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THE CHRIST APPEARS ON A FILM.

RELIGIOUS ECSTASY AND A BLINDING LIGHT.

THE *Morning Post's* special correspondent in Rome has telegraphed the following remarkable though not at all impossible story, which appeared in its issue of May 20 :—

Visions believed to have been seen by groups of peasants while praying at certain shrines are commonly reported phenomena in Catholic Italy from time to time, but a new experience of this sort is announced from Trieste, where two cinematograph operators not only beheld a vision of the Redeemer but recorded the apparition on their films.

The vision appears as a clearly defined white figure of Christ on some thirty exposures of the film and then disappears. The ecclesiastical authorities have opened an inquiry into all the circumstances of the case, and have taken away the film for scientific examination, pending which it is announced that no precise judgments of the phenomena may be given.

The story is that while two operators of the Trieste cinema company, "Mercurius," were taking a movie scene at a villa near Trieste, the operators and actors were suddenly disturbed by a blinding light, which left them all in a state of nervous prostration and religious ecstasy.

Developing the film in a dark room later the operators were prepared to find the negatives spoiled by what they believed to have been a sudden excess of sun. To their stupefaction, however, they found that the print showed a series of luminous transparent white figures of Christ with hands outspread, showing the stigmata, and moving slightly in a gesture of benediction.

Fearing to go on with the development, and also afraid that they would not be believed, they sent for the parish priest, who cross-examined the youths, confirmed the presence of the vision of Christ, took their most solemn oath that they had done no "faking," sealed up the film, and reported the case to his ecclesiastical superiors, who have now instituted an inquiry into the authenticity or not of this cinema "miracle."

A SPIRIT "CALL-BELL."

Our Continental Editor has already mentioned in these pages the existence of an interesting Belgian invention by means of which spirits can ring up their friends on earth when they wish to communicate.

MONSIEUR JULIEN CONINCKX, of Antwerp, the honoured President of the Belgian Spiritualists' Union, who possesses one of the instruments, has requested us to make it known to his fellow-Spiritualists in England and America. It is not being exploited in any way as a business concern, but is intended to benefit humanity.

This is the expressed wish of the spirit inventor, Henri E. J. Vandermeulen, who died at Loupoigne, near Genappe, Belgium, on July 31, 1929, when he was fifteen years of age. Four months later, on December 16, he dictated the specification of his invention through the ouija-board, and his father had an apparatus constructed by December 22, six days later. It has been tested and approved by Monsieur A. Rutot, President of the Belgian Society for Metapsychic Research.

It is a simple apparatus consisting of an ordinary dry battery, an electric bell, a piece of copper wire, and two glass prisms, one of them coated with resin. The materials can be bought at any store, excepting perhaps the prisms, which can be had, for a two-shilling foreign money order, from La Gobeleterie Nationale, Familleureux, Hainaut, Belgium.

Full instructions for putting the apparatus together are given in a circular, printed in English, a copy of which can be had from the *International Psychic Gazette* office, by anyone sending a stamped addressed envelope.

With one of these instruments in the home mediumistic persons can be called up by their spirit friends, while they are engaged in their ordinary daily occupations, and forthwith take down the messages by ouija-board, automatic writing or otherwise. Or at a seance the instrument may be approached and asked if anyone is present who wishes to communicate.

Monsieur Coninckx informs us that the young inventor has recently given specifications for a spirit-telephone,

through which spirit messages will be given direct, and that his uncles are having it constructed. It is to be hoped this will be equally successful.

EXHUMATION OF JOAN OF ARC'S JUDGE, BURIED WITHOUT SACERDOTAL RITES.

The following news published in the *Evening Standard* of April 29 has peculiar interest, coming as it does just one month before the 500th anniversary of Joan of Arc's martyrdom :—

"The remains of the Bishop of Beauvais, Pierre Cauchon, who excommunicated Joan of Arc and handed her over to the English in 1431, have been exhumed and photographed at Lisieux. The exhumation was for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Bishop was accorded full sacerdotal rites at the time of his burial. The lead coffin, in which the remains were buried, was brought to Lisieux from Rouen and opened in the presence of an Ecclesiastical Commission and a representative of the Ministry of Beaux Arts. No traces of sacerdotal relics were found in the coffin, although there was a cross on the lid."

Pierre Cauchon, adds the *Standard*, was driven from his Bishopric in 1429 but attached himself to the English Court. He acted as Joan of Arc's accuser and conducted her trial with partiality and malevolence. He condemned the Maid to imprisonment for life and then under pressure he declared her a relapsed heretic, excommunicated her and handed her over to the secular arm on May 30, 1431. Joan was burned at the stake. In recent years she was canonised by the Church. Pierre Cauchon became Bishop of Lisieux by the favour of the English in 1432, and died suddenly nine years later. He was excommunicated posthumously by Pope Calixtus IV.

MODERN CRITICS OF JOAN OF ARC.

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW'S play, "Saint Joan," had a short run, from May 12 to 16, at the Haymarket Theatre, although it was meant to run till May 30!

The public appears to have learned that with all his supposed genius Mr. Shaw knows nothing of the real Joan, whom he has described as "one of the most eccentric worthies of the Middle Ages." That is the kind of cheap characteristic quip which has earned for Shaw a fleeting reputation for being tremendously clever, but surface smartness is like cheap linen, it goes to rags in the wash.

M. Anatole France also went sadly to pieces on the rock of Joan's greatness. His *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* will only be remembered in literary history on account of its merciless demolition at the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang in "The Maid of France."

Joan, the good and gentle shepherdess, who in her teens commanded her nation's armies and expelled the foreign invader, is beyond the comprehension of blustering egotists who can neither appreciate her superb character nor her miraculous mediumistic powers, and she will continue to live as one of the greatest figures in the world's history when her inept modern critics are forgotten.

A SUCCESSFUL BOOK TEST.

MR. T. FINLASON, Brighton, sends us the following extract from the record of a private circle held at Hove, when the owner of the books and study referred to happened to be absent :—

"Feda" communicated and offered to give us a book test. She said we were to look in the third book from right on a certain shelf in the study, and on page fifteen we would find something connected with the subject of book tests. On going to the study, after the seance, we found the book indicated. It was "The Earthen Vessel" by Lady Glenconner, and on turning to page fifteen, as directed, we discovered that this particular page deals with book tests and little else. The incident was a striking example of "Feda's" remarkable ability for reading facts between closed covers, and it met with the warm appreciation of the circle.
J. L.

MR. J. NICHOLLS TURNER, President of the Porthcawl First Spiritualist Church, writes us that that Church, with its successful healing clinic, is carrying on with great difficulty for lack of funds, and will welcome donations in aid from sympathetic Spiritualists. These may be sent to the treasurer, Miss Edna M. Davies, Channel View, The Square, Porthcawl, S. Wales.

Edgar Wallace Visited in His Study by a Spirit. HER APPEARANCE AND CONVERSATION.

MR. EDGAR WALLACE, the famous novelist, playwright and sportsman, has seen and conversed with a spirit, and says, "I shall no longer sneer at spirits." The thrilling story of his conversion from scoffing scepticism to complete conviction is thus summarised in the *Daily Express* of May 11:—

CRACKS IN THE PANEL AND A VOICE.

Mr. Edgar Wallace, writing in the *Sunday News*, says that on the night of Saturday, May 2, he was in his study when a panel cracked noisily. He had been pulling the leg of a very well-known journalist—Mr. Hannen Swaffer is obviously meant—and the cracks suggested something that amused him. He wrote three paragraphs, and had just decided to cross out the third as not very amusing when somebody said:—"I think it is very silly, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

No one was in the room. Mr. Wallace, after a pause, struck out the paragraph, and the voice said:—"It is silly."

"What is silly?" asked Mr. Wallace, but there was no reply.

Mr. Wallace went into his wife's room, talked about the children and the theatre, and returned to the study, where he meant to sleep.

He had left the paper on which he was writing on his table, and placed his watch and chain on top. When he returned the paper was gone, and the watch and chain had been moved from the centre of the writing-pad to a place at the side.

THE SPIRIT DESCRIBED.

Mr. Wallace describes a still more amazing event

A Book of the Month

MISS L. MARGERY BAZETT'S "THE BROKEN SILENCE."

"THE Broken Silence" (published by Rider at half-a-crown) is written by a medium of many years' experience, who gives an answer to questions often asked by bereaved persons with whom she has come into contact through the exercise of her psychic gifts.

Miss Bazett writes with a consoling angelic touch. To the bereaved she offers a new and more enlightened view of death, showing it to be a turning point in life, and not its termination:—

"We are slowly learning to regard death as a fresh opening out of life, as the supreme opportunity for the expansion and development of the growing personality.

"If we can grasp this conception our chief concern will be to try to follow, in some measure, the developing life of the one who has died. The darkness of our personal grief will be lifted by such thought and endeavour, and we shall no longer be tempted to exclaim, 'Since my son has died, everything has gone out of my life.'"

The sense of nearness with those who are gone may be immensely helped, Miss Bazett tells us, by speaking to them naturally and spontaneously, either audibly or mentally, sometimes at a definite hour or many times during the day.

THE UNSEEN WORLD AS THE MEDIUM SEES IT.

Very fascinating and informative is the chapter on the unseen world around us as the medium sees it:—

"The medium who looks into the brightness of that world, and follows the movements of the radiant forms, is in a position somewhat akin to that of a man who sits in the darkened auditorium of a theatre and looks upon the lighted stage, though the contrast between brightness and darkness is immeasurably greater.

"One may see a person in his psychic body standing at a distance of a few yards. It may be that the person seen is a friend who is recognised, in which case the transformation of his appearance is a thing never to be forgotten.

"The familiar form and features are still as one knew them, the movements as characteristic as ever; yet it is as if the whole embodiment had been changed into something infinitely more beautiful and radiant, and had taken on a grandeur almost beyond conception."

One such vision, Miss Bazett observes, is enough to

which took place at 5 a.m. the next morning, when a violent attack of coughing woke him. He writes:—

"In the corner of my study is a blue velvet chair, and as I turned my head towards it I saw a woman sitting there. She was not pretty; in fact, if the truth be told, she would have been plain but for the fact that she was smiling, and was obviously very happy. She was sitting bolt upright, with hands folded on her knees. They were very quick, restless hands, and one of them had a gold ring. I won't swear that it was a wedding ring. I was not a bit nervous. I was curious and very much interested. She spoke very quickly, gave me no chance of getting in a word.

HER CONVERSATION.

"I could not draw her face if I were an artist. The impression I had was that she was faded, rather ill-looking. The only thing I can remember about the conversation was that she referred to the fact that I had had a bad week at Newmarket, which was true. I have no idea whether in her life she was interested in racing, but she spoke quite sympathetically. In this brief space of time occurred a one-sided conversation, only scraps of which I can recall.

"She went away immediately, but without giving me the impression of violent rapidity. It would not be true to say that she disappeared, or that she faded. In one infinitesimal fraction of a second she was there, in the next she was not there, and I felt no shock of any kind."

Mr. Wallace says that he knew the woman to be a relation by marriage of "a man I had been writing about," and adds, "I shall no longer sneer at spirits."

remove the haunting fear that one's dead are really far away. There is definite proof, too, that those who have passed out of this life have not cast aside its mental harvest. The world of art, science, literature and religion in which they were interested here seems to claim their interest in even higher measure:—

"If in this life we have shared with them these things of the mind, we should do so still. Many people have felt, as they looked at a beautiful scene, or enjoyed music, that the one who has passed on was sharing it with them.

"I know one woman who plays her harp regularly at a certain hour in the evening, because she and her husband, who has since died, came very near to one another in the sharing of that particular pleasure." One must not be inclined, however, Miss Bazett suggests, to look too exclusively at the old aspect of companionship and to miss the understanding of the new element that has entered into the relationship:—

"It has been repeatedly demonstrated that those in the Other Life are unsparing in their efforts to follow the lives of those who remain on earth; but the converse truth that we should take pains to reach upwards, and to share in the larger life which is theirs, has been neglected, to our own great loss."

A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE.

The second part of the book gives a practical example of spirit communication received from her husband by Madame Nina de Herrenschwand, to whom Miss Bazett expresses her indebtedness for permission "to include such an intimate and personal record." When her husband died Madame de Herrenschwand wrote to Sir Oliver Lodge for help and advice, "and got a beautiful and helpful letter from him." After that she had many experiences with the best London mediums, and got much evidence of her dear one's presence and love, but she never got anything better or more evidential, she says, than the messages she received whilst in Switzerland from Miss Bazett—"the only medium" a friend of hers knew "who worked at a distance."

It was one of a series of experiments which, in order to eliminate as far as possible the risk of telepathy from living minds Miss Bazett had undertaken with a "neutral third." An intermediary had sent her the name and date of death of a person whose friends applied to her for help in obtaining communication. "You don't make a single mistake," Madame de Herrenschwand wrote "when you speak about him (her husband), his character, his ways, his tastes, etc., and that is the most important thing to me, as it shows that it is really he who communicates."

