than we who are so shut in, blind, deaf, and ignorant?"

*Answer.*—"Higher Spirits—our blessed Master Himself—can't compel. When a boy or a man gets sick of the mire there are hands ready and willing, and many a wonderful awakening have I seen. And yet there is earth's crime of low-vaulted thought and desire that catches them, and they are, as they think, 'seeing life'; and, my God! what spectacles they see! This is the hell I'm out to empty! There may be others; I speak of what I know. The men gave their lives; many who did not starve on earth; and those who did, hundreds of

them, find it heaven enough to stay about the poor old world."

*Question.*—"I saw in a paper that you had spoken through some medium at a service."

*Answer.*—"I'd speak through my grandmother's bonnet to make people hear! I am preaching a great deal, and someone may have heard and reported me."

*Question.*—"Are you also limited to this sphere?"

*Answer.*—"Where else should I be? The Boys at the front for me, and these of whom I speak are bearing the brunt still. Suffering? God bless you, no! That's the trouble. They don't suffer; they drift. God can deal with suffering. The Master Himself cannot force the indifferent to awake. As I said, many thousands have awakened to the purpose of life, and are fulfilling their destiny in God's ways, but, for His Holy Name's sake, say to England—'Wake up! and save yourselves and your living-dead heroes from this drifting with the stream of low desire and Materialism!'"

### MIASMIC SWAMPS.

*Question.*—"Does the Armistice Day of Remembrance help?"

*Answer.*—"Yes, all sincere prayer helps; but remember that the first planes (after death) are of *man's* creation. The world worships gold, not God, and that gives off poison-gas. They pander to their bodies and starve their souls, and that gives off poison-gas. And men who are war-weary, cut loose from ties, get caught in it, and drift about, as I said, going to every quarter of the globe—sight-seeing! That does not matter, but hundreds drift, from pure curiosity to see 'life,' into hellish atmosphere, and as there is no policeman—save the spark of God in their own souls, and that not nourished—you can guess for yourself the result—drift, drift, and they of the very aristocracy of heaven!

"Think of this! Pray for them! Live to show the Christ to men!—both those on earth and the so-called 'dead,' who are not yet alive to the spiritual possibilities awaiting them.

"I charge you! Dare you tell the people of England that those miasmatic swamps caused by war and hatred are still poisoning and being paid for by their sons? Heroes they were. Oh God! help England to purge her stains and save her sons who trusted in her and died for her! Death of the body is naught. Men live on. Help us to raise the level of that living for men of every race under the sun!—Amen."

### PRE-EXISTENCE—(Continued from page 72).

He is an everywhere-present qualitative living Force that can and does manifest in an infinite variety of ways. As the electricity is able to manifest as light, heat, and motor-power, so God, the Universal Force, is manifested through all creation. Flowers, trees, and animals show forth His fragrance, beauty, and strength, and these may be called impersonal qualities of the Universal Life. But man alone possesses the organism by means of which God can manifest His qualities as a Person—His Love, Pity, Justice, Mercy, and Goodness. Without mankind the noblest qualities of the Godhead would remain unmanifested in the world.

### DIFFERENCE IN SUBSTANCE ESSENTIAL FOR MANIFESTATION.

But you ask how can man thus show forth God as Spirit, unless he himself is also a spirit? The answer is, just as the electric lamp shows forth the electricity, though it is not itself electricity. Electricity would remain unknown if it had to depend for its manifestation through a small portion of its own substance. Man, with his physical and spiritual bodies, is able to manifest the Spirit of God, even though he is not a particular spirit of the nature of God, who is Universal Spirit. Man is a spiritual being who can show forth God, in the same way as the lamp can show forth electricity, simply because his substance is essentially different from that of God.

### THE EFFECT OF RULING OUT SPIRIT FROM OUR MAKE-UP.

If this view of the matter be the true one, we need trouble ourselves no longer over such problems as—Did we arrive on this world's stage as already individualised spirits?—If so, where did we come from?—How did we come?—Did our physical bodies precede the entrance of our "spirits"?—or were our "spirits" first in order of time, and helped in the weaving of their bodily garments? These questions are all ruled out if we rule out human spirit (as God is Spirit) from the elements of our make-up. If we be only persons—with a body and soul, and all these imply—we are yet privileged to be the ordained and only conscious manifesters of the highest personal qualities of the Eternal Universal Spirit we call God, in whom we live and move and have our being.—J. L.

Next month we shall treat of "Man as Manifester."



THE  
**International Psychic Gazette**

The Independent Monthly Organ of  
Spiritualism and Psychological Research.

All communications for the Publishing, Editorial, or Advertising Departments should be addressed to—

69, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

## Pre-Existence: Man as A Spiritual Being.

The following article, first published in September, 1918 is the second of a series of Studies on the Philosophy of Spiritualism which will occupy this page throughout 1930.

**L**AST month we wrote on the great topic of Immortality. An octogenarian clergyman, for many years the revered and well-beloved father of his people, sent us a postcard from his Cornish retreat saying—"Your leading article is good and thoughtful, but what ken ye about Pre-existence?" From which question, you can guess he was a Scotsman and a thinker, who pursued the Socratic method of bringing ideas to birth in his younger friends by probing their knowledge to test its rational quality!

