

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

No. 242. Vol. 22.

NOVEMBER, 1933.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

Auspicious Re-Opening of Meurig Morris Services.

THE Aeolian Hall, New Bond Street, London, was filled to capacity on Sunday evening, October 22, when "Power" resumed his public ministry through the trance mediumship of Mrs. Meurig Morris.

The service was preceded by an excellent organ recital by Mr. R. H. Botcherby, who also accompanied the singing.

Among the distinguished people present, on the platform and in the body of the hall, were Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, General Sir Pomeroy Holland-Pryor, K.C.B., Sir Frank Benson, Mr. Graham Moffat, the Reverend E. Whitfield, Mr. H. S. Polak, Mr. G. H. Lethem, Mr. David Gow, Mr. J. B. McIndoe, and Mr. George Craze.

MR. LAURENCE COWEN presided. Mrs. Meurig Morris, as graceful and unaffected as ever, looked better for her recent vacation, and faced the ordeal before her with her usual calm courage. The platform was tastefully decorated with arum lilies.

After the singing of the hymn, "The world hath felt a quickening breath," and a beautiful invocation by Mrs. Meurig Morris, Mr. Laurence Cowen welcomed the audience to what he called "Power's New Temple in the West-End of London." This service, he said, marked the one hundred and eleventh since they began at the Fortune Theatre, Drury Lane. He was gratified to realise that "Power's" supporters on this occasion included representatives from other fields of Spiritualistic endeavour, and that Jews and Gentiles, Buddhists, Theosophists and members of his own profession of Letters were come together in one grand brotherhood.

GENERAL SIR POMEROY HOLLAND-PRYOR paid a tribute to the selfless and beautiful life of Mrs. Meurig Morris, and her courage in carrying the cross of suffering in order that "Power," in the Cosmic Christ Spirit, might proclaim through her the truth of human survival, the underlying unity of all religions, and thus point the way to peace among the nations of the earth.

MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART, representing The Spiritualist Community, held out the hand of friendship to Mrs. Meurig Morris at this renewal of her work. There ought not to be rivalry between the various Spiritualist organisations, she said. Uniformity could not be expected, but unity should be the aim of all! The Inter-Religious Crusade, which she had started, was bringing the different schools of religious thought, east and west, together, and was proving that unity meant the breaking down of all barriers to international and religious peace.

THE REV. ERNEST WHITFIELD testified to the great help he had received from "Power," through Mrs. Meurig Morris, not only in the way of spiritual philosophy, but also in the way of proofs of the survival of his own father and mother, and many accurate evidential messages besides. He wished the brave little lady Godspeed and many blessings.

MR. H. S. POLAK, of the Theosophical Society, said there was a closer and more sympathetic relationship between Spiritualists and Theosophists than many people realised. Both accepted survival. Their membership was interchangeable, for many Spiritualists were also Theosophists and *vice versa*. Since "Power's" addresses stressed inter-communion of religious bodies, and universal brotherhood, he was here to support this ideal.

MR. J. B. MCINDOE, President of the Spiritualists' National Union, said that despite the varied aspects of our movement, the common factor of mediumship was its bulwark. The importance of good trance mediumship could not be over-stressed, and in Mrs. Meurig Morris they had a noble example of it in all its purity and brilliance of purpose.

MR. GEORGE CRAZE, on behalf of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association, wished Mrs. Meurig Morris Godspeed in her noble work for the cause they all had at heart. Close attention to what the spirit world had to say would, he said, result in greater understanding of life here and hereafter, and hasten the brotherhood of all religions.

MRS. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, Principal of the British College of Psychic Science, said that her words were addressed to new enquirers and to those not sure of the truth as given through "Power." She assured them that Christ, who came to prove Survival, still sent his messengers through such channels as Mrs. Meurig Morris. Orthodox scientists, she said, were coming to realise that the phenomena of Spiritualism were true; that trance mediumship implied two separate

entities, and not merely the subconscious mind of a medium.

MR. FRANK WHITMARSH, President of the London District Council of Spiritualists, praised the high qualities of Mrs. Meurig Morris as a woman and as the medium for "Power." He said he was quite sure that these meetings at the Aeolian Hall were going to be a feature of London's religious and intellectual life.

After these speeches, and the singing of another hymn, MRS. MEURIG MORRIS lapsed into trance, and the deep compelling voice of "POWER" was heard. He spoke of the need for unity in religious thought and aspiration. Wrong thinking, he said, was the cause of war, pestilence and destruction. When man came to understand himself—the mystery of his own being—he would realise and apply the law of Construction. For the present, it was only through suffering, brought about by destructive thinking, that man was able by losing himself to find himself. Eventually man would realise that the appeal of the senses was not the primary factor in his existence on earth; and that physical experience was only one of many stages he had to pass through.

The meeting was closed, after the Rev. E. Whitfield had offered thanks to the Great Overseer for blessing this night's work, with the hymn "The day thou gavest Lord is ended" and the Doxology.

G. DE B.



MRS. MEURIG MORRIS.

Special I.P.G. Photo by Reginald Haines.

A SPIRITUALIST MARTYR.

MR. FREDERICK JOSEPH JONES, the most remarkable Spiritualist healer of modern times, passed to his heavenly rest after a few hours illness on October 13 at his residence, 7, King's Road, Wimbledon.

He was only forty-eight years of age, and leaves behind him a widow and two young children to continue the struggle for material existence. Though he, his spiritual guide, "Medicine Man," and his band of faithful helpers, were accustomed to give 25,000 treatments a year to cure or relieve all manner of sickness and disease in this and other lands, their beneficent services were given without money and without price.

When we interviewed him in February, 1932, "Sunshine," his chief helper, told us:—"During all the ten years Mr. Jones and I have been working together, never in one solitary instance has ever one patient been asked for a penny. There is no need to vary that statement by saying 'excepting in one or two cases' for there has not been one."

We are pleased to learn that the Marylebone Spiritualist Association is already raising a fund to provide for Mrs. Jones and the children, and trust there will be a very generous response, corresponding in some degree to the many years of self-sacrificing devotion Mr. Jones gave so ungrudgingly to his divine work. Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary, Marylebone Spiritualist Association, 42, Russell Square, W.C.1. If everyone who has benefited by his treatments gives even a little a very substantial fund should be raised, but every true Spiritualist should subscribe something.

We have followed with a deep sympathetic interest Mr. Jones' career as a spiritual healer from the start, and will give a full account of it in our December issue.

* * * * *

What are they (our loved ones) now? Individually the same beings, emancipated from bodily limitations, pulsating in the higher world, "always beholding the face of our Father in heaven," they are ministering spirits capable of ministering in ways we know not of to those whom on earth they have loved.—*Archdeacon Wilberforce.*

A Harvest Festival was held, as usual every autumn, in the Cheltenham Spiritualist Church, last month. Three hundred people were present at the Sunday evening service when Mr. W. R. Clark, of Coventry, was the speaker and clairvoyant. He intimated on behalf of Miss E. Maude Bubb, the Vice-President of the Church, that she greatly regretted her unavoidable absence through illness. The Church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and there was a fine display of fruits, vegetables and preserves. These were sold after the Monday evening service and £15 was realised for the Cheltenham General Hospital.

Mr. John K. Browning had a fourteen days "one man exhibition" of his remarkable psychic drawings and paintings at the Ayr Sketch Club Studio last month. They excited a very respectful interest from the Press and public, notwithstanding their claim to have been produced by two spirit controls, namely, "Red Wing," a Red Indian, and "Hamogirolami," a Japanese. Among "Red Wing's" sketches were illustrations for Longfellow's poem, "Hiawatha," and "Hamogirolami's" pictures included one of "Moses descending Mount Sinai" and another entitled "Illustration to Dante's Purgatoris VIII." The *Ayr Advertiser* says:—"The drawings as a collection must be unique, as the majority bear the stamp of the master hand." Mr. Browning's work as an author and psychic artist is already favourably known to readers of this *Gazette*.

Miss Rose Burgess, the Conductor of the National Lyceum of New Zealand, has passed to the higher life after four months illness in Dunedin hospital. She was a native of Maidstone, Kent, and went with her widowed mother to New Zealand seventeen years ago. There she developed the gift of automatic writing in prose and verse, and became one of the most active workers of the Dunedin Spiritualist Society. "The labour that lay closest to her heart," says the *Message of Life*, "was guiding the minds of the young in the ways of truth, and she made the Lyceum movement her principal life work. . . . The children all respected and loved Aunt Betty, as she was affectionately called, as did her assistants, and many tokens of this love were forthcoming during the long period of her illness." In giving instructions as to her funeral, Miss Burgess wrote:—"I want no tears and mourning, only laughter and brightness, as I shall, I hope, be where there is brightness and happiness. I trust I have helped to make somebody's life a little brighter, as so many have made mine with their wonderful expressions of love."

MR. G. R. S. MEAD.

IN the fullness of time, at the age of seventy years, Mr. Mead, the well-known scholar, left this world for another life on September 27. He had lately been for a holiday in the Island of Sark, and was there taken so ill that he had to be brought back to his home in Chelsea. The immediate cause of his death was declared to be cerebral hæmorrhage.

The first formative period of Mr. Mead's career was passed at King's College, Cambridge, where he took his academic degree of M.A. His chief concern was then for classical literature, an interest which he maintained to the end.

To this he added in his earlier years a study of Oriental Philosophy and became very closely identified with the Theosophical Society, so much so, in fact, that he was for a time the secretarial assistant to Madame Blavatsky. In this circle he issued an English version of some of the Upanishads, with the aid of an Indian colleague; and thereafter produced a number of translations and studies on Hermetic and Gnostic philosophies.

Mr. Mead left the Theosophical Society in the first decade of this century and founded the Quest Society, which he guided with great ardour for many years until his retirement from active work. The pages of the *Quest Quarterly Review* reveal the wide and catholic interests of this industrious scholar, who in his later years penetrated into the difficult territory of Christian origins and obscure oriental cults.

It is right to remark, however, that the word "quest" was singularly appropriate in regard to Mr. Mead, for he gave much of his time to psychic research and had a first-hand knowledge of Spiritualistic phenomena. Several mediums helped him with their powers, and naturally at the end were present to offer their sympathy at the cremation of his body at Golders Green on September 30. The service was undertaken by the Rev. Ethelbert Goodchild, one time President of the Quest Society. There were present, with me, several members of the Society for Promoting the Study of Religions, of which Mr. Mead was a much appreciated member.

W. LOFTUS HARE.

Life Stories from the Spirit World.

"ORIENTAL BIOGRAPHIES."

THE SECOND SERIES of these fascinating and convincing scripts, received by the hand of Mr. Richard Phillips, appears on pages 25 and 26 of this number.

Next month we shall print the self-told stories of—

ELATAH, the Chaldean, "whose poverty ceased with her earth-life";

ELALAH, the Mede, "the wife of a rich man who had three other wives";

PTAH, the daughter of an Egyptian priest, who taught her things concerning the second life which made her feel its certainty;

GALEN, a Chinese lady of high rank, who was poisoned by her fellow-wives. She had no children but adopted two in the next world;

PSAMANATHA, an Aryan lady who lived in Alamatha, a city on the Ganges, "whose language is no longer heard on the lips of men"; and

AGEATHA, a man who lived in the same city, and who says, "Before Babylon and Nineveh arose, I lived."

These unique stories, appearing here exclusively from October 1933 to March 1934, can be obtained, post free for P.O. 3/6 from the Publishers, I.P.G., 69, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Spiritualists should not miss these historic Scripts.

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.*

Telepathy is accepted by religion, which teaches that inspiration is a thought-message received from a higher being, and if this is possible with the highest, why not with lower grades of beings, who are still far above us, having passed beyond the veil? If we are always rushing about on mundane affairs they cannot get at us, but if we are ready to help by giving them a quiet and peaceful time for communication they can.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

EARL
Cha
and
heather-c
Hampshi
of by the
Camping

We h
"Christo
first-borr
home a f
delightfu
form, hi
with nev
with hir
for the
greatly
circling
of the pi

But
Indeed,
he had
the lam
fire to t

S
Many
America
for we h
and we
American
When we
stacked
kind end
a week.

We re
in vain
started
entertain
that we
their stu
building
some ri
My fr
a newsp
told the
would b
on its b

When
gate of
engaged
strange
low to
the exp
and w
me to l

So ev
me, at
awaitin
gracion
I was
accom

All
but fo
we mi
I was
withou
receiv
notes
lodgin

Nov
and th
I ate
depres
wreck
revolv
Eve
friend
which
I felt
press
terda
drow

Mr. Tom Charman's First Psychic Experience.

HOW A "VOICE" SAVED HIM FROM A TRAGIC DEATH.