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The "Power" Gramophone Record.

AN APPARENT FAILURE TURNED INTO AN ASTOUNDING SUCCESS.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

THE "POWER" gramophone record, made by the Columbia Graphophone Company under conditions regarded as technically impossible, is an astonishing success. When played by Mr. Laurence Cowen at the Fortune Theatre the other Sunday evening the magic of the voice of Mrs. Meurig Morris's spirit control "Power" filled the whole theatre, and this wonderful re-delivery of his message to humanity—"There is no death"—sent a thrill through the large and representative audience. Many Members of Parliament were present, at Mr. Cowen's invitation, to hear the very remarkable account of the extraordinary way in which the record had been made.

This report was presented in a speech, which described the whole proceedings with great exactness and in most careful detail, by the Columbia Graphophone Company's representative, Mr. C. W. Nixon.

"A BIG SHOCK."

When, after the record had been made at the Columbia studio, Mrs. Meurig Morris, Mr. Cowen and one or two others went into a private room to discuss the result, "a big shock awaited us," Mr. Nixon said.

"One of the technical experts stated that Mr. Oaten, presumably under the misapprehension that the same signals would be given for the speech by 'Power' as for the prayer by Mrs. Morris, had said 'Wait for the Signal' (when no signal was to be given) just before 'Power' commenced his address for the first record. The words were spoken loudly enough to be picked up by the microphone and, therefore, would undoubtedly be heard on the record."

Mr. Cowen and Mrs. Morris, Mr. Nixon continued, left the studio under the impression that the first record was spoiled because of these words, "Wait for the signal," when no signal was given; that the second record was spoiled because it would not contain all of the second part of the address; and that the third record was very doubtful, because it was not known where it would commence and because, during the address, Mrs. Morris in her trance state was taken by "Power" right away from the microphone.

"EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT."

It certainly looked as if there had been complete failure. Whilst the record was being manufactured at the Columbia Company's factory, however, Mr. Nixon received a telephone message from Mr. Cowen which, he said, not merely surprised but really staggered him. "Power," it seems, had manifested at a sitting with Mrs. Morris and declared that "everything" was all right, that they would get a good record, and that the words "Wait for the signal" would not be on it. "Power" realised, he said, that there had been some bungling, but he had managed to put everything right.

Mr. Nixon had this "staggering" information placed in a sealed package, whilst the manufacturing process was being completed; and it was found, when the record came out of the factory, to be absolutely true. The record, in fact, is practically perfect.

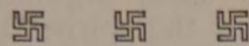
Everyone who has a gramophone should get a copy and play it. It may be suggested, moreover, that many Spiritualist services would be greatly strengthened if it were played during the evening and a description given of the remarkable manner in which it was made.

THE HELP OF SPIRIT FRIENDS.

It has shown us, as Mr. Laurence Cowen said it would, that "nothing is impossible" to our spirit friends, even though a great firm like the Columbia may point out that the conditions are "technically impossible," because "Power" himself had to time the start, the finish, and the interval for his address, and to do, in fact, what a professional recording artist with all the signals and cues from the recording room, can hardly do.

As for the words "Wait for the Signal" which were picked up by the microphone, "Power" either prevented them from getting on to the record, or erased them if they did get there. The whole experiment, in fact, is one of the most marvellous that has ever been made outside the seance room.

With his fine medium Mrs. Morris and her spirit control "Power," Mr. Cowen, by means of his Sunday evening services at the Fortune Theatre and in many provincial cities, is greatly advancing the cause of Spiritualism in this country. The help he is receiving from "the other side" must be, of course, enormous, and it is to be noted that it is being given just at a time when a great band of earnest spirits—Conan Doyle, Abraham Wallace, Vale Owen, and others newly welcomed amongst them—are undoubtedly making the strongest effort to bring the two worlds into closer association and to establish for a rapidly widening circle the reality of spirit communion.



"POWER IN THE PROVINCES."

NOT only is Mrs. Meurig Morris, controlled by her wonderful unknown Guide, "Power," filling the Fortune Theatre every Sunday night with deeply interested audiences, but she is filling large halls in the provinces on weekdays with crowds to whom the marvels of Spiritualistic mediumship have hitherto been little known.

This is undoubtedly the most important propaganda work for Spiritualism being carried on in England to-day, and it is being most sympathetically reported by the country newspapers.

BRISTOL.

The Bristol *Evening World* of May 1 had an imposing photograph of the crowd on the platform at Colston Hall the previous night, and a brilliant descriptive article by "A Student of Religion," a prominent West Country journalist, whose articles entitled "In Search of the Unknown" have excited widespread discussion. Our readers throughout the world will be pleased to see his graphic impressions here reproduced. He writes:—

MRS. MEURIG MORRIS.

"Four thousand people at the Colston Hall watched a frail, beautiful woman in purple shudder and sway. They watched her stare strangely about her, and droop into her chair on the platform.

"They had listened in silence to that woman speaking for nearly an hour in the bold, booming voice of a man.

"The woman was Mrs. Meurig Morris, of whom all England has been talking, for if there is any truth in Spiritualism at all, she is the most wonderful trance medium that the world has ever known.

"Spiritualists claim that when she falls into a trance a wise and saintly spirit, who is called 'Power,' takes control of her body and speaks through her.

WISTFUL LIGHT IN HER BLUE EYES.

"I had talked with Meurig Morris before the meeting. She had spoken in quiet, soft tones, that were in keeping with her modest personality. And always she had looked at me in a strange, shy way, with a wistful light in her clear blue eyes.

"In the same quiet, quavering tones, she uttered the invocation which opened the greatest Spiritualist service that has ever been held in the West Country.

THE AUDIENCE.

"Dr. F. W. Rixon, a Master of Science and a Doctor of Philosophy, of Bristol University, was chairman, and about him on the platform were prominent Spiritualists of the West.

"In the great audience I saw clergymen, Salvation Army officers, soldiers in uniform, and many Bristol business men whom I knew, but who had never to my knowledge expressed any interest in Spiritualism. It was a strangely memorable occasion.

MR. LAURENCE COWEN.

"Mr. Laurence Cowen, playwright and founder and lessee of the Fortune Theatre, London, a little, long-haired man of compelling personality, who has done more than anyone else to bring Meurig Morris before the notice of the world, addressed the meeting for forty minutes. He told the audience of his association with Bristol forty years ago, of his conversion to Spiritualism, of his meeting with Meurig Morris.

"I have brought her home," he declared. "I have brought her back to her own West Country where she bore her cross and found the Light."

"But the great throng became restive. They were impatient to hear the golden-haired woman who had already drunk two glasses of water, sipping it nervously.

"I have nearly come to the end of what I have to say," cried Mr. Cowen. The great crowd applauded. Two verses of a hymn, and then a sudden silence. No one stirred. Expectant quiet like a spell was over the vast hall.

THE MEDIUM UNDER CONTROL.

"The golden-haired woman in purple stood, clutched the collar of her dress, as a man clutches the lapels of his coat when he is about to make a speech, and started to speak in sonorous style.

"She uttered eloquent sentences, pleading powerfully for Spiritualism. The quiet, shy woman had become transformed into a powerful personality.

"Now and again she emphasised an important point with an upward thrust of her clutched hand.

"There was matured thought in all she said: mingled fervour and philosophy. But I cannot say that she expressed any new thought, or found any new way of expressing old thoughts.

"There were the usual arguments for life beyond death, the survival of the spirit, the progression of the soul through various planes.

"I had heard it all before in my talks with leading Spiritualists in the West, and my sittings with trance mediums in my 'Search for the Unknown.'

"Spiritualists say these things in Bristol every week, but even the most persuasive of them do not say them so well.

THE GREATEST WOMAN ORATOR.

"For, say what you will, this shy Somerset woman has the determined delivery of a brilliant debater. If you do not believe in 'Power,' you must admit that Meurig Morris is the greatest woman orator of our time, perhaps of all time.

"She—or he, the mysterious 'Power'—talked about mediumship, the etheric body, about personal responsibility, and the impossibility of escaping the consequences of sin.

"She—or he, the eloquent orator from the Beyond—quoted the Spiritualists' favourite text: *In My Father's House are many Mansions*, explaining that these mansions were various spheres of progress.

"She, the beautiful woman from Chard—or he, the Voice from the Unknown—thrust up a clenched hand and cried:—

'I warn you, civilisation will crumble if you do not let the true spirit of Christ awaken you. Remember that we from this side of life are waiting to come to any honest soul who is seeking truth.'

"There was no melodramatic manifestations at the end of the speech. She swayed slightly, stared, and sat down.

"Crowds thronged the steps of the Colston Hall to watch Meurig Morris leave the building. Spiritualism was debated by many groups.

"When Meurig Morris appeared, they saw a woman in a fur coat, glance at them with a shy, scared smile, and hurry from their gaze into a motor-car."

EXETER.

The *Exeter Express and Echo* of May 2 describes the meeting at Exeter on May 1, and says:—

A VICAR'S CONVERSION.

"The gathering was at the Civic Hall, and perhaps the sensation of the evening was the announcement that a Vicar of a West Country parish had become a believer in Spiritualism. This clergyman, the Rev. G. H. Dymock, Vicar of St. Bede's, Bristol, came to a decision after hearing Mrs. Meurig Morris at Bristol the previous evening, and he was invited to take the chair at the Exeter meeting.

"Mr. Dymock said he had come away at a moment's notice from the parish where he was working as a Church of England padre, and he was at Exeter in answer to a call. 'This time last night,' he said, 'I was sitting as a very reverent and humble disciple at a Bristol gathering, and I fell under the spell of this wonderful little lady whom God has raised up to lead you. I had no option this morning but to answer so imperative and so impelling a call to come and stand with you in spirit wholly—not one foot in and one foot out—in this remarkable demonstration.

"Personally, if you want my candid opinion, the most proper person in this ancient cathedral city to stand where I am standing now would be the Bishop of Exeter. I deeply and humbly confess to the narrow sectarian boundaries which divide the Church of God in every form. We have upon our lips words of unity and pious expressions of goodwill, and yet when things like this happen people wonder. There is too much of the old pagan shouting, like St. Paul found himself up against, and which Spiritualists are finding themselves up against.'

"There are two very impressive features about Meurig Morris's addresses, and these are the remarkable meta-

morphosis which takes place in her speaking voice and the extraordinary depth of erudition displayed in the sermons. The address lasted forty-five minutes, and during that time the thousand people present were astonished at the ease with which abstruse subjects of learning flowered from the lips of Meurig Morris—science, evolution, philosophy and theology were all included in the address, the title of which was 'Life, the Great Adventure.'

MANCHESTER.

"Ignotus," in the *Manchester City News* of May 9, writes:—

"HOUSE FULL."

"I was one of a couple of thousand people who crowded into Houldsworth Hall on Wednesday in order to witness a phenomenon. As I have heard numerous trance addresses in my life, and sometimes been neither impressed nor edified by them, I kept an open mind. Startling claims have been made for the mediumship of Mrs. Meurig Morris, and it was my intention to watch her closely and see how far those claims were justified.

"The Hall was thronged, and a glaring 'House Full' notice confronted me when I arrived a little after opening time. Mr. E. A. Keeling, a scientist and a noted Spiritualist from Liverpool, was in the chair, and on his right was a frail-looking little woman with drooping head, whose fingers went nervously to her lips and whose eyes were closed. This was the much-discussed medium. Mr. Laurence Cowen gave a prolonged account of how by seeming chance he had discovered her in an obscure locality and of the extraordinary influence she had exerted upon himself, hitherto a sceptic and a materialist.

A FIFTY MINUTES' DISCOURSE.

"Whilst the audience was singing a hymn Mrs. Morris, who had been sitting limply and as if half-asleep upon her chair, suddenly rose, straightened herself, clutched at her dress as many old-time ministers were wont to clutch at the lapels of their coats, and began to speak in a loud, resonant, emphatic, masculine voice. She announced a text in sonorous tones. And forthwith she began to deliver a discourse which without a single pause went on for fifty minutes, and covered a wide range—the purpose of life, the evolution of man and mind, old religious traditions and science, the monistic doctrine as opposed to dualism, the etheric body, the spirit forces working through physical media, the transmission of thought from other spheres, the laws relating to mind-influence, the problem of good and evil, and the ideal of divinity.

LANGUAGE CHOICE AND SCHOLARLY.

"Here was something not only unusual but decidedly exacting. Yet the great theme was treated with skilful ease, all the parts in the complex design deftly interwoven, and no break in the line of argument. The language was choice and scholarly. There were no lapses in grammar or pronunciation, or decline in style—in fact, it became more elevated as the sermon proceeded, and as the peroration was approached the strain of rhetoric became almost sublime. I doubt if the woman who spoke understood it herself in her normal state. She used specialised words and technical terms with familiarity; she made subtle distinctions, as, for instance, when she adroitly showed the difference between "uniformity" and "unity." And everything came from her so spontaneously. There was never a hesitation from start to finish, never a pause for the requisite expression. For fifty minutes there was an unbroken flow of eloquence from a great height. It came fresh, rich and with torrential force. The energy of the speech never abated. It rolled on like waves of an incoming tide, and we were left in a state of expectation and wonder as to what might happen at any moment.