### A PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

"What ken ye about Pre-existence?" is a question one might call a poser. It goes to the roots of the fundamentals. It has proved a veritable Gordian knot, which has for ages defied unravelling. Men have struggled with it, and have apparently achieved little more than to make its tangle more complex—to increase their own confused perplexity. At this late hour of the day we are still asking, like Montaigne—"Que sais-je?" (What do I know?) We are still wondering whether any knowledge of Pre-existence is accessible to us, or whether we must for ever remain in darkness as to who or what we were (if we were) before our birth.

### IS IT INSOLUBLE?

Can it be that the question is beyond the capacity of human reason? Are we fated still to go on answering it by vague generalities that mean little or nothing? We have all heard of the precocious child who, when asked, "Where did you come from, baby dear?" replied, "Out of the Everywhere into here"—an answer that sounds very wise indeed, but tells us nothing we can grasp and examine. At most it suggests that here we are particular beings who have come somehow out of the Universal, but by what path we have travelled, or whatever we may have been in our pre-earthly pilgrimage, it does not instruct us. It leaves us just as wise as Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who said "Specs I grewed!"

### OUR PHYSICAL BODY.

Yet we ought not to despair of reaching the truth, which assuredly lies somewhere open to our persevering search. "What ken we about Pre-existence?" Let us try to clear the ground and find perhaps where the elusiveness of the problem lies. We do know something about the pre-existence of our physical body, for though its reality dates only from our birth every particle of it, science tells us, has pre-existed in a great variety of combinations—inorganic and organic—since the beginning of time. We know also that it has arrived here through a long avenue of ancestors, who have contributed the distinguishing traits and peculiarities of its particular form. We need not linger therefore over the question of physical pre-existence.

### OUR SPIRITUAL BODY.

But we are more than a physical body. Spiritualists especially understand that we are also a spiritual body, a body celestial, which we carry about with us even here, and which will retain our personal form in the life hereafter. Has that then pre-existed, and been somehow linked on to our physical body at birth, or has it come to us concurrently by the same route as our physical body? Does it, like the butterfly in the folds of the caterpillar, abide ever within us, awaiting its full freedom at the death of the physical body? That was the supposition of Socrates, the doctrine of the Apostle Paul, and the teaching of leading Spiritualists. Our spiritual or psychical body, the etheric counterpart of our physical body, has become ours, not by some arbitrary miracle, but in the ordinary course of Nature, and like our physical body has come through the ever-flowing ancestral stream.

### HAVE WE A THIRD PART?

But are we not something more than a physical and a spiritual body? That question is the very crux of the problem. Are we not more than a dual being, namely, a triune being? Are we not only a body and a soul (a body terrestrial and a body celestial) but a spirit as well?

### OUR SPIRITUAL BODY IS NOT SPIRIT.

Probably you will answer at once, "Yes, certainly we are all spirits!" But go slowly; you must examine carefully what precisely you mean here by the word "spirit," for we are now attempting to dissect the whole content and constitution of man! Do you mean by spirit that part of a man's make-up which survives his earthly life, manifests to us as a psychical body, and communicates with us in various ways after death? Then though that is often called a "spirit," it is not what is meant when we speak of man being a body, a soul, and a "spirit."

### ARE WE COUNTERPARTS OF GOD?

Something different from that is always intended by those who are struggling hopelessly with the problem of Pre-existence. Is there not something within us, they ask, akin to or a smaller counterpart of God who is Spirit? Are we not each a particular, independent, self-contained finite spirit, as God is the universal and infinite Spirit? Is there not within us such a spirit, in addition to our body and our soul?

### HAVE WE SUPPOSED SOMETHING NON-EXISTENT?

The question we ask, on the other hand, is whether, by supposing that there is, we do not simply import or imagine a something more, as an integral and essential part of our being, which is not really a part of our being at all—and hence all our perplexity and confusion in dealing with the problem of Pre-existence? Does an individual spirit (as God is Spirit) reside within us, as a part of our self, or does the One Universal Spirit simply manifest through us, as it manifests through every other part of creation? When you use the word "spirit" as applied to a person, are you not really referring to his "soul" after it has left his physical body?—both words being used for the same thing at different stages of its existence?

### ARE WE RE-INCARNATED SPIRITS?

Or, again, may it be true that some already fully-individualised "spirits," which have been living through the ages, now inhabit us, as believers in Re-incarnation teach? Or is there within us some indefinable spiritual essence akin to God which holds the master-key of our being, as some theologians have taught us. Or, are we—as a body and soul—merely the most highly evolved organism in the Universe, through whom the all-pervading Universal Spirit is able to manifest Himself in greatest fullness? It strikes us that just here may lie the key to the problem, and we place the idea before our readers for their critical examination and discussion. If the truth herein lies, all puzzlement as to our having pre-existed as individual "spirits" will be dissolved.

### AN ANALOGY.

An analogy occurs to us that may be helpful in considering our place in Nature as spiritual beings, for that we really are. Think of a stream of electricity as it comes from the power-station, along what is called the main. We think of it as a force, but as Lord Kelvin himself confessed, we really do not yet know what it is. It is in the wires, along our streets, and in our houses. It is silent, invisible, neither hot nor cold—an absolutely quiescent store of imponderable force. It might as well not be there for all we should know, if it did not pass through certain appropriate apparatus by which it can manifest. But meeting such apparatus, what miracles happen! It moves our railway trains and tramway cars, it heats our offices or boils our kettles, it illuminates our rooms, or it gives us a gentle vibratory stream of healing power. It could do none of these things without the appropriate manifesting mechanisms. But provide an electric motor, an electric stove, an electric lamp, and an electric battery, and it does all these varied acts. It moves something, heats something, lights something, and vibrates through us in a healing current. For it is a richly qualitative force, and these different kinds of mechanism simply manifest one or other of its qualities.

