

# THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

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## Our Outlook Tower.

### THE FOUNDERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY AND SPIRITUALISM.

IT is not generally known that General William Booth and his saintly wife, Mrs. Booth, the co-founders of the Salvation Army, were sincere believers in Spiritualism.

Before Mrs. Booth passed over she said to her husband :—

"I shall always take an interest in the work you are carrying on. I am sure God will grant me the happiness of knowing about it, with you."

Later, in the course of a beautiful tribute to the memory of his wife, the General said :—

"Through all my history my personal intercourse with the spirit-world has been but limited. I have not been favoured with many visions, and yet I have a spiritual communion with the departed saints that is not without satisfaction and service, and especially of late the memories of those with whom my heart has had the choicest communion in the past, if not the very beings themselves, have come in upon me as I sat at my desk or lay wakeful in the night-season.

"Among these, one form, true to her mission, comes more frequently than all besides, assuring me of her continued partnership in my struggle for the temporal and eternal salvation of the multitudes—and that is my blessed and beautiful wife."

Their son, General Bramwell Booth, did not share his parents' views or experiences on this subject, and it was obvious to many people, long before his deposition, that he was far from being a truly spiritual leader of their noble type. When interviewed in New Zealand by a representative of the *Wellington Evening Post* about his attitude to Spiritualism he said :—

"What do they (the Spiritualists) know? There is nothing in what they say that is not egregiously behind what the New Testament says. . . . This jabbering grunting stuff that we get is no real illumination; they tell us nothing, they can tell us nothing, about heaven; and hell they never mention. They have no word of comfort to give, no word of guidance on the greatest of all human problems—sin, pain, and retribution. My word, is, 'Let them alone!'"

It was, of course, because he left Spiritualism alone that he knew nothing of its comfort—such comfort as his revered Father had received from the "continued partnership in his struggle for the temporal and eternal salvation of the multitudes" of "his blessed and beautiful wife," after her departure to the world beyond.

### HOW METHODISM MISSED SPIRITUALISM.

ON September 20, the Wesleyan, Primitive, and United Methodist Churches became united as "The Methodist Church," the Act of Union being completed at the Albert Hall in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of York.

Thus are brought together in one body and under one title twelve million members of Methodist Churches in every part of the world, representing an estimated community of fifty million adherents.

It is interesting to recall that Methodists just missed being the earliest pioneers of Spiritualism.

The Rev. Samuel Wesley, the Rector of St. Andrew's, Epworth (the father of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism), was greatly disturbed in 1715-16 by unearthly noises in his house—noises, rumblings, trappings, crashings of bottles, and "another sound like a peck of money thrown down before us." Whatever was responsible, "we heard it rattle and thunder in every room above and behind us, locked as well as open." He abjured "it," but it took no notice, and Samuel called it "a deaf and dumb devil," varying that by the nickname "Old Jeffry."

One morning in his study, a thought came to him and he said, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel I pray thee knock three times and no more." Immediately all was silence.

The Rev. C. L. Tweedale, in his "Man's Survival After Death," says :—"Had he arranged for a *negative* signal, as he did for an affirmative one, or been a little more patient in the matter, communication would have been established. Whereas, on receiving no reply, by the three knocks he had requested, to his query, 'Art thou the spirit of my son Samuel?' he gave up the quest. . . . Thus, in all probability, was the advent of Modern Psychical Research put back nearly a century and a half. On what slender circumstances do great issues often depend."

Tyerman, author of "The Life and Times of Wesley" says that the Epworth phenomena "deepened and most powerfully increased (John) Wesley's convictions of an unseen world, and exercised an important influence on the whole of his future life."

Mr. Tweedale writes :—"John Wesley was a firm believer in the power of spirits to manifest to mankind, and to intelligently intervene in human affairs. Of this there is abundant evidence in his writings. He says :— 'What pretence have I to deny well-attested facts because I cannot comprehend them. It is true that many men of learning in Europe have given up accounts of apparitions as old wives' fables. I am sorry for it, and with my latest breath I will bear my testimony against giving up to infidels one of the greatest proofs of the invisible world. I mean that of apparitions confirmed by witnesses in all ages.'"

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a section called "Magic Methodists," led by James Crawfoot, a man who led a hermit life in Delamere Forest. "Trances and raptures" were part of the procedure of their meetings, and these greatly enheartened those present.

### HOW TO DISCARD A BAD HABIT AND ACQUIRE A GOOD ONE.

DR. WILLIAM BROWN, of Oxford, in a paper on the mysteries of the subconscious human mind, revealed to the British Association at York last month how he cured himself of the habit of smoking.

"I burned my pipe and pouch one night," he said, "I lay back in my chair, I completely relaxed my muscles and said, 'Tobacco is not for me. I am not going to smoke again.'"

"I went to sleep, and when I awoke I found all desire for smoke gone.

"I have never smoked since except on one occasion when a friend offered me a cigar. I enjoyed the smoke, but it did not cause a recurrence of the desire."

Dr. Brown said that auto-suggestion was throwing new light on the nature of the will. Suggestions of muscular power took effect so long as ideas of muscular feebleness, difficulties, and doubts were kept in abeyance.

MR. R. E. BRUCE, in an article on "The Disciplined Will in Spiritual Growth" in the *Occult Review* tells how the habit of early rising may be acquired, as follows :—

"To cure the habit of late rising the student should suggest to himself with calm confidence that he will inevitably rise at a given hour.

"There should be no clenching of the fists or setting of the lips, no dynamic energy-wasting utterance, but just the holding in the mind of a quiet certitude.

"The thought should be allowed to sink down into the subconscious mind, like a seal imprinting itself upon wax, and the subconscious will register the desire as an order that must be obeyed.

"If the thought is faithfully registered in this way, awaking takes place exactly at the time set, accompanied by a strong impulse to rise.

"If this desire be followed without stopping to think, even for a second, the first battle is won, the first victory gained over weakness of will, the first stone set towards the building of that character which will eventually make the disciple at one with God.

"But too great elation with the first victory spells disaster. Continuity of purpose with the minimum of reflection is an essential condition of lasting success.

"At the end of a week the habit will most probably be fairly established; at any rate, the hardest part of the preliminary spade-work will have been done.

"After a few weeks, to rise early becomes easier and more agreeable than to lie in bed. Early rising has become permanently established as a habit, unless by a series of contrary suggestions a relapse supervenes."

J. L.

## Psychic Memories of George R. Sims.

### TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PASSING OF "DAGONET."

**G**EORGE R. SIMS, whose frequent return has greatly impressed both those within and those outside the ranks of Spiritualism, has been ten years in the Spheres, the fourth day of September being the tenth anniversary of his passing.

It was nine months before his death that Mr. R. H. Saunders took him to his first seance with a direct voice medium. Mrs. Roberts Johnson, the medium, was then at her best, and the barriers that Mr. Sims had always set up against the subject began to break down. "I was very much astonished," he wrote to Mr. Saunders, "at what I saw. The extraordinary voices leave me marvelling."

#### THE FOUR VIOLETS.

The most interesting incident at this seance was the attraction to Mr. Sims of the spirit of a child named Doreen, who felt very anxious to help him. Doreen partly materialised and gave to the sitters some violets from a bowl on the table.

To Mr. Sims she said, "I give you four—one, two, three, four—count them." She explained afterwards that a lady in the spirit world had asked her to give these four violets, as they had some significance for him, and he would understand.

All Mr. Sims said at the time, however, when the four violets were counted and given to him was, "Yes; that's right." And though a voice came and gave a name like Annie, or Anna, he did not make the effort that was necessary to help it.

The sequel was remarkable. Two months after his death Mr. Sims, who had already spoken through Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Wriedt, "got through," as he put it, at another seance given in the same room by Mrs. Roberts Johnson. The mother of Doreen was present and asked him if he remembered the four violets her spirit child had given him and if he understood their significance.

"I do," he answered. "I knew at the time what they meant, but I was unable to tell you. They meant the presence of Anna Kingsford, who forty years before in Paris gave me four violets, and placed them in my buttonhole."

#### RELIEVED OF INSOMNIA.

Mr. Sims had a second sitting with Mrs. Roberts Johnson a month later, and took with him his young friend "Quex," who wrote a vivid description of all that took place in the *Evening News*.

It was at this seance that Mr. Sims complained of insomnia, and was promised a visit from Abduhl Latif, the Persian spirit healer. "He will magnetise you," said one of the medium's controls; "you see if you don't get more sleep to-night."

Abduhl went to Mr. Sims' home in Regent's Park as promised, and Mr. Sims, after many years' suffering from insomnia, got so much immediate relief that he wrote to Mr. Saunders to say that as a little return he would take care that his friend Abduhl "has pleasant references now and then in my columns ('Dagonet' in the *Referee*)." Mr. Sims, in fact, got so many inquiries about Abduhl that he felt, he said, in his jocular way, "almost like a celestial panel doctor."

#### HIS WONDERFUL MEMORY.

Mr. Sims' third and last seance was with Mrs. Wriedt, and it was one of the most wonderful seances that ever have been and probably ever will be held.

Mr. W. T. Stead talked of old times and of high politics, just as though he was still in the body, and Mr. Gladstone gave an address so full of eloquent and beautiful passages that Mr. Sims during a slight pause exclaimed, "Well, this is really wonderful."

When a month or so after his passing, Mr. Sims himself manifested at a seance given by Mrs. Wriedt, the medium asked Mr. Saunders if he remembered what it was Mr. Stead said when he (Mr. Sims) sat with her. Neither she nor Mr. Saunders could recall the words, but Mr. Sims himself remembered them. "What Stead said," he recalled, speaking very emphatically, in the direct voice, "was 'I shall be here to welcome you (when you pass over) and it will be soon.' And, Mrs. Wriedt, I called you a witch then."

"Ah, so you did," Mrs. Wriedt said, "I remember that now; your memory is better than ours, Mr. Sims."

#### HIS TRANSITION TO THE SPHERES.

At later seances specially arranged for the purpose Mr. Sims described in moving words his own transition and his activities in the Spheres.

As he lay at the point of death many spirit friends

attended him, amongst them his father and mother and Augustus Harris, of Drury Lane. In passing from this world to the next he had a wonderful feeling of "going up and up and up" to a lofty Rest Home of great beauty. Before reaching this Home he was met by a high spirit whose duty it has been for hundreds of years, he afterwards learned, to separate the cord that attaches the physical to the astral body.

When he became fully conscious he saw he was in a most glorious country. "The sunshine in your world," he said, "could not be compared in any respect whatever to the glorious glow here."

#### THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

After a short rest in this beautiful Home came the Day of Judgment that will come to all of us.

What happened is described in "The Return of George R. Sims," published by Hutchinsons. A vision came to him of all the different periods of his life. All the wrong he had done, as well as all the good, every action of his life, came vividly before him. When the actions were bad the atmosphere about him was grey; when they were good the colours improved.

"And so," he said, in impressive tones that those who heard will never forget, "my whole life from day to day, until the time of passing into this wonderful world was gone through. All things, good and bad, that I had done came before me like the pictures of a cinematograph."

At the seances Mr. Sims attended in the last year of his earthly life he was told that, much as he had done while in the body, his best work would be done in the Spheres, and that part of it would be to impress writers still on earth.

And that, when he was asked what occupation in the Spheres he would like to take up, was the occupation he chose—"that I might continue the work of journalism, and draw nearer my colleagues to assist them in their daily occupation, improve their lot, and help them in many ways."

#### SIMS' WORK HERE AND IN THE BEYOND.

Mr. R. H. SAUNDERS writes:—

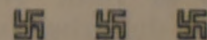
I have talked with George R. Sims on a score of occasions since his transition, and he says he is busier as a spirit than ever he was as a man; and, as an example of his energy in the plenitude of his powers when with us, I quote a letter he once wrote me:—

"Last week my newspaper output was over 10,000 words. In addition I wrote an act of a new play, two songs, a Grand Guignol story, and attended two public luncheons, at both of which I had to speak. I took a friend through Notting Dale at night, and showed him the London Avernus. I sat on two committees, and filled in the intervals with chocolate creams, Mackintosh's toffee, and strong cigars!"