THE PERORATION.

"The vibrating tones of the speaker became now and then husky with the force employed to press a point home. The gestures became more violent—the hands were snatched away from the neck, the arms outstretched, while the body swayed and bent as if under some irresistible emotion. Then there was just a moment's cessation, and it was followed by a short benediction uttered slowly and reverently—and all was over.

"The figure that had seemed to be so robust began to crumple. I watched the medium closely. Her lips twitched, she gave a nervous jerk or two, her eyes opened as from sleep, and she sank back on her chair in a state of semi-collapse.

THE NORMAL WOMAN.

"I had the privilege of a few words with her in private afterwards. Mrs. Meurig Morris struck me as a lady of modest capacity in her ordinary life, with no gift for conversation and certainly devoid of eloquence. I mention this not to give offence but to indicate the marvellous difference between the normal woman and the woman under the control of 'Power.'

Literary

AN Exeter Spiritist writes us a copy of an article by a distinguished novelist, from which we take

Perhaps it is not Doyle as it might be who knew and loved

Not all can sympathise with ways of thinking, the very beautiful traits deeply affectionate a

Fortunately, there is a colleague to go into I believe, for all his faith in him as he was, for he remained the same since

The great marks of his utter honesty, and he did for those who were incapacitated, the victim for it to be spoken of

But to this hatred, a very general desire to know what the world, or even of the aid he often gave little indeed. There was knowledge, when he was many, not all of who that it has been said to

Spirit Mess

The following message from "the Mists" was in any way by May 17. Though the Editor was not until he received morning, May 18 that account, for a noble Spirit to all

LEES is speaking have been able to I wish to help

been an exhaustive one on filled with faith in I wish to give you which I would ask you with me in this great

Your timely intervention souls who have fallen by you, literally speaking, many of ascending during hours Lewis, I am only speaking without your support many on, because we owe much in the first place. You though you have often sense, and indeed in a place with the true Scottish tenor

Now let me say, the pillars which are being erected are of enduring material or to criticise any active body to me as I view the city

Here you have millions TRUTH in its highest form the teaching of the Christ place of bread. You have as I said, the pillars are universal service. The question. Even the scaffolding any time to fall before the emphasis my singleness of

I have nothing to gain I not employ it in any way have safe foundations and by the latter words, "work one alone—the serving of who are wayfarers on the life—they would soon find themselves flourishing and filled with truth

Note I say "spiritual and

Literary Colleague's Tribute to Sir A. Conan Doyle.

AN Exeter Spiritualist friend has kindly sent us a copy of *The Author*, containing an article by Mr. Morley Roberts, the distinguished novelist, on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, from which we take the following extracts:—

Perhaps it is not so easy now to write about Conan Doyle as it might have been some years ago, if those who knew and loved him had lost him earlier.

Not all can sympathise fully with some of his later ways of thinking, though these developed in his character very beautiful traits, and showed even more plainly his deeply affectionate and unforgettable nature.

Fortunately, there is no need for an old literary colleague to go into these matters. It is sufficient, I believe, for all his friends of the older days to remember him as he was, for however he changed he for ever remained the same simple and noble character.

The great marks of Doyle's nature were his sincerity, his utter honesty, and his hatred of injustice. What he did for those who became, through accident or judicial incapacity, the victims of legal error is known too well for it to be spoken of here.

But to this hatred of injustice he added a great and very general desire to help all those that he could help. What the world, or even those very close to him, know of the aid he often gave to some of his fellow-writers, is little indeed. There were times, within my own actual knowledge, when he sought quiet means of helping many, not all of whom perhaps deserved it. I know that it has been said by one of these, who in later years

could help others, that in any difficulty of any kind he knew no one to whom he would rather appeal than to Conan Doyle.

Doyle stands up in my mind in many ways as an ideal man. When I knew him best he seemed developed equally all round. There was nothing atrophied in him, nor did he exceed in anything. He loved literature and its magic casements. And equally he loved the outside life of man, the open air, the mountains and their snow and ice. His physique was splendid and fitted him for the games and sports that he practised with the ardour of youth, even when he was no longer young.

Whether he worked or played he was always simply earnest. I have seen his character come out plainly in a game of billiards. The game was something to be done and he meant to do it. He stood up to it with concentration, with deliberation, and forgot the world.

Though I have seen him on horseback at a meet of foxhounds, I do not believe that in later life he cared much for "blood-sports." I never discussed the matter with him, but it is hard to believe that he approved of stag hunting, or of digging out a fox which had found an unstopped earth. Anything that lacked fairness was abhorrent to him. He always "played the game," whatever the game was.

There glowed in his very aspect a sense of innate goodness and kindness. No evidence would make me believe that he was ever consciously unkind to any, though I can imagine him full of deep indignation. He carried conviction with him; his word was more than most men's signed and sealed bond. And in his very quietude and reserve there was much strength.

Spirit Message from Robert James Lees to the Editor.

Given by the Hand of MAJORIE I. ROWE.

The following message from the Author of "Through the Mists" was received unsought and unexpected in any way by Miss Rowe on Sunday morning, May 17. Though it is in the form of a direct address, the Editor was not present, and knew nothing of it until he received the script by post on Monday morning, May 18. He is all the more grateful on that account, for it is really a message from a truly noble Spirit to all Spiritualists.

LEES is speaking to you, Lewis. You have been able to help me greatly; now I wish to help you. Your pilgrimage has been an exhaustive one, and yet you have gone on filled with faith in divine love and protection. I wish to give you a few consoling messages, which I would ask you to accept as a co-worker with me in this great work of the Spirit.

Your timely intervention on behalf of many earnest souls who have fallen by the roadside has created for you, literally speaking, many steps which you are conscious of ascending during hours of stress and strain. Remember, Lewis, I am only speaking the truth when I tell you that without your support many of us could not have carried on, because we owe much to the *Gazette*, and to its founder in the first place. You took the difficult pathway, and though you have often felt exhausted—in a spiritual sense, and indeed in a physical—you have gone forward with the true Scottish tenacity of purpose behind you.

Now let me say, the pillars of the Spiritual Temples, which are being erected all over the world, are not always of enduring material or workmanship. I do not wish to criticise any active body of Spiritualists, but it seems to me as I view the cities of the civilised world what wonderful opportunities are being wasted or ignored.

Here you have millions of souls literally starving for TRUTH in its highest form, and yet a form simple as the teaching of the Christ, and only stones are given in place of bread. You have countless Churches, yet, as I said, the pillars are not erected in the sense of universal service. The personal side comes into the question. Even the scaffolding is unsafe, and liable at any time to fall before the Church is completed. I wish to emphasise my singleness of purpose in stating these facts.

I have nothing to gain by criticism, and indeed would not employ it in any unworthy sense, but you must have safe foundations and reliable scaffolding. I imply by the latter words, "workers and effort." If workers would first of all dedicate themselves to one purpose and one alone—the serving of real spiritual repasts to those who are wayfarers on the road of spiritual and physical life—they would soon find their Churches well-established, flourishing and filled with the power of the Holy Spirit.

Note I say "spiritual and physical wayfarers," because

a great part of a Church's work is to enlighten the spirits who attend, as well as the physical members and friends of the Church. This important fact seems to be forgotten for the most part. The *solid* congregation seems to be the point of importance and concentration, and not the *unseen* congregation.

I feel there is more and more the need for unity in the Movement. The feeling of "grievance" is so often a stumbling block to the members of an active Church. While the Church is in the first throes of birth, many are only too anxious to pull together, but as soon as you get the Church or Society beginning to emerge out of its infancy, then you get the small tyrannies which are not always checked by those who should act as the parent authority.

It is a matter of concern to the Angel World that their workers on the earth plane fail so often to co-operate in the spirit of Jesus Christ. Even in the well-established societies, whose pages of service are many, there appears from time to time the chapter headed "Dissensions and Polarisation" (*Egotism versus Divine Socialism*). Some are attracted by the personal aspect of Spiritualism alone; they fail to realise that once the fact of survival has been proved to them it is their duty to make every effort, individually, to convince others. I am certain if people would only open the door to let in the strangers who seek admittance to their spiritual hearth, that we should have less of the Personal Creed and more of the Universal.

Having passed "Through the Mists," and being now one of the Unseen yet active Spirit Messengers, I would assist many Societies by forging chains of service for them, chains stretching from the spheres to earth. Many spirits wander aimlessly about in semi-consciousness, and present forlorn figures to us. We try to locate their earthly homes for them, and when possible, we lead them into Circles of Light and Power—but many Circles are fenced round with a high wall of prejudice against helping these derelict spirits. Why do people fear to help them? If they would pray in faith to be used for God's work of rescuing the spirits who have no "homes" or location in spirit life, by simple and loving concentration on "the unseen" in their conditions, then they would surely find the blessing returned to them in the purifying of their own earth conditions, and it is a sure road to spiritual success.

I have a lot to say to you, Lewis. I can't get a quarter written down to-day, but would like you to feel more confident of our *ever present help*. Don't forget the Churches are needed badly, if we are to spread the truth. But we want Churches of the SPIRIT—not of the LETTER alone—and we must have definite co-operation between Churches and Societies, and members who will not count the cost when they dedicate themselves to service.

ROBERT JAMES LEES.

Letters to the Editor.

DEVELOPING INSPIRATIONAL WRITING.

208 Cavendish Road,
Bispham, Blackpool.

DEAR SIR,—I read the article in your April issue by the Rev. G. Vale Owen on Inspirational Writing with great pleasure.

Being new to the Spiritualistic movement my search into the subject leaves me many times in a state of bewilderment. During the last few years my troubles have been many, including the death of my mother, whom I lived for, and very often my burden seemed unbearable.

It was on one of these occasions of extreme difficulty that I went to a Spiritualist meeting in October last. The medium there said there was the spirit of a soldier with a kitbag telling me to "hold on for eight weeks." Having lost a brother in the war I accepted this as a message from him. I visited one or two meetings after this and received messages from other friends now in the spirit world that all would be well.

My troubles did not lighten and everything seemed hopeless. In my despair I said to myself, "If these mediums who keep giving me messages can receive communications from God or Spirit friends of mine, why not me?"

The only book I ever read about Spiritualism was one giving instances of automatic writing by some lady in America, and the idea came to me to try. Getting paper and pencil I sat in my room with the light out. No orthodox "Our Father" left my lips, but my prayer was from my very soul, asking if there were a God or Spirit near me to show me that it was not reserved to a select few to receive messages but that my friends would let me have direct help and proof of their interest in me.

Three hours I sat with the pencil, point to paper, and then the pencil moved. To my surprise when I turned up the light there was a little line about quarter of an inch long. But I knew there was a communing power with me.

Turning out the lights again, I tried to make sure that this was not a reaction of my nerves. Asking if a spirit friend was present I felt the pencil moving slowly over the paper. On looking at it I found a scrawly but clear "Yes." I only got two other answers that night, but since then I have been in constant communication whenever awake. Night or day, working or playing, my messages come through. Write! why the speed my friend writes at is faster than many shorthand clerks can do. Sketching, too, either with pen or pencil, are a source of amusement. Writings, dozens and dozens of sheets, on humorous, religious, technical, and social subjects all come alike to my friend.

Music is another means of wonderful phenomena. Sitting at a piano I have had the pleasure of hearing some most gorgeous music with wonderful fingering—executed by me as a medium.

Like Vale Owen I cannot say that everyone can develop his or her gifts, but I do say to all enquirers—Seek and keep on seeking *yourself*.—I am, Yours faithfully,

J. MILTON.

SOME NOT UNFRIENDLY CRITICISMS.

58 Lambton Road,
Hornsey Rise, N.19.

DEAR SIR,—I have been going into your movement for the last five years. Spiritualism is supposed to stand for so much; not only that, but the first thing you hear of is its principle of the "Brotherhood of Man."

When first I heard of it I thought there is something good here, but I had a rude awakening, for at a meeting I attended a stranger asked the speaker to explain to him a certain part of the Bible, whereupon the speaker fired up and said she had been on the platform for forty years and was not there to answer questions. Furthermore, she said she was not going to be disturbed and asked that this poor stranger should be removed from the Church by the officers!

Now, I ask, would Christ have done such a thing? He must have met all sorts and conditions of men as He went about preaching, but there was always a kind word for each.

A lady and gentleman, who also were strangers in the Church that night, said it turned them sick at heart to see this poor man hustled from the house of God as if he were a criminal. He looked so sad and disappointed. I have been told since who the medium is, and will never again go to hear her, for such conduct as that spoils Spiritualism.

After all, life after death is nothing new. From the beginning of the world it was known. The ancient Egyptians refer to life after death and of our deeds here on earth being then taken into account. That was God's great plan, for His son Jesus Christ died on the Cross to

show us that death in the physical body does not end there but that the spiritual body still lives on.