### MAN AS A MANIFESTER OF SPIRIT.

Now, similarly, let us think of the Universal Spirit pervading the Universe. It is powerful, silent, invisible, quiescent, just as we saw the electricity was. But you will look all over the world in vain if you seek for anything which is not manifesting it. The three kingdoms of animals, vegetables, and minerals are showing it forth in many of its myriad qualities all the time. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was once criticised for describing God as a Force, but the word is good enough if we remember that

(Continued at foot of page 71.)



## OUR INTERNATIONAL CHRONICLE:

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.)

### Personal Recollections.

#### THE READING AND DRAMATISATION OF A COLLECTIVE THOUGHT.

THERE are times when it is not right that modesty should impose silence; times when the truth should be boldly set forth, even by oneself, so that malignant falsehoods should not be allowed to injure one's work and influence in the world. Weeds and nettles should be ruthlessly destroyed if the garden is to preserve its beauty and fragrance. That is why I permit myself to narrate the following facts:—

#### AN IMPORTANT NEW EXPERIMENT.

On Wednesday, December 18, I made a new experiment in clairvoyance by attempting to do what up till then I had believed would be humanly impossible. It was made at the Circle of Parapsychic Research, founded three years ago by Dr. Jaworski and myself. There was a large audience, intensely interested in seeing what might happen. If the experiment failed no great harm would be done, but if it succeeded it would deserve to rank as an important fact in the history of modern psychical research.

#### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A CROWD.

Now here is what was attempted: Up till now it has been admitted that a clairvoyant medium can, thanks to his faculty, penetrate into the intimacies of life, past, present, and future, of an individual personality, but it has not been believed that his faculty could put itself *en rapport* with the psychology of an assemblage of persons, or a crowd. "It is very rare," wrote one critic, "and only very confusedly that clairvoyants have any vision of facts of a general order, or of historic happenings in the future. They can experiment on a person, but not on a collection of persons."

Now I wished to verify this opinion, which is confidently accepted by metaphysicists, and already I believe it false, in the light of the experiment I will now describe.

#### MODUS OPERANDI OF THE TEST.

On Wednesday, December 4, at the public meeting of the Parapsychic Circle, I said to the audience:—"On December 18 you and your friends will come and fill this hall, and we shall together attempt an experiment which has no precedent.

"After I have welcomed you from this platform you will select from amongst yourselves two persons who will accompany me outside the hall to some place where I shall not be able to hear your deliberations. I shall remain under their surveillance until you recall us.

"Meanwhile, during our absence, you will select some great historical personage—be it Caesar, Goethe, Cromwell, Napoleon, Cervantes, or whom you will—and oblige yourselves to concentrate your thought on the personality chosen and some leading incident in his career. If, for example, Napoleon is selected you will all think either of Austerlitz, Waterloo, the Empress Marie Louise, Elba, St. Helena, or any other important episode in his life. My task, as clairvoyant, will consist in discovering what person and incident you have thought of.

"If I succeed in this attempt we shall have contributed a new piece of knowledge to the mysterious science of the spirit, for the experiment will, I hope, be more and better than the mere reading of a collective thought. I hope that its revelation may be accompanied by some striking demonstration which will show you more or less that I am incorporating the character and circumstances of the illustrious personage, with whom your thoughts are occupied."

#### MORE DIFFICULT TESTS TO FOLLOW.

On December 18, I read over to the audience the same statement, accompanied by some new commentaries. I said, "This is only a first attempt. We shall try again on a theme even more complicated. Then you will think not merely of one incident but of a whole series of incidents, which you may imagine or fabricate, like a chapter in a romance, or a story of theft, crime, or love—what you will. The experiment will then become more difficult for me and more interesting for you."

#### MY EXIT FROM THE HALL.

Having thus spoken, I retired under the escort of the two guardians chosen by the audience. We went along

the vestibule a considerable distance from the hall while the name was being chosen which I was to reveal; and these two gentlemen and I occupied ourselves in chatting about the weather.

#### A WEIGHT ON MY SHOULDERS.

In a few minutes I heard a loud voice calling me back to the hall. As I responded I had a momentary conviction, almost absolute, that the experiment would fail, and that I had undertaken a project beyond my powers. The moment I entered the hall I was surprised to find myself borne down by some invisible weight on my shoulders. It was as if someone had laid a heavy stone there. I braced myself up, however, against this impression, and, standing at the foot of the platform, silently regarded the whole audience—about 250 persons. The weight bearing upon me became more and more heavy. I went forward a little into the hall, held some hands, and looked into some eyes. I had warned my audience in advance not to manifest any sign of approbation, even if I told them the truth, until the experiment was completed. I could not hope, therefore, to find any aid from the physiognomies before me, whatever I might say.

#### CLIMBING A HILL.

At that moment new impressions surged up within me. I felt myself transported back into very distant times. I saw myself—*my self*—obliged to climb a steep hill, and that impression was so strong that I said to the audience, "I sincerely hope that you have not chosen my own name, Pascal Forthuny." But other impressions kept forming in my eyes and ears. I heard the murmurs of a crowd, and I saw shining in the heavens—that is to say on the ceiling—the Hebraic triangle containing the four letters *Tod, He, Vav, He*, forming the name of *Jeve (Jawhe, Jehovah)*. I said anxiously, for I was suffering more and more from great physical fatigue, "Are there some Israelites in this hall?" Several hands were held up in response.