Since his advent to the Spheres, Sims has found avenues to impress writers for the Press with his influence, little as they realise it. "We can work," he says, "the whole twenty-four hours round, for the spirit brain never tires. Time, as I knew it, does not exist here. No sun or moon registers time, as with you. How this is, I cannot explain. I only know it is so. The Fourth Dimension, in which we function, acts as a barrier to give you an intelligent conception of our substitute for Time."

"All 'work' here is a joy to undertake. We are never unduly taxed in study or work. We have Teachers from the Higher Hierarchy, who lecture on various subjects, just as with you, and as they know of a surety what they teach, there's never anything to unlearn."

"There are initiations for entrance into the Higher Spheres, for which we have to prepare by study; but here again the delight of understanding clearly information of the marvels of your Universe, and the still greater wonders of other Universes, is such that no fatigue is ever experienced. I see no end to these initiations, but there is all eternity before us, and never failing subjects of the deepest interest to understand."



It is when we are thinking of those we love that our noblest thoughts come to us, and the more worthy they are of our love the nobler the thought, hence it is that no one has done the greatest work who did not love God.—*J. M. Barrie*.

Purify your soul from all undue hope and fear, deny self, affections as well as appetites, and the Inner Eye will begin to exercise its calm and solemn vision.—*Plotinus*.

We shudder at the torture-chamber; but is there much to choose between the barbarity of pagan justice and modern methods of publicity?—*Dean Inge*.

## Some Recollections of My Dog "Jack."

### HIS CLAIRVOYANCE AND AMAZING MUSICAL GIFT.

#### HE HUMMED CORRECTLY BEETHOVEN'S "MOONLIGHT SONATA."

MISS WINIFRED HUNT, of 33 Avenue Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, has kindly sent us the following notes about her truly remarkable dog "Jack":—

All animal-lovers must be stirred to their souls by the pathetic account in the *Psychic Gazette* for September of the little dog's grief for the loss of his friend, the late Dr. John Lamond. I wish the poor mite had the "clairvoyant vision" my own dog had when my father passed on. Perhaps a brief account of what happened might interest your readers.

Jack, a smooth-coated fox terrier, was devoted to the family, consisting of my invalid father, mother and myself. Temperamental with other dogs, he was sweetness personified to us, and being constantly in our society became human in his intelligence and understanding, and superhuman in his devotion. It has always been my habit to talk a great deal to dogs, as I find this develops their intelligence quicker than anything.

Jack all his life would lie on my father's bed when we dressed him night and morning; would accompany the bath-chair when I took him for a ride; and would lie beside him on a little bed of cushions in the afternoon when I played the piano, as was my regular custom. My father was passionately fond of music, and by degrees Jack also developed an extraordinary love for this art. He would hum quite correctly Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" from beginning to end, showing a marked preference for this over all other pieces.

On the night before my father passed on, and my mother and I kept vigil beside his bed, Jack also kept watch with us. He was at this time fourteen and a half years old, but quite active and enjoying excellent health for his age. Just before the end I placed him on the bed beside our dear one. We were all so quiet, the laboured breathing of the dying was the only audible sound. When that gradually ceased, and physical death had taken place, Jack quite suddenly sat up on the bed and emitted a most heart-rending and eerie howl—a howl my mother and I will never forget as long as we live. I carried him from the room immediately and placed him in my own bed, where he always slept. He settled himself at once and remained perfectly good throughout the day. From that hour Jack never fretted for his "Daddy."

#### JACK'S DEVELOPMENT.

My mother and I had been accustomed to read copiously occult works out loud, especially those on Theosophy and Spiritualism, and we think that the consciousness of Jack may have absorbed these ideas and developed his astral vision, because as time went on he quite obviously became aware of my father's presence.

When he came into the room he would pause, then run to a vacant chair, or a part of the room that appeared empty to us, and jump up as if to an invisible presence, fawn upon it, emit barks of pleasure, and wag his tail vigorously. Also the same thing would happen when we went for a walk. He would persist in walking beside my mother, then suddenly go through the same excited manoeuvres. Of course, we knew it was my father he saw, and he gave him glad welcome. He would tell us all about it in a funny little talking voice, all his own, and would be quite calmed and happy when I said, "Yes, darling, it's Daddy," etc. I am sure a more intelligent loving dog never lived.

Jack passed on on June 1, 1929, at the age of sixteen years. He died of a stroke. Three days later he came back to me, young, alert and loving. I was temporarily out of my physical body, fully conscious and looking down on the bed from a slightly elevated angle. Suddenly a joyous bark and Jack was in my arms. Then back I came with a rush into my body. But I was quite satisfied that I had again found my dog.

#### JACK'S LOVE OF MUSIC.

On receipt of the above story of "Jack's" remarkable musical and talking gifts, we wrote to Miss Hunt asking for any supplementary details she could recall, so that any incredulous readers might feel as to their reality should be overcome. In reply Miss Hunt writes:—

"I find it difficult to give you absolute proof of what occurred, because our family circle was so strictly limited to our three selves for some years, owing to the precarious state of my father's health. However, one of my sisters, a nurse, when home at fairly long intervals, often heard him sing, and several people who have visited the house at various times have commented on the unusual circumstance.

"Jack" loved the after-lunch music time to such an extent that it became for him a sort of religious rite. He had his favourite pieces, and would accompany the



MISS HUNT AND "JACK."

piano in a soft singing voice utterly distinct from the ordinary whining or howling of a dog.

"Should I be longer than usual in tidying up after lunch, 'Jack' would not settle with my father, but would keep an anxious eye on me until I left the kitchen. Then, preceding me with tail erect, and every now and then glancing over his shoulder to make sure I was following, he would march solemnly into my father's room and take his place on the cushions beside my father's chair.

"If I did not at once open the piano and start to play, he would get up and fidget about, making little grumbling sounds in his throat, and patting me playfully with his paw.

#### JACK'S "NO, NO."

"Should I start with anything light and frivolous he would show his disapproval by sharp barks, and running over to the piano place his paws over my hands. His big brown eyes would look into mine and he would say, 'No, no,' quite distinctly in grunting fashion. My father used to be vastly amused by it.

"When at last I started to play Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata' he would instantly return to his cushions, compose himself, and tuning in to the slow gliding rhythm softly 'croon' the air.

"My mother was the first to notice this remarkable faculty in 'Jack.' She told me that one day, while I was playing, he suddenly became interested in the music, stared fixedly at me, then tuning in until he had the right key he hummed the air correctly right to the end. We all commented on it afterwards as being something of a most unique and unusual nature.

"All the three movements of the Sonata were equally fascinating to 'Jack.' With the *presto* he became very excited. Throwing back his head, his throat would swell and quiver, and the music pour forth from his mouth in a perfect stream of harmonious sounds.

#### IRVING AND HIS DOG "FUSSY."

"With regard to 'Jack's' talking voice, how can I describe it? Only those who have kept and loved dogs, and taken them into the inner sanctuary of their hearts, will understand what I mean. The late Sir Henry Irving must, I think, have loved his dog 'Fussy' in a similar fashion, for in the description of 'dog and man' given in Ellen Terry's Autobiography, she speaks of 'Fussy's' 'talking voice,' and the extraordinary unity between master and dog.

"I wish I could give you more 'convincing proofs' from the ordinary person's point of view. I sent an account of 'my musical dog' to the *Sunday Express*, which it published on May 22 of this year, but I did not touch on the psychic side of 'Jack,' as I thought it would not gain credence in an ordinary newspaper."

# My Recent Tour Through Scandinavia.

## PHYSICAL PHENOMENA AT A COPENHAGEN SEANCE.

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

**T**HERE are many people who, ignorant of the power of spirit influence, still repeat the parrot cry, "What does Spiritualism do for us?" Those of us who have experienced the wonders of psychic power can recall many instances where help in mundane matters has been given, which is, of course, the meaning of the question, and I have personally had assistance in temporal things on several occasions. A recent incident will illustrate this in striking fashion.

### ABDUHL LATIF SECURES A BERTH!

I had seen an advertisement of a cruise, by the "Arandora Star," to the northern capitals of Europe, and thought it would be an excellent opportunity of looking up our Spiritualistic friends in Scandinavia. I applied for a berth, but was told that every berth had been taken weeks before. I knew friends connected with this shipping line, and applied to them for assistance. "Mention my name," said one of some standing in the Company, "and they will find you a berth." I did so, but nothing happened! No door opened, no berth became vacant; only a letter of regret arrived. I abandoned the idea, and decided upon a cruise to Madeira by another line instead.

On the day before I intended booking for this cruise I was sitting at the British College of Psychic Science (Miss Francis being the medium) with the object of receiving diagnoses from Abduhl Latif of certain cases of illness, when I happened to say, "I had hoped to renew acquaintance with the Scandinavia circles, but all berths are taken." "You would like to go?" asked Abduhl. "Yes, I should much prefer it," I replied. "Then I must find you a berth," said Abduhl. "But I have a letter of regret in my pocket now," I exclaimed. "What Abduhl Latif promises he performs," he said, "and in two days you will receive a letter offering you a berth."

I could not see how this was to be managed, in face of the definite letter, but our spirit friends have their own way of arranging things, for sure enough on the Wednesday morning I received a letter from the Shipping Company saying a berth had become vacant and I was to reply at once, as several others were on the waiting list. So here one gets direct spirit interposition in aid of a purely secular matter!

### SPIRITUALISM IN COPENHAGEN.

We were greatly favoured on the voyage, for the sun shone brightly for 19 days out of 21, and pleasant sea breezes tempered its heat, and when we heard of a temperature of 99° in the shade in London we were grateful for our good fortune.

We visited nine different countries, and all those interested in shipping noted the prevailing depression which has set its mark upon Scandinavia, for over one hundred fine vessels were laid up for want of cargoes.

The stalwarts of our Cause, however, carry on as best they can. At Copenhagen our good friend, J. S. Jensen, met the boat, and whisked me away to his home at a village some twelve miles outside Copenhagen, where there was to be a seance that evening. The house has a romantic setting, with a picturesque lake at the bottom of the garden, affording excellent fishing and boating. The sitters at the seance were Mr. and Mrs. Jensen, a friend of theirs, and myself, with Mr. Hannerup and his wife, who were the mediums.

The phenomena were of a physical kind, which to many people are attractive, and when they become interested these provide an opening for them to the higher aspects of Spiritualism.

We sat in a darkened room with our hands upon a table. In a few moments this began to rock, gently at first, then violently; it was carried up to the ceiling and then dashed to the floor with such force that the room shook. A small roller, such as is used in duplicating machines, was placed on the table, and, curiously enough, despite the steep angle the table assumed at times, although it rolled about it never came off the table. As the table, and every article used for the seance, was covered with luminous paint, we followed every movement quite clearly, and so effective was the paint that I could even see, dimly, the sitters.

### THE BELL RINGER OF NOTRE DAME.

The entity operating from the spirit side claimed to be a bell ringer of Notre Dame, Paris, and was addressed

as "Klophenen." At times the table would be carried up to the ceiling, and the legs swung to and fro like the clapper of a bell. Although those present spoke several languages, yet no one but myself had a knowledge of French, and in using that tongue to the spirit operator I got intelligent and intelligible responses. I was favoured, apparently, for the table was jammed against my body with such power that I could not shift it by an inch! I sought help from my neighbour, a hefty Dane, and we both pushed with all our strength, but without the slightest effect. The pressure became oppressive, and this was obviously sensed by the spirit, for it was suddenly withdrawn, and rocked vigorously about the circle.

Mr. Hannerup has found he possesses the power of influencing objects without touching them, and even in restaurants, when he is present, a chair will move about without visible agency, much to the astonishment of the waiters! A trumpet was amongst the objects in the circle, but although it was levitated, no voices came.