By THE EDITOR.

EARLY in September we visited Mr. Tom Charman, "The Friend of the Fairies," and his devoted wife Margaret, at their heather-clad, fairy-haunted estate at Godshill, Hampshire, which is sometimes made free use of by the League of Nations as an International Camping Ground.

We had planned this visit mainly to see "Christopher Pan," the beautiful and wonderful first-born child who had arrived to bless their home a few months before. And he was truly a delightful fellow to meet, with his perfect sturdy form, his alert activity and his humorous smile, with never a shadow of a whimper. We frolicked with him and accompanied him to see the sea for the first time, at Southampton. He was greatly interested in watching the seagulls circling and diving in the sunshine at the end of the pier, to the music of the band.

But this is not a story about Christopher. Indeed, he is right out of it, for it was only after he had gone to "by-bye" that his father lit the lamp and set aglow a merry, crackling wood fire to tell us about his first psychic experience.

SOME AMERICAN ADVENTURES.

Many years ago, he began, I went out from England to America with an artist friend. We went to paint pictures for we had been told "they would sell like hot cakes," and we would soon amass a fortune! Our adviser, an American artist, had an over-sanguine temperament. When we visited his studio we found a mass of his pictures stacked up which had failed to find purchasers! He was kind enough and meant well and we stayed with him for a week.

We remained in Washington for some months looking in vain for something to do in our own line. Then we started giving ventriloquial, dramatic and humorous entertainments in a small way, which were so successful that we were invited to play before the U.S. Senators at their strawberry supper in the throne-room of a palatial building, known as "The Halls of the Ancients," which some rich man had erected—"to make the City famous!"

My friend then secured a post in the art-department of a newspaper and I went on to Atlantic City where I was told there must be plenty of scope for me, as the place would be full of summer visitors and 80,000 people bathed on its beach every day.

HOSPITABLE STRANGERS.

When I had been there two days a man standing at the gate of his bungalow in front of the sea hailed me and engaged me in conversation. He said as I seemed to be a stranger and alone perhaps I would like to use his bungalow to undress. Thus I would avoid the crowds and save the expense of a bathing hut. I thought him very kind, and when he took me into the bungalow and introduced me to his wife she was equally gracious and hospitable.

So every morning after that I used the room they offered me, and there was always a cup of piping-hot coffee awaiting me when I came in from my bathe. Their graciousness and hospitality increased day by day until I was also sharing their meals. The husband used to accompany me to bathe.

All this time I was looking for some suitable occupation, but found nothing. Had my artist friend been with me we might have started a pierrot-show on the beach, but I was too shy to venture alone. However, I was not without means, for just before leaving England I had received a small legacy which I carried in English bank notes in my pocket-book. I did not leave them at my lodgings lest they might be tampered with.

Now after about a week I began to feel strangely ill, and thought the climate was having a bad effect. Nothing I ate seemed to agree with me, and I became very depressed. In about six weeks I was such a perfect wreck that I wrote out my last testament and bought a revolver to put an end to my misery.

Every morning, however, I continued to bathe with my friend. He tried to coax me to go out into the deep water which he said was much warmer than on the beach, but I felt so weak I would not go. One morning when he pressed me I said, "A man was drowned out there yesterday." He replied, "What is that? Dozens are drowned here every season!" But for the most part

I had become a mere automaton in his hands, and did everything he suggested without question.

A WARNING VOICE.

One day he said, "Come down earlier to-morrow and we can bathe before so many people are about." I did so, but for the first time I had left my pocket-book in my trunk, as I had proved that my landlady was trustworthy. It was not because I mistrusted my very hospitable friend. When I arrived he said, "Let us go a little bit up the beach." As we were walking along I saw him pick up a piece of lead piping, which he quickly dropped when he saw that I had observed him. A hundred yards further on he said, "You wait here; I won't be long."

While I was waiting and wondering, I heard a voice, though no one visible was near, saying distinctly in my ear, "That man is poisoning you!" With a rush the truth dawned upon me and I exclaimed, "Good God! Of course he is." I had for six weeks been blind as a bat to his true character, owing to his own and his wife's affability, but now, when my eyes were open, I looked keenly into his face when he returned and told myself, "That man is a murderer." He was shaking with agitation, for probably he had just discovered that my bank notes were no longer in my clothes. He said, "Let us go back to our old spot." When we reached it, he started to cough violently and feigned sickness. He said, "I don't think I shall go in this morning," and I replied, "Well, I don't think I shall either." I knew now my life depended on keeping cool. He appealed to me again to bathe, saying it always did me so much good, but I said, "No, I shan't this morning." He then raced hurriedly up the steps of his bungalow and I went after him with the speed and strength of desperation, for I knew I must keep him in sight. I was just in time to see him rush into a pantry and close the door. I went into my room and dressed rapidly for I was now in a panic. The panic increased for I did not know at what moment or from what quarter I might be dealt a blow. I saw the pantry door slightly open as if he were observing my movements. So I picked up my coat, collar and hat and rushed out. With that the pantry door opened instantly and the scoundrel shouted "Going?" to which I replied "Gone!"

* * * * *

I immediately came back to England but my sister had to nurse me for many months before the cruel effects of the poisoning were out of my system.

* * * * *

SEANCE REVELATIONS.

I soon became interested in Spiritualism and had a sitting with Mrs. Rose, the well-known medium. As soon as she fell into trance she went over this whole incident. She described the bungalow, the man and wife, and their operations in mixing a white powder (probably arsenic) in my coffee and food.

An Arab control came and said it was he who had shouted in my ear, "That man is poisoning you!" He explained that he was my spiritual guide. I recognised his voice at once as that which gave me the timely warning and saved my life.

At another seance the spirit of the man himself came and said, "You were the worst mess ever I made of anybody." He said he was a professional poisoner and had met many of his victims on the other side. I said, "Why do you come to me?" He replied, "Because you have had no thoughts of revenge." I said, "I was only too glad to get clear away. How was it you passed out?"

"You were the cause of my finish," he replied. "I did not know where you had gone, or what you knew or might do. Every footstep I heard might mean the electric chair. I could not sleep. I lived in constant terror until I succumbed."

* * * * *

While I was still an invalid recovering in a Hampshire village I found myself at a loss for something to read. I went out to ask the grocer if he had any books he could lend me. His son cried, "Yes, I have one that should about suit you. Wait a minute and I will go upstairs for it." When he brought it down and handed it to me, I read its title, "The Celebrated Poisoners of History." I thanked him and said, "That will interest me very much," but I did not tell him why. Perhaps he wondered!

❖ ❖ ❖

Mr. J. Arthur Findlay, whose new book "The Rock of Truth" is stirring so much public interest, will give the morning address to the Spiritualist Community at Grottrian Hall on Sunday, November 26, at 11 o'clock. His subject will be, "Why Spiritualism must become the only World Religion."

A Fresh Talk with George R. Sims.

HELPING THE DYING, AND "SERVICE UNADULTERATED."

GEORGE R. SIMS, speaking the other day through Mrs. Eileen Garrett, the trance medium, told me (writes a correspondent) that he has been studying since our last talks with him the process of dying, and the arrival in the Spirit world of the newly released souls. He has met in this way all sorts and conditions of men and women, "And my experience makes me think," he said, "that death is the easiest thing a man has to face."

It is part of the service Sims is giving in the Spheres to take these newly arrived souls to a Rest Home, and to give them such further help as they may need at the outset of their new life.

We spoke of the best way of disposing of the old, worn-out body after death. Until the third day, the soul, he explained, sometimes absorbs from the body.

"But after the third day absorption from the body is finished, and it does not matter by which method—burial or cremation—the body is disposed of."

Personally he dislikes cemeteries. "They are so insanitary," he said; and therefore his own view is—and his own body was cremated—that "it is better that there should be a cleansing by the process of fire. It doesn't hurt the body; it is merely a matter of sentiment."

He spoke again, as he has done before, of the rare beauty of the Spirit World, and he was very emphatic in asserting that it is neither a state of Heaven nor a condition of Hell, "but a chemical world—a world of matter—just as yours is."

"People," he said, "talk of an etheric world; but make no mistake about it, it is a world of matter. Here are we, outside your construction of earth, moving in a river of energy and moving three times more quickly than you, but within your solar and stellar systems."

"If you asked me," he added, by way of illustration, "whether you could bend down and pick up the soil here I would say, 'Yes, you can do so.' You have seen red soil and Egyptian sandstone, and there you get an idea of the texture of the soil here."

We talked of the passing of "Quex," a notable figure in Fleet Street, and Sims remarked, with the true journalistic touch, how "since he ('Quex') has taken his departure romance has gone out of his column."

"There are no newspapers on our side," he remarked, "and no organised Press, but the adventurous life that journalists live, and that sense of 'hail fellow, well met,' that exists amongst them, are very helpful in furthering here our work of service, which, I may tell you, is *service unadulterated*."

Another subject on which we touched was the Return of Northcliffe. "I believe," he said, "by continually pegging away Northcliffe has got many people to listen to him and give this subject a sane deal. It certainly gets a hearing to-day which it never got before."

ABDUHL LATIF, EMANUEL, DR. RANSOME AND MUNNINGS.

"Sims" (our correspondent adds), "had sent me a message through a voice medium in New Zealand that he wished to get in touch with me again. I went to Mrs. Garrett, knowing that he has occasionally spoken through her to other friends. As he did not come at once and the medium had no idea of the purpose of my visit, I asked for Abduhl Latif, who does such good work through her for Mr. R. H. Saunders. I felt that he would be able to help, for it was he who in the last months of Sims' life on earth relieved the insomnia from which he had long suffered, and so helped, with Mr. Saunders, in changing his views on Spiritualism that he became a friendly sympathiser, whereas before he had always been one of our critics."

When Abduhl came I recalled our first meeting eight or nine years ago at a seance given by Munnings.

"It is a strange thing," said Abduhl, "that I was talking to a lady only the other day when, who do you think turned up?—'Emanuel.' She was a great admirer of his, and he came along to tell her just what a dreadful time he had in trying to keep conditions going at all, and how he regretted Munnings' downfall."

Abduhl went on to say that he has often been asked why the medium's spirit guide let him go to pieces. "It is not a case," he explained, "where we can interfere with free will, and sometimes it is the experience of those who go in this direction that retrogression is the true form of progression."

"I will mention your wish to Emanuel," he went on, "to talk again with some of those bright and breezy fellows—those fellows full of the joy of life with whom you have conversed, and he will tell you what is happening."

After a little pause there came a spirit, saying "A distinctly different approach, my friend. This is not your good friend Emanuel. I have pleasure in coming in his place. It is a little different from speaking in the direct voice, and not so good. I feel myself there is no power like the direct voice for getting your personality through. I am Dr. Ransome. Your very good counsellor, Abduhl Latif, has said you would like to see some of 'the old club,' shall I say. We have been very handicapped since the downfall of our medium."

"But you have spoken a good deal in New Zealand," I said.

"Yes, I have talked through Brice, but we have never been able to do as much in that direction as we should like. Nevertheless, it is quite true we have manifested there at various times in the past four or five years."

With regard to Sims, Dr. Ransome said that he, too, has been in contact with New Zealand. "There is no difficulty about that at all," he remarked, "I only wish you could understand the adventurous keenness of the man and the way he has adapted himself to the work here."

"If," he added, "one of the controls can now slip in, I know personally he would welcome such a moment as this to have a talk with you. There is no doubt he has been 'digging round' for a method by which he might renew contact with you. We are as willing to manifest as in the past, and if we can only get the direct voice again we shall have, let us hope, some more merry meetings."

* * * * *

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH."

NURSE H. R. RAMSAY, a loyal, helpful, and disinterested friend and psychic counsellor of Mr. W. T. Stead, when he edited *Borderland*, and of ourselves since his passing, called on us the other day to mention with what pleasure she read "Hypatia's" description of a spirit garden in Mrs. Montague Crane's recent book, "A Dead Doctor Writes" (see October *Gazette*, page 7).

It recalled visions of her own, she said, of just such a garden. "Hypatia" said:—

"Picture while yet in your earth garden no death; everything at its noontide; no decay; everything fadeless—a perfect peace—yet alive—intensely so—and love supreme wrapping all in silence."

"No sun, yet wondrous light; no sorrow, but everlasting joy; and a Presence that makes the final joy and peace of it all."

Nurse Ramsay said:—"When sitting in my room, as wide awake as I am now, about six weeks ago, I found myself in spirit in a gorgeous garden whose beauty words cannot describe. Everywhere were beautiful, sweet smelling flowers in great splendour; everywhere harmony and peace, and a delightful soft light over all. I found myself among many people, and I received the impression that they were the souls of weary, self-sacrificing, workers taken there in their sleep for needed help and refreshment. Advanced souls were giving them flowers and comfort, as they rested on couches. I wondered what this garden might be, and a voice answered my question saying, 'It is The Garden of Allah.'"