#### A MORTAL ANGUISH.

I then made some hesitating steps. I staggered under the weight which had become more and more crushing. After the seance several persons told me, "You looked terribly pale, as white as death, and your features were covered by a mortal anguish. And you resembled . . ."

#### A LADY SUSTAINS ME.

But it is not yet time to reveal who I resembled. Listen to the rest of this stirring story. With dragging feet I tried to go across the hall. I felt my strength abandon me, and I felt myself about to fall. I saw the moment arriving in which, for the first time in my life, I would enter into trance. In order to keep hold of myself, I held out my hand, my eyes closed. A lady seized my hand and sustained me. I opened my eyes and stammered "Ma . . . Ma . . . Ma . . ." as if I wanted to say "Marie." Then I cried "Veronica! Veronica!" in addressing the kind lady. And it was at that moment the name of Veronica evoked within me that touching scene at Golgotha when Veronica saw Christ falling, covered with sweat, and wiped his face with her veil.

#### THE COLLECTIVE THOUGHT DIVINED.

Immediately I understood all. The audience had thought of "Jesus." The weight on my shoulders—that represented the cross of the crucifixion! My agony—it was His! Then I murmured "There is a Judas in this hall!" and cried in a loud voice, "You have chosen the name of Christ, our Lord." And that proved to be correct.

#### THE RESPONSE OF THE AUDIENCE.

The audience loudly applauded this remarkable success, and I was told that during the experiment my features had been transfigured to represent the sorrowful face of Jesus on His march to Calvary. That seems to me quite possible, for often during my young manhood when I wore my hair long and my beard pointed people remarked upon my resemblance to the conventional portraits of the Christ. On the night of December 18, my painful, sorrowful, mediumistic travail accentuated this similarity so much that the audience was amazed.

#### COMMENTS INVITED.

After I had recovered my normal calm state, I went on the platform and said to the assembly:—"I am stupified by the rapidity with which I succeeded in this experiment, which I almost thought impossible. I think it is highly important. Will someone speak, and offer some useful commentary?"



**A LADY'S CRITICAL THOUGHT.**

At that moment I saw near the front a lady whose countenance seemed to express some sort of disapprobation. As she had come with Madame C. Borderieux, the editor of the review *Psychica*, I asked her if she would explain her critical thought. She refused. I insisted. She refused again, with the words, "I prefer to say nothing."

**A MAN'S DENUNCIATION.**

Then Madame Borderieux's husband arose, and in an angry tone, said, "Your experiment is a trick. With the connivance of some lady, or several ladies, in the hall, you learnt by conventional signs the name of Jesus when you entered the hall. I saw one lady making the sign of the cross on her chest. That was enough for you, and your experiment of this evening is an abominable fake."

**MY REPLY.**

That was indeed a wretched insult. I might have let loose my indignation on this senseless antagonist, who had called in question my honour, but I limited myself to telling him that he had committed an outrage, and added that if the name decided upon had been Alcibiades, or Themistocles, or Demosthenes, or Christopher Columbus, or even Pasteur—which was the name first thought of before choosing Jesus—I did not know how it would have been possible to communicate any of them by means of signs.

**THE AUDIENCE INDIGNANT.**

Besides, this attack was so vile—both against myself and against perfectly innocent persons presumed to be my accomplices—that the whole audience revolted against these two dissentients—the lady who had declined to reply and M. Borderieux who had pretended to unmask me. Together they attempted to make a great hubbub, but the reprobation of the audience quickly showed them they would receive no sympathy.

**DR. JAWORSKI'S DECLARATION.**

Then when silence had been with difficulty re-established, I turned towards Dr. Jaworski, my confrère in starting the Circle, whom I believed to be a friend of truth, and to his shorthand secretary, who had been recording the seance, and said, "I invite Dr. Jaworski to say what he thinks of this scandalous incident." To my profound stupefaction, Dr. Jaworski made what we call in France *une figure de bois* (a wooden face) and declared, "There will be no shorthand notes written out of this seance."

**"ET TU, BRUTE!"**

That was equivalent to a declaration that Dr. Jaworski also believed or pretended to believe that I had succeeded by means of a trick. I bounded to my feet under this new insult and replied, "From cowardice to treachery! Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to inform you that the Circle of Parapsychic Research of Paris no longer exists. It has just been broken in pieces!"

**THE DEBACLE OF MY FOES.**

At these words the whole assemblage rose to its feet. Dr. Jaworski, his secretary, Borderieux, his wife, and the unknown lady, who all appeared to be in league together, took to flight without attempting by a single word to convince the crowd which angrily despised their calumnies. I mounted the platform and saw streaming towards me, hands outstretched, eyes in tears, friends indignant, and souls distressed by the treason unveiled, which had finished by the miserable debacle of my enemies.

**A GLORIOUS MOMENT.**

I shall never forget that glorious moment of my life as a medium. As it is part of the destiny of mediums to be considered frauds and tricksters, I may well admit having been disquieted by several unfortunate persons deprived of good sense, seeing that immediately after there rushed towards me so many devoted people who had confidence in my rectitude and who wished to surround me with their fraternal affection. An old gentleman heartily shook my hands, others recalled the wonderful seances I had given them, and all said that the spirit of calumny was evident but that it could not harm me.