### ECTOPLASMIC PHENOMENA.

Mr. and Mrs. Hannerup possess another phase of psychic power as they have secured extraordinary ectoplasmic effects on photographic plates, and Mr. Hannerup has exuded ectoplasm in extraordinary quantity, and has taken away portions for analysis.

A friend of his also secured a "lump" of this wonderful substance, which is so elastic that it can be stretched across a good sized room, and, in fact, often surrounds the circle at a seance. It is grey in colour, dough like in substance, and can be handled, though in appearance greasy, without anything adhering to the fingers. Mr. Hannerup and his friend placed their samples of ectoplasm each in a locked box, but in the morning, when they intended to make a closer and microscopic examination, every vestige of it had disappeared. It was an extremely risky thing to do, for the ectoplasm *must* be replaced in the medium, or he may suffer serious injury. I once saw a medium very close to death on an occasion when the extruded ectoplasm was handled by a sitter.

Altogether, this little circle in Copenhagen, with its amateur mediums, is gifted with quite unusual psychic qualities, and should be most carefully handled. Its great hope is to obtain "The Voices."

### "CONAN DOYLE SPEAKING."

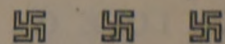
Sweden has felt the devastating blow of the Kreuger collapse, and from a prosperity which permitted a high standard of living unequalled in Europe it is now passing through troubled waters. Thus interest in psychic matters is less than when I was there two years ago. Yet that excellent linguist, Mr. Carl Carleson, who acted as interpreter for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle when he was in Sweden, and performed the same office for me, is still full of energy for the Cause, and is wonderfully alert considering his vast bulk of over thirty-two stone!

The law as to mediums is much the same in Sweden as with us, and no scruple is felt in employing *agents-provocateurs* in entrapping mediums. Mr. Carleson saved a woman from prison recently. She had been accused of fortune telling by women sent by the police.

In Norway things were quiet, but there interest in psychic matters comes in waves, and the tide will surely turn from ebb to flow shortly.

I gave a talk on Spiritualism to the passengers on the boat, and the fine ballroom was placed at my disposal for the purpose. Many who were interested sought me for more information during the rest of the cruise. The ship's gramophone was lent me, and I placed the splendid record of "Conan Doyle Speaking" on it, with most gratifying results. The majority there had never heard Sir Arthur's voice.

At seventy-four years of age I cannot expect to do much more wandering about Europe, but the memory of my trips to Iceland and Scandinavia gives me much pleasure.



Philosophy, when superficially studied, excites doubt, when thoroughly explored it dispels it.—*Bacon*.

Science is bound by the everlasting law of honour to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it.—*Lord Kelvin*.

There is a principle which is a bar to human progress, and that cannot fail to keep man in everlasting ignorance, and that is contempt prior to investigation.—*Paley*.

Self-adjustment consists in withdrawing our allegiance from material agencies, and placing our *entire faith* upon The Supremacy of Spirit. This attitude of mind is referred to in the New Testament as "prayer without ceasing."—*W. Tudor Pole*.

## The Inner Side of a Medium's Life.

By GERALD DE BEAUREPAIRE.

"OH, how wonderful; how privileged you are to possess such gifts; to be used by such wonderful spirits; what a joy your life must be!" said a member of a Spiritualist congregation as I walked to my bus, on leaving a West London Spiritualist Temple. A trance address had just been given through me by one of the early pioneers of Spiritualism.

That last sentence remained with me—"What a joy your life must be!" Joy! I wonder! Yes, I wonder what that good soul would have felt had I disillusioned her; had I told her that the path of mediumship, far from being joyful was one of heavy strain, mental and physical; that the very fact of being a medium implied a condition of hyper-sensitiveness not applicable to the ordinary man and woman; that a medium, being a sort of wireless receiver, readily picked up all kinds of thoughts and conditions; and felt especially the present wave of world depression and international strife due to ultra-materialism.

That a medium must know how to sift his feelings; must necessarily be on his guard against seen and unseen enemies—some ever ready to dub him a fraud and a charlatan, out to make money by fortune-telling—while professing to give comforting messages from loved ones who had crossed the Great Divide!

I have been asked many times: "How did you discover that you were a medium; how did you come to adopt it as a career?" It all came about in a quite natural way. I suppose I may consider myself a "born medium," in that as a child I was already clairvoyant and clairaudient, and I believe that almost before I was out of my teens I possessed some power as a physical medium. As a boy I saw forms by my bedside, felt hands touching my body, and sometimes heard strange voices; indeed, when I was about seven years old it became so marked at times that I used to declare there were burglars in the house!

My mother, Madame A. de Beaurepaire, who has been a trance medium for upwards of twenty-five years, and who, although I say it, is one of the finest and most respected workers in the Movement, had begun to develop her mediumship at a private circle, and she was told there that she need not be alarmed where I was concerned, as the spirits had a purpose in what they were doing with me.

On leaving school I went on the stage, experienced all its ups and downs, and played many parts, travelling thousands of miles, gaining a knowledge of acting, producing, and business management, both resident and touring. But while I was what is termed "resting" in London, I used to attend home circles and public Spiritualist meetings. I found myself especially attracted by the wonderful trance addresses now being given through my mother. I got to know her Guides, and for years received much help and encouragement from them. And although they hinted from time to time that I had an important work to do for Spiritualism later on, I did not then realise that I should one day renounce my original profession in favour of full-time

mediumship. But I *did* know whenever I had a particularly difficult part to enact I was helped by the spirits of deceased actors, and was in a measure controlled by them. I was, in fact, told by mediums that I was generally surrounded by actors from spirit life.

But it was not until the Great War that I was fully aware of my psychic powers. I then had definite proof that I was a medium, and that I was used by spirits, even in the welter of blood and mud.

After serving as a private in the ranks of The Honourable Artillery Company, I was given a commission in the 5th Territorial Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment. I had a younger brother also on active service with the 13th Battalion of Wandsworth Regulars, also part of the East Surrey Regiment. He was already a commissioned officer, and I naturally desired that when I went overseas I should be with him. This seemed, of course, exceedingly unlikely, for little did I dream what the Unseen had mapped out for me!

My mother and I had been very friendly with Miss Amy V. Earle, having sat in many of her home circles, and I received much help and encouragement from her in the earlier days of my psychic development. A few days before I left for France, Miss Earle said to me, "Have you ever received automatic writing?" "No," I said, "I only wish I could." She gripped my arm and said, "You will, and when you least expect it!"

In due course I reached Etaples, and a few evenings later I was in the officers' recreation hut writing a letter to my mother. The hut was full of young officers, smoking and drinking, and a piano was kept going hammer and tongs. Therefore my letter-writing was no light task. As I paused in the middle of my letter, in which I explained that I was expecting to be sent up the line at any moment, a peculiar sensation like

a mild current of electricity seized my arm. I tried to write normally, but could not. Then there flashed upon me a vision of Miss Earle, and I remembered her prophecy about "automatic writing, when I least expected it!" It was now fulfilled, for to my surprise the first message came, in jerky lettering, "Dear Boy, on Tuesday you will go up the line, and will meet your brother, when you and he will be together." Then followed information relative to home affairs; and the message was signed, "Your loving Grandmother, D."

This, my first script, was received on a Friday evening; and on the following Monday the camp adjutant relegated me to the "13th East Surreys, 40th Division, resting at Corbie, Somme"—my brother's regiment!

Had I not been warned of this, you might have knocked me down with a feather, because, in the ordinary way the chances would have been a thousand to one against my going to my brother's unit. But here was the message from my grandmother confirmed, and the wish of my heart realised. I was so pleased that I said to the adjutant, "Why, sir, the 13th is my brother's regiment!" He drily replied, "Is it? Well, I have chosen the units at random, so you're in luck!"

(To be concluded next month.)

Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling, not a mean thing to be shuffled through as we may, but an elevated and lofty destiny.—W. E. Gladstone.



GERALD DE BEAUREPAIRE.

Portrait by Hughes.]

**"SIR WALTER SCOTT SPEAKING."**  
**HIS "DIRECT VOICE" HEARD IN EDINBURGH.**  
**P**RESIDING at a meeting of the new Edinburgh Psychic College on September 23, Mr. W. J. Herries, author of "Other World People," related the following experience which occurred at a Direct Voice seance held in Edinburgh during the Scott Centenary celebrations.

The Circle, a private one, has been carried on for the past three years, and the chief "control" of the medium has been tested in various ways and found wholly trustworthy.

At the seance referred to, the Control gave place to a newcomer, whose voice at first was low and indistinct, indicating that the visitor was unfamiliar with the use of the trumpet. The voice, however, became stronger and more impressive, and recited what appeared to be the words of an old ballad. Those present could only get the words down imperfectly, and as yet the poem has not been identified.

Then the Voice addressed the circle in some phrases of a scriptural nature, the burden of which seemed to be that, "We who have passed to this side are all one or, *at one.*"

The dignity and impressive tone of the speaker impelled the sitters to ask who was communicating. With the reserve so often shown by manifesting spirits, the visitor seemed disinclined to comply with this request, and asked if it was necessary to give his name. On its being urged that, though not necessary, it would be a great satisfaction to those present if he could oblige them in this respect, he answered quietly, "Your humble servant, Walter Scott."

Further inquiries elicited from the medium's usual guide that Sir Walter Scott had been introduced by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Thomas Hardy. These brother novelists had persuaded him to speak after his long silence.

In view of the seance having been held at the Centenary of Sir Walter's passing over, and of his long and intimate connection with Edinburgh, it was not surprising that he should have taken this opportunity of presenting himself at one of the few circles where he could so manifest in his "own romantic town."

### THE GARDEN OF REST.

By MILDRED BURD.

**L**O! the door was open. I crept up softly, and went inside the old walled-in garden, and stood spellbound at its beauty.

Dusk was falling. The shadows were beginning to lengthen and fall aslant on the ancient sundial, which marked each passing hour.

Weary and footsore, I made my way to a rustic seat under the spreading branches of a cedar tree, and sat down to rest in solitude.

Wrapt in mystery, the old garden lay peacefully dreaming in the dim twilight. Tall hollyhocks and snapdragons reared their graceful heads against the crumbling grey stone walls. Sweet scented night stocks and tobacco plants and bushes of rosemary and lavender scented the air with perfume. Little rock plants wound in and out amongst the crannies of the crazy pavements, and round the dovecot gay coloured sweet-williams grew in rich profusion. A flight of well-worn stone steps led down to a water lily pond, where two swans lay in peaceful slumber. Heavy dews drenched the grass, and a solemn stillness lay like a benediction over all. Creamy water lilies lay on the surface of the pond, and blue and yellow iris and tall rushes fringed the edges of the deep water.

Dreamily I sat and watched the shadows falling one by one, and a sense of rest and peace enfolded my soul, and my weariness was forgotten. The flowers had closed their petals, and seemed to be asleep. All sense of time was lost to me.

The old garden, steeped in stillness, and laden with the scent of flowers, seemed to be waiting in hushed expectancy. A gentle breeze sprang up, and spilled a shower of red rose petals falling on the ground, and then it died away in the distance.

Once more silence fell around. A flood of moonlight shone out from behind a dark cloud, and made a pathway of gleaming silver light across the lily pond. In that bright radiance, I saw a Beautiful Figure, standing by the edge of the water, gazing quietly down into the upturned faces of the lilies; in deep reflection. An aura of golden light surrounded Him, and lit up the dazzling whiteness of His robe. As I watched Him, He turned, slowly passed the sleeping swans, and was lost to sight, in the darkness of the yew hedges. For night was stealing on.

To us, "He giveth His beloved sleep." I, too, must have slept.

### SLEEP WITH YOUR HEAD TO THE NORTH.

**M**R. BERNARD FALK, in a leader-page article in the *Daily Mail*, says that:—

"People who find difficulty in securing a good night's sleep from which to arise refreshed in body and mind should pay attention to the position of the bed in the room.

"The head should rest to the north, or in line with the earth's main magnetic field of force, which exists in the direction north to south.

"For the head to recline in positions away from the north is to bring it across, instead of in line with, the terrestrial magnetic flow."