"Strange to say I felt a strong Scottish element among the spiritual helpers, and saw Dr. Guthrie, the famous philanthropist, and Dr. George MacDonald, the novelist, both of whom I remember meeting when I was a girl in Edinburgh. I also saw 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' Flora MacDonald, and spirits from past centuries, who were all giving their help and comfort to weary ones needing consolation."

"It was only when I was coming back out of my dream or vision that I began to realise what it all meant, and the moment I read 'Hypatia's' description of the spirit garden, I exclaimed, 'It is all true, for I have been there!'"

November

INFO

M R. F
psych
five y

and inform
published
title "Op

When i
Daily Ma
quotations
paid with

his body
of spirit
experien

mind; s
Director
Africa; 1

which ha
and add
their ven

Here,
authority
our mov
service o

his spiri
in South
ing the
Roberts,

mediums
ALL W

From t
next wor
preceded

Annie,
are like,
there, and

"Why,
"are son
through a

"Love
magnet.
for some

aura you
attracted

"

astor
give
then

to v
we
in t
help

"

prog
inst
in t
from

INDIV

"Doc
profess
"Yes

which e
of life
world b

"Peo
or ment
These a

assist a
here in
the why

Life,
retain y
"Ma
because
endowe
nothing
"Do
author
"No
rich me

World Renowned Scientist's Experiences.

INFORMING TALKS WITH BRADLAUGH AND OTHER SPIRIT GUIDES.

ANOTHER GREAT SPIRITUALIST BOOK.

MR. F. W. FITZSIMONS' record of his psychic experiences over a period of thirty-five years makes one of the most fascinating and informing psychic books of the year. It is published by Hutchinson at 12/6, under the title "OPENING THE PSYCHIC DOOR."

When it first came out, a few weeks ago, the *Daily Mail* devoted two or three columns to quotations from it, describing the visit the author paid with his spirit friend Dr. Morgan, whilst his body was sleeping, to "one of the real hells of spirit life." The *Daily Mail* treated this experience sympathetically and with an open mind; spoke of the author's high position as Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, South Africa; recalled the anthropological researches which have won for him international renown, and added that his knowledge of snakes and their venom is unchallenged the world over.

Here, then, we have a scientist of world-wide authority doing our movement, and not only our movement but all humanity, the invaluable service of publishing the talks he has had with his spirit friends at seventy or more seances in South Africa, and his experiences (confirming the results there) with Mrs. Wriedt, Mrs. Roberts, William Hope, Mrs. Deane, and other mediums, whilst on a visit to this country.

ALL WORKERS AND HELPERS IN THE NEXT WORLD.

From these records we get wonderful glimpses of the next world and the activities of our friends who have preceded us there.

Annie, the spirit cousin of the author, tells him "you are like, shall I say, caterpillars crawling slowly here and there, and we are like butterflies in comparison."

"Why," the author asked his spirit friend, Dr. Morgan, "are some spirit people so anxious to return and work through a sensitive in the earth body?"

"Love for those dear to them," he replied, "is a potent magnet. A great many are desirous of finding an outlet for some talent. For instance, it is apparent in your aura you have a talent for writing, consequently this has attracted spirit people with similar desires:—

"The people of earth, if they only knew, would be astonished beyond measure at the extent of the help given by spirit people to them in guarding and inspiring them. There are great opportunities for spirit people to work amongst those still in the earth body, and we of the next plane of existence labour very largely in this way. In fact, we are all workers; and by helping others we help ourselves.

"I, and others of the same spiritual degree of progress, obtain most of our guidance, teaching, and instruction from the sphere beyond us; our teachers in turn obtain their knowledge and enlightenment from those higher still, and so on."

INDIVIDUALITY AND MEMORY RETAINED.

"Doctor," Mr. FitzSimons asked his friend, "is your profession of any use to you now?"

"Yes," he said; "firstly I learned biology and much which enables me to comprehend the facts and phenomena of life and nature. At times I assist doctors in your world by mental impression.

"People who have suffered long periods of bodily pain or mental anguish before passing out are tired and weak. These are taken to homes of rest to recuperate. I often assist at these cases. Women find congenial employment here in looking after sick souls, and initiating them into the why and wherefore of their new lives!"

Life, in fact, is very real on the Other Side, "and you retain your individuality and earth memories."

"Many people seem to think," Dr. Morgan says, "that because we have made the change called death, we are endowed with much wisdom and are supermen. It is nothing of the sort."

"Does everyone go into a beautiful country?" the author asked his cousin, Annie.

"No," she said, "with many it is the reverse. If the rich men of earth only knew of our life here they would

be more eager to help the poor and needy on the earth and do all the good they can with their money."

THE SIN OF SELFISHNESS.

"The greatest common and general sin," the Doctor says, "is selfishness." Among the chief sinners are:—

"Those who are in a position to help the suffering and the weak on their journey through life, and do not do so.

"The employer of labour who sweats his employees.

"The slum landlord and others with vested interests, who obstruct those whose desire it is to improve the living conditions of the people.

"Taking it all round, men prey incessantly on one another. This should not be."

There are many, many thousands of instances, it is stated, where servants and slaves have gone far higher on the Other Side than their masters.

Another spirit friend pointed out that it is the same with your titled people, the so-called aristocracy, and those in positions of authority:

"Unless they have freely given the milk of human kindness, and shown willingness to give all the help within their power to those less fortunate than themselves, more especially to those in want and distress, they will have a rude awakening here when they find the kind of habitation they have built for themselves in the lower regions of the spirit world."

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAXWORKS

Charles Bradlaugh, who is one of the chief guides at these seances, relates the story of a selfish woman who, not having laid up any treasure in heaven, found her habitation a mere shack. When her gardener passed over, his desire to meet his former mistress was granted and, assisted by his friends, she was wafted away to a veritable Paradise. Turning to him, she asked in astonishment, "Who lives in this beautiful house?" He replied, "I do, Madam."

When Mr. FitzSimons was in London he went to Madame Tussaud's and sat opposite the waxwork figure of Bradlaugh, and fell into meditation on the past.

At a sitting with a deep trance medium three or four weeks later, Bradlaugh said:

"I was with you when you sat on the seat and looked at my figure. I am the same now, but changed; very much changed in thought, ideals, and in form too.

"I am young again, and pulsating with life. There is no old age here, my friend. The spirit body is young and always remains so, without any of earth's blemishes."

"What brought you when I was looking at your wax figure?"

"Your thoughts at the time were centred on me, and I came to see the reason why."

"GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY."

There is a great advantage, one of the spirit guides told the author, in growing old gracefully in the earth body.

"Why?" he was asked:—

"You pass over here in a natural way, with your earthly passions and desires subdued, and with all that is highest and noblest in the ascendancy. Fortunate are those who are able to keep their physical bodies until they are of no further use to them."

"Every kind thought, word, and act will give you," the guide says, "great pleasure after you pass into our world."

"What about Prayer?" he was asked.

Prayer, when earnest, sincere and unselfish, attracts the notice of God's Angels, or, in other words, spirit beings of the higher spheres, who bring forces into operation to meet the need, if a real need it be.

Amongst a thousand other things, we read, as the result of the author's informing talks with his spirit friends, that:—

Exposures of mediums are often brought about by trickery and unscrupulous spirit people who are attracted to seances at which the sitters are those who lead grossly selfish and carnal lives.

Whilst multitudes of human souls, worn out with the struggle of life, may rest for a long time after passing over, sooner or later they aspire to service, and knowledge is imparted for their advancement.

Spirit teachers from high spheres have looked to Dr. Morgan like a blaze of light, through which every colour of the rainbow scintillates. Their brightness almost blinded him.

Spirit communication is still an extremely difficult business, and it is often apt "to get mixed, misinterpreted, entangled and coloured with the mental emanations of the medium.

Those who during their earth lives hold strong views on any subject usually continue to do so after transition.

In badly conducted circles the earthbound and lower spirit people will often pander to the vanity of sitters by giving high-sounding names.

"Life on earth," Dr. Morgan says, "is a pilgrimage. You are all brothers and sisters, and in the degree you help one another, just in that degree will you find a home built awaiting you here."

THE BIRTH OF A BABY.

"Doctor," the author asked him, "have you or any of the others on your side, ever seen a spirit incarnate into the body of a baby?"

"No," he said, "I never have, but this will interest you: A number of men who were of the medical profession when on earth became interested in this question.

I was one of them. We kept observation on a woman right through the period of gestation, until the babe was born.

"There lay the child, a living spirit. We saw its spiritual counterpart as we see yours. From the day of birth the little physical body and its spirit body grew; but we failed to see the influx of spirit or entity of any kind take possession of that baby's body during the entire pre-natal period.

"Prematurely born, stillborn, and very young babies arrive here in great numbers. They grow in stature and unfold in mind and spirit."

And there we must leave this wonderfully interesting book, of which we have but touched the fringe. The talks fall into natural divisions, and we suggest that those Spiritualist churches will prove the most advanced and enlightened who make a new departure this winter and have them read from the platform as part of their weekly service. Only by reading extracts from vital modern books like this can their congregations hope to learn the facts about the Life towards which we are all speeding.

"Twenty Years After": Things Worth Recalling.

From the "International Psychic Gazette" for November, 1913.

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE AND THE £1,000 GHOST CASE.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE is the greatest personality that has come into my life. I made his acquaintance in 1907 in connection with the libel action brought by Archdeacon Colley against Mr. Maskelyne, wherein the latter counter-claimed for £1,000 which he alleged was due to him for fulfilment of a challenge which the Archdeacon had issued to him.

When Dr. Wallace came to London to see Maskelyne's performance I accompanied him to St. George's Hall. All the time the £1,000 ghost was put on the stage he was chuckling quietly and said that Maskelyne's performance was no more like Monck's seance "than chalk was like cheese." (The counter-claim turned on how far Mr. Maskelyne had reproduced a seance at which Monck was the medium and a spirit form issued from his side.)

In court he was examined by my Counsel, Mr. Eldon Bankes, K.C., and gave a detailed description of Monck's seance:—

... The medium and the figure (the spirit form) moved away from each other till they were about five or six feet apart.

The figure had by then assumed the appearance of a thickly draped female form, with arms and hands just visible.

Monck looked towards it and again said to us, "Look!" and clapped his hands. The figure put out her hands, clapped them as he had done, and then moved slowly back to him and was absorbed into his body.

I think the opinion of the jury up to Dr. Wallace's evidence was that the Archdeacon, though obviously genuine, had been tricked, but they listened with open mouths to the corroborating evidence of the great man of science, and I have little doubt that he turned a losing case into a winning one.

Shortly after the trial an M.P. told me that he considered that Dr. Wallace's evidence was the most striking event of the year.—E. R. Serocold Skeels.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEPARTED.

It is too readily taken for granted that the release of the soul from its earthly body quickens its perceptions and enables it at once to perceive things previously hidden. Instances beyond number have come under my notice where the liberated soul is unaware of any change having taken place and believes itself to be still following its old earthly occupation.

Many are seemingly contented with their lot and have no wish to progress to a higher life. But in direct contrast is the cry often coming from the awakening soul, conscious of the desire for light, "Pray for me, pray for me." To assist those of our departed friends who need our help in their efforts to repair life's errors by our prayers and kindly wishes is a Christian duty that should on no account be neglected. All have opportunities for doing this without in the least degree interfering with other work.—Thomas Atwood, Ramleh, Egypt.

EARL OF SANDWICH A HEALER.

The Earl of Sandwich, in an address at University College, London, recalled that after the South African war he had sixty wounded officers at his home, and there was never a doctor or nurse in the house. He acted as both to the wounded men, and he was gratified at the

success. There were few serious maladies he had not attended with success. Indeed, he thought he might say he had never failed to relieve people in pain. He had attended them in palaces, in colleges, in hospitals and in homes. He had been asked to explain his healing power, but he had nothing to explain—he only knew what happened. He thought it possible that many possessed a similar power, which they could exercise with great usefulness.

IN TIMES OF TROUBLE.

It is difficult to prescribe for others, but if ever you have times when you are crushed with sorrow, when memories are vivid and your eyes filled with tears, and no human being can comfort you, just mentally open your whole self inwardly and outwardly to the Soul of Souls. Go straight to the Divine. Say over and over again:—"I am part of Infinite Spirit. Infinite Spirit, Thou shalt realise Thyself in me; I will not grieve Thee. Thy life is now pulsing through me. I will be a pure dwelling-place for Thy life. I am in touch now with the Power that made the universe. I claim now for myself, for my loved ones, for all, the fulness of our inheritance in Thee. I believe that measureless Love indwells in all souls in whatever world they may be. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory."—Archdeacon Wilberforce in his book "Spiritual Consciousness."