**A GENEROUS RAMPART OF THE FAITHFUL.**

Then with animation they cried, "We will found another Circle. We shall find you a hall. Call upon us and we shall be there. Start a society entirely Spiritualist. While you are devoting yourself to the work of the Spirit, tolerate no longer beside you the representatives of the basest sort of materialism which calls itself scientific." Yes, that was indeed a compensating moment, a sublime instant in my life, when I saw this generous rampart of faithful friends form themselves around me!

**ALL THIS WAS FORETOLD!**

What is very extraordinary is that all this incident was foreseen and written down long ago! When in 1920, I received first of all the mediumship of automatic writing before I became clairvoyant, I wrote down one day the following message:—"The time will come when you will

be betrayed by your friends, and one of them will be a native of those distant regions where, under the ardent sun, was born the lady who became the Empress of the French\*. Yes, on that night you will be crucified; you will bear the cross as our Lord Jesus."

**THE COMPLETE FULFILMENT.**

That was a formidable message, for in addition to M. and Madame Borderieux, who call themselves Spiritualists, and ought to know better, there figured among my false accusers one whom I had supposed to be a friend, Dr. Jaworski, who is a native of Peru, in South America! Besides, to confirm these prophetic indications in the message of 1920, was I not also crucified in a way, seeing that as a medium I had carried the heavy cross and borne the bitter agonies of the divine figure of Christ during the painful experience?

\*The Empress Josephine, first wife of Napoleon I, born at Martinique.

**The Chronicle.****HELPED BY HER DOUBLE.**

Dr. Krukenberg reports a curious case, analogous to one long ago described by Schopenhauer relating to Goethe. It is based on the phenomenon of "a double," unless, of course, it was a pure illusion.

The doctor was attending a schoolmistress seriously ill and in danger of death. Suddenly her health became better, from the moment she declared she had sensed at her left side another person, who was the exact image of herself. The lady had already seen her own double beside her in previous years. The facts are recorded by *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie*.

**MARGERY'S SCRIPTS AND THUMBPRINTS.**

The same German review contains an article by Irmgard Grimm, the expert in Chinese, who explains the mediumistic Chinese script written by "Margery" (Mrs. Crandon) by "vision at a distance."

It would be necessary, to make good this thesis, to prove that the medium, at Boston, U.S.A., must have seen clairvoyantly, at Peking or elsewhere, the writing of Confucius, or some book in which the Confucian text was printed. What is certain is that Margery's Chinese script reproduced the printed Chinese, and not the written Chinese which is much simpler. It was a severer test to do the former than the latter, and it appears to have been accomplished with perfection to its minutest details.

**MARGERY AND SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.**

I observe that Margery arrived at London on December 7 last "not to demonstrate Spiritualism to sceptics but to experiment before scientists."

It appears that she asked Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to go to Scotland Yard to have his finger-prints officially recorded, so that when that great Apostle of Spiritualism passes—(may that be many years hence!)—he can return and, by making the same finger-prints, prove to the world that he still exists.

Another fact worth noting in connection with Margery's London visit is that she had the wisdom to declare:—"We are going to have nothing to do with conjurers. The only people we invite to our London seances are people we know. People who cannot believe we are honest can stay away."

**PHOTOGRAPHING INVISIBLE RAYS.**

Do you wish to register rays of light which are beyond the limits of the red—such as infra-red, caloric rays, etc.?

If so, take an ordinary gelatine-bromide photographic plate, soak it with developer, and place it in a dark place. It is then sensitive to the invisible caloric rays. A teapot containing boiling water will very quickly manifest its action on the plate at a distance of ten centimetres (four inches). If you place between the teapot and the plate a metal disc pierced with holes, you will receive an image more or less vague of these openings through which the rays have operated. The heat of one's hand will suffice to produce a very palpable discoloration. And so, the name of "fluidic (or magnetic) images" have been given to these impressions.

The existence or reality of human magnetism is still denied by men of science, but it is probable, if not certain, that all bodies whatsoever have a magnetic radiation of this nature, whether they be human, vegetable, or mineral, and this little experiment may serve to demonstrate the fact.

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## The Curious History of "The Mantes Affair"—II.

By PASCAL FORTHUNY.

LAST month I described briefly the remarkable seances of the Mantes Spiritualist Centre, where professedly the spirit of Madeleine Alexandre played the most important part. My readers will remember that Commandant Campana, the ex-Governor of a French Penitentiary, is the spiritual director of the seances, and that among the spirits who frequently manifested their presence were Josephine and Jules Blaise, The Egyptian, Madame and Daniel Fourié, Jeanne D'Arc, Marie Delagrangé, and Fernando Costa. The mediums of the Centre have been Messrs. Blaise, Delhotel, Mauger, and Germaine. I shall now tell how the Centre's proceedings were suddenly interrupted by

### A THEATRICAL THUNDERSTROKE.

In the *Revue Métapsychique* for May-June, 1928, Dr. E. Osty, its editor (who is also the director of the Metapsychic Institute of Paris), reproduced the following note which had appeared in the same review in 1926:—

#### DR. OSTY'S OPINION.

"At Mantes, not far from Paris, a Spiritualist circle has been held during the past five years, which has already been rendered famous throughout the world by the rumours and writings of the credulous. There have been seen at that circle some prodigies belonging to the Evans category.†

"The medium who plays the role of medium (at Mantes) has the advantage over his English colleague of being spared the difficulty of freeing himself from his bonds and of re-installing himself within them. Entire liberty of action facilitates his preparations.