The *Mail's* medical correspondent says:—"The idea that sleeping with the head to the north is effective offers a field of investigation which if followed up would add to our knowledge of a fascinating aspect of human health."

A noted Spiritualist, writing us from Spain, says:—"Of course, like all these things, it was the Spirit world that first called our attention to the importance of sleeping 'in line with the terrestrial magnetic flow.' It was Dr. Graham, Craddock's 'control,' who told Gambier Bolton about it, and you will find it all in 'Psychic Force,' which he published about thirty years ago! Curiously, however, the advice was then given to lie south to north, not north to south; and other information was given about deep breathing through the nostrils, which was quite new to me."

Can any of our readers who have experimented tell us whether their slumbers have been soothed by this method?

### MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

**T**HIS, the oldest, most active, and most enterprising Association of Spiritualists in London, will celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of its foundation during the first week in October.

On Sunday, October 2, there will be a Special Service in Queen's Hall, when addresses will be delivered by Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, and Mr. George Craze. Mr. John Myers will take psychic photographs and Mrs. Estelle Roberts will give clairvoyance.

On Monday afternoon, there will be a Jubilee Tea, with addresses by past and present Presidents, and in the evening psychometric readings by Mrs. Roberts.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Vout Peters will give psychic readings, and in the evening Mrs. Barkel will give readings from birth dates.

On Wednesday, Mr. Myers will take psychic photographs of small groups during the day, and in the evening there will be a dinner in the Russell Hotel.

On Thursday afternoon, Mr. Jones will give demonstrations of spiritual healing, and in the evening Mrs. Esta Cassel will give floral psychometry.

On Friday afternoon, members of the Association will narrate personal psychic experiences, and in the evening Mr. Thomas Wyatt will give clairvoyance.

On Saturday there will be a Jubilee Soirée, with musical attractions and dancing.

Truly a most attractive programme which should help to swell the already great roll of membership of the Association.

### HOW MATERIALISATIONS ARE PRODUCED.

**F**LORANCE MARRYAT, the author of the "There is No Death" (a book which startled many readers out of their apathy and sent them on their quest for truth as to a life hereafter), sat with Mr. Cecil Husk in 1892 with twelve friends for twelve sittings.

At one of these she questioned "John King," the chief Guide, as to the manner in which materialised forms were produced, and his answer was much as follows:—

"When the controls have collected the matter with which I work—some from everybody in the circle, but mostly from the medium's brain—I mould it with a plastic mask, something like warm wax in feel, but transparent as gelatine, into the rough likeness of a face.

"You will understand that there is always a crowd of spirits ready near to show themselves to their friends—a great many more than we can allow to appear. They are built up in their spirit-forms, but would be quite invisible to the majority of sitters unless covered with my transparent mask; without it, also, they would be unable to retain their shape or likeness, when exposed to the outer air. I therefore place this plastic substance over the spirit features and mould it to them.

"If the spirits will have the patience to stand still, I can generally make an excellent likeness of what they were in earth-life, but most of them are in such haste to manifest that often a spirit appears to his friends, and they cannot recognise any likeness. He has not given me sufficient time to mould the mask to his features."

## Spirit Teachings for the Present Times—II.

### "THE LAST WORDS HAVE ALMOST BEEN SPOKEN."

*These Spiritual Messages from the Other World have been received through mediumistic channels (left unspecified lest they should distract the attention of readers to the personalities of the mediums) and are directed towards the World's Redemption from the Reign of Materialism, which has only led to widespread destruction and ruin, and towards the coming of the Kingdom of God, so that the peoples of the earth may become united in love, peace and righteousness.*

#### INVOCATION.

**O** ETERNAL LIGHT! Sanctify our communion at this hour. By the purity of our aspirations may we enter into the secret of Thy Presence.

May the world of sense be controlled because we have entered into Thy Presence!

Thou art even more concerned with unfolding the petals of the soul, than with the building of nations!

Thou givest us our mortal problems, so that we can make them steps to Thee!

Help us to open the inner gates of Thy sanctuary wherein Thou dwellest within us, so that in Thy Peace, and by Thy Power, we can become Thy Messengers on earth, so that Thy Kingdom may come, and Thy will be done.—Amen.

**T**HE last words to this world have almost been spoken. Cannot you see how the governments and industries of your lands, and the religions of your countries are in a state of jeopardy and helpless confusion, and almost dire disaster?

Science herself seems to be the only line which, according to the estimates of men, has a pathway labelled "progress." And yet we are not pleased with science. While she is discovering, or uncovering, what she calls the deeper secrets of nature, she makes it one of her chief axioms that she will not be hampered by any religious or spiritual pre-conceptions. Thus she is working with a materialistic bias, and, although she is progressing in that she is discovering new forces, and acquiring a deeper insight into the mysteries which stand before her, yet she is forging ahead without the soft light of Our Master to guide her, or to amplify her researches.

What then does it mean? Does it mean that the line upon which she is progressing will lend itself most readily to the unravelling of the tangle of governments, industries, and international wrangles? No. We cannot accept the scientists' aid, any more than we can accept the illusions of theology, or the socialistic cant of brotherhood. Away with them all! We stand alone, and we come to this naked, tangled, trembling world simply with Our Light, which is borrowed neither from man nor from the marsh-like mists of your unilluminated star.

*The last words have almost been spoken to your humanity. Even the attempts that we have made through the uncertain flickers of the psychic realm have to a large extent been laughed at, and treated with derision, even if not ignored altogether.*

We have come near to the peoples of your world in terms of their own senses, although we have used super-sensuous means. A few faithful ones have courageously trodden alone, and lifted up their voices, and held up the torch of truth, but their message, their experiences, their rigidly tested experiments, have been discredited.

We have also come near your world in your own terms by lights, movements, spirit-presences, and voices—voices that have wept and pleaded—soft voices of calling children—sweet angel voices of heavenly sweetness—great strong roaring voices. We have come to you thus, but the world as a world, both incarnate and ex-carnate, has thought little of it.

Strange movements, universal premonitions, definitely arranged communications from selected communicators on this side have been used as a last attempt to arouse attention in your headlong speeding world to the Nemesis of its own darkness and despair.

Many have looked, and when they have been brought face to face with unfathomable phenomena they have thought them the uncertain, elusive, and delusive working of a little understood but entirely material mental condition. And so your world, from your kings on their thrones, your presidents, your counsellors, right down to the hoydenish laughter of fools, has taken no notice.

Your world has not known that we have used your own elements so that we might rouse you, and touch you before we used our own methods.

You are "civilising" yourselves by conquest; by controlling fire, earth, air and water; and by conquest of nation over nation. You thought you had "civilised" yourselves by conquering animal life by cruelty; and you had no shame when you climbed these steps to your "civilisation" by the bloody agony of animal life.

Yes, you have civilised yourselves by conquest, but every step in your civilisation has been but a step that led you farther away from the crown of your being—the recognition of the truth of your unity with all men, birds, and dumb creatures.

*You have made unto yourselves gods, forgetting that God made you for Himself. Your self-made gods will crush you, we know. We have tried to warn you, we have tried to come near to you, using your own elements, and terms you could understand. But no! you still want your conquests and your sciences to help you in your godless conquests. You shall have your conquests; they are your gods, and they will crush you.*

The last words have almost been spoken. We will come now in our own terms, in our own way. The Master knows those who are His. He has placed them in different parts of this your world ready for His coming. Blessed are they!

The innumerable hosts within the veil are ready, with you, for the coming of the Master; and they who are His have been chosen. Those whose faces look for Him shall meet with the great array who are waiting upon Him as He treads forth, and takes His step from His throne of invincible power to enter your world.

He cometh, and none can stay His coming. The earth shall put on a new dress; the sea shall sound with a new note; the fields shall be decked with a new sheen; and every flower shall be immortalised when the Master cometh. Every love that hath been born of travail, and has counted nothing too dear for love's sake, shall triumph for evermore when the Master cometh.

Every caress that for love's sake has been given, unnoticed and unknown by men, even to the smallest aspect of life, shall be recognised for evermore when the Master cometh.

*The secret, silent deeds of love shall be as a peal of golden bells ringing the welcome for the coming of Him who filleth the whole world with Love.*

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The veil between God and His servant is neither earth nor heaven, nor the throne, nor the footstool. Thy self-hood and illusions are the veil, and when thou removest these, thou hast attained unto God.—Abu Said, Persian poet (967-1049 A.D.).

## THE International Psychic Gazette

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

### Are Fairies Real Beings?

TESTIMONIES AS TO THEIR REALITY.

THE only Psychic subject that interested the British Association at its meetings in York last month was—Fairies!

Psychical Research had retired into the background in this Jubilee Year of the once great but now effete Society for Psychical Research. So far as we have noticed in the Press, it was not even mentioned, but Fairies and their reality were discussed for the first time by Britain's annual Parliament of Science and Learning.

#### Canon MacCulloch's Views.

The subject was introduced by Canon J. A. MacCulloch, Rector of St. Saviour's, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire, who submitted to the Anthropology Section of the Association that there were grounds for believing that fairies were an early race of men. He said that in Africa, where actual pygmies exist, there are legends of tiny dwarfs connected with them, or with an aboriginal race. Some of them went on all fours and some were bearded. In the Neolithic age in Europe groups of pygmies seem to have lived side by side with their taller neighbours. An early pygmy race, however, could not, he thought, be the sole cause of the belief in fairies, and some elfin beings were evidently supernatural and had no human ancestry.

#### Trustworthy Modern Witnesses.

But all that has merely to do with theory, ancient tradition, and folk-lore. There are people alive to-day who claim that they have actually seen the little people and watched them in their gambols, and Mr. Tom Charman, who is perhaps the greatest living authority on Fairies, has made many drawings of them as they gathered around him.

Sixteen years ago (in June, 1916), we started in this *Gazette* an inquiry on "Are Fairies Real Beings?" for according to current dictionaries fairies were only "imaginary beings said to assume a human form, and to influence the fate of men."

The following were among the instructive replies sent us:—

#### Riding, Dancing, and Floating Fairies.

MR. TOM CHARMAN wrote:—"You ask me to say what I know about Fairies. I have long been a believer in the actual existence of these little people, though I have refrained from expressing it too loudly.

"My first experience of seeing one was when I was about nine years old. After going to bed one night, I saw one galloping along the floor on what appeared like a large rat. He seemed like a miniature man, and was holding on for dear life, as the animal was running at an astounding speed.

"Once, many years afterwards, while I was living with a friend in a caravan in Sussex, I was watching a beautiful sunset when I became conscious of the presence of some of these little people. They clasped hands and I became the central point of a circle of them going through most wild and frolicsome movements. I continued to watch them for quite an hour, and was so engrossed by their antics that I felt myself living in their world and they in mine.

"I have also observed them apparently floating in space, going up and down at will.

"I am inclined to think that Dicky Doyle must have seen some of these happy little creatures, as the fairies he drew for the frontispiece of *Punch* are remarkably like those I have often seen."

#### Fairies in Kew Gardens.

MR. T. MASSEY TAYLOR, a venerable Spiritualist, told us that he was sitting one Sunday morning in front of the palm house at Kew Gardens. There was no one else about, and there was an atmosphere of perfect peacefulness. He had been thinking, but suddenly he

looked up and gazed across the pond into the glade beyond, which was hemmed in by trees.

To his astonishment he saw groups of little beings about eighteen inches high. Some were dancing in circles, and some were chasing each other. They were full of animation and playfulness. They were not like children but like little quaint old people with mature minds, who still retained the sprightliness of youth. He sat watching them until the public coming into the gardens approached the walk, and then they vanished.

A fortnight later he saw the same thing, but had often tried to see them since without success. He thought them real beings and not his mental creation. He had not been thinking about such things, and his imagination would probably have pictured them smaller and unclothed, whereas these little people wore doublets of very bright colours, on which the wind seemed to have no effect.