HOW TO SEND AN ARTICLE FOR PSYCHOMETRY.

Many people send a lock of hair. The idea is good; but, on the other hand, hair is a poor conductor of magnetic force or vibration. Personally I think highly of a few words written by the sender, who should keep the note on his person a few days before sending it, this being a great help in establishing a true current of touch between sitter and medium. He should place the note in a cover and post it himself. The doing of these simple things will go far to establish a more or less continuous current of psychic vibrations which will assist greatly in obtaining the best results.—Anna J. Chapin, the Blind Medium.

THINK AND TALK OF HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS.

Make a strenuous effort to control your mind's powers—your thought and will, and thus gain a mastery over self. All adverse thoughts and suggestions, and the reading of calamities and dreadful happenings, diseases and disasters in works of fiction and the daily Press should be avoided. If we think and talk disease and disaster we tend to bring them about, while if we think and talk and hope for health, happiness, harmony and success, we have the better prospect of their being ours, because we have implanted in our natures the seeds of our desires. Besides, there is so very much in the world that is beautiful and nice to talk about without dwelling unnecessarily on dreadful happenings.—J. Millott Severn, Brighton.

THE PASSING OF JAMES ROBERTSON.

Though I did not know Mr. Robertson personally, I feel I cannot let this occasion pass without paying my humble tribute to such a man. I often wonder what would have been the fate of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists when it was passing through dangerous shoals two years ago if Mr. Robertson had not come aboard and taken the tiller in hand and steered the good old ship into safe waters.—D. M.

The Famous Indian Guide "White Wing."

By MARY WINEFRIDE SLATER.

THREE years ago I went for the first time to the London Spiritualist Alliance to hear the trance addresses given through Mr. W. E. Foster by his control, the great Indian Chief "White Wing." I was profoundly impressed by them, as were also the Rev. George Vale Owen and Dr. John Lamond, who expressed their high appreciation after the meetings.

The final address brought the summer session to a close, and I had grown to know and love White Wing very deeply. I was leaving London, and was sad to feel that I should lose touch with him. I expressed my feelings to Mrs. Foster, and asked if she would tell White Wing how much I wished he could say "good-bye" to me. Mr. Foster was still entranced, and Mrs. Foster acceded to my request. With one of his uproarious bursts of laughter, White Wing sprang to his feet, and then becoming suddenly grave, said, "You must not think of 'Whitie' like that. There are no 'good-byes' over here. 'Whitie' is just like a little sun shining down always upon your world, even upon the check pinafores of your little children playing in the gutters. Call 'Whitie,' he will hear and come!"

I left London and returned to the north of England. I determined to test the truth of White Wing's words. I called upon him and visualised him often, during the year that followed, but with no apparent result. I have a very nervous temperament and love the quiet country. I dreaded that circumstances might compel me to return to London. My fears were realised, and I was obliged to go to town once more.

THE WORK OF "WHITE WING."

On my arrival I found that the room I had engaged at a private hotel in Queen's Gate was occupied, and I had to climb up to a sixth floor room that was little better than an attic. A sense of unutterable loneliness came over me, and I collapsed from weakness and disappointment.

The following morning, my daughter found me in a condition of exhausted helplessness, and took the situation in hand. She interviewed the Manageress, who allowed me to leave at once, although I had intended to stay indefinitely. I had no fixed idea where I should go, but I said to my daughter:—"I want to see if they can take me, across the road." We drove to a hotel on the opposite side of the street, and were able to engage a comfortable room on a lower floor.

When my daughter and I entered the dining-room, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Foster seated at one of the tables. When lunch was over, I told them all that had happened, and they exclaimed:—"That is White Wing's work!"

Although Mr. Foster had no appointment vacant for a sitting, Mrs. Foster persuaded a friend to allow me to take her place the following morning, and White Wing came to talk to me himself!

"You think you come to London because you wish," he said. "That is not so. You come because White Wing wished to make contact. You pass test, and always when that happens you come back to Whitie. He knew you long years before you knew him; he came to you through many mediums. Your spirit knows it, but that not reached your mentality. You do good work, but you not understand how. You are marked!"

After a talk lasting nearly an hour, during which White Wing appeared to know intimately every detail of my life, he gave me treatment.

Before the sitting Mrs. Foster had advised me to take off my wrist-watch and jewellery, because she said that White Wing's power was so strong, that anything fragile might be broken.

"Now Whitie gives you ozone!" he exclaimed during my treatment, swinging his arms round and round like a windmill, and then I realised that the warning had been necessary.

The high spiritual exaltation of White Wing's words were so uplifting, and the inexpressible beauty of the prayer he offered on my behalf to the Great White Spirit, so great that they will always remain a sacred memory.

"You go away from this busy city," he said at last. "No need for you to stay here now. You go back where the skies are blue, and the trees and fields are green, where the flowers grow wild and the birds sing. You go where it is still. White Wing goes with you, and sees the beautiful things with you. Put away all anxieties and learn to know the Great White Spirit."

"Did you hear me calling you?" I asked. "It was a constant vibration!" he answered.



"WHITE WING."

Inspired Drawing by Mrs. Slater.

I returned to the north, and White Wing kept his promise. He was seen with me by a gipsy who lived in a travelling caravan, which accompanied a fair from town to town. The roundabouts screeched and the rifles cracked in the shooting galleries. When White Wing came she was compelled to close her eyes; the light he brought dazzled her. He came again in the cottage of a little woman I visited, who was clairvoyant. She was afraid of him, and ran across the room hiding her face in her hands. She said the light he brought lit up the whole room as if it was on fire.

I asked him to visit a sick woman who lived alone in a room in Earl's Court Road. Two days later I had a letter from her saying:—"I have seen your White Wing. He came and stood by my bed, and held a white feather for me to see. I began to get better at once!"

I returned to London the following year, and he came to me through Mrs. Stock, the well-known medium, at the Spiritualist Community's bazaar. He said he had been showing me wonderful pictures of India and had impressed me to draw his picture. I had indeed been seeing vivid scenes of India, but did not realise from whom they came. The sketch I made of him is reproduced on this page.

It was drawn under remarkable circumstances. I had made many attempts to draw the feathers correctly, and paid many visits to the York Free Library to examine pictures of Indian Chiefs, but my efforts to copy them had failed. One day I visited some friends, whose daughter was being educated at the York College for Girls. The child was sitting at a table doing her lessons, when she suddenly began to sway backwards and forwards in her chair, saying, "Os-ke, Os-ke!"

"Why are you saying that, Elizabeth?" I asked.

"Os-ke-non-ton is coming to the College to-morrow to tell us about the Indians," she replied.

Os-ke-non-ton is an Indian Chief. He took the part of "Medicine Man" in the magnificent production of "Hiawatha" at the Albert Hall.

I obtained special permission from the Headmistress to go to the lecture. For two hours Os-ke-non-ton held a hall full of children of all ages spellbound. He took off his feathered head-dress and showed us how each feather was held in its place.

That I, who had nothing to do with the College, was able to be present so unexpectedly at this lecture, was undoubtedly the "work of White Wing" once again.

International Psychic Gazette

The Independent Monthly Organ of
Spiritualism and Psychical Research.

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

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

"The Spirit Hypothesis."

MR. W. W. LOVE, whose articles on the *Psychograph* have excited so much interest, has told us in an interview of his long battle against *The Spirit Hypothesis*, and how at last the facts beat him, as follows—

I USED to go into trance and semi-trance long before I believed in the spirit hypothesis, he began.

About forty years ago my mother became interested in Spiritualism in Melbourne, Australia, and began to hold meetings in her house with a medium and a few friends. I was then travelling and would be away for months at a time, but when I arrived home on one occasion I went to their room to see what a seance was like.

There was a small group of sitters. We sat around a table and in a few minutes my left hand began to shake, without any volition on my part. An old lady said I was a medium in spite of myself, but I said it was simply a case of animal magnetism coming from the sitters to me.

Then my right hand began to shake also, and both my hands became vigorously agitated against my will. I said that was funny, but still I saw no necessity for believing in spirits.

Next I put my hands on my knees and they began to bump up and down, and my head was joggled violently at the same time. I laughed and soon got free of the influence, whatever it was, but I would not yet give in to the idea of spirits.

At the second seance I felt the same sort of power come over me, and I admitted that it was something external to myself, but I said, "It is the devil; that is what it is." The influence, using my own voice, exclaimed "I am not the devil." And immediately my own normal voice replied, "It is the devil!" And so my two voices went on contradicting each other. I was conscious all the time and thought it a most peculiar experience, but even now I was not convinced of spirits.

DONALD NICHOLSON, THE JOCKEY.

At my third seance I went under control and became unconscious. When I resumed consciousness I was told I had gone to one of the sitters and said, "You know my brother Jack; I am Donald Nicholson." The sitter replied, "I do know Jack Nicholson." Can you give me a message for him, so that he will know you are Donald? My control said, "Tell Jack to send in his stable account to 'Virgo'—(a race-horse trainer). He will know from that I am his brother Donald."

When I became myself again, the sitter said, "That will be a remarkable test if it be true." So he went to see Jack Nicholson and told him what had happened. Jack said, "It is quite right; I do have an account against 'Virgo.'"

Some time afterwards I accompanied this friend to Newmarket in Victoria. He wanted to introduce me to Jack, and I was nothing loth for I thought I might possibly get a good tip for a horse-race!

First we talked of racing, and then we spoke of the alleged spirit-message from his brother Donald. He asked if I would sit at a table for him, as he had never seen one move. I was willing and we three sat down around a dining table. Instead of its moving my left hand circled round above the table and my voice gave utterance to racing expressions I felt compelled to make. I then exclaimed, "That is a race-course, but that is not the direction the horses run." Nicholson replied, "That is the way the horses run in Sydney, where my brother Donald did most of his riding."

Next my hand started banging the table in a sort of jolting way, and I said, "That is like a horse with a wooden leg." It banged more furiously and I said, "That is like a cat on hot bricks." No sooner had I said

that than I was thrown back in my chair, and I heard my voice shouting, "I am not a cat on hot bricks; I am Joseph Draper."

Again I relapsed into trance, and afterwards I was told that Draper said he had come to assist Donald Nicholson to speak to his brother Jack. The latter said, "If you are my brother Donald, can you tell me the name of the horse you were riding when you met with the accident? Donald gave him the name and described the horse in detail. Then Jack wanted to know under what colours Donald had been riding, and was told correctly; and further the names of their own brothers and sisters, and the latter's married names.

When I woke up and was told about this conversation I said, "How do you know that I did not dig all that information out of your own subconscious minds, and give it back to you?" I was determined not to yield to the spirit hypothesis so long as there was any other explanation possible.

MY BROTHER FRED'S PASSING.

Some time later I was away in the country about 150 miles from Melbourne. One Sunday afternoon I became very depressed and I went to my bedroom to be alone. I picked up a scribbling block and wrote automatically, "Fred has gone, 4—6," and drew the outline of a coffin. I said to myself that my only brother Fred, with whom I had never had a quarrel in our lives, could not possibly be dead, but next morning I received a wire from Melbourne saying, "Come home at once; poor Fred died yesterday." When I arrived home about midnight I was told that Fred had passed away at six minutes past four!

I went up to the room where his body was lying and Fred, controlling me, re-enacted in detail the scene of his passing, in the presence of my mother, my sister, and a young man who had been present. They confirmed all this, but I said it might be telepathy from their minds to mine.

My brother was engaged to a young lady who was not a Spiritualist, but she became interested after his death. I used to give her sittings at her mother's house, and Fred would control me and describe all the things she had been doing during the day. He would say for example, "I saw you this morning standing on a pair of steps and arranging the curtains"; "I saw you take my photograph out of one place in the album and put it in another place"; and "I know now all your secret hiding places, for I see you when you don't see me." He asked her, "What is that you keep under the corner of the carpet in the room upstairs?" and she replied, "That is where I keep my purse."

Even that did not convince me for I said her own thoughts had perhaps impressed me when I was passive.

Then I began to get evidence that could not be explained away. For example, a lady brought a legal document wrapped up in brown paper. Under control I described the contents, but added, "What you are really worried about is that you cannot find your mother's birth particulars." I described a house, a room, and a book on the second shelf of the book case there. I said, "You will find your mother's birth particulars in that book," and I mentioned the birth date, which was afterwards confirmed, though I had told the lady I thought I had been merely guessing and it would probably be all wrong.

CONVINCED AT LAST.