#### "SEIZE THE APPARITION!"

"Some readers have asked me why the *Revue Métapsychique* remains mute on this subject. It is because I have hoped until to-day to have occasion to bring its story into the light of day. For eighteen months I have made efforts, direct or indirect, to gain admittance to the Mantes Circle so that I might see what happens at close quarters. The lady director of the prodigies (Madame Alexandre) is horrified that any man should have the audacity to speak of 'control.' Believing that the Metapsychic Institute ought to make known the truth and to demask fraud I propose to tell soon in this review what happens down there. It is a question of moral hygiene. Meanwhile I do not hesitate to say to the confident sitters who frequent the seances at Mantes that on the day when, making an effort of reason and courage, they seize the apparition, the spectacle will be exactly the same as that which has recently made England laugh and be indignant."

#### EMISSARIES FROM PARIS.

To this note of 1926, recalled in 1928, Dr. Osty added this further comment:—

"Under the finery of the phantom Madeleine, the medium Blaise was seized on June 16 by our secretary, M. Ch. Quartier, and M. Jean Masson, editor of the *Journal* (the Paris daily newspaper). The fantastic history of the apparitions at Mantes will be narrated, with all useful details, in an early number of this review. Readers then will learn, and with some astonishment, to what degree of mental aberration passionate credulity can lead members of a civilised society."

### WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

I introduce here a statement of the circumstance alluded to, which has been sent me by M. Thiebault, the historian of the Mantes Circle:—

#### A SUBTERFUGE.

"At the instigation of Dr. Osty, the director of the Metapsychic Institute, two Swiss teachers wrote for an invitation to one of our seances, which was fixed for June 16, 1928. A card of admission was

† Harold Evans, of London, is the medium referred to. It will be remembered that he was at that time "exposed" by an anti-Spiritualist Sunday newspaper as a fraud. His honesty was later completely vindicated by Miss Rosita Forbes, the celebrated traveller, one of the newspaper's own investigators. The question of who threw the sheet around Evans for the purpose of the "exposure" was never cleared up. I myself believed in his culpability when I had read only the reports published by his accusers, and condemned him in a French review.

sent them, and making use of this Messrs. Masson and Quartier introduced themselves into the seance room and sat down at the extreme right of the second row of chairs, close by the entrance door.

#### THE "SEIZURE!"

"Scarcely had the seance begun when the materialised form of Madeleine issued from the cabinet and walked silently towards the right side of the narrow space (about eighteen inches) which separated the front row of sitters from the piano stool. Judging that the phantom was within their reach the two visitors sent by the Metapsychic Institute stood up and stretched forth their hands. These, however, fell on the chairs of the front row, without succeeding in seizing the phantom. Immediately all the sitters stood up, stupefied by this unmannerly interruption of the proceedings, and in the general hubbub the two visitors slipped out of the room.

#### IN THE DARK CORRIDOR.

"In their flight they knocked up against a tricycle standing in the dark corridor and hurt themselves. Their injuries became the excuse on the part of Messrs. Masson and Quartier for assuming the role of victims suffering from wounds and blows inflicted on them by those present in the seance room, and they lodged a complaint on this account with the police of Mantes!

#### "NO BATTLE WITH STICKS!"

"The artist Fourié, who was present at the seance, thus describes what happened:—'This event was so rapid, that placed on the left side of the room, I was unable in the tumult and by the light of the three red lamps, to understand what had occurred.' There was therefore no battle with sticks! The phantom of Madeleine retired immediately into the cabinet beside the medium Blaise, and the emotion having calmed down the seance resumed its normal course."

#### THE COURTS ACQUIT THE CIRCLE.

On June 18, the *Journal* published a first very long article describing the affair, in which M. Masson went so far as to speak of an attempted murder! Then broke out the barkings of the general press. The Mantes Circle could only reply to this by preparing their defence for the trial which was to come before the Criminal Tribunal of Pontoise. Maître de Moro-Giffieri and Maître Renand, barristers of Paris and Versailles, were engaged on their behalf. After a long delay the complaint of the two "wounded" men, transmitted by the Procurator of the Republic to the Judge of Instruction and directed against first three persons, and then against only one, was heard and finished on May 13, 1929, with a decision that there was no case; in other words, the complainants had not been attacked.

This decision was appealed against by Messrs. Quartier and Masson at the Court of Appeal in Paris, but the appeal was rejected; that is, the decision that they had no ground for complaint was confirmed.

#### THE ACCUSERS ACCUSED.

Meanwhile, proceedings which had been instituted by M. and Madame Alexandre against Messrs. Masson and Quartier, before the Tribunal of Pontoise, were held up, pending the decisions in the other case. As soon as I know the result of these I shall publish it here, but in connection with the unsuccessful complaint against the Mantes Centre, I may mention that M. Thiebault, on July 25, 1929, issued a circular to the public entitled, "The International Metapsychic Institute in Evil Posture," in which he announced what had happened in the Courts, as stated above, and added—"Justice has recognised the inanity of all the imputations made by the emissaries of Dr. Osty, the director of the Metapsychic Institute. The Doctor, applauded by the Camarilla of the 'Meyer Foundation' attacked, and has been beaten on the ground which he himself chose."‡

#### A QUASI-PAPAL BULL!

On the morrow of the rudely interrupted seance of June 16, 1928, Messrs. Masson and Quartier published in the *Journal* a version very different from that of M. Thiebault, alleging that they had been attacked and wounded. It seems that French justice has not been

‡ The "Meyer Foundation" refers to the Metapsychic Institute and its review, and the *Maison des Spirités* with its monthly journal, founded by M. Jean Meyer, Vice-President of the International Spiritualists' Federation.