#### Sea Fairies Like Little Dolls.

Mrs. ETHEL ENID WILSON, of Worthing, wrote us:—"I quite believe in Fairies. Of course, they are really nature-spirits. I have often seen them on fine sunny mornings, playing in the sea, and riding on the waves, but no one I have ever been with at the time has been able to see them, excepting once my little nephews and nieces saw them too. They were like little dolls, quite small, with beautiful bright hair, and they were constantly moving and dancing about."

#### A Pert Little Chap.

Mrs. ELLEN GASKELL, a clairvoyant, told the International Club that she had seen fairies in London, and one pert little chap had perched on the bread-pan in her kitchen and watched her baking. He had his hands in his pockets, and looked up at her in quite a friendly roguish way.

#### A Regular Troop of Fairies.

MR. T. H. LONSDALE, a well-known medium, told us:—"Some seven or eight years ago I was visiting the late Mr. Vincent Turvey, of Bournemouth, the author of an excellent book on Spiritualism. His house had been recently erected and was surrounded by the original Old Forest of pine trees. In the garden there was an invalid-hut where we sat chatting, as it was a summer evening.

"Suddenly I was surprised to see a little manikin, with a long beard, and dressed in brown, come out of the wood. He peered all round, and others followed him, also in brown. Soon they were joined by a regular troop of between twenty and thirty sprightly fairies, dressed in pale green, and for a quarter of an hour they danced and played on the lawn like happy children. The first-comers looked older, and seemed to act as sentinels.

"When they first made their appearance I turned to Mr. Turvey and saw he was also watching them steadfastly. We sat perfectly still, without speaking, and the fairies became bolder and came quite close to us. One of them specially attracted Mr. Turvey's attention, and as it whirled round a croquet hoop like a trapezist, he exclaimed, 'Look! look there!' This appeared to frighten them, for they suddenly vanished as rabbits do when they hear a shot.

"On another occasion, when Mr. Turvey was playing the pianola in his drawing-room, I saw the fairies come and dance to the music. I believe fairies are real beings. They were as real to me as a group of little children, only they looked like grown-up people in miniature. They stood about three feet high on the average. Of course, we saw them clairvoyantly, as we were both psychic. We had no expectation of seeing fairies, and when they appeared we were discussing a subject of an entirely different kind."

#### The Joie de Vivre of Fairies.

Mrs. ELIZABETH L. SILVERWOOD, another clairvoyant, wrote us:—"Humanity lost a vast amount of *joie de vivre* when it vetoed Fairyland, and ceased to win the aid and friendly help of these most interesting beings, who delight to be of service to man, and are greatly helped and blessed in return by recognition from humans."

#### Music, Dancing, Poem and Colour Fairies.

MISS EVA LONGBOTTOM, L.R.A.M., Bristol, told us in a personal interview:—"When I was young I had it so much impressed on me that fairies were imaginary beings that I would not believe in them, but when I was about fourteen I began to realise them and now I love them.

"Perhaps it was the deeper study of the arts that brought them to me. I have felt a sympathetic vibration from them, and they have made me feel that we were friends. I have had a great deal of happiness and good fortune in my life, and perhaps I can attribute some of that to the fairies.

"The *music fairies* are very beautiful. Argent describes them, for they make you think of silver, and they have

(Continued on page 13.)



## 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.

#### "GO HOME! EVERYTHING IS ARRANGED!"

ONE is not always right in supposing that the spirits of the departed do not concern themselves with the ordinary material interests of human beings still on earth.

It is true that high Entities prefer to give us moral and spiritual counsel rather than bother about questions relative to our material concerns, but there have been cases when mediums have transmitted advice from them, positively practical and useful, which had apparently nothing to do with higher instruction, but corresponded in a fashion most opportune with the concrete realities of this lower world.

Here is an example. Three months ago I met at Enghien-les-Bains, an inland watering-place not far from Paris, an amiable friend and fervent Spiritualist named Mr. Jacob, accompanied by his wife. As we shook hands Mr. Jacob said to me, "I am on the way to Paris to deal with an affair which has caused us a great deal of worry. I have no hope of being successful, and that is why you find me so troubled."

I looked at Mr. Jacob, and in reality his face was drawn, like that of a man who had lost confidence, but was nerving himself to endure some great disappointment. I again took his hand, and while holding it for a moment I felt myself impelled to say to him, "How wrong you are, my friend, to vex yourself in this way! It is enough to turn your brain. You are going to Paris to try to find a solution for a difficult problem. Come, believe me, there is really no problem at all. Don't take any train to Paris; go home at once; you will find everything arranged."

Mr. Jacob looked at me incredulously, but I insisted, "Go home at once, I tell you! Everything is all right!"

Then he turned to his wife, and after a few moments' conversation with her, he said, "Very well, Monsieur Forthuny, we believe you; we shall not go to Paris; we are going home!"

With that we separated, and I saw no more of my friend Jacob for three months. On my return from a holiday in the South of France I met him again the day before yesterday at Enghien. When he caught sight of me he hurried forward and exclaimed, "You were quite right; everything happened as you said; when I last met you the problem was already solved. This is the story. We own two villas which we let for the summer season, but until we met you no one had offered to take them this season, and we were in despair that they would both remain empty, and that would have meant a considerable loss. We were on the way to Paris to put them in the hands of house agents as a last resort, but you stopped us on the way. We went straight home and found two letters awaiting us. Each letter was from a person who had long ago written us asking for particulars, and each letter hired a villa for the season. Nothing could be more satisfactory. Everything was already arranged, just as you felt, and we are sincerely grateful to you for having saved us much trouble!"

### THE MAGNETIC PERCEPTION OF ILLNESSES.

I have sometimes made my medical friends smile ironically when I have said to them—

"In holding the hand of any person I have a different perception, from one individual to another, of a sort of magnetic current which passes into me, and which emanates from the person whose hand I am holding. This current informs me at once about the physical condition of the person in question. It enables me to know if he is well, or if he is suffering in any organ, and if the latter his illness affects me similarly in the corresponding organ. It tells me whether his blood pressure is weak or excessive. And in addition it reveals to me the psychic condition of the patient. This current powerfully stimulates my clairvoyance. Very rapidly I know whether I have to do with a being of strong will and firm morality, or with a miserable creature with no energy of heart or spirit. And since the development of my mediumship I am able to define the extent of the loyalty or disloyalty, of the moral sense or its deficiency, in the character of the person examined."

Yes, the doctors smile, and declare that all that is impossible. It is, however, absolutely true. To speak only of the physical perceptions, I may mention a case

in which a famous Parisian doctor, who believes to some extent in mediumistic faculties, sent me a request to call with him at a great hotel near the Arc de Triomphe, so that I might diagnose the malady of a lady from South America. He had already made his own diagnosis and wished to see whether I would be able to confirm it or otherwise, as the case was singularly complicated.

For a whole hour I held the hand of this lady and investigated her magnetically, if I may use that expression. As I proceeded I noted my observations on a sheet of paper, just as they became defined in my thought, or as I felt the painful and sensitive spots reproduced in my own body.

When I had finished, the illustrious doctor came into the room and read my notes. Then he drew from his pocket the notes he himself had previously made and said, "Read!" I did so, and his diagnosis was, point by point, exactly the same as my own. The American lady was supremely astonished and regarded me as if I were some sort of fearsome wizard!

Had I the time I should be pleased to give proofs of the reality of this faculty, which perceives and distinguishes maladies, in the presence of assembled doctors, but I feel certain I would never convince them that a medium can describe exactly what a patient is suffering from by feeling in himself precisely the same illness for the time being.

P. F.

### Foreign Chronicle.

#### THE NEGROES AND SPIRITUALISM.

IT is well known that during the past ten years a great number of negroes have become attached to Spiritualism.

The Negro Spiritualist Association of the United States recently celebrated the fifth anniversary of its foundation by a conference at Chicago. The President, Mr. Samston, a negro advocate, reviewed the progress of Spiritualism among his coloured brethren, and referred particularly to the bequest by Mr. T. George Eastman of two and a half million dollars to found two Institutes of Negro Culture, on a basis essentially Spiritualistic. He mentioned that there was now a large number of negro missionaries constantly spreading Spiritualist truth throughout the United States, with ever-increasing success. The Association publishes its own periodical, which bears the title of *The National Spiritualist Reporter*. In the name of their white brethren throughout the world we offer fraternal compliments and sympathy to our coloured brothers in heart and ideas. As negro songsters have proved masters of melody, negro missionaries of Spiritualism should provide a new and attractive element in our propaganda.

#### FETICHISM AT VENEZUELA.

There has just been discovered at Venezuela some very ancient tombs of natives who lived there before the arrival of Columbus in America.

These graves contain large terra-cotta urns, in which skulls and bones are laid in an orderly manner. There are also plates, vases, pipes, necklaces and fetiches, the last-mentioned being intended to keep evil spirits away from the dead. This custom still existed at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, and is even continued to-day among certain tribes, notably in the region of Basquisimeto and among the Goajires Indians. On this interesting question of "Fetiches, the Conquerors of Evil Spirits," Madame Brumpt presented on June 4 a very important communication to the French Society of Medical History.

#### ADOLF HITLER AND ASTROLOGY.

It was inevitable that German astrologers should erect the horoscope of Adolf Hitler, the man who is at present so much in the limelight.

They have discovered therefrom that the Republic of Germany is being ruled by the beneficent Jupiter, favourably aspected by the Sun and Venus, and that the Revolution, begun in 1918, will continue till 1940. Then Germany will reign over the entire world for 130 years! And who is going to lead his country to such a colossal victory? Hitler, of course, but he will not succeed alone; another Reformer will arise to support him. It appears that these astrological prognostications find much belief among the German people.

### DRESSING THE DEAD.

Sava Chorovitch, a Montenegro peasant, was recently arrested at Nikskitch on an unusual charge, and his defence revealed an ancient custom of his country.

The wife of this peasant had died in a hospital and was buried in the cemetery in a common white shroud. As soon as the husband heard what had been done he went to the cemetery by night, opened the tomb, disinterred the body, carried it for two hours on his back by way of a nocturnal funeral march, and then took it home. There, with the help of his mother, he dressed his dead wife in her most beautiful clothes and finally deposited her body in the grave.

When Chorovitch was tried for violating the grave he told his Judges that the Montenegro peasants considered it a dishonour that a dead person should have to enter the next world wrapped up in a common cloth. "I disinterred my wife," he said, "and dressed her in her richest garments so that she might not arrive in heaven as a pauper."

### THE INFLUENCE OF COLOURS.

Mrs. Sarah E. Hanley, an American artist, on the occasion of an exhibition of her paintings at the Anderson Gallery in New York, published a work on the influence of colours on the physical and mental health of human beings.

She maintains the thesis, rather bold, that the colours of garments, if well chosen, can cure neurasthenia, jealousy and melancholy. "Dress yourself," she says, "in colours corresponding to your temperament, and you will be well and happy." It is not merely a question of the health of the body, she says, but also of the spirit. Certain colours, she maintains, attract astral forces which vivify your soul and protect you from evil. The ancient North American Indians, believing in this principle, coloured their bodies entirely before a battle with red, blue or green paint, according to their preference, in order to increase their physical force, their courage and their spiritual energy. They thought that thus arrayed they would be aided in battle by the spirits which favoured these colours, on the principle that like attracts like in many phases of human experience.

### A DEATH FORESEEN.

Bata, the Czecho-Slovakian "King of Shoemakers," fell from his airplane last July, when he was flying over his factories at Zhu, and was killed.

Now in June, there was published in Vienna a romance entitled, "Danta, the Giant." The name "Danta" was meant for "Bata." The book described, with scandalous details, the progress of Bata's commercial enterprises, which spread his boots and shoes among thirty-two nations. The identity was so obvious that the directors of the Bata factories demanded and obtained immediately from the Austrian Government, the seizure and destruction of all copies of the romance, "Danta, the Giant."

But this is the extraordinary part. The book finished with a tragical chapter describing the death of "Danta," through falling from his airplane, smashed to atoms on the earth, in the course of an aerial flight during which the merchant was passing over his factory; that is to say, under the precise circumstances in which Bata dramatically perished a few weeks later.