What brought me at last to conviction that neither telepathy nor devils could explain everything was an experience at home one midnight. I woke up with a start hearing an excited voice shouting at me, "Watch that light!" I went at once to my mother's room and found her and my sister sound asleep. I thought I must have been dreaming and was going back to bed when I caught sight of a glimmer of light through a fanlight. I went to investigate and found that a paraffin lamp had been left burning and that its flame was flaring some inches above the globe, and almost in contact with inflammable stage scenery. In two minutes more the house would have been in flames and we might all have perished in our sleep.

I was convinced at last. No telepathy could explain that warning, and no devils would have troubled to save us. The Spirit Hypothesis alone could explain how we had been all so miraculously saved.

J. L.



The Annual Spiritualist Service, in commemoration of Armistice Day, will be held in the Albert Hall on Sunday evening, November 12. Mr. George Craze, President of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association, will preside; the speakers will be Miss Lind-af-Hageby, Mr. Shaw Desmond, Mr. Ernest Hunt, and Mr. Hannen Swaffer; and Mrs. Estelle Roberts will give clairvoyance. Full particulars will be found on front page of cover.

November
LIFE

IN the
Phill
write
spirits v
years ag
in findi
what th
to fear
appeara
persona
they liv
of those
say "tl
is not d
The
they fo
friends
now be
of meo
perseve
separat
psychic
of "U
Phillip
And th
on dail
The
love, jo
progre
has be
in the
prepar
life th
strivin
the l
progre
are th
their j
And
V—TH
I a
Ethio
throu
write.
Our
a king
I was
wound
I died
the E
wisest
May
to wri
find it
I an
Island
that I
my lif
My
lived i
the qu
war.
prom
and ho
My
childr
of the
I kne
believ
share
showi
know
or wh

LIFE STORIES FROM THE ANCIENT PAST.

AS PSYCHICALLY TOLD TO RICHARD PHILLIPS.

GLATHIS, ALCINOE, ALETHEIA, MEHEMPET, AND TEMENTE.

"These Oriental Biographies are very convincing."—*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.*

IN the following Life Stories, which Richard Phillips, the Spiritualist poet and hymn-writer, took down as amanuensis of living spirits who had dwelt on earth thousands of years ago, the authors lay stress on their surprise in finding life in the Beyond far different from what they had expected. There was nothing to fear; they found themselves very much in appearance what they had been on earth; their personality was the same but with added powers; they lived in peace and happiness in the society of those they could admire and love; and they say "the glory and beauty of the higher sphere is not describable in human language."

The only disappointment at first was that they found it impossible to converse with the friends they had left behind, a regret that has now been largely overcome by the development of mediumship in the modern world. They persevered in knocking through the wall of separation until those in this world who were psychically sensitive heard them. It was a case of "Unsought of us they found us," as Mr. Phillips himself says in his well-known hymn. And the communication thus opened up now goes on daily in all parts of the world.

The glorious life they reveal to us is one of love, joy, service, sweet communion, and ceaseless progression, compared with which the earth-life has become a shadowy dream. The real life is in the Beyond; the present life is merely the preparatory step towards it. During the lower life there must ever be earnest aspiration and striving towards the good and beautiful to gain the higher; that is the key to spiritual progression; it is within the reach of all. These are the lessons which the writers teach us out of their personal experience.

And here begins—

V—THE STORY OF GLATHIS, THE WARRIOR.

I am Glathis. I am a man of the land of Ethiopia. My countrywoman has been writing through you and I was seized with the desire to write. I lived earlier than she did.

Our land lay far south beyond the Cataracts. We had a king, and we lived in cities, but not like those of Egypt. I was a man who fought for my country, and I received wounds from which I died. I was forty years old when I died. We had a language quite different from that of the Egyptians. We regarded them as the greatest and wisest people in the world. We were not negroes.

May I ask you to let me come again? I feel it harder to write than I thought; my countrywoman seemed to find it easy. I thank you sincerely.

* * * * *

I am Glathis: Hail to thee, O Man of the Western Island! I desire to speak with thee. I am full of joy that I can converse with thee. I will try to tell thee of my life before I was wounded.

A WARRIOR FAVOURED BY THE KING.

My father was a good man, who tilled the ground, and lived in peace amongst his neighbours. But I loved not the quiet life of the husbandman, and became a man of war. I served the king and grew in his favour, and was promoted higher and higher. I had great power with him and he trusted in me.

My life was prosperous. I married and had three children, who outlived me. I fought against the people of the south and was wounded so sore that I died, but I knew not that another life awaited me, for I did not believe in one. That belief was common but I did not share it. In rejecting it in my heart I thought I was showing myself superior to the common people. I know now that I was below them. My superior wisdom, or what I considered such, was folly and conceit.

But I was a man of action rather than of thought. I served the King Temenet. We knew the Egyptians. They were a great and strong people, the greatest we were acquainted with. We were not of the Arab race. We knew of them. I am warned that the allotted time has expired. Farewell!

* * * * *

LEARNING BY PICTURES.

Our life here is too different from any you are acquainted with to permit of a faithful description in written words. We do not tell you, simply because we cannot. It can be shown but not described, and we hope to be able to bring it before you in visions or pictures. It is thus that we ourselves learn the things of the past, or that pertain to other states of being different from our own.

Our religion is now a thing of the past—wholly dead and forgotten, and well forgotten—and it would scarcely be interesting if we could give you a minute description of it. Our gods were but creatures of the imagination, but they have now melted into nothingness—the fate of all the gods of man's making.

Our earth-life seems dreamlike to us, and our religion the strangest part of the dream. But it seemed and really was a reality, and a great one to us in the days of our mental blindness. We have risen far beyond these childish conceptions, and now acknowledge no gods, only the Great Constructor and Originator, whom we worship as high above all and over all.

VI—THE STORY OF ALCINOE, A GREEK LADY.

I am Alcinoé. I have asked permission to speak with you. I came to this life a long time ago, in the days when our people were powerful, before the days of Alexander, and after they had beaten the Persians by land and sea.

I want to tell you of my life here. I died when I was two years and twenty. I was a married woman. My first thought on awakening from the sleep of death was, "I am better," for I felt quite different. Then I asked for my husband, but I was told he would come presently.

I found those about me were different from those I had been accustomed to see, and I asked who they were. They said, "Do not trouble, but try to sleep, and when you have had a long sleep we will tell you."

"THE WORLD OF SPIRITS."

On awakening they told me that I had passed into the world of spirits, which we always spoke of as Hades, and that they were the spirits of those who had once lived on earth like myself. This greatly surprised me, as I did not remember dying, and I seemed the same in body as before. But they easily proved the truth of what they told me, and I found that I was indeed no longer in the body of flesh that I had once occupied.

My first wish was to regain my strength, for although I felt no pain I found that I was weak, and needed to recover my normal strength. This was not accomplished in a short time, but I ultimately became all that I had been and more, for I found that I possessed powers not possessed before, and in the joy of these I became reconciled to the change.

NO COMMUNICATION WITH EARTH.

Naturally it grieved me not to be able to hold further converse with my former friends, but I found new ones in my new state, who taught me all that I had to learn, and showed me the work I was best adapted to do.

When in course of time my earth friends came over, I was there to receive them and to do for them what others had done for me, for we all need help when we come here, and there are always those who are ready to give it, if we are ready to avail ourselves of it.

I have now told thee the story of my coming hither, which perhaps does not differ much from other experiences which have been related. When I come next I will tell thee of my After-Life, until I entered a higher state.

* * * * *

COMMUNION IN HEAVEN.

I am the Greek lady who came last night. Let me continue my story. When I had learnt what we all have to on coming here, I felt a strong desire to live in a certain place which I had seen. I told my friends of this, and they said I was quite at liberty to do this. So I made

my home there, and lived in great peace and happiness, having the society of those whom I could admire and love. The time passed happily, and I became acquainted with the famous names of my own people, and not those only but of other nations.

"A MISSIONARY TO THE UNFORTUNATE."

One day the thought came into my mind that I ought to do something for those whose lives were unhappy. I knew there were many such. I mean those still in the flesh, as well as out of it. So I joined with those who were trying to alleviate the distress of this class, and became what you call a missionary to the unfortunate and unhappy in both states. I believe this desire comes to nearly all to help such. Their existence seems a reproach to us, and although we cannot prevent this state of things we feel we can do something towards mitigating it.

I said that I left behind a husband to whom I was greatly attached. It was natural that I should still desire him. After my departure he was for a long time inconsolable, but before the year was out he married again, and I perceived that I had passed out of his heart. This for a time saddened me, but I blamed myself and not him. Why should I? He was a young man, and it would have been selfish in me to wish him to remain in perpetual widowerhood for my sake. So I weaned myself from him and turned my thoughts to other things.

Let me come again and continue my story, for my power fails.

I am Alcinoé. I will now continue my story. When I had passed some long time in helping my countrymen and women, both here and with you, I turned my thoughts to the things of the next stage, and the desire grew strong in me to go up higher, and be the associate of those who had earned promotion by worth and service. I had by this time been on this side about twenty years.

MY SECOND TRANSITION.

With this desire I found the fulfilment at hand. I withdrew into the privacy of my chamber, and calmly awaited the change. I knew that this would entail no suffering or even inconvenience, for I had conversed with many who had experienced it. I lay down on a couch. A delightful feeling came over me. I felt that unseen arms were lifting me up, and I soon perceived that I had passed out of my former body, which lay supine upon the couch as if in deep sleep. I viewed it with a kind of fascination.

In my first transition I did not see the body I had deserted. This time I did. I then looked at myself to compare my new present body with the one just vacated. It seemed the same in every respect and felt the same. I was in perfect health at the time of this transition, so I did not feel any weakness, as in the first one.

My friends were present. At first I had not perceived them, being so much occupied with my former body. I recognised them, and they welcomed me to their number. They arrayed me in suitable garments, and took me away to their home in the higher sphere. The body I had left would soon dissolve away, leaving no trace, and only the garments I had worn would remain. It is always thus. So there are no sad funeral rites to be paid as with you.

The glory and beauty of the higher sphere is not describable in human language, and I will not attempt the impossible. Long before my translation to this sphere I had held communion with its inhabitants, and looked forward to joining them with delight.

Would that I could tell you more, for I know that what I have said is but a meagre outline. Gladly would I show you the life of the spirit, but it is not possible. Let me bring my story to an end!

PROGRESS THROUGH THE SPHERES

I have been here to-night. I feel that my story was not very interesting, as you have had so many before. I did not realise until I tried how hard it is to describe the things of our state in the words of yours.

I have made three transitions to higher states, including the one I have described to you. The manner is much alike in all. There are some who remain for long periods in one sphere, and whose progress through the spheres may be considered slow, but no one passes from a lower to a higher state until desirous of doing so, and is therefore prepared for the change, which is always regarded as promotion.

VII—THE STORY OF ALETHEIA, A MACEDONIAN.

I think I may now be able to write. I tried hard a few nights ago, but could not then. I am a woman of Greece. My name is Electra

[corrected later to Aletheia]. I am told that I have not written it aright. I have wanted to talk to you, as the other women of Greece have done.

I lived in the time of Alexander, who conquered Persia. My husband was in the army. His name was Pausanias. I lived in the land of Macedon. I died when I was forty-and-three years of age. My husband returned home when the army had been some time in Asia. I had three children. Two survived me.

I have found the life of the spirit-world far more satisfying than the earth-life. I lived in stirring times, and was happy in the love of my husband and children, and died when in the prime of my powers. I knew nothing of what lay beyond death, and naturally dreaded what I was ignorant of. But my fears were foolish. I found nothing, when I came here, to terrify me.

MY PASSING FROM EARTH-LIFE.

I became conscious of my transition almost immediately after leaving the body, as I beheld the women laying it out preparatory to burial, and saw the grief of my husband and children, which I was powerless to soothe. I did not linger in the room but departed with those who had come for me, and who took me away to be with them. I fully understood that I was now finally separated from the body. My sickness had been a brief one. To myself I seemed exactly as I was before. I could discover no change in my person or appearance. Yet I saw the form I had just vacated lying on the couch.

NO STYX AND NO CHARON.

I found no Stygian stream to cross. The coin they placed in my mouth was not needed, nor indeed of the slightest use. There was no Charon and no boat. This was only a poetical fiction, and I do not think that many seriously believed it. The popular beliefs and the poetical representations were wide indeed of the truth.

I am sorry I cannot now give my name correctly. I will endeavour to give it when I come again. Burial nearly always took place the day after death.

I am Aletheia, the Greek lady. I came before, but thou hast well nigh forgotten me, seeing that I have not been to thee so long a time.