## Laying a Ghost in a Haunted House.

By WILL CARLOS.

**M**Y first experience with regard to haunted houses occurred about the year 1900, when Richard y Crydd came to my house, and asked my assistance to lay a ghost.

Richard was a fairly tall dark-bearded man, about fifty years of age, with deeply furrowed brow, brown ardent eyes, rather large and staring, and an air of self-abnegation. As his name signifies, he was a shoemaker but, poor fellow, seldom had boots to make though plenty to mend, so was only an ill-paid cobbler.

He was a Unitarian in religion, a sober man (unlike his fellow cobblers, who were generally anything but sober), and went to Sunday School and Chapel on Sundays.

His family, he said, had been disturbed for a week or so by mysterious noises and tappings, and he could find no cause for the same. Richard was sceptical about the supernatural, although he was himself psychic.

I arranged to visit his house that same night. It was a small house of four rooms, two downstairs and two up. The smaller room of the two below he used as a workshop, the other was the living-room. He had a wife and several children, and found it hard to pay his way.

I found him alone with his wife. The younger children had been put to bed, the elder two had gone to a Band of Hope meeting. The noises, he said, usually occurred between eight-thirty and nine-thirty, rarely later.

We sat and waited in the living-room, unlit save by the flickering flames of the fire, and I suggested singing a hymn. He began a verse of "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah," and his wife and I joined in. The singing was, however, very flat. He did not know any Spiritualist hymns, so I suggested singing "Abide with me." This went much better, and gradually a feeling of peace and harmony stole over us.

### THE GHOSTLY PHENOMENA.

A strange noise like a sort of muttering soon became audible, and then noises as of articles being shifted about. I took off my shoes and crept upstairs to the room where Richard and his wife slept, but could detect no movement. I went down into the workshop, but all was quiet there. The sounds were evidently only in the sitting-room, but the cause of them was indiscernible.

Presently I heard a name "Peggy," and an obscure figure seemed to develop out of the gloom. It was the phantom of an old woman, haggard and worn, bent by weakness, apparently over sixty years of age. She did not seem aware of our presence. She moved to a cupboard, let into the wall on the left side of the fireplace, and appeared to be searching for something but could not find it. She turned away grievously disappointed, and tried the fireplace and chimney, but in vain.

She was leaving the room when I willed her to stay, and she halted, turned half-back, and then encountered my fixed gaze. I mentally asked her what she sought; she looked full of fear and turned away, leaving my query unanswered, only stroking her head, indicating her hopelessness.

### A MISSING DOCUMENT.

I insisted on learning from her the nature of her trouble, saying that I might be able to help her, and thus enable her to attain rest and peace. At last she told me that a valuable document had been secreted in the cupboard or somewhere near the fireplace, and she could not rest until she found it.

I promised her that I would search for it, and if it were found I would use it as she desired. She still seemed hopeless, but at last seemed to take some comfort and forced a smile of approval. Then she faded from sight.

Richard and his wife said they were sure there was nothing in the cupboard but what they had put there. It was too late to bother with the matter that night, so I arranged to go the following night, leaving them to search at their leisure. They found nothing, but had left the cupboard bare so that I could examine it. I took a candle and stood on a high chair to get at the top shelf, and after a keen scrutiny I saw a small aperture between the cupboard frame and the wall. On feeling carefully I touched a paper of some sort.

Fearing to pull it I obtained a shoemaker's awl, and with that extracted the paper, which proved to be an assurance policy providing for the burial expenses of Margaret Jones, the assured. It was a policy for £10 payable at her death.

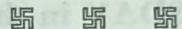
### PEGGY'S TAPPINGS CEASE.

As "Peggy" is a frequent diminutive for "Margaret" I concluded it was she I had seen. She did not appear that night, nor did any noises take place. Richard made

inquiries next day, and found that a daughter of Margaret Jones was living a street or two away, and made it his business to call on her. It transpired that she was the legal claimant of the amount due on the policy, but having been unable to find the policy in the house could not claim the money, and the parish had had to bury the poor old woman.

Armed with the policy and the book acknowledging the payments she went to the office of the assurance company and duly received the amount, which came as a Godsend to her, as her husband was unemployed at the time.

We then held another sitting at the house, and the old woman appeared, very happy and smiling now that her daughter had received the benefit. The shoemaker's family were never again disturbed.



### TWO HOURS VIGIL IN A CHURCH.

**M**R. MALCOLM CONAN DOYLE, the younger son of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, contributed on January 1 the following weird tale to the *Evening Standard's* series of "Stories of the Spirit World":—

"Some years ago my father heard of a priory church in the South of England reputed to be haunted. We made an expedition one night to investigate it.

"Our party consisted of my father and mother, brother and sister, three friends and myself. When we arrived at the church at eleven o'clock at night the verger was waiting with the key. He locked the door behind us and led us to the choir, where we all sat in darkness and awaited events.

"Two hours went by, and we were thinking of leaving when we all saw a faint luminosity before the altar. The light became more and more solid, and we could discern two figures standing side by side. They were wearing the black and white vestments of priests or monks. They remained motionless for about two minutes and then slowly faded back into the darkness. Each one of our party saw them. The figures were not at all diaphanous in appearance, but stood out in a dull glow against the altar. We all left the church firmly convinced that we had been 'in touch' with the supernatural."