### A TRANSLATOR OF SHAKESPEARE.

It may interest my English readers to know that one of the first translators of Shakespeare's works into French was Emile Deschamps, who was a remarkable medium for telepathy and premonitions.

A century ago, while still a child, he was sent from Paris to Orleans, and before entering the latter city he described it perfectly, drawing a plan of its streets and principal public buildings. When he arrived there he walked about the city like one who had always lived there. He was sent to school, and one day the headmaster came and told him, "Emile, your mother is ill." "No, sir," replied the boy, "she died last night." That was correct. In April, 1927, he predicted, with numerous details, certain political events, which soon happened just as he had foretold.

He also said, "King Charles X will lose his throne and will be obliged to become an exile in England before three years have passed." And that happened in 1830. The "life" of Deschamps is full of examples of his power of second-sight.

### NEW SPIRITUALIST SECT IN GERMANY

At Walfrieden, a suburb of Berlin, a new sect of Spiritualists has been founded by Herr Joseph Weissenberg.

Like Hitler he was a house-painter, and he is credited with having collected 120,000 disciples to his creed. The sect bears the curious name of "The White Mountain," which reminds us that a democratic party in the National Assembly of France also called itself "mountain" at the time of the Revolution. It spreads its ideas by means of a journal which has a circulation of 100,000.

Weissenberg affirms that he has received an order from God to re-organise religiously and socially the whole world. He declares that he will live to the age of 125 years to accomplish his task. His admirers regard him as a living Buddha. He believes he is inspired and guided by the spirit of Bismarck, who is his intermediary with great spiritual powers engaged in preparing the salvation of humanity. The meetings of the sect are of a stirring, even hysterical, nature, for many of the adepts fall simultaneously into trance and give forth messages professing to come from Frederick the Great, Moltke, and other illustrious Germans. Perhaps, naturally, these spirits all announce that Germany will soon be the most powerful nation in the world, reviving the pre-war sentiment of the mischievous song "Germany over all!"

All this is rather saddening. Germany still sick and suffering from the failure of its insane ambitions to conquer the world presents many symptoms of a hysterical mysticism that has nothing in common with true Spiritualism. It is rather a distressing caricature, an aberration, a sort of collective madness. Ah, how opportune it would be if the sane Spiritualists of Germany would mingle with these materialistic and militaristic mystics and react against their spiritual blindness. That would be their duty. Why should they not proclaim to these stray sheep, "You are on the wrong path, and your stupid folly is an offence to Truth itself!"

### BEEES AND DEATH.

In a recent Chronicle I recorded some strange legends which attributed to bees a premonitory consciousness of human deaths.

I may be permitted to add a few further details, showing that this belief belongs to France, as well as many other countries.

When a death occurs in the Basque provinces, a tile is taken off the roof of the house so that the soul of the departed may be free to fly away. In Gascony, immediately after a death, a member of the family goes to the beehive and says in a loud voice, "Bees, weep with us; death has entered our house."

In the province of Berri, when a person dies, the door of the house is left half open so that the soul of the deceased may escape, but one must be careful not to leave a skein of wool or a tub of water before the door, for the soul might get entangled in the wool or drowned in the water, before getting clear away. It is also necessary to announce the death at once to the bees in the garden, so that they may fly very high into the heavens to carry the news into the mysterious better world. This tradition exists also in the Department of Deux-Sevres in Western France.

### THE TROUBLES OF A BAVARIAN CURÉ.

Some years ago, a curé of High Bavaria lived very unhappily and very frightened in his presbytery.

During the night he was awakened by strange noises as if regiments of cavalry were passing his house. One day he had a vision of a ghost, red, wicked, and fearsome. The poor priest went to his superiors to tell them of his misfortunes, but they laughed at him. The ghost then came regularly twice a week and made a great racket in his house. A monk tried, without success, to ward it off by blessing the walls. Then the curé had an idea. Perhaps the ghost was that of a former curé who had lived in the presbytery, and who wished masses said for the repose of his soul because of sins he had committed. Masses were therefore said, and the ghost appeared no more. This story is told by Dr. August Ludwig, Catholic Professor of Theology, at the College of Freising, Germany, in *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie*.

### SPIRITUALISM IN HOLLAND.

The Dutch Spiritualist organisation called "Harmonia" possesses an organ whose title is *Spiritische Bladen*.

Therein we find some interesting accounts of seances held during several months with the medium Mr. Lijs. Photographs were obtained with him of partial materialisations, and of the dematerialisation of the foot of the

medium, and of several ectoplasmic productions. Dr. Tenhaeff addresses an appeal to his compatriots to collect a sum of money sufficient to pay for a visit from the Austrian medium Rudi Schneider. Should this appeal succeed and Schneider be engaged to give seances at The Hague, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam, they would doubtless be largely attended, owing to the great interest in psychic matters awakened by the Spiritualist Congress a year ago, but they would be foredoomed to failure if disorderly persons were admitted who would turn the seance room into a bear-garden, as recently happened. Only serious and responsible investigators should be invited, who could be relied upon to behave in a respectable manner, or the health of the medium would be endangered and the seances would end in a fiasco!

#### ITALIAN OPINION OF THE S.P.R.

Commenting on the recent Proceedings published by the Society for Psychical Research, of London, the Italian Spiritualist Review, *La Ricerca psichica*, writes:—

"We must once more deplore the desolating poverty of effective contributions which the S.P.R. lends to our researches. Let us look at the whole of Volume XL of the Proceedings (1931-32); what do we find there? Simply a confirmation of the extra-normality of the book-tests of Mrs. Osborne Leonard. One point, and that is all. But what else fills the volume? A catalogue of the S.P.R. Library! A discussion between H. F. Saltmarsh and Sir Oliver Lodge regarding possible proofs of survival! The results of an inquiry by S. G. Soal concerning eventual telegraphy—results completely negative! Some proofs to demonstrate the value of testimony in mediumistic seances! And finally two stories about Valiantine and Schneider!

"And that is the total work accomplished during a long period by one of the most important Societies of psychical research in the world! It will be admitted that such a result gives room for disappointment. We are not so simple as to suppose that this declaration will make the S.P.R. deviate, even by a line, from the paths it has followed for so many years with so much lassitude. What could we suggest to an association which has had fifty years of life, and has members with high-sounding names? Let our noble British colleagues, therefore, remain free to do what is agreeable to them! But they cannot be surprised if from time to time some voice should speak and warn them that their doings are not perhaps precisely perfection, and that they ought at least to draw some useful instruction from the examples of Sidgwick, Myers, Podmore, Crookes, and James, all personalities who only committed one fault, namely, that they believed firmly in the work they were engaged in, and in working at it with a will!"

#### A GREAT SINGER'S PREMONITION.

The French newspaper *Comoedia* recalls this true but little-known story:—

During one of the first forty-seven representations of the opera "Carmen," by Georges Bizet, the famous operatic actress Galli Marie, who used to interpret the rôle of Carmen magnificently, played the first act with her accustomed perfection. But during the second act she was seized by a mysterious and indefinable anguish. She was so unnerved by it that she feared she would be unable to play to the end of the opera. However, she was not really physically ill, and by making superhuman efforts to overcome her moral anxiety she was able to complete her task.

Now, immediately after the opera, the great singer learned that Georges Bizet, the author of "Carmen," had just died at his residence near Paris. Her sudden mysterious melancholy had been coincident with Bizet's passing from this earth, and could not be explained away as a fortuitous coincidence. A telepathic communication had obviously come from the dying creator of "Carmen" to the famous interpreter, even in the midst of her song.

#### THE VANDERMEULEN CALL-BELL.

There has been much discussion in the Spiritualist press on the Continent as to the value of the Vandermeulen spirit call-bell, to which we have referred several times.

The journal *Pour la Vérité*, vouches for the authenticity of the following fact: A lady, J. P., has possessed for about a year a Vandermeulen apparatus. For some time she has not used it and locked it up in a cupboard. One night she was awakened from her sleep by hearing it ringing continuously. She struck a light and looked at the time. It was then four o'clock in the morning. Next day she learned that one of her old friends, Madame V., a Spiritualist like herself, had died suddenly during the night—at four o'clock.

#### A WARNING DREAM.

The *Revue Metapsychique* has translated the following story from the Italian *Revista di Psicologia* of Bologna:—

About the end of August, 1921, the Abbé, Gaetan Dall'Olio, a young professor at the Academy of Bologna, dreamt that he saw one of his old masters, the Abbé, Arturo Pieralli, who had been dead for nine years. Noting that his deceased friend had a more flourishing appearance than ever in his lifetime, he said,

"They seem to treat you very well in the other world."

"Oh, yes," replied the phantom, "not at all badly."

And then he added, "The Pope has lately nominated the man who will be his successor as a Cardinal."

"Who is he, then?"

"Cardinal Ratti, Archbishop of Milan. Death will happen next January."

"When, precisely? What day?"

"Between the 20th and the 25th."

Immediately after this dream-conversation M. Dall'Olio awoke. He became obsessed with the notion that the second part of the prediction might refer not to the Pope but to himself, for the phrase "death will happen" might apply to anyone. That same day M. Dall'Olio narrated his dream to the curé of St. Proculus Church, Monsieur A. P., and to his two vicars, Messrs. E. L. and O. O. He also told it a few days later to Monsieur D. P., the curé of the Church of the Celestins; and all these four men are ready to testify to that fact.

The friends and superiors of M. Dall'Olio tried to calm him, and assured him that the dream was much more likely to refer to Pope Benoit than to himself. They also reminded him that the Church forbade him to believe in things superstitious, and that he ought to dismiss the dream from his mind.

However, when on the 19th of January, the newspapers announced that the Pope was dangerously ill, M. Dall'Olio became distressed and began to think that his dream must have been of a prophetic nature. By then the dream was well known by many inhabitants of Bologna, and especially in ecclesiastical circles.

The death of Pope Benoit XV happened on January 22 after two days illness from bronchial pneumonia. Thus far the dream had proved correct.

Now for the second part. Monseigneur B., the editor of the Catholic local newspaper, thought as the dream had proved true as to the Pope's death it would probably also be correct as to his Eminence's successor. He therefore addressed himself to preparing a biography of Cardinal Ratti, and an engraving showing the Cardinal arrayed in the white pontifical robes. And as soon as the election of the new Pope was announced, Monseigneur B. issued the biographical sketch and engraving well in advance of all other newspapers. The dream was thus of no little utility to the local Catholic press!

#### METAPSYCHICS IN A DUTCH UNIVERSITY.

The intense interest in Metapsychic studies in Holland is becoming more and more apparent.

We learn that the University of Leyden has just appointed Doctor Diez as Professor of Metapsychics. That is a decision of the very highest importance. It shows that in the Low Countries the official scientific spirit is not, as in many other countries, hostile to the investigation of Truth in that mysterious region in which the great forces of the Invisible evolve and act. To-day Holland admits Metapsychics in one of its Universities, and later it will spread its knowledge in all its centres of culture. And similarly no doubt Spiritualism will make parallel progress, whether in official quarters or not, in the charming kingdom of tulips. We felicitate the University of Leyden on its praiseworthy and courageous initiative.

#### "THE MASKED LADY."

The German medium, Frau Winkler, has just passed into the other world.

She had a great reputation in Berlin before the war and was known as "the masked lady." Her phenomena were chiefly telekenetic or materialisations. "Katie King," who used to manifest in the house of Sir William Crookes, materialised in her seance room, walked about in a red light, and spoke articulately. When she was dematerialising she appeared to melt like snow and to sink through the floor.

Frau Winkler, up to the time her health failed her, lent herself to experiments with the most complete devotion. She did not escape the customary destiny of mediums, that is, to be criticised, insulted, and accused of imposture. But she endured these trials bravely, and we here salute her memory with respect for she despised calumny and continued to tread the thorny path for the honour of serving the truth.

### PETITES NOUVELLES.

The Spiritualist review *Hacia la Igueldad y el Amor*, of Barcelona, Spain, has resumed publication after a long silence caused by clerical opposition, aided by the financial crisis.