I was a Macedonian. I have told thee my life-story. I lived in the time of Alexander, and rejoiced at the fall of the Persian power, which had so long troubled our country. My life was happy and I lived to see my children grow up. I lived in the City of ——. I am grieved that even now I cannot give this but I will when I can.

BEAUTY AND YOUTHFULNESS.

Our life here is too different from yours to permit of description. Beauty is not so rare with us as with you. With us are no feeble or malformed, but all have attained to their full development. We Greeks had a keen appreciation of physical beauty. Female beauty is not the brief thing it is with you, for here there is no decay but eternal youthfulness. Perfection being reached, there is no decline.

We are as we imagined the gods to have been. They were but human attributes deified. With us the body has ceased to be what it too often is with you—the badly fitting garment, the imperfect instrument of the spirit. Here it (the spiritual body) is in complete harmony with the spirit, for we are still body and spirit, and such we shall ever be.

Now I bid thee farewell!

VIII—THE STORY OF MEHEMPET, AN EGYPTIAN.

I am Mehempet, a lady of Egypt. I have been told that many have written through you. I greatly desire to write. I lived in Lower Egypt before the Romans came, in the days when the Greeks first came, before they took possession and set up their own sovereigns.

I was wife to the Chief Priest of Memphis. I knew the things which the common people were ignorant of, for was I not the wife of a man skilful in the learning of Egypt?

I lived when the worship of our deities was carried on in our temples, and worshipped the god Osiris. The priests were allowed to marry. I found delight in the life of the city. We had so many festivals and processions and holidays, and our beautiful climate was favourable to all things of this sort.

I came to this life when I was seven and twenty. I died of a fall. I fell from the top of a house and broke my back. I will come and tell you more next time. I am writing this by the hand of the Greek lady, Callimaché. Farewell!

I am the house and that you like to you. When I f

no acute p the ground. I think I br at myself, The people into the ho I watched could see t really dead, me.

I didn't s my spirit-fr I went wit happened a believed in this sudden from what

I was not I felt very longer be left, but I As they ne as it was all

RL I lived in Egypt, and handsome as we did, have long were only Being who

I was n felt my de their splen away by tl

Now I l the hand c

I am M converse w of my br fell in bat a wife and her daugh she died t then, a ch

IX—THE

I wish Island in the days: My nam Amenté

I lived v sovereigns I loved h again, and that I did

I was t I loved to I knew ho in whose was happi

I lived a country, b hotep was I have h very smal

I used t on the co beautiful fourteen.

friends wi can see m for our co of the sam

I have l are all di languages and are i were fond

I reme became w

MY FALL FROM A HOusetop.

I am the woman of Egypt who fell from the roof of a house and was killed. I want to talk to you. I am told that you like to know the experiences of those who come to you. Well, I will give you mine.

When I fell I lost all sense. I felt a sudden shock but no acute pain. I found myself standing by my body on the ground. I didn't understand what had happened. I think I broke my neck. I looked at my body, and then at myself, two or three times. I couldn't understand. The people came and took up my body and carried it into the house. They tried to bring me back to life. I watched them. I couldn't hear what they said but I could see them plainly. They soon found that I was really dead, and made the usual preparations to embalm me.

I didn't stay to see the process carried out, for some of my spirit-friends came and told me to come with them. I went with them and they explained to me what had happened and what I was now to do. I had always believed in a life after death, but I was not prepared for this sudden change. I found the new life so different from what I had been told.

I was not more than seven and twenty when I died, and I felt very sad at first when I learned that I should no longer be able to communicate with those whom I had left, but I could go and see them whenever I wished. As they never saw me this was far from satisfying, but as it was all that was possible I had to be content with it.

RELIGION OF GREECE AND EGYPT.

I lived in the days when the Greeks were coming into Egypt, and I saw many of them. They were a clever and handsome race. They did not worship the same gods as we did, nor did they wear the same kind of dress. I have long since found out that the gods they worshipped were only imaginary beings. We worship the Great Being who made all things.

I was married, but I had no children. My husband felt my death very much. I saw the Pyramids in all their splendour, and the Sphinx before it had been worn away by the sand of the desert.

Now I leave you. Farewell! I have written this by the hand of the Greek lady, Callimaché.

I am Mehempet. I greet you cordially. I desire to converse with thee. I have brought with me the daughter of my brother Amenté. He was a bold warrior. He fell in battle, fighting the people of the South. He left a wife and this daughter. His wife married again, when her daughter was ten years old. When she was fourteen she died through fever, and she comes to you as she was then, a child. She desires to be allowed to write.

IX—THE STORY OF TEMENTE, OF MEMPHIS.

I wish greatly to talk with thee, O Man of the Island in the West, of which I never heard in the days when I lived in the land of Egypt. My name is Tementé. I was the daughter of Amenté and Cantelé.

I lived when my people were still governed by their own sovereigns. My life was happy till my father died, for I loved him greatly; but my mother (Cantelé) married again, and I liked not him she married. I think he saw that I did not love him, and he was unkind to me.

I was taught the things that girls learnt in my time. I loved to read the things that I found in our paper books. I knew how to read, and I could also write. I had friends in whose houses I used to spend much of my time, as I was happier there than at home.

I lived at Memphis. I saw the Greeks who came to our country, but I did not understand their language. Amenhotep was king when I was a girl. He was a bad man. I have heard that he used to put people to death for very small things. I have seen him.

I used to go into the temples, and look at the pictures on the columns and the walls. They were painted in beautiful colours. I come to you now as a little girl of fourteen. I wear the same dress I did then, and your friends will tell you what I look like, for I am sure they can see me. We did not wear so many clothes as you do, for our country was very warm, and our garments were not of the same shape as yours.

I have lately been to the land where I lived. The people are all different now. They dress differently, and speak languages not heard in our day. We had beautiful temples and fine images of the gods, and we had processions and were fond of amusements.

MY ARRIVAL IN SPIRIT-LAND.

I remember coming here. I was sick of a fever and became very hot and thirsty, but I didn't think I was going

to die. But I did die, and I woke up and found myself in another place than I was in when I first became ill.

There were kind people near me who told me what had happened, and that I was now to live with them. They said there was someone waiting to see me, who was to be my guardian till I grew up. I didn't ask who it was, as I didn't know anyone there, but when they brought me to him it was my own father! Wasn't that a beautiful surprise? I laughed and cried both at the same time, and I soon forgot about my mother's second husband, who had been unkind to me.

Oh, what a long story I have told you! I did not think I could write like this.

* * * * *

I, Mehempet, greet you. I come, and with me I bring Tementé. Let her write.

* * * * *

MY MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN.

I felt thy desire for further speech with me, and I straightway besought Mehempet to bring me to thee. Great is my joy that thou rememberest me and desirest my presence.

I told thee of my life in Egypt, and how I came to this new life, and found my own father awaiting me—a most joyful surprise. I lived with him in great happiness, learning the things of this state, and I grew up to womanhood and became the wife of a man of my people, and with him I lived in great happiness, and found all my heart's desire.

May I come again and tell thee more?

✦ ✦ ✦

PARADISE.

In this sad world discord abounds,

And there is disappointment here;

Our songs are slain by jarring sounds,

Some of the joys we hold most dear,

The dreams we dream when we are young,

Of times are scatter'd to the wind;

Full many a song remains unsung,

Because the world is too unkind.

Yet when unto a Higher Plane

Our spirits soar, we there can find

A Peace that brings a world-disdain;

We know then God is not unkind;

For on the wings of Love we rest,

And find a perfect harmony,

With melody and dreams are blest—

And that is Paradise for me.

SYDNEY W. KITCHENER.

✦ ✦ ✦

ANDREW LANG ALMOST PERSUADED.**SCIENCE'S "TONE OF THE INQUISITOR."**

WHEN Mr. F. W. H. Myers published his book on "Science and the Future Life" forty years ago, Mr. Andrew Lang, the eminent scholar and philosopher, reviewed it and made the following personal confession:—

"Among so many momentous alterations of belief, I do not mind confessing that I feel myself gradually going over to the Psychical Society. Almost (but not quite) they persuade me to be a Psychist. For years in a humble way, I have been rather like Saul before he became Paul, pursuing the brethren with chaff.

"I have always been of Hamlet's opinion about Horatio's philosophy, and that of Professor Huxley. There is a great deal more in heaven and earth than these critics take into account, and Mr. Myers' argument in favour of applying scientific methods to the abnormal is really unanswerable.

"Indeed, the scientific only answer by dogmatic denials, and by the fallacy of orthodoxy, always refusing bluntly to let things be examined for fear of consequences. Scientific people can be very like religious people, and speak much in the tone of the inquisitor."

Spirit Teachings—XV.

Taken down Inspirationally by Cordelia Grylls.

THE LIGHT AND LOVE OF GOD.

THE light shineth in darkness, the darkness of sin, of ignorance. Light, which is love, striveth to penetrate that gross atmosphere which surrounds your planet, having its cause in the gross thought of men. That which rises into your atmosphere is thought. If thought is gross, sensual, warlike, unloving, the atmosphere where those thoughts ultimately find a home must also be thick, heavy, dark.

Light is of God; in Him is the Light of men. God is Love, so Love and Light are one in their effect on men. Bathed in light we would wish to see this planet, then it would be bathed in love, and what a different earth it then would be!

The deeds of men cannot stand the light if these be evil; therefore to let the light in is to disperse the gloom of sin. Ask, then, for light to shine on your earth, illuminating the dark places where unlovely things abide, disintegrating the forces of evil, building up the forces of good, establishing the reign of love on the earth, for love and light are one.

How can we bring this about? you ask. Let your light—you let your light—shine! As each recognises his or her responsibility to show light, which is to show love, though each singly is like a drop compared with the ocean, yet many drops combined form a sea, so many lives of love, lives that show the light of love, the light of God within, shall cause a beam of heavenly light to shine and brighten the dark places of the earth, awakening thoughts of goodness, desires for improvement in those still under the bondage of sinful thoughts.

The responsibility for the want of light lies with each soul; let each do his or her part, so light and love will reign where now is sin and darkness. If each does his part the whole will be light. Love is light, therefore, love.—“LAUS DEO.”

THOUGHT THE MOTIVE POWER.

Try and realise you are never alone, the spirit world is all around you, not far away as many think. Colour plays on you, invisible to you, bathing you in rays of beauty.

Thought, potent as it is in earth-life, enriches the world of spirit still more, since to us the rapidity of thought, the vehicle by which we travel, enables us to come into personal contact with the one we desire to visit, simultaneously with the wish itself. You speak of a flash of thought; we think, and are with you like a flash.

Strong desire on our part fulfils the part of a lever with you. You turn the handle, you set a wheel in motion. We think a thought, and lo, we set ourselves in motion. At least, that is the only way we can express to you the identity of thought with motion in our world. That is to say, thought is the motive power, the driving force, the lever, starting all our operations, the visits we undertake to you, and to others not on the earth.—“LAUS DEO.”

Occasional Jottings by X.

Mr. RICHARD A. BUSH.

ANOTHER ardent worker in the cause of Modern Spiritualism had just passed to the Higher Life in the personality of Mr. Richard A. Bush. He was seventy-one.

Mr. Bush was one of the founders of the Wimbledon Spiritualist Church, which commenced in a very small way some years ago, and has since blossomed into a spacious Temple in the Hartfield Road.

Having conducted some of the services at this Christian Spiritualist Church, where Communion is regularly celebrated, and where marriages and confirmations are solemnised from time to time, I must pay tribute to the excellent conditions created by the sincerity and devotion of Mr. Bush and his co-workers to the higher and sacred aspects of our Movement.

Disgusted by orthodox creeds and contradictions, Mr. Bush had lost his faith in Christianity for some years, but his final adherence to Spiritualism restored it.

He was in the fortunate position of being able to retire from active business interests at a comparatively early age, and to devote the whole of his time to the work for Spiritualism, besides doing good by stealth in many other ways.

He was a splendid organiser, a good speaker, and was also the author of several books, among which were

“Whence Have I Come?”, “Sweet Corn from Heaven,” “Jesus Christ at Work,” and many pamphlets.

He leaves behind him a devoted wife who will no doubt strive to carry on her husband's splendid work; for the passing of such men as Richard A. Bush means always a great loss to our Movement, on this side of the Border-line.

Two beautiful and impressive services were held at the Wimbledon Spiritualist Church on Sunday, October 15, to his memory.

A DENTAL MIRACLE!

A healing medium recently met with an accident, as a result of which two sound front teeth were knocked out. Nothing daunted, and having firm faith in her spirit healers, she managed to replace the molars in their gum-sockets, and using alum as a material agent to help tighten the gums she awaited results.