### TUT-ANK-AMEN AGAIN.

The death of several persons has already been attributed to the curse of Tut-ank-Amen, and it seems necessary to add the name of the son of Lord Westbury as the ninth victim.

It will be remembered that the body of the ancient Egyptian king was exhumed by Lord Carnarvon, one of the earliest victims. Now this younger nobleman went to Luxor to see the tomb, and shortly afterwards he returned saying jocularly that he for one had not died. But a sudden illness attacked him and carried him off to the other world. Must one believe that such extraordinary coincidences will continue?

### MIDDAY SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

THE Spiritualist Community are now holding attractive and instructive luncheon-hour meetings at Grotrian Hall, Wigmore Street, every Wednesday from 12.30 to 1.30. There is a brief organ recital followed by addresses, questions, and clairvoyance. On January 22 we found a wonderfully large attendance for a new venture. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart presided, Admiral Armstrong and Captain Hay-Clark narrated their own interesting personal Spiritualistic experiences, and Mrs. Hurst, a young medium, described and named a number of spirits seen beside members of the audience. The opportunity for questions was seized by a number of visitors anxious for enlightenment on Spiritualistic facts and philosophy.

### WILLING HELPERS.

MR. JOSEPH P. WHITWELL, President of the American National Spiritualist Association, records that when the question of continuing or discontinuing the publication of the *National Spiritualist* (U.S.A.), the official organ of that Association, was recently considered, on account of its being carried on at a loss, many delegates at the annual Convention pledged themselves to obtain from fifty to a hundred new subscribers in their own community. He says, "Never was Spirit Power and Guidance made so clearly manifest." This excellent example might well be followed by Spiritualists everywhere to increase the influence of their journals.



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## Brief Notices of New Books.

SOUND AND NUMBER: The Law of Destiny and Design.  
 By Mabel L. Ahmad. Rider's. 7/6.

The author of this work is the widow of the famous  
 numerologist, S. H. Ahmad, who discovered the practical  
 application of numbers to time, and the laws relating  
 sound to number. She has continued her husband's  
 research in this department of occultism which interests  
 so many, and has found harmonies between initials and  
 numbers. The text is illustrated by references to the  
 numbers of the Royal Family, the Labour Ministry,  
 the Bible and the Church, etc., and their significance.  
 The author says, "This book demonstrates that very  
 little is the sport of chance, and that there are divine  
 laws at work."

THE VALLEY OF VISION. By Elise Emmons. London:  
 Stockwell. 3/- net.

This is the latest of those delightful volumes  
 of homely verse which come periodically from  
 Miss Elise Emmons' gifted pen, and of which  
 several have been honoured with royal approval.

It is "dedicated to the memory of my beloved Father  
 and Mother, who still help me from the Other Side,"  
 and gives graceful expression to the author's intimate  
 thoughts and reflections on Nature and human nature  
 in their many varied moods. They are all marked by  
 simplicity, sweetness, and devout spirituality, and will  
 be found exceedingly refreshing in this materialistic age.

Miss Lilian Whiting, the author of "The World  
 Beautiful," has said that the religious poems of Francis  
 Ridley Havergal "were set to much the same key that  
 so signally characterises the rhythmic expression of  
 Elise Emmons."

Among the subjects treated are "The Delights of  
 Nature," "The Wind's Voices," "Among the Trees,"  
 "The Perfect Friend," "Unseen Friends," "Life's Art,"  
 "Psychic Vision," and "The Borderland of Dreams."

We quote the following on "Beneath the Cross" as  
 an example of the religious poems:—

Beneath the shadow of the Cross  
 My soul shall dwell secure,  
 Although I seem to suffer loss,  
 My faith and hope are sure!

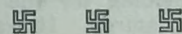
Beneath the shadow of the Cross  
 I daily work and climb—  
 Around the billows roar and toss—  
 'Tis for a little time!

Onwards towards Eternity  
 We move, and ever strive  
 That we on earth may happy be,  
 And kind to all alive.

So, comfort and direct us, Lord,  
 As o'er Life's sea we toss,  
 And teach us from Thy Holy Word  
 To dwell beneath Thy Cross!

The book has a beautiful three-colour frontispiece  
 indicating the "Valley of Vision," leading to the snow-clad  
 mountains and the golden Cross.

"THE SEER" is a new monthly devoted to astrology  
 and the psychic and occult sciences. It is printed in  
 English, and is a sister review to *L'Astrosophie*, in French,  
 which issues from the Astrological Institute of Carthage,  
 Carthage, Tunis. The Editor, Dr. Rolt-Wheeler,  
 contributes an instructive analytical article on "The  
 Art of Prediction," in which he claims that "psychological  
 prediction has become as clean-cut a process as meteorological  
 prediction, and vastly more exact than sporting  
 or market 'tips.'" Other writers are Gabriel Gobron,  
 Dr. Mallet, Eugene N. Witry, Orea E. Windust, Professor  
 Millikan, and Dr. De Tchijevsky. *The Seer* begins with  
 a good prospect of becoming a favourite among astrologers  
 and occultists, and we heartily wish it success.



MRS. ANNIE BRITAIN, the well-known medium, desires  
 us to correct a rumour that has got abroad to the effect  
 that she has retired from Spiritualistic work, which is  
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