I myself have entered into circles as an earnest investigator, but am sorry to say that as soon as the leaders found I was more in advance of them with my clairvoyance they did not beat about the bush, but told me I had allowed a spirit from the lowest spheres to enter my body! Then I was cruelly insulted and told to keep away from the Church. I don't think I have ever cried so much in all my life. My husband and son said it served me right for going to such a place.

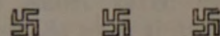
You can just see what harm these people do. There are Tom, Dick and Harry pretending to preach the Gospel, but there is more true religion in many who don't profess anything. The greatest gift of all is charity of heart, even to the extent of giving justice to your enemy.

I am greatly interested in Spiritualism as it can really be such a true comfort to humanity. For the last five years I have been told from platforms of an Egyptian being with me. I naturally was anxious for his name, and it was given to me by the late Mr. Ronald Brailey as "Henta." My husband laughed at me, but I took him last year to the British Museum to see if there was such a person. And there we found that he was a priest in the temple and chief reader to the goddess Nieth, in the 26th Dynasty, before Christ. There is a statue of him in the Museum, and his coffin is said to have been found on the Nile.

"Henta" impresses me to speak. When I have been in a circle no one was ever able to fathom who this wonderful inspirer is but Mr. Brailey. Yet they were so jealous that they made me very uncomfortable, and I had at last to give up attending anywhere, and let my gifts lie dormant.

I call Spiritualism a religious science, and it is most sacred to me. It should never be gone into by anyone who does not treat it as such.—I am, Sincerely yours,

EVELYN HOOD.



CONAN DOYLE MEMORIAL FUND.

THE Hon. Treasurer of this Fund received the following donations from April 18 to May 14 inclusive, amounting to £55 2s. 11d., which, with the £1,111 7s. 3d. previously acknowledged, brings the total donations to date to £1,166 10s. 2d.

	£	s.	d.
William Gillette, Esq.	20	0	0
Kenton Spiritualist Church ...	7	11	3
Mrs. Marion Welton	5	0	0
C. Eissner, Esq.	3	3	0
Free Spiritualist Church of Christ	2	12	6
Tooting Bec Progressive Spirit-			
ualists' Society	2	2	0
1st St. Helen's Spiritualist Church	2	0	0
Lieut. George Hunt, R.N.	1	5	0
J. W. Herries, Esq.	1	1	0
Mrs. Carter and Family	1	1	0
Miss Nott	1	1	0
Dr. and Mrs. Basil Martin... ..	1	1	0

Total ... £47 17 9

Amounts of £1 and under:—J. M. Pritchard, Esq.; "Auntie Matt"; J. E. Higgs, Esq.; Plaistow Spiritualist Church; J. E. Bell, Esq.; Miss W. J. Weedon; Barry National Spiritualist Church; Mrs. Sutcliffe; Capt. W. A. B. Anthony; Sale of Postcards; W. Edwards, Esq.; Mrs. K. Fillmore; Rev. Nicholas Becker; Rev. M. Beversluis; Charles H. Vipond, Esq.—Total £7 5s. 2d.

Donations should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. A. C. Grigg, Lloyd's Bank, Ltd., 121-125 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S will, dated May 6, 1930, and proved last month, shows the gross value of his estate to be £63,491, with net personality £55,708. He left all his manuscripts to Lady Conan Doyle, to whom he also bequeathed half the residue of his estate, the remainder to go to his children, Denis, Malcolm and Jean. £200 was left to the Psychic College, £100 to the Spiritualist Alliance of London, and £100 to the National Spiritualists' Union, three institutions "representing the most religious movement that the world now holds." £100 was also bequeathed to the Spiritualist Community. Sir Arthur stated in his will: "If I have not left more to promote this cause it is because in my lifetime I have been able to devote considerable sums to this end, and because my successors will, I know, follow my example in combating materialism and endeavouring to infuse fresh vitality into the various religions of the world."

Direct

WHAT is claimed public demons phenomena in the Spiritualist Comm Saturday night, May 9,

Such phenomena are 9 rooms, when all that is se whirling unsupported thro voices of spirit controls a sitters.

The special feature on phenomena were produced medium was a homely Ar Lydy, from Detroit (the ho the famous medium for " very many years in this cou The voices, in Mrs. Lydy inside a long aluminium tr serve as a semi-dark gathe power. Mrs. Lydy holds t with one hand, and a mem narrow speaking-end to his to the spiritual communicat

So far as the audience is but an occasional vocal r It can only judge as to wh the remarks of the person w

MR. HANNEN SWAFFER, v stration, said that an expe previous evening to fit up a r might be heard not only by t but by everybody in the hall not been successful. He ad was being generously given the Rev. Arthur Ford, on well-known English direct-v very ill for several months.

LISTENERS SELEC

As the audience assemble a ticket with a printed nu to listen through the trumpet

The first number drawn w duplicate ticket did not cor called out and a lady ascen told by the medium that if should say, "Yes, who is it? a tap on the inside of the tr was coming. She then aske the name "Nellie" but did was said, and did not recogn

72 was then called, and ear to the trumpet said, " Who is speaking? Who?

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You are trying to see her Did you say, 'I am comi receiving no answer the listen

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you?' Oh, I am very wel you give me your name so tha tell what you say. Did you

Answer yes or no, sir. Who tell me about my brother, y about my brother? Will I

is all right? Yes, I shall c getting much clearer now. and good-bye. That was qu

Addressing the audience th quite distinctly the name L was what he was generally

distinctly "Ernest," and who Ernest was quite all rig who had been killed in the

everything was correct. No. 261 was the next li dressed in black. When she

a murmur of voices was hea The lady said, "Mother. Who is there? Donnie is th like that. The voice says, tell me anything interesting are there; tell me somethin

Direct Voice Phenomena in the Light.

MRS. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS'S EXPERIENCE.

WHAT is claimed to have been the first public demonstration of direct voice phenomena in England was given in the Spiritualist Community's Grotrian Hall on Saturday night, May 9, to about 700 persons.

Such phenomena are usually given in dark seance rooms, when all that is seen is an illuminated trumpet whirling unsupported through the air, from which the voices of spirit controls and spirit friends address the sitters.

The special feature on this occasion was that the phenomena were produced publicly in full light. The medium was a homely American matron, named Mrs. Lydy, from Detroit (the home also of Mrs. Etta Wreidt, the famous medium for "voices," so well known for very many years in this country).

The voices, in Mrs. Lydy's mediumship, are produced inside a long aluminium trumpet, which is supposed to serve as a semi-dark gathering ground for the psychic power. Mrs. Lydy holds the wide end of the trumpet with one hand, and a member of the audience puts the narrow speaking-end to his or her ear, in order to listen to the spiritual communicators.

So far as the audience is concerned, nothing is heard but an occasional vocal murmur from the trumpet. It can only judge as to what is happening by catching the remarks of the person whose ear is at the trumpet.

MR. HANNEN SWAFFER, who presided at the demonstration, said that an experiment had been made the previous evening to fit up a microphone so that the voices might be heard not only by the recipients of the messages but by everybody in the hall. That effort, however, had not been successful. He added that this demonstration was being generously given by Mrs. Lydy, along with the Rev. Arthur Ford, on behalf of Mrs. Garrett, the well-known English direct-voice medium, who had been very ill for several months.

LISTENERS SELECTED BY BALLOT.

As the audience assembled each person was handed a ticket with a printed number, and those privileged to listen through the trumpet were selected by ballot.

The first number drawn was 14, but the holder of the duplicate ticket did not come forward. Then 262 was called out and a lady ascended the platform. She was told by the medium that if she heard a spirit voice she should say, "Yes, who is it?" She soon said she heard a tap on the inside of the trumpet, and thought a voice was coming. She then asked, "Who is it?" and heard the name "Nellie" but did not quite catch what else was said, and did not recognise the voice.

72 was then called, and a gentleman on putting his ear to the trumpet said, "Hallo! That is my name. Who is speaking? Who? I don't catch your name; you've got mine right. 'Harry,' it sounds like. I would like to know who you are. I don't catch it. Something about my money; I cannot catch it. 'Grandmother!' You are my mother's mother? Have I that right? You wanted to see my mother? Answer me yes or no. You are trying to see her? Do you say yes? Yes. Did you say, 'I am coming, dear?'" (Apparently receiving no answer the listener said "She is in no hurry," a remark greeted with laughter by the audience.) Continuing the gentleman asked—"Is my mother here? Speak up. I do not see her. Did you say, 'How are you?' Oh, I am very well, indeed, thank you. Can you give me your name so that I can tell mother? I can't tell what you say. Did you say my brother was here? Answer yes or no, sir. Who is the speaker? Did you tell me about my brother, yes or no? Yes; well what about my brother? Will I tell my mother that Ernest is all right? Yes, I shall certainly do that. You are getting much clearer now. God bless you, good-night and good-bye. That was quite clear."

Addressing the audience the listener said he had heard quite distinctly the name Len (not Leonard), and that was what he was generally called. He had heard quite distinctly "Ernest," and was told to tell his mother that Ernest was quite all right. Ernest was his brother, who had been killed in the war. So far as he knew everything was correct.

No. 261 was the next listener-in. She was a lady dressed in black. When she put her ear to the trumpet a murmur of voices was heard by many in the audience. The lady said, "Mother. Yes. I cannot catch that. Who is there? Donnie is there, is he? It is something like that. The voice says, 'I will try again.' Can you tell me anything interesting? I am glad to know you are there; tell me something. 'Donnie is here.' What

does he want to say? You don't know?" The words "Johnnie Douglas" were then heard distinctly by many in the hall, and the lady said, "Come on Johnnie," but no conversation seemed to follow.

The lady then told the audience that her mother had said her husband Johnnie Douglas was there. He had been drowned in the *Oberon* with his father just before Christmas. This announcement caused some sensation, as the audience at once recognised that the lady must be the widow of Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas, the famous all-England cricketer.

MRS. DOUGLAS'S OWN ACCOUNT.

Interviewed by a representative of the *Daily Express* next day Mrs. Douglas said that on the previous night she heard there was to be a public seance at the Grotrian Hall. Although she was told that all the tickets were sold she suddenly decided on her way home to walk across the road and take an omnibus in the opposite direction and go to the Grotrian Hall. There she got the last ticket.

"An organ recital and one or two vocalists opened the programme," she said, "and then a woman with a long metal trumpet walked to the front of the stage. Numbers were called and, to my astonishment, I found I was one. I went up in a state of nervous excitement. Almost at once I could hear a voice, in faint trembling tones, as though coming from a great distance.

"It sounded like the wavering voice of an old lady, and it was calling my name. It was frail and a little breathless.

"'You are my daughter, Ruby,' I heard. 'It was my name. No one on the stage knew it. I knew no one on the stage. So far as I know, none of my acquaintances or friends knew I was in the hall. The voice sounded again, and I began to feel it was that of my dead mother.

"'I was not old when I passed over,' I heard coming through the trumpet. 'Not as old as Ruby is now.' The medium asked how old I was when she passed over. 'Just a young girl,' was the reply. My mother also said that Johnny, my husband, was there.

"'Did you say Johnny?' I asked. 'Yes, Johnny Douglas,' was the reply.

"I asked if he wanted to tell me anything, and she replied she did not know. When I asked if she could tell me what he was doing the reply came back, 'He is here.' My mother then asked if she could speak to my father, and went on speaking, but I could not hear any more."

WORKING IN A SCHOOL.

After Mrs. Douglas had left the platform another lady held the trumpet. A murmur was heard and the lady said, "What do you say? What name are you saying? Louder! Hallo, who are you! Can't you speak much louder? What is your name? I hear the name Kathleen quite distinctly. I haven't the faintest idea who Kathleen is."

The next lady said, "Hallo, who is there? I can't hear you. Who do you want? Godfrey; oh, who are you? Who are you? I don't recognise your voice. What is your name? What? No, I can't hear you. I can only hear Godfrey. Who are you? Will you speak louder. Yes, he is very mischievous, but who are you? Are you my mother? Yes! Are you happy? 'My darling, I am happy.' Are you really? I think he takes after you. Do you say you are warning me about something. To be careful! I am quite all right. Yes, I know. You don't need to talk to me like that. These are not your expressions. Have you a dog with you? Which one? Oh, you have not changed a bit, have you? What is your work? Oh, I am sure you are not looking after children! You are working in a school! Oh, mummie darling, why it must be your penance! I am awfully sorry for you. Are you going? Good-bye, darling! Mummie, don't go."

The lady on being asked by the Chairman whether the talk was evidential at all, replied—"I did not recognise the voice, but she evidently knew my son Godfrey's name. I can't believe my mother is working in a school. It would drive her mad." (Laughter.)

Many other listeners followed, with more or less satisfactory results, and at the conclusion the Rev. Arthur Ford, whose clairaudience is always so wonderful and convincing, gave some messages to members of the audience. One was given to Sir John Cameron, a stranger to the medium. He was told that his grandfather was there. The grandfather's name and surname were given. Next day, Sir John said he did not know the Christian name of his grandfather until he turned it up in "Who's Who," after the meeting.