Later, her guide, speaking in the direct voice, confirmed her impression that the spirit doctors had successfully performed a grafting operation, which saved her the inconvenience and expense of two artificial teeth!

Which goes to prove that given suitable conditions there is practically no limit to what the spirit doctors can do for us.

A SPIRIT GUIDE ON TRUE LOVE.

“True love is not dependent upon physical contact,” said a spirit guide the other day. “True love is the attraction of soul for soul, and true lovers are therefore in perpetual contact even though they be oceans apart in the physical sense. The lover who frets and worries over the absence of the beloved has, therefore, found only a physical attraction, and will assuredly tire of it in time. Where soul loves soul, where the attraction is firstly spiritual, the physical is of secondary importance, although it has its rightful place in the scheme of things. He who loves firstly on the plane of spirit will be a true lover and a happy one. He will know that nothing can separate him from his beloved, in the broadest sense, for, spiritually, they are always together.”

SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIAN LIFE.

MR. W. BRITTON HARVEY, Editor of *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, writes in his September number of “Spiritualism and its Critics,” and says, “Spiritualists must expect these knocks, and consider themselves favoured in being ‘counted worthy’ to endure odium for the sake of Truth.”

Then he concludes his truly apostolic article as follows:—

After all, what does it matter really, what men think of us? We should each realise that we are a law unto ourselves, so far as our consciences are concerned, that we are individually responsible to our Creator alone, and that the passing judgments of our fellows are of very little moment.

Our plain duty is to be true to ourselves, and to let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in Heaven.

That is a text which Spiritualists would do well to take to heart. They are not all shining lights by any means—some of them, in fact, emit a very murky glow. And many of them are not consumed with such an overmastering desire to perform good works as to lead others to glorify God on account of their example.

They ought, however, to be eminently practical men and women in living out the Christian life, and unless they are prepared to conform to this standard, the Cause would undoubtedly benefit by their withdrawal. There are hypocrites in the ranks of Spiritualism as elsewhere. Black sheep are to be found in almost every fold, and when we find them in the Spiritualistic enclosure we should peremptorily turn them out.

Whether we like it or not, the fact has to be faced that Spiritualism is not considered to be too clean to-day. That, however, is not the fault of Spiritualism, any more than it is the fault of the Christian Church that some of its members besmirch its escutcheon. The fault lies with the individuals themselves, and is generally traceable to some regrettable moral kink in their nature. They must, therefore, either be made to reform or be thrust aside as unclean.

The fruits of Spiritualism should manifest themselves in Purity, Love and Truth.

Dressed in this attractive garb they will command respect, and impress the unbeliever with the effectiveness of its teachings in the production of a lofty character. Dressed in the raiment of uncleanness, and shady transactions, they will repel and invite the finger of scorn. A great responsibility therefore rests upon every professing Spiritualist, and he or she should see to it that his, or her, light burns with a brightness that shall allure, and at the same time shed a radiant lustre on the Cause.

CONAN DOYLE MEMORIAL

CALENDAR

November

November

Day of
month.

- 1 *Lewis Waller died, November 1, 1915.*
There was some strange and wonderful blood in the veins of Lewis Waller. He was a glorious fellow, and his premature death a great blow to our stage. (He was the hero in Sir Arthur's drama "The Fires of Fate" and in "Brigadier Gerard.")
"Memories and Adventures."
- 2 What companion is there like the great restless, throbbing sea?
"The Man from Archangel."
- 3 The best rose has ever the longest of thorns. The Socman of Minstead in "The White Company."
- 4 When a man has reached his mature age he can rest at that point of vantage and cast his eyes back at the long road he has travelled, lying with its gleams of sunshine and its stretches of shadow in the valley behind him. So plain is it all that he can scarce remember how dark it may have seemed to him, or how long he once hesitated at the cross roads.
"Uncle Bernac."
- 5 Both men and women are incomplete, fragmentary, mutilated creatures as long as they are single. "The Stark Munro Letters."
- 6 The longer you live the more you will see that sin and sadness are never far apart, and that no true prosperity can exist away from virtue.
Zachary Palmer in "Micah Clarke."
- 7 All life is a great chain, the nature of which is known whenever we are shown a single link of it.
Sherlock Holmes in "A Study in Scarlet."
- 8 We have done a little, but we hand back many a problem to those who march behind us.
"The History of Spiritualism."
- 9 *Lord Mayor's Day.*
Fashion and speech and manners may change, but the spirit of enterprise within that square mile or two of land, the City of London, must not change, for when it withers all that has grown from it must wither also.
"Rodney Stone."
- 10 *Eve of the Armistice, 1918.*
Britain's soldiers have indeed been faithful to the death. Their record is the last word in endeavour and military virtue. May the day never come when Britain will refuse to save them.
"The British Campaign."
- 11 *Armistice Day.*
At last came the blessed day of Armistice. We did not see the new troubles ahead of us, but at least these old ones were behind.
"Memories and Adventures."
- 12 *Sir Arthur landed at Cape Town on his South African mission, November 12, 1928.*
Spiritualism is the greatest revelation the world has ever known.
"Our South African Winter."
- 13 *Spiritualists in America held their first public meeting, November, 1849.*
Governor Tallmadge, an American senator, one of the early converts to the movement, asked from different mediums on two separate occasions its purpose. The answer from each was almost identical, "To draw mankind together in harmony and to convince sceptics of the immortality of the soul."
"The History of Spiritualism."
- 14 *Lord Roberts died, November 14, 1914.*
The tradition of Lord Roberts' fascinating character, with its knightly qualities of gentleness, bravery and devotion to duty, will remain as a national possession.
"The British Campaign."

Day of
month.

- 15 Surely it is better to read one masterpiece than three books which will leave no permanent impression upon the mind.
"Through the Magic Door."
- 16 I have seen spirits walk round the room and join in the talk of the company.
"Memories and Adventures."
- 17 Streams may spring from one source, and yet some be clear and some be foul.
Lady Maude in "The White Company."
- 18 "Pipes are occasionally of extraordinary interest," said Holmes to Dr. Watson, "nothing has more individuality, save, perhaps, watches and bootlaces."
"The Yellow Face."
- 19 The statesman in slippers is a very much more human and lovable person than the politician on the platform. "Memories and Adventures."
- 20 I have known some people who said they had never met Sorrow, and they were not people whom I wish to travel with. Their hearts were hard to others, for they could not understand. The Man in "The Journey."
- 21 *Sir Arthur's first lecture in South Africa, November 21, 1928.*
We are continually conscious of protection around us.
"Our African Winter."
- 22 To ask what is impossible from nature is to weaken your appeal when you ask for what is reasonable.
"The Vital Message."
- 23 Too much of the feather-bed-and-four-meals-a-day life is not good for man or woman.
Col. Cochrane in "The Tragedy of the Korosko."
- 24 There are seventy-five perfumes which it is very necessary that a criminal expert should be able to distinguish from each other, and cases have more than once within my own experience depended upon their prompt recognition.
Sherlock Holmes in "The Hound of the Baskervilles."
- 25 General experience shows that a facile acceptance of these claims of the spirit is very rare amongst earnest thinkers and that there is hardly any prominent Spiritualist whose course of study and reflection has not involved a Novitiate of many years.
"The History of Spiritualism."
- 26 In the life beyond the grave there is action for the man of action; intellectual work for the thinker; artistic, literary, dramatic and religious for those whose God-given powers lie that way.
"The Vital Message."
- 27 There is no regret in my mind for the time I have devoted to sport. It gives health and strength, but above all it gives a certain balance of mind without which a man is not complete.
"Memories and Adventures."
- 28 It is of the highest importance not to have useless facts elbowing out the useful ones.
Sherlock Holmes in "A Study in Scarlet."
- 29 The physical basis of all psychic belief is that the soul is a complete duplicate of the body.
"The Vital Message."
- 30 *Winston Churchill born, November 30, 1874.*
If I had to make my choice among modern stylists I should pick Barrie for the lighter forms of expression and our British Winston Churchill for the more classical.
"Memories and Adventures."

Letter to the Editor.

"THE ROCK OF TRUTH."

Stansted Hall, Essex.

October 2, 1933.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest Miss Barrett's review of the above book, and perhaps you will be kind enough to publish this letter, as it is hardly fair that your readers should only read one side of the question.

Miss Barrett occupies half of the valuable space that you allot to her for the review, in criticising a statement I make on pages 118 and 119. The paragraph is as follows :—

"The gross materialism of the Church and of Science would never have developed, and instead of Science working on purely materialistic lines it would have realised better man's true position in the Universe. Neither theology nor science has yet the correct knowledge of the meaning of our existence and destiny. Theology has searched amongst ancient documents, thinking that from them the riddle of existence could be unravelled. Science on its part has ignored the spiritual nature of man and looked on him merely as a material creation. Both science and theology have taken appearances for reality, and this has been a tremendous loss to humanity."

If Miss Barrett, however, had read my book carefully, she would have realised that this paragraph was referring to the attitude of science and theology since the time of the Reformation, and had no relation whatever to science of the present day.

She gives much space to quoting from present day scientists for the purpose of showing that they are now taking a less materialistic view of the Universe, but I am quite aware of these present day scientific views, and they will be found referred to in my previous book "On the Edge of the Etheric."

If Miss Barrett had read "The Rock of Truth" carefully she would have found on page 200 my views on present day scientific thought. I quote but one paragraph :—

"All the discoveries of science are tending in the direction which Spiritualists have been led to expect from their communications with the other side. Though science has made no pronouncement on the subject, yet the number of Spiritualists amongst scientists is steadily increasing, and I could mention the names of some of our leading men of science who are attending seances regularly and gaining knowledge thereby. One of our most outstanding physicists is attending seances regularly but does not wish the fact to be known to the public as it is not yet orthodox to do so, but his mental outlook is widening, and he is gaining new knowledge which his more orthodox brethren are still lacking."

You will therefore see that there is no necessity for me to do as Miss Barrett asks me to do, namely, withdraw my sweeping and out-of-date assertions. If people will not read my book carefully they should not presume to criticise it.

Miss Barrett wrote a letter to *Light* making similar misrepresentations, but I did not contradict it, as it has been quite impossible to keep up with all the misrepresentations and misquotations which have been made by people who have only read the book in a cursory way.

I do not propose to reply to her other criticisms in your review as this would involve too much demand on your space.

The book has taken fifteen years to think out. Much of it is new to Spiritualists, and practically all of it is new to Orthodox Christians.

I quite appreciate how difficult it must be for people to grasp its meaning, as it is a book which to most cannot be assimilated, without careful thought and attention.

Might I suggest that your readers will read the book for themselves and form their own opinions, and not form the opinion of it from Miss Barrett's too hasty review.

Yours faithfully,

J. ARTHUR FINDLAY.

Brief Notices of New Books.

CLEOMENES. By Maris Warrington. Obtainable from Madame Iona Periford, 9 Regent Street, London, S.W.1. 7/6, post free.

This is a story of the Venus de Medici; a romance of Ancient Rome under Nero, dealing with art, gladiators, and chariot races; and has a strong psychic and love interest. It has been hailed as a supreme masterpiece of fiction, but is of especial interest to Spiritualists because it was received by automatic writing from the spirit of an English nobleman, said to have passed over in 1883, after having aspired to fame as a writer during his lifetime.

His amanuensis was a Welshwoman of comparatively little education, who is acknowledged to be one of the finest automatists in the world. The book was written in twenty-eight days, and has been given exactly as received from her hand. Other books have come from the same source, including "An Egyptian Love Spell" and "The Scarab of Destiny."

In a foreword to "Cleomenes," Michael Whitty, editor of "Azoth" says :—"As one thoroughly familiar with psychical phenomena, and who, while admitting the possibilities, is exceedingly sceptical and careful before admitting the genuineness of any manifestation, I can honestly assert my complete conviction that the actual writer of this book is by education, mental capacity, and training utterly and completely incapable of writing even the simplest tale of modern life, let alone such a work as this, which in its historical accuracy is said by competent critics to be correct in every detail."

"The process is a species of automatism, the instrument being under partial control and practically unconscious of what she is writing. For some reason, perhaps in order to help the submissiveness of the medium, she is shown mental moving pictures of the story as it proceeds. The author claims that Cleomenes was the previous incarnation of a prominent American who died but a few years ago, whose character may be recognisable, and that the story itself is a true record of the actual lives of the *dramatis personae* at the Imperial Court of Nero."

UNCOMMON SENSE, or the Law of Life in Action. By Garland Anderson. L. N. Fowler & Co. 5/-.