Maria O'Neill, an ardent propagandist of Spiritualism, has just died. She was a Member of the Portuguese Academy of Sciences, and last year during a tour through Brazil gave over 100 addresses on "the possibilities of communication between the living and the dead."

## "Twenty Years After": Things Worth Recalling.

Extracts from "International Psychic Gazette," September-October, 1912.

### NO NEED TO GROW OLD.

At fifty-eight I am a younger man than I was at thirty-eight. Among the occult aids to health are certain sounds used by the Yogis which produce a calming influence, a first desideratum in illness. We cannot be well if agitated in muscles, nerves or mind. By means of repeating sacred affirmations we can bring about the profoundest peace possible in the midst of the most surging storms of life. There is a tremendously subtle influence in the very mention of certain words or in their sound. I would never dream of going to rest without going through various affirmations. Other powerful aids in attaining perfect health are deep breathing exercises, unselfish devotion to others, purity of love and thought, steady optimism, and a non-flesh diet. If these are used in the proper way there is no need to grow old.—*Dr. Stenson Nooker.*

### MISS M'CREADIE'S SPIRIT FRIENDS.

I have seen the spirit friends since I can remember anything. They have been my companions all these years; they have walked about with me, impressed me how to keep my health, and how to enjoy life in a right and proper manner. As they have been my close friends I like to give them the credit. When still a little child they helped me to save my brother and to give the alarm when our house was on fire. At the age of sixteen I saw the spirit of my grandmother leave the body and take her spiritual form, and I saw other spirit friends in the room waiting for her.—*Miss M'Creddie.*

### THOUGHT AND BODY CONTROL.

He who would learn to guide his own life forces for the betterment of humanity, can by thought-control keep his body in a condition of health and gradually command the workings of each tiny brain or intelligence in each cell. And if he is careful to observe and memorize he will find it easy at last to remember what he has done while out of the body at night. Thus will he rationally expand all parts of his consciousness without injury to himself or others. After awakening in the morning it is a good thing to lie quite still and to listen as though for the voice of a friend. Perseverance in such useful practice brings its own reward.—*Miss F. M. M. Russell, of the Theosophical Society.*

### SEANCE IN A TRAIN.

A few months ago I had the experience of giving a seance in a train from Victoria to Margate. I had just taken my seat in the carriage when a lady entered, dressed in deep mourning. As she entered I asked her to sit near me, as she looked so full of grief. Directly she sat down I heard a voice saying, "Tell her Fred is here." I hesitated at first, thinking she might imagine I was mad. Again the voice said, "Tell her Fred is here," and added, "Bring out *Light* from your pocket." I did so, and bending towards her said, "Excuse me, do you know anything about Spiritualism?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "Well then," I said, "You will understand what I mean when I tell you Fred is here, and tells me he is the husband of a lady you have just parted from at the station." I went on to say "he tells me you buried him yesterday, and if it had not been for his carelessness he would not have died. Three weeks ago he caught a chill after playing cricket. This led to double pneumonia and caused his death." He gave the names of relatives and many family details. The seance lasted from Victoria Station to Birchington, where the lady left the train. She said that everything was marvellously true. The spirit voice was as natural and audible to me as though it was that of a person in the flesh.—*Mrs. Fairclough Smith.*

### KING ALEXANDER SPEAKS THROUGH MR. VANGO.

Mr. J. J. Vango gave a demonstration of clairvoyance at the International Club on July 19, and it was recalled that he was the medium through whom, when in trance, the assassinated Serbian King Alexander conversed in Serbian with his Serbian Minister in England (the late

The Hellenic Society of Psychical Research has been studying the mediumship of Cleio, aged twenty-five years, who produced excellent phenomena of displacement of objects without contact.

The active propagandist, H. Dias, has just founded in Brazil a Spiritualist paper named *A Voz*, at the moment when *Aurora*, founded by Ingacio Bittencourt, was celebrating its twenty-first birthday.

The Hungarian Scientific Society of Metapsychics has been established at 62 Mezarosgasse, Budapest.

P. F.

Count Myatovitch), Mr. Vango himself knowing no other language than English.

### HOW DR. PEEBLES LIVED TO BE NINETY.

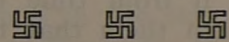
Dr. J. M. Peebles completed fourscore years and ten of vigorous life in March last at his home in Los Angeles.

Asked what he attributes his good health to, he says, "For sixty years I have eaten no animal flesh, fish or fowl. Nothing would induce me to eat the dead carcase of a dirty, filthy, grunting, scrofulous trained hog. Nor do I eat pickles, or black pepper, or mustard, or catsup, or old cheese, or boiled cabbage, or hot cakes. I use no tea, nor coffee, nor wines, nor liquor, nor tobacco; they are expensive, useless and injurious.

"I live hearty and well on wheat, corn, rice, barley, eggs, cream, butter, nuts, and the delicious fruits that grow in the sunshine. My brain was never so clear and I could never write so easily as now. I obey Nature's laws as far as I possibly can and have unbounded faith in God.

"Laziness I abhor," he added, "and consider industry the best stuff for the making of saints. Books feed me, while parlour talk and babble starve me. I expect to work on the very morning of my departure and sleep into the better land of immortality at the sunset of the same evening.

"I am too busy to think about death, and there is anyway too much fuss made about dying. It is Nature's process of laying down a fleshly burden—a hatching from the old shell, and the rising up into the brightness and blessed beatitudes of immortality."



### THE MEDIUMSHIP OF WILLIAM PHOENIX.

BY A LONDON VISITOR.

**D**URING a recent visit to Glasgow, I attended one of the seances of Mr. William Phoenix, a private medium, who was very highly esteemed by the Rev. Dr. Lamond, both for his convincing phenomena and the truly spiritual atmosphere which ever pervades his sittings.

The circle was composed of eight regular sitters, who have long passed the stage of being mere "inquirers" or "investigators," and who gather together for the sheer joy of communing with their friends in spirit life. The medium was in deep trance during the whole seance and all present had the pleasure of hearing the "direct voices" of their own friends and conversing with them.

My husband came for me. He said, in his usual quick way, "Jessie, Jessie, can you hear me?" I said I heard him perfectly, and he said he was glad to see me looking so well. He added that he himself had changed so much that I would be surprised to see him, for he said "all physical defects vanish when people come here." He had a slight defect in his left shoulder, which rather annoyed him in his earth-life. He also asked about the welfare of our son, and appropriately mentioned one of our faithful housemaids in the long ago, who was a sister of Mr. Phoenix.

"Luke," one of the chief controls, delivered an address on the importance of sending forth into the atmosphere righteous and loving thoughts, which he said would counteract the unrest and turmoil afflicting the world at the present time.

During the seance various psychic lights were seen and the fluttering of a bird's wings were heard. One of the lights was of an unusual kind. It first appeared like an electric globe of a bright yellow colour, then there descended from it a thin thread or line of light, at the foot of which formed another globe of light not so large or bright as the other. These faded away and then a bright band of light formed just in front of me, in which I saw the outline of a child's face appear. I recognised it as that of a nephew who passed over in 1876 when three weeks old, for he had already manifested himself to me and conversed at one of Mr. Phoenix's seances about three years ago.

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## Some Further Notes on the Persistence of Memory.

By WILL CARLOS.

## PRE-EXISTENCE?

IT must be conceded by thinkers who believe in the existence of the Absolute Divinity, that every form of life lives in the Being of God. Therefore we human beings were not *created*, but *existed* in that Being, probably coeval with Divinity. We exist and shall not cease to exist. What our status was prior to our earth life we have no means of determining; what our status will be in any future life we can only conjecture. We *are* and will *continue*.

If we have already existed as *beings* we have no memory of such existences, whether we have occupied some sort of bodies or not. If we had bodies, presumably we had brains, and if those brains, like ours, were the repository of our sensations, they would yield what we call memory, yet no memory of former lives is transmitted to us.

We may have had to pass through every form of existence from amoeba to man; we may have even occupied other human bodies (as inferred by Theosophists), but have no recollection of our former experiences, nor have we guilty consciences relating to our former misdeeds. We do not inherit guilty consciences. Why then should we suppose that in our future life or lives we shall carry our memories with us? If the lives were far apart, as measured by time or space, and some intermediate states have to be passed through between them (comparable to the Progressive states inferred in Spiritualistic philosophy) we have no memory even of those.

Undoubtedly these lives (if lived) would have left their mark upon the cosmic consciousness, and these to some extent may be reflected on our present consciousness (as transmitted impressions), but these need not necessarily relate to *our* former lives or misdeeds. In fact, most of such impressions, as conveyed by media, simply relate to other people, not to our former selves.

After death we infer by our psychic experiences that the transiting soul possesses self-consciousness or self-identity and memory, but that only applies to the interval between the two lives, this one and the next one.

## STRATA OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

We cannot, or should not, suppose that the transitory life of the so-called spirit world is any sort of static life compared with this mundane existence. It is taught or inferred that the "spirit-world" consists of stage after stage, from the lowest levels, where the earth-bound foregather, or unprogressive spirits congregate, to the highest level of triumphant spirit (absolved of its sins, or cleansed of its evil propensities), ready to enter the new life. When this stage has been reached earth's memories, I think, will have become non-existent, and the soul will enter a new life free.

I believe, and all my studies confirm it, that every individual life has its orbit around some, to us undefined, centre, but that we have a certain freedom (?) which allows us some declination to the right or left. We are, however, bound to return to our orbits, and our main course is unalterable. Such declinations may be due to the *pull* of other bodies, such as our fellow-beings, carnate or discarnate. Spiritualists, of course, are aware of such influences. Or it may be that other forces beyond our cognisance are pulling at us, such as Solar, Lunar, Planetary and Stellar; or forces even beyond them, such as Psychic, Spiritual, Celestial or Divine forces, yet we continue in our orbits.

All forces move in straight lines we are told, but they have a spiral or progressive motion which tends to uplift us to higher planes, and every life ought to be able to show some elevation above the starting point. Right living and right thinking serves to check or equilibrate the *pulls* we are subject to.

Death so-called brings us up to the breaking point where our spiral course lifts us out of the earth plane, and we persist in our careers around our centre on another plane. No miraculous change takes place at once (other than the change of sphere or plane) so that our memories, or the echo of those memories, may persist in the brains of our new embodiments, but as the necessity for them ceases, they gradually fade, so that when we enter the true spiritual spheres we are as babes devoid of memory.

There is this difference in the new birth: we are not then ushered into it by means of parents, therefore we do not inherit their tendencies; there are no sins of the father or mother to be visited upon the "children," no hereditary taint in the new birth.

This upward trend of our spiral ascent precludes our return to lower levels or planes.

## THE FUTURE LIFE.

What we shall be, what sort of forms we shall inhabit, or how we shall be garbed, we have as yet no evidence. Certain it is that all we have been told about the "spirit world" applies only to that intermediate state between the mortal and the spiritual. We have evidence from all sources that the sphere or spheres to be inhabited is, or are, more or less a replica of the earth plane. There exists there diversity of faith and opinion much the same as on earth. The inhabitants possess temples, churches, chapels and schools; some adhere to their old faiths, despite their new experiences; and there are people there still in primeval conditions of mind and surroundings, quite as clannish as people of the early, middle, or modern ages.

There Fetishism, Amenism, Jovism, Jehovism, Brahminism, Mohammedanism, Christism (no irreverence intended) exist side by side, and men look for the founders of each cult according to their predilection. Such a world cannot be the abode of peace and harmony. Such a world, with memories, prejudices, bigotries and differences, is as unlike the Heaven I hope for as a cloudy sky is to a clear one.

## NOTHING, YET ALL.

I would like to suggest that Personality may survive in the intermediate states, and having served its purpose gives way to Individuality, which I believe will be ultimately submerged in the One Individuality.

What I have written is in no way subversive to the evidence we have received concerning survival. When we become in tune with the Universe and with God we shall be ONE. We are rightly or wrongly proud of our little entities, but will it not be infinitely better to share in the Divine Entity?