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THE International Psychic Gazette

The Independent Monthly Organ of
Spiritualism and Psychical Research.

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

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

Spiritualistic Mediums NOT "Rogues and Vagabonds."

A DECISION of tremendous importance to Spiritualists and their claim to freedom from police persecution as "rogues and vagabonds" was given on May 5 by Mr. Frederick Mead, the venerable Marlborough Street magistrate.

It was not a Spiritualist case Mr. Mead had before him, and the significance of the decision does not appear thus far to have been noted by Spiritualists. It is all the more necessary therefore to put the facts on record in the *International Psychic Gazette* so that all who are interested in the cause of civic liberty for Spiritualists may keep the decision before them and press it home whenever our respectable mediums are attacked.

On May 4 a Mr. Charles William Curtis Watson, secretary of Blackie's Sportsman's Bureau, Pall Mall, S.W., was summoned before Mr. Mead, on a charge under the Lottery Act, for selling two tickets in the Irish Free State Hospital Sweepstakes. The tickets had been purchased for the purpose of the prosecution by a Scotland Yard detective, who represented himself as a private citizen.

And the following is Mr. Mead's judgment, according to the report in the *Daily Mail* of May 5:—

"Mr. Mead said the Lottery Act of 1823 provides that if any person committed any of the forbidden acts he should be deemed to be 'a rogue and vagabond.'

"The Vagrancy Act of 1824 provided that there should be three classes of offenders amenable to punishment under that Act: (1) idle and disorderly persons, (2) rogues and vagabonds, and (3) incorrigible rogues.

"The offender—in this case the lottery promoter—has therefore to be deemed a rogue and vagabond.

"That must be his status, or mode of life, when committing the offence. In the present case it could not be said that the defendant in any sense was, in fact, a rogue and vagabond.

"As the ground of this lottery prohibition was not the moral turpitude, but the liability of competition with State lotteries, the question arose whether it was contemplated, when the Act was passed, that a respectable person, performing an innocent though unlawful act, should be branded as a rogue and vagabond and should be liable to at least a month's hard labour.

"The summons would be dismissed, but the defendant would still be liable to prosecution at the suit of the Attorney-General.

"Sir Percival Clarke, who prosecuted, asked if Mr. Mead would state a case with a view to an appeal and Mr. Mead assented."

Four days later, a number of persons were prosecuted at Bow Street for a similar offence. Four of them pleaded guilty, and Mr. Fry, the magistrate, without recording a conviction, dismissed the summonses against them on their each paying £2 2s. costs. The other defendants pleaded not guilty and Mr. Beyfus, the defending Counsel, for one of them contended that the magistrate had no power to convict his client as a "rogue and vagabond" merely because he sold a book of tickets to an *agent provocateur*, in the shape of a policeman, who induced

him to sell them by a falsehood. He quoted Mr. Mead's decision (above referred to) that to establish a conviction it must be proved that the accused person was a rogue and vagabond by reason of his general nature.

Sir Percival Clarke, who prosecuted, described this as "a most astounding proposition," and said Mr. Mead's decision left the prosecution with no other course but to correct it, if possible, in the Divisional Court.

But this "most astounding proposition" is not so very astounding after all. The Vagrancy Act was designed to deal with persons whose status or mode of life was that of roguery or vagabondry, persons who were not citizens but outcasts, persons who could be arrested by any person whatsoever and marched to the lock-up. It was never intended, as Mr. Mead correctly says, that "a respectable person, performing an innocent though unlawful act, should be branded as a rogue and vagabond, and should be liable to at least a month's hard labour."

The "innocent though unlawful act" referred to by Mr. Mead was the selling of lottery tickets, but respectable palmists, astrologers, clairvoyants and Spiritualistic mediums have been punished as rogues and vagabonds for performing "innocent and lawful" acts. That has been our contention in these pages for many years, but it has never yet been adopted as a line of defence by the officials of the Spiritualist movement entrusted with the duty—and abundant funds, which have been wickedly and wantonly misused—"on the side of the angels," as it was hypocritically claimed!—to give our mediums adequate protection and to take steps to get the law altered. Had this point been pressed home, as it ought to have been at every opportunity, there would have been no need at all for any alteration in the law. The Vagrancy Act, under which all these prosecutions have been made, would simply have been shown to be inapplicable to our mediums, and thus, so far as they were concerned, it would have been rendered innocuous.

In our issue of January, 1929, we summarised our constant contention thus:—

"For about three-quarters of a century after the Vagrancy Act became law there was no attempt made to apply its provisions to those law-abiding citizens who made a profession of fortune-telling by palmistry or otherwise, and when in 1896 the first appeal of any citizen convicted for practising fortune-telling as a profession was brought before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, Lord Young in delivering judgment (*Smith v. Neilson*) said that he had never heard or supposed that professed fortune-telling by palmistry, or astrology, or seership, was an act of roguery or vagabondry.

"It was conceivable that such professional fortune-tellers might commit acts of roguery, but if so these acts ought to be stated and proved.

"So emphatic was his Lordship in his judgment that he said, 'I am informed this is the first case that has occurred during the twenty-five years since the Vagrancy Act was made applicable to Scotland, and I may express the hope that it will be the last attempted.'"

Following up this quotation we asked—"Then how is it so many respectable people have since been subjected to penalties for foretelling the future?" And we replied—"Simply because police, magistrates and judges have assumed that the Vagrancy Act was applicable to respectable citizens, and not merely to rogues and vagabonds."

Mr. Mead's decision has brought this obviously erroneous assumption into the light of day, and though it was not intended to help the cause of Spiritualistic mediums, it is as applicable to them as to the sellers of sweepstake tickets. According to this decision, Spiritualists and others who have been fined and imprisoned ought never even to have been summoned as "rogues and vagabonds" for that was not their status or mode of life. Whether Mr. Horace Leaf, Mrs. Ray Drummond, Madame Ridley, Mrs. Cantlon, Miss Mercy Phillimore, and a host of other respectable citizens who have been wrongfully convicted by Mr. Mead and other magistrates will ever be able to recover compensation for their iniquitous punishment is a matter which may be reserved for future consideration. Wrongs once committed in the name of the law are not quickly or easily righted, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle found in the Edalji and Slater cases, but let us "watch weel" that Sir Percival Clarke should not have the decision "corrected," as he calls it, in the Divisional Court. This process of "correction," if successful, would simply be made in the interests of an easy and profitable but reprehensible form of unjust police persecution, and be utterly indefensible from the point of view of the inalienable rights to freedom of every well-conducted British citizen.

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During my mediumistic most precious, for I know the consciousness of being to persons weighed down lift them out of poignant mad hatreds, or crucified l

THE HOROSC

As I have already said viewed merely by sufferer he has visitors who are qu example. The other morni man who had come up fro reading journals devoted quite able to understand t peasant, whom I did not l and the basket contained a "Monsieur, I am told tha know all things! I have Tom, who was born on Jan in the afternoon, and I want He is a most intelligent pu occult journals he ought t very remarkable dog!"

I interrupted the good n that of Alcibiades!" Bu He continued to praise his d on its possible re-embodim of dogs. (For somehow connected with reincarnation of the little animal would subject!

I confessed, however, that in the ancient star-lore, and horoscoped in Paris who m figure" for his pet! I said whether reincarnated or no very lucky star!

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.

AFTER a parenthesis of several months—devoted to the story of my mediumistic demonstrations to the Society for Psychical Research in London—I now return to my general "recollections," which so many readers have graciously assured me give them pleasure and instruction.

THE FUNCTIONS OF A MEDIUM.

Anecdotes! The life of a medium is full of them, and they only await suitable opportunities to be drawn forth from his treasure chest of hallowed memories. Some of them are tragical and others comical—for tragedy and comedy ever go hand in hand in human experience—and on more than one occasion I have here narrated psychic marvels which have provoked smiles and good humour rather than sadness and pity. For a medium is continually confronted by all those situations, happy and unhappy, which are part of life, and the examination of these situations by the searchlight of clairvoyance is for him a thrilling and illuminating course in psychology, for it reveals by introspection of a multitude of minds the most intimate and the least revealed operations of the human soul.

CLAIRVOYANCE VERSUS IMAGINATION.

That is so true that I do not hesitate to affirm, "I am an author, I have written many books, and amongst them romances; very well, if I had the material power I should destroy all those books in which I attempted to analyse and describe the workings of the human heart before my mediumship awoke. I invented many fictitious personalities in the old times, but when I re-read these stories to-day I discover they are all false owing to the incompleteness of my analyses. Were I to write them again I should profoundly modify characteristics imagined by a man who had not yet learned to penetrate into the innermost recesses of souls." Now, after having shared in the griefs and pains of people who came to me for counsel and comfort I know human nature better, and I affirm, "It is one of the great privileges of mediums and clairvoyants to be able to penetrate into the soul's secret depths, into the shadows of cruelly-agitated consciences, and to carry there the light of hope and the flame of re-born courage."

During my mediumistic career, this is what I find most precious, for I know of nothing sweeter in life than the consciousness of being able to render fraternal service to persons weighed down by misery and despair and to lift them out of poignant sorrows, moral degradations, mad hatreds, or crucified loves.

THE HOROSCOPE OF A DOG.

As I have already said, the clairvoyant is not interviewed merely by sufferers. By way of compensation he has visitors who are quite amusing. And here is an example. The other morning I had a call from a worthy man who had come up from the country. He had been reading journals devoted to occultism, without being quite able to understand their instruction. This honest peasant, whom I did not know, was carrying a basket, and the basket contained a little dog! He said to me, "Monsieur, I am told that you are very learned and know all things! I have brought you my little dog, Tom, who was born on January 23, 1931, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and I want you to draw up his horoscope. He is a most intelligent puppy, and if I can believe the occult journals he ought to be the reincarnation of a very remarkable dog!"

I interrupted the good man by suggesting, "Perhaps that of Alcibiades!" But that did not check him. He continued to praise his dog's excellence and to descant on its possible re-embodiment of some illustrious king of dogs. (For somehow royalty seems inextricably connected with reincarnations!) He thought a horoscope of the little animal would possibly throw light on the subject!

I confessed, however, that I had no special competence in the ancient star-lore, and gave him the address of a horoscopist in Paris who might be willing to "draw a figure" for his pet! I said I sincerely hoped that Tom—whether reincarnated or not—had been born under a very lucky star!

QUESTIONS ONE CANNOT ANSWER.

Sometimes consultants come with questions of a more serious nature to which clairvoyants cannot give answers. Then "silence is golden," even when vivid disclosures might be very dramatic.

Some months ago there happened in France a startling financial scandal, which is not yet finished, and may lead to very unhappy consequences to a certain number of personages highly important in politics and finance.

Three weeks after the public disclosure of this wretched affair—involving the banker Oustric, who is now in prison—I was visited by an aged lady and her married daughter, accompanied by the latter's little son. The ladies were handsomely dressed and wore magnificent jewels. Their waiting automobile hummed at my gate. Yet from the moment they entered I saw them clairvoyantly dressed in rags and holding out their hands as if demanding alms! In addition, I saw the little boy very ill, although he now stood before me the picture of perfect health.

I was on the verge of saying something of my vision, when taking the hand of the old lady I felt it trembling, and I noticed also that her daughter had become pale. Both of them were obviously in terror. I pronounced the Christian name of a man. It was that of the child's father. I said he was a banker. This was acknowledged to be correct. Then I decided to say no more, for had I spoken I would have said to the younger lady, "Madame, you are a victim of the *affaire* Oustric. Your husband, the banker, is about to take to flight. You will lose your whole fortune, your diamonds, your automobile. Your child will be at the verge of death in four months."

To have said these things might have slain these unhappy people. I told them, therefore, that I regretted very much that I had nothing to say to them, and they went away, guessing perhaps that I had mercifully refused to unveil to them their horrible future.

To-day, I learn that the child was not many weeks later seized by galloping consumption from which he was saved as by a miracle, that his father, the banker, had fled no one knew where, and that my two lady visitors were absolutely ruined.

QUESTIONS FOR MEDIUMS.

Mediums and clairvoyants in all parts of the world are readers of the *International Psychic Gazette*, and I invite them to compare notes with me in regard to matters of deep interest to us all. I shall welcome their letters from any country, and in any language.

My first question is—"Does your clairvoyant mediumship function better when you are fasting, or immediately after a meal?" Why do I ask that? you say. Because for some years I have noted some curious things about myself. When fasting it is very difficult for me to exercise the gift of clairvoyance. As soon, however, as I have finished my midday or evening meal the faculty seems to become suddenly exalted as if stimulated by the digestive functions. These functions, it would seem, ought to dull the spirit as they appear to make drowsy the body. But it is not so; they whip it up. And I have noticed, after I have participated in a banquet, where the food was refined and varied and the wines generous, that when the coffee was served, my clairvoyance was impatient to function, and irresistibly I threw among my fellow-guests around the table jocular or startling revelations of facts about which I normally knew nothing.