A book which proves that Intuition is superior to Reason. The author terms the former, Uncommon Sense, and the latter, Common Sense, and shows how the races of mankind, through trusting too much to their Common Sense have lost conscious touch with Uncommon Sense. In other words, the Material has largely overshadowed the Spiritual, to the extent that man is mainly a victim of doubts and fears, so that he is apt to appraise his chances of success in life from the angle of his common-

sense, and therefore often misses an opportunity to do something great, perhaps of value to humanity.

By the exercise of his Uncommon Sense, Garland Anderson, from being a negro bell-boy at a San Francisco hotel rose to fame as a dramatist with his play "Appearances." His Uncommon Sense (his Intuition) had told him, not only how to write the play, but to make it a special message for the people. Even the colour bar was got over, and eminent personages were persuaded into helping him to get his play produced.

Anderson is a lover of Jesus Christ and never goes anywhere without his Bible. He may be said to have overcome the world by the power of The Word working through his intuition to his reason (from Uncommon Sense to Common Sense), and this latest lesson from his pen, which incorporates the story of his own remarkable life, will be a veritable inspiration to all. The simplicity of language and expression, the absolute humility of the author, his charming naturalness and obvious sincerity single him out as a world teacher.

PHYSICAL CULTURE. By Jai Chand Sharma, M.B., B.S. L. N. Fowler. 2/-.

In a foreword, Dr. R. L. Khera, M.S., F.R.C.S. (Edin.) K.E., Medical College, writing from Lahore, India, says :—

"There was great need for a book on a system of physical culture specially meant for keeping the body healthy and strong. There are various other books, but those systems lead more to muscular development than the establishment of healthier functions of the body. Dr. Sharma has written a treatise taken from the Vedic system and interpreted in the light of modern knowledge. I think it is decidedly an advance over other systems of exercises that I know of. The reversal of attitude is specially good to tone up the pelvic and abdominal viscera. The respiratory exercises are much better than those of other systems. Static exercises are very useful in counteracting tendencies to diseases due to postural defects. I congratulate Dr. Jai Chand on his effort."

Having had some considerable experience of physical culture in England, I, too, can recommend this little book as a distinct advance on most other systems. G. DE B.



Mr. W. W. Love, will be pleased to give persons interested in the Psychograph an opportunity (by appointment) to see the instrument in operation at his private Psychic Bureau, 56 Drewstead Road, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.16.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE HOUSE OF RIDER

The Superhuman Life of

GESAR OF LING * *The Legendary Tibetan Hero*

As sung by the Bards of his country

by Alexandra David Neel and The Lama Yongden *Write for special 4-page folder.

With a preface by Sylvan Levi; Professor of Sanskrit at the College de France.

Large
Demy
8vo
288 pp.
18/-

The Complete Works of H. P.

BLAVATSKY Volume Two

352 pp.
15/-

THE DISCOVERY of the SELF: *a study in Psychological Cure*

by Dr. Elizabeth Severn. Author of "Psycho-Therapy"

224 pp.
7/6

THE INVISIBLE INFLUENCE

A Vindication of Hypnotism

by Alexander Cannon, M.D., M.A., F.R.G.S., etc.

160 pp.
5/-

LOVE'S CLOSED DOORS: *Love, Courtship and Marriage*

by Walter Wynn; Author of "Man and the Universe"

160 pp.
4/6

THE GREAT DAYS OF EPHEBUS

(Third volume of the Scripts of Cleophas). Geraldine Cummins

224 pp.
7/6

KABALA OF NUMBERS by "Sepharial"

First published in two volumes, now issued in one volume

288 pp.
5/-

CHILDREN—HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM

by Marcella Whittaker. *A Wonderful Shillingsworth*

90 pp.
1/-

SACRED SYMBOLS OF MU

by Col. James Churchward; Author of "Lost Continent of Mu." (Illustrated)

256 pp.
15/-

LOST KEYS OF FREEMASONRY or

The Secret of Hiram Abiff (Illustrated)

by Manly Hall

128 pp.
5/-

MARITAL HYGIENE: *A detailed consideration of Sex and Marriage*

by Millard S. Everett. Foreword by Clara M. Davis, M.D.

288 pp.
6/-

CANDID CONSULTATIONS

Medical advice on intimate personal problems

by Willoughby A. Clark, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

160 pp.
5/-

ISLAMIC SUFISM

by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah

288 pp.
12/6

SOME EXPERIMENTS IN FOUR

DIMENSIONAL VISION

by Geoffrey Hodson and Alexander Horne

160 pp.
6/-

TANTRIK DOCTRINE OF IMMACULATE

CONCEPTION

by Elizabeth Sharpe, F.R.G.S., F.R.E.S., etc.

96 pp.
4/6

WHAT HAS AND WHAT WILL COME TO PASS

by Walter Wynn. *Prophecies up to September, 1936*

96 pp.
1/-

APRON MEN

The Romance of Freemasonry

by Colonel Robert J. Blackham, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

288 pp.
12/6

YOGA

by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller

144 pp.
5/-

YOGA FOR THE WEST

by Felix Guyot

144 pp.
3/6

SCIENCE HAMMERS AT THE CHURCH DOOR

by M. Elizabeth Millard, M.A.

128 pp.
2/6

Write for NEW List to 34, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

OUR LIFE AFTER DEATH

as revealed in

"THE ROCK OF TRUTH"

321 Pages

By J. ARTHUR FINDLAY

Price 5/-

A continuation of his world-famous book "On the Edge of the Etheric," which last year ran into 30 impressions, has been translated into various European languages, into Braille for the blind, been published in every English-speaking country, and was the most widely reviewed book of 1932.

"The Rock of Truth" was published last August, and the 11th Impression has just been printed.

PRESS REVIEWS SO FAR PUBLISHED.

MR. SHAW DESMOND IN "PSYCHIC NEWS."—I regard "The Rock of Truth" as a milestone in the march towards Spiritualism. More, I think it is, soberly, the most important statement of our world in relation to the Etheric worlds surrounding it which has appeared. This book, together with his "On the Edge of the Etheric," will set Mr. Findlay's name permanently upon the scroll of Spiritualist fame. He is of those who have given light to the world. Any man, scientist or otherwise, who after reading this book asserts that we Spiritualists know nothing of life after "death" and its conditions, will write himself down a fool or a liar. He can sit on either horn as he sees fit.

DAILY EXPRESS.—Mr. Findlay is just the stuff martyrs are made of. He believes in telling the truth. There is nothing half-hearted about him. He hits orthodoxy—no matter what sect—hard and often. His book is a sort of Jenny Geddes stool hurled with all his might at the heads of Spiritualism's orthodox opponents.

YORKSHIRE POST.—A flame of conviction runs through the book. The truths he is groping after are important, and much more will be heard of them. His book is sure of a much wider circulation than scholarly treatises usually enjoy.

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS.—This book will remain one of the most sane works on Spiritualism that has yet been published. LEICESTER MERCURY.—The book is very well written and with its preceding volume, which was in the nature of an introduction, forms the best statement to date of the position of the Spiritualists.

SUNDAY REFEREE.—The first part contains the best popularised account of the evolution of the popular creed (Christianity) that we have seen.

REYNOLDS'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—Distinctly worth reading.

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS.—It is certainly one of the best books we have seen on the subject.

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR.—This work will arouse the deepest attention everywhere as arresting and challenging.

NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL.—The volume should find many readers.

PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS.—It is a rich tonic of hopefulness for which we thank Mr. Findlay.

MANCHESTER CITY NEWS.—Spiritualism's case is most ably championed and set forth. "The Rock of Truth" will do the Spiritualist movement good. The book is likely to draw much attention, for the way in which Mr. Findlay tells of the thought and meaning of the new religion is vastly arresting.

THE TWO WORLDS.—Mr. Findlay has given us a much needed book which deserves careful reading, allied with deep and clear thought. It is a breath of Spiritual air blowing aside the fetid atmosphere of creedal uncertainty. The book shows a great deal of scholarship and patient research.

GUARDIAN.—There is much that is well worth the most serious attention.

THE LONDON FORUM.—Everybody should read Mr. Findlay's book—well worth reading.

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS.—Those who remember my complimentary comments on "On the Edge of the Etheric" will welcome this continuation of the theme. Mr. Findlay writes authoritatively on psychic subjects in their relation to orthodox and unorthodox religion.

GLASGOW CITIZEN.—The book is written with the sincerity of one who has devoted much time to the serious investigation of the subject.

LYCEUM BANNER.—There were many who believed Mr. Findlay would fail to repeat the success of his "On the Edge of the Etheric," but we believe that the present volume will more than achieve that distinction. It will assuredly leave a profound impression on students and thinkers everywhere.

From all Booksellers, PRICE 5/-, or from PSYCHIC NEWS, 166, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.
Paternoster Row, RIDER & CO., London

Let me help you. Astrology.

Send full name, with date of birth and year.

State married or single. Questions answered.

Fee 2/6 (Stamped envelope.)

MISS JACKSON,

"Homlea," Mottram-in-Longdendale, Cheshire.

TRUE THOUGHT TEMPLE

(CYRIL LODGE)

26 PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, LONDON, W.11.

1 Minute to Notting Hill Gate, L.C. and Underground, Dozens of Buses to every part of the City.

Mondays at 8.30 p.m. "Your Stars"—by Urania, 1/- . Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m. Psychometry—Mrs. L. King, 2/- . Wednesdays at 5 p.m. Healing Service, with music. Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m. Dr. Oscar Bruner continues his fascinating account of Psychic Experiences, etc.—Silver Collection. Thursdays at 5 p.m. and Fridays at 8.30 p.m. Transfiguration, 5/- . Developing Classes, Psycho-physical Classes for Health, Rejuvenation and Beauty Forming. At Home daily 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. for Advice, Healing and Character Study from Colours (Chromosophy). Sunday Services at 11.15 a.m. will start in October. After Service—Clairvoyance.

ELIZABETH L. SILVERWOOD, F.T.T.C., ASTROLOGER.

What are YOUR Prospects in Life?

Consult SELINA MORGAN, the celebrated woman Astrologer, on Marriage, Love Affairs, Business, Finance, or any personal problem. Send Birthdate, P.O. 1/- and stamped addressed envelope for Test Horoscope. No interviews. Postal work only. 34 FOUNTAIN HALL TERRACE, CARMARTHEN

LONDON ASTROLOGICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY

CHURCH HOUSE, 1 BLOOMSBURY COURT, W.C.1

Public lectures on Astrology will be held at the above address every Wednesday and Thursday, at 7.30 p.m.

All interested in Astrology are invited to attend.

For particulars of the work of the Society, classes etc. write the Hon. Sec. Miss A. Geary, at the above address.

H. J. STEABEN

CLAIRVOYANCE, PSYCHOMETRY, HEALING.

(Health Diagnosing a Speciality)

At Home Daily, Monday to Friday, 11 to 1. to all calling without appointment. Afternoons by appointment only. Psychometry by post 3/6. Public Seance, Wednesday at 3. 2/- . Public Developing Circles at 8 p.m., Tuesday 1/-, Friday 2/- 14 Upper George St., Marble Arch, W.1.



If YOUR EYES are WEAK

You can make them STRONG

Without Spectacles, Operations or Medicine

If your Eyes are affected you need our Eye-Book describing a harmless method by which you can strengthen the eyes and restore the vision without operation or the aid of drugs or glasses. It is in the nature of a gentle massage which stimulates the action of the blood in the eye arteries, with the result that natural sight is improved and the eyes become painlessly and surely moulded to normal. By this means Old and Near Sight, Far Sight, Astigmatism, and other defects are corrected. You can discard your glasses and counteract headache and eyestrain by five minutes' manipulation daily in your own home.

SEE NATURE WITH NAKED EYES—NOT THROUGH GLASS WINDOWS. 1/- Book on the "Eyes" FREE

This book is published at 1/-, but its contents are so vitally important to all sufferers from eye defects that we have decided to give away 50,000 copies at cost. Safeguard your eyes. Send no money, only your name and address with 3d. (abroad 6 foreign) stamps for expenses and mention—

Address: NEU-VITA (Dept. E.8)

6-52 Central Buildings, London Bridge, London S.E.1, Eng.

PS

No. 243.

Fred

SOME tv
the F
Church

regarded as
carried on i

He told u

Jones, a ma

partnership

Road, Win

had discove

spiritual he

of ailment

him for his

and without

One or t

so that he

and near, l

Mr. Jor

Larkworth

herself so

a necessar

treatment

trance and

to everyon

personalit

In due

magnanin

themselv

was doin

look afte

Soon

witnessed

in the mi

in white

him, and

African

diagnose

comman

the grou

stretch

Jones t

"Here

sweep a

advice

he or sh

help th

came a

The

only a

Wokin

the Ma

until

blessin

It v

serious

April

the V

attem

bond.

Bush

instru

know

also a

The

on th

crimi

it all

indifi

Th

that