There has been some cavil because Sir Oliver Lodge gave us some account of apparently bibulous tendencies on the part of discarnate spirits; one or two clerical critics refuse to believe that such earth-like conditions prevail in the after-life—refuse to believe that it is Heaven. It is NOT! It is only a vestibule leading into Heaven, where such conditions and differences cannot prevail. For *there* must be harmony; *there* must be purity; although we are not entitled to conclude that Heaven is anything like the Heaven of *Revelation*. To quote St. Paul, "We know not yet what we shall be, but we shall see Him as He Is." This I think means that we shall then behold men or humanity in general in their intrinsic, immortal, and *permanent* reality.

## ARE FAIRIES REAL BEINGS—Continued from p. 8.

dulcet silvery voices. They speak and sing, but more in sound than in distinct words—a language of their own, a fairy tongue. Their music is a thing we cannot translate. It exists in itself. I don't think Mendelssohn has truly caught it, but Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's music reminds me of the music I have heard from the fairies themselves; his fairy ballads are very charming.

"Then there are *dancing fairies*. Their dancing is full of grace, a sweet old style of dance, without any tangles in it. I am generally alone when I see them, not necessarily in a woodland but wherever the atmosphere is poetical.

Another kind is the *poem fairies*. They are more ethereal and of a violet shade. If you could imagine Perdita in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" translated from the stage into a real fairy, you would have a good idea of the poem fairy. She has a very beautiful sweet girlish character. The same might be said of Miranda, but she is more sentimental.

"The *colour fairies* are also most interesting. If you can imagine each colour transformed into a fairy you may get an idea of what they are like. They are in airy forms and dance and sing in the tone of their colour. I have not seen any brownies, as I do not take so much interest in the domestic side of the fairy's life."

These few excerpts show us that the British Association was fully justified in admitting the question of the existence of fairies into the region of serious discussion. Sir Walter Scott has told us that the literature of fairies belongs to all countries, which could not well have happened unless there was some solid foundation for believing that there are in nature categories of psychic beings which have not yet been explored—because unexplorable—by ordinary human faculty.

Next month we propose to print Mr. Tom Charman's analytical account of the various species of fairies he has seen, accompanied by some illustrative sketches.

J. L.

## My Advance from Phenomena to Philosophy.

By F. M. P., BELFAST.

I HAVE been an earnest seeker into the great truths of Spiritualism since my mother passed into the Light, ten years ago. During that time I have been fortunate enough to obtain evidence through the good services of such well-known mediums as Mrs. Wriedt, Mr. Nugent, and others.

As time went on, I reached a stage when there appeared to be something lacking in the sittings I attended, inasmuch as I was unable to make any headway. The type of information I was receiving, through the various mediums, from the other side, appeared to be just a matter of repetition, so that I, like many others, gradually lost interest, and put forward no further effort in regard to attending the sittings.

One day, however, in the ordinary course of my business, I met Mr. E. F. Short, who is a trance medium in Belfast. This meeting occurred just prior to a sitting, which Mr. Short kindly invited me to attend in his own home. I was unable to accept his invitation, but promised to attend one in the following week, and did so, more as a matter of courtesy than of desire, naturally concluding that the sitting would be similar to many others I had attended, which had proved so disappointing.

I met, however, with a very pleasant surprise, for at this sitting I was privileged to listen to one of a series of lectures, being given weekly, on the philosophy of Life, by an entity who used the *nom-de-guerre* of "Cardyx." During the discourse, which lasted about an hour and a half, we were given food for thought of the very highest character. At the end, "Cardyx" threw himself open to receive questions, which he answered in a lucid and simple manner, leaving no stone unturned to make his various points clear to the questioners.

Since then it has been my great privilege to attend this circle, with the consequence that my interest in the Movement has been restored, and during the last two years I have gained information from these lectures which I could not possibly have obtained in a lifetime's experience.

## The Edinburgh Psychic College and Library.

THE REV. C. DRAYTON THOMAS opened on September 8 a new College for Psychic Study at 30 Heriot Row, Edinburgh. This institution has been founded through the generosity of a lady who desires to remain anonymous, and it occupies a spacious house of twelve rooms.

On the ground floor there is a comfortable lounge where the members may have afternoon tea and discuss psychic problems, and next door there is a library of about 400 volumes, where the English and Continental psychic journals will be on the tables. On the first floor are a large lecture hall and another room of almost equal size for seance purposes. Here trance addresses will be given by many noted mediums of this country. On the second floor are several bedrooms in which mediums coming from a distance will have the hospitality of the College during their stay in Edinburgh. Mrs. Grace Cooke has been the first resident, and Mrs. Annie Johnson the second. Mr. A. Vout Peters is expected later. Study circles will be formed. Mr. Burn Callander, from "The Seekers," London, will give spiritual healing in a room wholly painted in gold. Experiments in psychic photography will also be made. The staircase is paved with rubber to render the house quiet.

Mr. Drayton Thomas, in the course of his opening address, referred to the attitude of the Church and scientists towards Spiritualism. First-class mediums, he said, were scarce, and it was this scarcity more than anything else which prevented the Church and scientists coming wholesale to a rapid conviction upon psychic phenomena. The world was waiting for that type of medium who could give evidence of his ability to get into touch with those on the other side. The scientists and parsons wanted evidence.

Speaking of amateur mediumship, he said that in its earlier stages it was filled with illusions and disappointments, successes and failures, with the disappointments and failures in the majority. He pointed out the dangers of taking the results of amateur mediumship too seriously. People who undertook automatic writing were often only tapping the dream mind. There was a danger of being led aside by the dream mind. They should not believe until it had given abundant proof, when they might consider they had taken the first step towards real medium-

ship. To give some idea of the type of knowledge imparted, I would like to mention that it has been such as to attract to the circle men and women of the various professions, including clergymen, lawyers, doctors, school-masters, etc.

The medium is a man forty-eight years of age, and is a Londoner by birth. He discovered his mediumistic gifts some ten years ago, and since then has used them freely for the benefit of the Cause, refusing at all times to accept remuneration for his services.

Although not blessed with a university education, Mr. Short's desire for knowledge has enabled him to overcome the numerous obstacles with which he has been faced, in attaining an education of which he may be justly proud. He is a deep thinker, and appears never to be satisfied until he has been able to reach the truth to his own satisfaction, on any subject the study of which he has undertaken.

A keen observer might observe in him signs of latent artistic and literary gifts, though on first meeting him these are the last things one would expect to find. In all matters concerning his mediumship there is a simplicity and certainty which places him in a class by himself.

So well is Mr. Short controlled, that at any time of the day or night, even when sitting in the broad daylight, his control can use him at a moment's notice. Neither numbers nor darkness are essential, and his control whom we know as "Charles" has never yet failed to come when desired.

Although on certain occasions other entities, personal friends of the sitters, take advantage of the medium to speak, the main purpose of the weekly sittings is to impart to the circle information on the philosophy of Life.

I sincerely hope that the time will come when these lectures will be made public, for I am certain their publication would be of great value to the Cause. A complete record has been kept of all the sittings, and shorthand notes are taken of all the lectures, so that when the time is ripe these may be used in spreading the light of our great Movement.

Amateur mediumship needed help, and this Psychic College was the place where they might expect to get that help. The subject at its best had a great contribution to make to life and to religion, which was, after all, a high type of life. He read a message he had received from the late Dr. Lamond, who said that he "felt like a laddie on a new adventure."

Mr. Drayton Thomas paid eloquent tribute to those responsible for the College. It was natural for men and women of goodwill, when some great and good thing had been given to them, to wish that others might enter into the same light of love and joy, and they wanted it to be known that these very beautiful premises had been secured and had been dedicated to this special work—a work very dear to the heart of their Lord. They desired to lighten the sorrow and sting of death; to make life easier and happier for those who walked in the path of bereavement.

There would be great deeds in the future when heaven and earth united to do the Heavenly Father's will. He wished success to this brave effort to further co-operation between the seen and the unseen.

Mr. J. B. McINDOE, President of the National Spiritualist's Union, also delivered an address. He said that the Church's attitude—a mixture of hostility and indifference—had often been a source of amazement to many who had studied psychic phenomena. That hostility, however, was passing.

Psychical phenomena came in to help the average man to realise that this physical world which was so real to us was but the glimmering shadow of something beyond. These phenomena enabled them to realise that there was something apart from the human body, that there were unseen powers at work which science was unable to measure or estimate, which could give man evidence of survival in after life.

It was of the utmost importance to the man and woman of to-day, to have some personal knowledge and experience of the phenomena, and he complimented those responsible for the Edinburgh College, where members would be given an opportunity of investigating the subject under suitable conditions and suitable guidance.

Amongst the large invited company were Mrs. Miller, Peebles; the Countess of Tankerville, Miss Bremner, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Drayton Thomas, Mr. D. Gow, and Mrs. Lilian Archibald.

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## Occasional Jottings.

By X.

### A DETECTIVE'S FAIRMINDEDNESS.

CYRIL BUDGE, the young materialising medium, who was recently the victim of an outrageous attack, and whose health has been impaired thereby, was giving clairvoyance at a South London Psychic Centre last month. At the finish, a member of the congregation approached him, and said he was a detective. Instead of accusing Cyril of fraud or arresting him as a rogue and vagabond, he congratulated him on having given him a very excellent description of a deceased colleague in the Force, with evidential details as to their detective work together. I congratulate this detective on his fairmindedness, which is a pleasing contrast to the attitude of that new school of medium-wreckers which has recently sprung up in our own midst. Of course, I also congratulate Cyril, whose gifts are too good to escape jealous criticism.

### AN IRISH GUIDE'S ADVICE.

An Irish Spirit Guide was one day addressing a young medium in London in the Direct Voice. The medium complained that his public clairvoyance was not so good as it ought to be, but "Shure, and its your own fault," said "Timothy," the guide; "if you'd be after rememberin' that results are no concern of yours, you'd do better. You're only a channel for the spirits to work through; in fact, you're just the teapot and not the tea! And don't you forget it!"

### MR. W. T. STEAD AT ST. ALBANS.

The St. Albans (Herts.) Psychical Research Society, being finally convinced that Survival had been proved, now call themselves The St. Albans Spiritualist Church. When they re-opened their premises in the Upper Latimer Road under this new title on September 7th, Mr. Vivian Deacon presided, and began to speak normally. Suddenly, however, he lapsed into trance and was controlled by the spirit of Mr. W. T. Stead, whose eloquence aroused prolonged applause from the audience. Among many things, Mr. Stead referred to the spiritual presence of several well-known persons who when on earth lived in St. Albans and its environs. He referred to the recent passing

over of his own wife, and said they had already begun some new work together. He added that plans were afoot to find larger premises for the Stead Bureau and to re-establish it under its old title of "Julia's Bureau," under the guidance of his daughter Estelle.

### A CLAIRVOYANT DOG.

An actor who was clairvoyant was one night chatting to an actress in her dressing room. Suddenly he became aware of a spirit presence and proceeded to describe the actress's deceased sister, and gave her name. During this description the actress's little dog uttered a low growl, stared fixedly at a corner of the dressing-room, then seemed to follow a moving invisible presence with his eyes. The clairvoyant remarked, "He can see the spirit of your sister." Some time later, the actress was having a sitting with another medium when her sister confirmed the fact that both the actor and the dog had seen her.

\* \* \* \* \*

I hear that the Central Spiritualist Church of Brighton, which is affiliated with the Christian Spiritualist League and the Survival League, has just moved to the Windsor Hall, Windsor Street, in order to accommodate its increasing audiences.

### THE FORMER THINGS.

No pain, no care—  
Only the Father's strong encircling arm;  
And then a deathless calm.

No pain, no strife—  
Only the consciousness of perfect rest  
Upon His tender breast.

No pain, no tears—  
Only a passing up the steps of light,  
Away from sorrow's bitter night.

No pain, no fears—  
Only the angels' soothing lullaby,  
Then love's unclouded sky.

E. P. PRENTICE.

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