Let me add also that, contrary to what one would expect, my mediumship seems whipped up to extraordinary activity by extreme physical fatigue. I have sometimes arrived in the evening, after a day of intense application, to give mediumistic demonstrations to a large public assemblage. Logically, fatigue should have paralysed my aptitude, but on the contrary the greater my fatigue the better my clairvoyance! My second question then is, "How does fatigue affect your clairvoyance and mediumship?" Does your experience resemble mine, or is it different? I shall be pleased to know, for your collaboration in the study of our little understood gifts should help us all.

A LITTLE RECREATION.

Have you ever heard of a medium giving a seance to himself? I sometimes do for amusement and as a mild recreation when I seek repose.

I have a wireless apparatus fixed up in my house. I never read the daily programmes published in the newspapers, and therefore know nothing of what music is to be transmitted from Paris, London, Barcelona, Oslo, Budapest, Stuttgart, Vienna or Milan.

At the hour when the music begins, if I feel tired, I leave my desk and approach the receiving apparatus of the T.S.F., mentally fixing my choice on the musician whose works I wish to hear. I say to myself, "I should like to hear something of Debussy, or Sullivan, or Verdi, or Wagner—say Verdi." Then I turn the keys of my instrument at random to one of the Continental metre-lengths and immediately the music of Verdi is filling my room! Many times my prevision is correct—a greater proportion of times than could be attained by any mere guessing. The other evening I said to Madame Forthuny, "Let us listen to the March of Tannhauser!" I adjusted the apparatus to receive from Toulouse and the band there was playing the March of Tannhauser! This game has become a pleasure, for, of course, one could as easily connect with some station playing any music but what is required.

A SURPRISING SILENCE.

On Friday evening, February 20, 1931, we had a party of friends at dinner at my house.

After dinner we lingered at the table chatting gaily, as friends do, forgetting the time, when to my surprise I heard eleven o'clock striking on the hall clock. Then I said to my guests, "We shall now have a little aerial music."

I went to the wireless apparatus and adjusted the keys, but there was complete silence. It seemed as if something had broken, so we renounced the expected pleasure. I felt annoyed and said, "That is very disagreeable, and all the more so because at this moment a king is being assassinated somewhere and we shall know nothing about it until to-morrow morning. Yet strange to say there is music going on near this assassination."

All my friends laughed at my caprice, as they thought it, for my declaration seemed to them to be extravagant beyond all reason. But next morning we read in the newspapers that at 11.30 the night before, an attempt had been made to assassinate Ahmed Zogon, the King of Albania, in the Opera House at Vienna. He himself escaped, but a man seated beside him was killed. And the music of which I had spoken was that which the royal visitor had come to hear. During next morning all my friends telephoned to me making excuses for having thought me a jester or a madman at eleven o'clock the night before! I pardoned them all with pleasure!

P. F.

The Chronicle.

M. JEAN MEYER: WIDOW'S LAWSUIT.

M. JEAN MEYER, Vice-President of the International Spiritualists' Federation, passed from this mortal scene on April 13 last.

For several years his health had been precarious. He had serious eye trouble and one of his eyes had to be removed, which effected no improvement. He died in the town of Beziers in the South of France, where he administered his great interests as a wine merchant and owner of extensive vineyards.

He leaves behind a widow and family who are radically hostile to Spiritualism and who, immediately after his death, have instituted judicial proceedings against a certain person on the ground that Jean Meyer had been subjected to improper influences which led to his throwing away a sum of about fifteen million francs.

It is this sum that the Meyer family is trying to recover, and they allege that someone in M. Meyer's secretariat had a powerful personal motive in securing the continuance of the Maison des Spirités in the Rue Copernic at Paris. We shall give, later, details of this important lawsuit, but meantime simply record the fact of its existence.

It will be remembered that M. Meyer instituted this Maison des Spirités (or Home of Spiritualism) some years ago, but since then he has been justly reproached in Spiritualist circles the world over for having changed his intentions in regard to it. He offered it to the World Congress at Liège as a permanent home for International Spiritualism, and the Belgian Congress thanked him for his generosity. The World Congress at Paris assembled chiefly in the Maison des Spirités, and M. Meyer was again cordially thanked for his benefaction. But before the World Congress at London three years ago he had

taken back his gift from the Spiritualist Movement and handed it over to Metapsychism, with a large endowment, as a sort of annexe to the Metapsychic Institute. This transaction was so little understood in London that the new President of the Federation fallaciously announced to the Congress that M. Meyer had just made an endowment of several million francs for the cause of Spiritualism!

In acting thus M. Meyer gave the impression that he was withdrawing somewhat from the position he had assumed in France of being a leader in Spiritualism. He preferred in his last years of life to orient his Kardecist Spiritualism towards what he thought to be scientific research. Thus he created a vexatious confusion which alarmed Spiritualists in all countries and made them wish to see the International Spiritualists' Federation adopt some other headquarters than the Maison des Spirités, which was no longer a home of true Spiritualism but an ambiguous centre for pseudo-psychic research, more interested in disparaging mediumship (as in the notorious Mantes case) than in encouraging or developing it. That was truly a perplexing situation, for the Maison des Spirités continued to be a resort of presumed mediums and professed Spiritualist lecturers, who tried in a clumsy manner to marry Spiritualist doctrines to Metapsychic research and a passion for fraud-hunting. The Spiritualists of France remained astonished and disconcerted by this singular evolution.

No Spiritualist forgets how M. Jean Meyer returned from the International Congress in London in 1928 with the announcement that he and his faithful collaborator, M. André Rippert, had converted all the Anglo-Saxon Spiritualists and one negro to a belief in reincarnation! This proclamation, made through the Paris press and through his own journals, was immediately shown to be utterly false by English and American Spiritualists, in protests which should have finished his false pretensions, but he loftily disregarded them, and left the alleged reincarnation resolution of the London Congress unretracted.

M. Meyer maintained French Spiritualism under a rigorous autocratic personal discipline and remained attached to the reincarnationist Kardecism, which he and his collaborators made the immovable basis of their teachings. It is highly probable that after the passing hence of "The Pope of French Spiritualism," as he was commonly called, the Spiritualists of France will find themselves free to purge and enlarge their conceptions and bring them into harmony with those of pure Spiritualism, as generally recognised. May this soon be accomplished either in the Maison des Spirités, or on its ruins, or in some other headquarters where the glowing light now shining on the modern world will be no longer enshrouded in eastern mythical fancies or hindered by the metapsychists' obsession of universal fraud!

THE PHENOMENA OF APPORTS.

Professor Ernesto Bozzano has for several months been writing of the phenomena of apports in *Luce e Ombra*.

He observes that these phenomena are doubted by most scientists, for it appears to them impossible to accept the principle of a temporary disintegration and reconstitution of matter.

Some of them are willing to recognise the appearance of phantoms as a reality, but they refuse to believe that matter can go through matter—that the molecules of a body can become dissociated and reassemble in an instant after passing through the wall of a room hermetically closed. For these people apport phenomena remain absolutely unrealisable, for they contradict all the principles of physics, and radically upset all the notions, even the most modern, which are accepted by science about the constitution of the material world.

PODMORE, SOLOVOVO, SIR OLIVER LODGE.

The learned Italian recalls that Frank Podmore never accepted the possibility of apports and always explained them by fraud. When he was in the presence of apport phenomena which seemed to be incontestable he said, "It is the result of an illusion, a hallucination, or a false sensorial perception." When he had to study the experiences of Professor Flournoy with the medium Helene Smith, or the mediumship of the Rev. W. Stainton Moses, he accused these mediums of having tricked!

The scientist Petrovo Solovovo expressed the same insulting opinion, in speaking of Stainton Moses, whom he considered to be either a conscious or unconscious trickster.

On the other hand, Professor Bozzano speaks of the great hesitation of Sir Oliver Lodge in regard to apport phenomena. He recalls that that illustrious English savant declared in an address to the London Spiritualist Alliance in 1927 that if these phenomena existed he could not, in spite of all his efforts, surmount the difficulty of understanding or explaining them.

CHARLES RICHEL

Then there is the opinion who is extremely perplexed question of the interpretation," he says, "that they have not yet been when one analyses with finds fraud in them, as Roth. However, I do an unpardonable temerity metapsychical phenomenon satisfying proofs and results. Mr. Stanley de Brath does not say "impossibility of disintegration requires energy that it awakes insurmountable. In experience shares the hesitations of

PROFESSOR

"In my view," Professor to finish by admitting that not merely a question of psychic energy. What does reserves of energy exist of provoking enormous in matter? If one admires force to materialise also by borrowing the necessary of the medium and from the wonderful than if this same and reconstituting an object men of science to recon with *sans froid*, to attend try every means to give a scientific character.

THREE PREMONITIONS

Mr. Gastone de Bozzano extraordinary dream seen in journal:—

Robert Musso, born in 1907 dreamt in February, 1927 of his grandfather, who said will come with me." He told who advised him to think no

During the night, March mother of Robert, dreamt Spiritualist seance, where her something still unknown moment in her dream she a small racing motor-car.

vision might mean, she began to tell her first of all about which she was anxious. At the same automobile passion. She awoke very much alarmed and spoke of it to her mother warning that we shall have an automobile."

Two nights later Mrs. Musso She saw herself in a desert along this street came a funeral and followed by men dressed uniform. She wished to escape but into whatever street she followed her.

On awaking she told her have had a dream. I saw grandfather), who pointed to of which he said he was making two ladies then became convinced was overhanging them.

On March 25, Robert dreamt Volunteer Militia for National of militiamen keeping back road where a motor race was cars swerved right on to the y

Thus the phantom of the predicted Robert's fatal accident grandmother had dreamt of racing motor-car, and the cement in this case is that there were dreams by different persons of calamity.

THE LITTLE WOOD

The principal newspaper a few days ago a piece the supernatural.

At the hamlet of Poggio lived with his wife and four children made of planks and the bark the wind was strong, the storm was blown outwards and in a

CHARLES RICHEL AND STANLEY DE BRATH.

Then there is the opinion of Professor Charles Richet, who is extremely perplexed and filled with doubt on the question of the interpenetration of matter. "It may be," he says, "that these phenomena are possible, but they have not yet been proved till to-day. Most often when one analyses with rigour these experiences, one finds fraud in them, as in the cases of Bailey and Anna Roth. However, I do not deny apports. It would be an unpardonable temerity to deny the possibility of any metapsychical phenomenon whatsoever. I await satisfying proofs and reserve my judgment."

Mr. Stanley de Brath also remains very cautious, but does not say "impossible." For him the phenomenon of disintegration requires such a formidable amount of energy that it awakes in his mind objections almost insurmountable. In expressing this idea Mr. de Brath shares the hesitations of Sir Oliver Lodge.

PROFESSOR BOZZANO'S VIEW.

"In my view," Professor Bozzano says, "one ought to finish by admitting that in the case of apports, it is not merely a question of *physical energy* but above all of *psychic energy*. What do we know of the presumable reserves of energy existing in the human spirit, capable of provoking enormous explosions of physical energy in matter? If one admits that the will can have the force to materialise almost instantaneously a phantom, by borrowing the necessary substance from the organism of the medium and from the atmosphere, that is no more wonderful than if this same will succeeded in disintegrating and reconstituting an object." And the author invites men of science to reconsider the problem of apports with *sang froid*, to attend numerous experiments, and to try every means to give at last to contested phenomena a scientific character.

THREE PREMONITORY DREAMS.

Mr. Gastone de Boni relates the following extraordinary dream story in the same Italian journal:—

Robert Musso, born in 1908, the son of an Italian lady, dreamt in February, 1927, that he saw the phantom of his grandfather, who said to him, "Before long, you will come with me." He told this dream to his mother, who advised him to think no more about it.

During the night, March 22-23, 1928, Mrs. Musso, the mother of Robert, dreamt that she was present at a Spiritualist seance, where she asked the spirits to tell her something still unknown to everybody. At that moment in her dream she saw forming before her eyes a small racing motor-car. Not understanding what this vision might mean, she begged the spirit of her father to tell her first of all about the unknown fact about which she was anxious. And once more she perceived the same automobile passing rapidly in front of her. She awoke very much alarmed by this disquieting dream, and spoke of it to her mother, who said to her, "It is a warning that we shall have some misfortune through an automobile."

Two nights later Mrs. Musso had another vivid dream. She saw herself in a deserted street at Verona. And along this street came a funeral cortege—a hearse preceded and followed by men dressed in a badly defined military uniform. She wished to escape this lugubrious spectacle, but into whatever street she took refuge the cortege followed her.

On awaking she told her mother, who said, "I also have had a dream. I saw my poor husband (Robert's grandfather), who pointed to a burial place in a cemetery of which he said he was making a present to you." The two ladies then became convinced that some misfortune was overhanging them.

On March 25, Robert dressed as a soldier in the Volunteer Militia for National Defence, was one of a file of militiamen keeping back the crowd at the side of a road where a motor race was taking place. One of the cars swerved right on to the young man and killed him.

Thus the phantom of the grandfather had truly predicted Robert's fatal accident, and the mother and grandmother had dreamt of the funeral cortege, the racing motor-car, and the cemetery. What is remarkable in this case is that there was a combination of three dreams by different persons all foreshadowing the same calamity.

THE LITTLE WOODEN CROSSES.

The principal newspapers of Tuscany related a few days ago a piece of news blended with the supernatural.

At the hamlet of Poggio Rossino, a poor carpenter lived with his wife and four children in a miserable hut made of planks and the bark of trees. One night when the wind was strong, the smouldering fire in the hearth was blown outwards and in a few moments the hut was a

mass of flames. The father, mother and one child escaped; the three other children remained in the hut. The father made a desperate effort to save them by plunging through the flames but he was driven back.

Next day the father and mother told the sympathetic villagers this story:—"What has happened was foreseen in heaven. The day before yesterday our little son Germero was playing at the door, and we found him placing on the ground three little wooden crosses, of varied size, he had made with twigs. We asked him what he meant by this singular game, and he replied, 'These are for me and my two brothers.' We scolded him and cleared away the crosses. We thought no more about them, but alas now we only understand too well the meaning of this frightful prevision."

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

The *Revista internacional de Espiritismo* draws the attention of Spiritualists throughout the world to a veritable danger which seemed lately to threaten the Brazilian Spiritualists, and which has been cleared away owing to their vigilance and their protestations in favour of liberty of thought.

Recent political events had opened the way for the ecclesiastics representing the religion of the Roman Catholic Church to demand certain important alterations in the national constitution. Had these been granted the liberty of other cults, and particularly of the Spiritualists, would have suffered, for the proposal was to abolish the principle of the separation of Church and State and to give larger initiatives to the Roman Church.

The Brazilian Spiritualists met the situation with great energy. All their centres, associations and federations waged an active campaign against the interference of the clergy in public affairs. Committees on behalf of liberty of conscience were established at Porto-Alegre, Pelotas, Sao Paulo, and other cities.

The *Revista* declares:—"Spiritualism cannot rest indifferent before this grave situation. It must exert itself by every means to make impossible in Brazil any 'officialisation' of the Roman Church, or any other Church, for if that project were realised it would mark the beginning of a terrible religious feud."

THE PROPHECIES OF ST. MALACHI.

Many references are made in the psychic journals to "the famous prophecies of Saint Malachi," and many people do not know what is referred to.

Malachi was an Irishman, born at Armagh in 1094. He became Bishop of Connor, and founded the monastery of Ibrach. He had the prophetic gift, and is credited with having predicted the date and the place of his own death. He made a series of prophecies on the future Popes. Each of these prophecies announced the principal events in the various pontificates or gave some detail about the Popes' different armorial bearings. They even designated their place of birth and particular character. Thus the future Pope Philippe V, elected about 1439, was indicated by the formula "*Amator crucis*," and the coat of arms of this Pope represented a cross. And his Christian name, "Amedée," received at birth, resembled in its meaning "*Amator*."

Similarly, Pope Sixtus V (1471-1484) was called by Malachi "*Piscator minorata*," the junior fisherman, and this future Pope sprang from a family of fishermen, and was at first a Franciscan or Minor Brother.

Coming nearer our own time Malachi foresaw Pope Benoit XV, elected in a full war time, and applied to him this truly astonishing formula, "*Religio depopulata*."

For Pope Pius VII, who was carried off from Rome by order of Napoleon, and held for ten years in captivity, the prophet gave the formula "*Aquila rapax*," which is also perfectly apposite.

LAST POPE ABOUT THE YEAR 2000.

For Pope Pius IX, who suffered great tribulations, Malachi prophetically gave "*Crux de cruce*," the cross from the Cross. For Leo XIII, "*Lumen in coelo*"; the coat of arms of this Pope were a comet in the sky. For Pius X, "*Ignis ardens*," a glowing fire, and this designation accorded marvellously with his character.

For the present Pope, the formula was "*Foi intrepide, roi d'Italie*," which is remarkable for the Pope to-day possesses an Italian territory and has his own coinage.

According to Malachi there should be only six Popes before Peter II, whose device is "Supreme desolation in the world Rome destroyed." The next Pope, Gregory XII, "Angelic shepherd, perfect peace," will, it seems, be the restorer of the French monarchy, with the help of a great Celt. The last Pope will live about the year 2000, when there will be startling convulsions throughout Christendom and everywhere.

PROFESSOR HANS DRIESCH ON SURVIVAL.

Recently Professor Driesch lectured before the Psychical Research and Metapsychical Societies of Germany at Berlin, and a report appears in *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie* :—

His theme was, "The Spirit Hypothesis in the Light of Science," and he criticised the levity of people who certify, *a priori*, the impossibility of the soul's survival after death. He was grieved at the scepticism, often so radically obstinate, of many scientists, on this question. He inveighed against the hindrances of prejudice so generally put in the way of a medium exercising his faculty. Certainly, he said, Metapsychism had to protect itself against the risk of fraud, a risk which did not apply to other sciences, but that was no reason why any person, viewed as a medium, should be deliberately and systematically regarded as capable of dishonest actions and always disposed to commit them. The Professor insisted that no comprehensive vision of what the mental phenomena investigated by psychical researchers could be obtained otherwise than by admitting the hypothesis of a universal consciousness or accepting the claims of Spiritualism. He declared that in very many cases the Spiritualist hypothesis was much more convincing than the theory of a universal consciousness. He suggested that the word Monadism should be substituted for Spiritualism, and Paragnome or Metagnome for Medium. But he did not greatly expect that these terminological modifications would be adopted, and there I think he is right. It would be a substitution of incomprehensible terms for words which are everywhere very well understood, an example of what the old logicians would call the fallacy of *obscurum per obscurius* !

HANDEL'S TRANCE COMPOSITION.

The London *Daily Express* of April 12 is responsible for the following remarkable disclosure :—

"Handel, the boy who would sacrifice his play-hours, and even his meal-times, for music, and practised it when he was supposed to be in bed, wrote the great 'Messiah' in trance.

"The whole work was set down in twenty-four days. The composer never left the house and scarcely touched his food.

"All the time his servants saw him staring into vacancy, and when he had finished the Hallelujah chorus he burst into tears, exclaiming, 'I did think I did see all the heavens before me, and the great God himself !'"

Without throwing doubt on this story I think it might well be amplified by reference to the authority on which it is based. That Handel was "staring into vacancy" all the time does not seem probable, for the work of writing his *magnum opus* in so short a space of time must have been tremendous.

SPIRITUALITY IN OLD TEMPLES.

Mr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler in *Astrosophie*, writes of the vibrations of physical bodies and the possibility of their awaking vibrations in souls. He says :—

"The incredulous person may shrug his shoulders with a superior air when he sees a faithful devotee redouble his fervour in front of a crucifix or the statue of a saint. He ought, however, not to forget that these sacred symbols contain a high potentiality of spiritual energy, which goes on increasing continually from all the concentrated force of the faithful. Unless he is stupid, he ought to remember that nothing can be destroyed, that all things are imperishable, and that accumulated faith, acting like an electric charge, conforms to the universal law.

"More than one old cathedral is thus heavily charged with a religious force which has been accumulated in its stones from the Middle Ages, when all Christians believed and when doubt never penetrated their souls. The modern cathedral, built in our time, may be an exact reproduction of an ancient one, but it does not possess this spiritual force, because its stones have only been impregnated by a decaying faith and a conventional ritual. We affirm that the old cathedral possesses its own spirit; the new church does not yet possess one."

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MME. INGEBORG.

Dr. Gerda Walther has an important article about this Norwegian medium in *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie*.

Thirty-four years of age, well-balanced mentally and physically, and a Spiritualist, Madame Ingeborg vanquished the incredulity of her father by phenomena in which the spirit of a young man, Louis, connected with the family, was drowned some years ago as the result of an accident. This spirit gave many precise particulars

about persons absolutely unknown to the medium. Later, Ragnar, Mme. Ingeborg's brother, manifested by means of automatic writing, in conditions highly convincing. There were also in 1927 various communications from Wiers-Jennsen, a deceased Norwegian author, who wrote in his own handwriting a message which his widow recognised as true, not merely an account of references to past events but also of happenings still to come.

Very often when Mme. Ingeborg's hand, right or left, is writing these messages she is reading aloud from a book, in order to protect herself from all subconscious influence. She also excels as a medium for apports in full light, and for deciphering sealed letters, as Dr. Walther has personally proved.

A WARNING DREAM.

Many German newspapers have printed the following dream-story, which has astonished the Berlin people :—

Mr. Alwin Bongschewa, of 124, Reichenbergerstrasse, was the victim of a robbery by thieves who broke into his house.

On the following night he dreamt that he saw the stolen objects in a public pawnshop at 18, Wienerstrasse. When he awoke in the morning he visited this shop and found some of his goods. And, in addition, he recognised the manager as the man he had seen in his dream, though he had never seen him before in his life.

When the police were informed they suspected that Mr. Bongschewa had himself been the thief, but after minute enquiries they had to accept the reality of his dream-story.

PETITES NOUVELLES.

Luce e Ombra comments with interest on the article on "Predicted Nocturnal Phenomena," by Mr. Waldo Maas, which appeared in our March number.

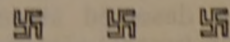
The *Courrier de Naples* announces the death of Filipe Obignente, aged seventy years. He was a zealous Spiritualist, collaborated in the journals *Veltro* and *Luce e Ombra*, and published several Spiritualist novels, including "Il Caglione" and "I Redivivi."

We are pleased to record the publication of a very beautiful Spiritualist romance, "Dans l'Atmosphère de la Terre," by Madame Amelia Cardia, of Lisbon, who is the mother of Mr. Pedro Cardia, whose devotion has so powerfully added to the magnificent development of the Portuguese Spiritualists' Federation.

At Zornasco, a village in the Italian Alps, Angelo Fracassi has beaten his wife to death, under the pretext that she had been obsessed by the devil for over two years! He explained to the neighbours who tried to prevent him that he must exorcise the devil from the body of his wife.

P. F.

NOTE.—Communications for our Continental Editor should be addressed to Monsieur PASCAL FORTHUNY, 10 Avenue Frédéric Forthuny, Montmorency, Seine et Oise, France.

**THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. LILLY.**

THE Spiritualist Central Council of London have sent us a letter, concerning the mediumship of Mrs. Lilly. They state that, on account of her materialising mediumship having been questioned, they have twice written to her asking if she would give them a test sitting.

Mrs. Lilly has replied that "there would seem to be no grounds for a test sitting of the type suggested," for she had long been recognised, she declares, as a materialising medium, and if it ever became necessary for her to produce certificates to that effect many of her clients "would unhesitatingly produce them." She also states that it is the wish of her guides "to continue to give the benefit of her powers of mediumship in an entirely free-lance capacity."

Commenting on Mrs. Lilly's reply, the Council say they desire "to place on record the fact that a woman who gives sittings as a materialising medium, and whose powers have been seriously doubted by Spiritualists, has on two occasions refused to sit for a test with Spiritualists whose names are known to almost everybody in the movement." The letter is signed by Mr. Hannen Swaffer (honorary president of the Spiritualists' National Union), Miss Stead (the W. T. Stead Borderland Library), Mrs. de Crespigny (British College of Psychic Science), Mr. George Craze (Marylebone Spiritualist Association), Mrs. St. Clair Stobart (Spiritualist Community), and Mr. Maurice Barbanell (Spiritualists' National Union).

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My Urgent Call to Canada.

By L. WATT, GOODMAYES.

THIS is a true story of one who came back at once from the dead. In 1919 I met in London, by accident, an old friend I had not seen for many years. I had known her as a very clever palmist in the past, and had often wondered what had become of her.

The surprise and pleasure at meeting was mutual. I was living at a Ladies' Club at the time, and should have been delighted if she had accepted my invitation to call and see me. She said it was impossible as she was only staying in London for one night. She said, however, she was glad to have seen me, having been worried because every time she used her ouija board it would write my name. When she asked why my name was always given, it wrote, "in trouble."

We said goodbye and parted, not expecting to meet again for some time. I was working at the Ministry of Finance at the time, and our meeting was during the lunch hour.

In the evening, after my return from the office, who should be ringing my door bell, at the Club, but my palmist friend! I was delighted, and, of course, asked her how she had managed to get away. She answered, "I had to come."

We had dinner, and afterwards retired to my room. I said, "Do read my palm." Madame smiled as she took my hand, and said, "You are going to Canada." Then she described a man who had suffered a great shock, and was dreadfully ill at the time. Madame stopped talking to me as she spoke to someone invisible in the room, saying, "I cannot receive you, friend." This seemed strange to me as I did not understand Spiritualism then; neither did I know that Madame Z. was a medium.

Again turning to me, she said, "You will sail for Canada in three weeks," and described persons and things I should see. Again she turned from me, saying to someone, "I am very sorry, friend, to send you away, but I am busy." Then to me Madame said, "There is such a sweet little woman here, who wants to speak to you." I was nervous, but in my surprise said, "Oh, don't send her away."

Instantly, Madame took both my hands, and then someone controlling her, said:—"Mother! Mother! Alex! Alex! He wants you. Go to him. Oh, my little baby, my little baby! Mother! Tell him I am not dead! I am not dead; I love him and shall be near him always. Now he wants you!"

I put my arms around the medium, who seemed to me as if fainting, and her head fell upon my shoulder.

I said, "Yes, my darling, I will go to him, as soon as I can get my passport." Then there was a long drawn sigh, and the words, "Go! Go quick!"

Madame Z. soon revived, and was surprised to find me in tears. She said, "Have I said anything to hurt you, dear? I have had a wonderful control; it was a little dark woman who had only passed over a few days. She ought never to have gone; she was so strong and happy. Have you any idea who she may be?"

Then I explained to Madame that my only son in Canada had cabled that his little wife had just died of the black flu, three weeks after giving birth to a boy.

I sailed to Canada in the "Megantic" on April 1 with a company of 1,200 Canadian boys returning from the Great War.

When I arrived at Toronto I was met by a stranger, who turned out to be my daughter-in-law's brother. My own son was too ill to meet me, proving that what Madame said about him was true. I commenced to nurse my son at once, but a friend had taken the baby away for a time until I could get Alex upon his feet again. The baby was a frail wee mite, and was not expected to live.

The English nurse and a friend told me that my darling had cried for her baby with her arms outstretched, just as Madame had done in my room at Earl's Court. I have never seen Madame Z. from that day to this, neither do I know where she lives, but I certainly should like to meet her again.

I stayed in Canada three and a half years, as she said I should do, and it broke my heart to leave behind my precious grand-child, now grown into a lovely child.

Since I became a member of the Society for Psychical Research my daughter has come back to me through other mediums, and told me how sorry she was that I did not stay in Canada to bring up her boy.

"The Vision of the River." (See May issue, page 125.)

AN INTERPRETATION BY DAVID O. SMITH.

AGAIN our brother, Will Carlos, or his Guides, presents us with a baffling problem. "Behold he stood by the river" (*Gen. xli, 1*). Like Pharaoh's dream, I fear all the magicians will fail to interpret this beautiful and finely drawn vision in its entirety. Eventually we may hope to receive the light from those who gave the vision.

Was it a portent of some catastrophe on earth, or was it a psychic drama with a purpose? Rivers play an important part in life. We do not fully appreciate them. The religious ceremonies of baptism and river-bathing by Hindoos, Christians and others have their origin in the spirit world. The great seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, saw the angelic hosts gather often at a river to sing and receive its divine soothing life-force.

It is a well-known fact that our beloved pioneer, Emma Hardinge Britten, when in her youth, could play any piece of music that anyone present silently thought of, although she had not heard the piece before. Beethoven's shade, or spirit, was photographed with his hands resting on her shoulders. The good lady in spirit is still partial to the old familiar air, "Shall we gather at the river, that flows by the throne of God?"

In this vision we assume that the river represents the life-force flowing through the world. In other words, it is the stream of life. The events here depicted might easily represent the great war, but only as a type, or background. "The declining rays of the sun" conveys the idea at once of the withdrawal of Providence from the old regime. "The twelve or more" drowned fits the twelve or more dethroned rulers. The bathers were of "both sexes," the republics and monarchies engaged in the war. The sounds of laughter and snatches of song—the pre-war court functions and social events. The four feet of water—fourth day of a month; the eight feet at the flood—the eighth month, August. The watchman—Robert Blatchford (and a few others) who wrote warnings of the great danger.

A London medium published a leaflet beginning with these words:—"I see a gigantic monster, with its body on the Continent, its tail in the East, and its head in Great Britain." That was in 1911. Very few were interested; it sounded so unlikely.

What is the sudden cataract of water? If it is an increase of spiritual power concentrated on the world, why the strange anomaly of war and rebellion which results? If we examine this problem it is not so difficult. Hereby hangs a tale.

In late years, old and wise spirits have warned us to prepare ourselves; to re-adjust ourselves in harmony with the new conditions which are certainly coming about on earth. A gradual and continuous "pressure" is being brought to bear on the world. As it increases strange outlets are found. The new and wonderful inventions are evidence of this advance. As good and evil do not harmonise so these freshets savour destruction. This is unavoidable, but it is transitory, and no great catastrophe need be anticipated.

Yet there is great loss of life caused by motor vehicles alone. These motors are the result of an urge or wave. The desire to dash about at too high speed is evidence of the lack of harmony in all who do so to the danger of themselves and others. It is often a mild form of obsession or madness.

Why so many suicides, divorces, and increase of crime in the U.S.A.? And why so many drug addicts? It seems as if hell had been let loose, to use a common phrase. Obsessed unconsciously by undeveloped hordes, that is the answer. Yes, there is a freshet. It has almost swept the horses from our streets. It even threatens the Established Church. Fortunes are almost daily swept away. In time it may sweep away our slums.

New seers and visionaries are constantly being touched by this flood. The world's consciousness is a force when roused. But there! who can see across this wide flood?

As the vision was repeated it may refer to another war, or perhaps to internal strife. If we note the dates and hour, 9th, 19th, and 9.55 are significant, it leads toward the end of the century apparently.

The two levels of water, one above and one below the falls, portray a very ancient symbol—"life on two planes." Unconsciously we live on two planes.

The triangle mentioned, also comes from the dim past, and is itself three, yet one whole. Its applications are numerous. Here are some appropriate lines which apply almost as if written for this vision :—

Gaunt, adamantine headlands veil from sight
Fair wisdom's temple, beauty's dwelling-place,
Before enchanted caverns sirens lure
With pleasures, languorous airs, and melting strains,
Tired mariners, to wreck their argosies,
But those who, undeterred, with steadfast will
Steer through those shoals, past those entrancing
cries,
Discover gracious winds, the seas of gold
Which bathe the glorious Isles of Paradise.—Anon.

MR. CARLOS' OWN INTERPRETATION.

My own interpretation of the vision, or rather that which is given me, is that it is a picture of the great release of psychic force, which under the tension of modern thought is bound to be liberated.

Men are carelessly toying with the psychic—it is an amusing and refreshing novelty to them—but they fail to realise its vast importance. They are invoking powers they little dream of—unaware of their potency—and despite warnings continue to trifle with them.

The water of the river had worn its way through the solid rock, and though normally placid, it was yet subject to freshets when the hills were swathed with clouds, and the electric currents flashed their lightnings, and reverberated in ominous thunders.

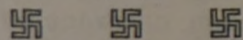
The watchman represents those who study the psychological barometer, and become aware of the coming of a crisis: they warn and are prepared to help, and often spend their lives and end their lives in the service of others.

The still water in the triangular space, and the little sluice-gate supplying the mill, represents the private circles which are run apart from societies, churches, or the unions.

The little boat-house, wharf and boat represent the calm preparedness of the watchman who has been apprised of the approaching freshet, but whose advice has been scorned or at least discounted.

I believe the watchman represents somebody in the Spiritualist Movement who, inconspicuous at present, will presently emerge, and devote his life, prestige and all in an endeavour to make the people appreciate psychic and spiritual verities.

The realms of the psychic and spiritual have no bounds, but their extent is hazy at present. Our view is still limited by our carnal natures, but when the haze is lifted who knows what infinite possibilities lie there beyond.—WILL CARLOS.



BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

SUPERNORMAL FACTS IN PRIMITIVE TIMES.

PRIMITIVE MAN. By Caesar de Vesme. Translated by Stanley de Brath. Rider's. 10/6 net.

This important work is an excellent translation of the first volume of the author's "History of Experimental Spiritualism," a work that has been laureated by the French Academy of Sciences. The term "Spiritualism" is used in its philosophical sense. The book is a scientific work written in popular language, on the lines of Andrew Lang's "Making of Religion." The author shows that the supernormal facts which abound among savage tribes are essentially the same as those common among ourselves. Though we cannot infallibly assume that primitive man resembles the savages of Central Australia or Polynesia, there is enough to show that such facts belong to man *as man*, and to them the first beginnings of religion may be traced.

The author concludes that the Spiritualist interpretation of "supernormal" phenomena is not illegitimate at the present date, because it has not been proved that some of these phenomena, attributed to the intervention of spiritual beings, had in point of fact, any other origin.

THE SEX MOTIF IN RELIGION.

THE SACRED FIRE: The Story of Sex in Religion. By B. Z. Goldberg. Jarrolds. 18/- net.

This book, profusely illustrated with quaint and rare prints, is claimed to be the first comprehensive study of the sex motif in all religions, and gives a panoramic view of man's love life in relation to faith and worship. It is the story of the part that ecstasy and sex have played in the religions of mankind, and tells of man's struggles for love through the ages. It tells of primitive

sacred love and its orgiastic rites; of the sacred love of classical times, in the temples of Baal, Aphrodite, Moloch and Dionysius; of the refinement of sexual love in religion through the spiritual love of the early Christians, and of the highly aesthetic symbolism of love, in word and image, in modern religions.

The author says :—"Pious souls need not be wary of this great force in their religion. They have more reason to be proud of it than to apologise for it. Love in religion has had, indeed, an humble origin, but so has had religion itself. Like religion, love has been evolved and elevated, refined and sanctified. To-day it is difficult to choose the more refined: love or faith. To the refined, delicate, sensitive soul of modern times, love in its religious aspect offers greater spiritual depth and wider aesthetic experience than the other elements in religion. Any movement to rob religion of its personal and emotional element and reduce it to intellectualism, whether theologic dogma or ethical precept, is an attempt on the very heart of religion to undermine its basis and to take away the reason for its existence."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE LIGHT OF OCCULT SCIENCE. By Dion Fortune. Riders. 3/6 net.

SYNTHETIC BIOLOGY AND THE MORAL UNIVERSE. By H. Reinheimer. Riders. 6/- net.

HOW KNOW? An Attempt to Ascertain the Facts of Spiritual Science. By Walter H. Scott. Daniels. 5/- net.

A PHILOSOPHY IN OUTLINE. By E. S. Bennett. Kegan Paul. 2/6 net.

INTERPRETATION AND ANALYSIS. By John Wisdom. Kegan Paul. 2/6 net.

ALOHA: The Second Stanley-Shute Book. By Mary Stanley-Shute. Stockwell. 2/- net.

SOMETHING BEYOND. A Life Story. By A. F. Webling. Cambridge University Press. 10/6 net.

The Annual May Meetings of the London District Council of the National Spiritualists' Union were held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on May 21. Mr. J. M'Indoe, President of the N.S.U., addressed the morning meeting; Mrs. Clements and Mrs. Podmore gave clairvoyance in the afternoon; and the evening meeting was addressed by Mr. M'Indoe, Mr. Graham Moffat, and Miss Estelle Stead. The meetings were all well attended.

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by the Famous American Medium

THE REV. ARTHUR FORD

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DEMONSTRATION OF

Trumpet Voice Mediumship in Full Light

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GROTRIAN HALL, 115, Wigmore Street, W.1, and

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ADMISSION :

Reserved Seats 5/- and 3/-. Unreserved 2/- and 1/-

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June, 1931.

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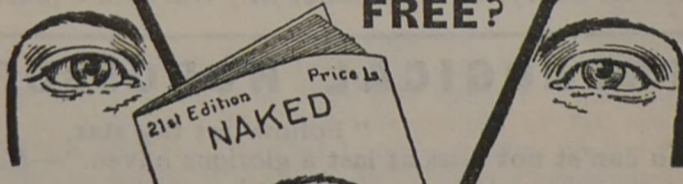
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JEANNI
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MRS. E. A. excellent eight years and mission, by the late Miss S. Jeanne d'Arc's ing us from th on June 7, she "I have waited Our Friends on th herself who direct "She came yes Coussey, and spo only I had a 'Fren she said. When me as she did the exact words. "But she was s about 'running c just done a 3,000 She had the gaiet light-hearted chil joined with a prof "None of that (and I say this wit Sienna, 'The Gre of our little comp vour—yes, but w and M. Forthuny "There for an through those wo as she said. A w made rippling m in the deep wood meadow flowers "I doubt if L other corner of F the people were La Belle France bells of the little would greet you!

SPIRI

AMONG othe Rouen for the celebrations, v remarkable spi on the walls o throughout th Anderson, the

On being aske her, Miss Owen profound spiritua sacred flame in Friday evening. over the scene w less by all around pomp and pagea the brilliant eve crowds seemed a nature of the trag spiritual significan

"I was pleased and young peopl I wondered whet the spiritual gifts and used by the I doubt it, for th to acknowledge faculties, and reg and as a portion o

"If a French g stated that she h lead the French more spiritual out asylum, or harshly