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THE INTERNATIONAL  
**PSYCHIC GAZETTE**

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JUNE, 1934.

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## OUR ITALIAN NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE had often dreamed of a holiday in the Riviera, with its warm sunshine, entrancing scenery, and delightful breezes from the Mediterranean, while suffering from the desolating effects of our bleak English winters, but we had never really expected that the dream would ever come true.

During the month of April, after a particularly trying winter, we received a pressing invitation from Mrs. Gwendolyn Kelley Hack, the noted American authoress, to pay her a visit at her handsome "Villa Emily," which stands on a steep slope towards the sea, amid its cluster of tall palms, eucalyptus and cypress trees, at San Remo, Italy.

We stood not upon the order of our going, but set out on May 1st, arriving after two days in the train, on May 3rd.

By way of compliment, Mrs. Hack had invited Professor Bozzano, probably the most revered Spiritualist in Europe to-day, and several of her English speaking friends who are interested in psychic studies, to a drawing-room reception on Saturday afternoon, May 5th. To the intense disappointment of us all, a letter was received from the Professor at Savona, saying that he was in the grip of sciatica and other painful derangements, and was being taken away to Acqui, a famous resort for mud-bath treatments. He graciously sent us all his cordial greetings, in which he included a fraternal hand-clasp "to my friend, John Lewis," to which we suitably responded by letter, wishing the Professor a very speedy return to good health.

In his absence, Madame la Comtesse de Chanaz, a very distinguished member of the old Scottish nobility, who has resided many years in San Remo, presided over the little gathering, and suggested that they should be greatly interested if we would narrate the story of our first contacts with Spiritualism.

### OUR FIRST MESSAGE.

We, therefore, described how at a Sunday evening meeting of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association in 1896—the first Spiritualist meeting we ever attended—where we knew no one, and were unknown to everyone—Miss Sarah McCreddie, the beloved Scottish seeress, accurately described, in detail, the features and characteristics of our maternal grandmother, Peggy Hume, one of the famous Roxburghshire family of Humes (or Homes), of which David Hume, the great philosopher, and D. D. Home, the famous medium, are the best known representatives. "Peggy," who died about the time of our birth, told us she was at once "given charge over us," had been our guardian angel ever since, had always called us "her ain bairn," and had brought about many astonishing events in our life at crucial periods, which we had thought to be miraculous. Also she predicted that the day would come when we should edit a Spiritualist journal that would go all over the

world. That prophecy was fulfilled fifteen years later.

### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S APPEARANCE.

Next, we narrated how on the following Saturday night, Sir Walter Scott was described at an M.S.A. seance by the now veteran medium, Mr. J. J. Vango, who described him as walking with both his hands in front resting on his walking stick, a characteristic attitude. Sir Walter was so impatient that he interrupted the beginning of the seance, and came straight to us, though about twenty places out of our turn. For the purposes of identification, he described Abbotsford, referred to his deep interest in occult subjects and his books thereanent, and said he had come to us for a special reason. He had left behind him an unfinished work on Spiritualistic lines, in a particular safe in Abbotsford, whose situation he described. This manuscript he wished to complete by the hand of a relative still living in the house. We sent this message to Mr. Andrew Lang, who had just finished editing a new edition of the Waverley novels, but he was incredulous, saying he believed mediums were "all quacks," and "if the ghost of Sir Walter contemplated any such insane design none of his relatives would give it any countenance." At the same time, Mr. Lang gave no denial of the statements about the manuscript, nor the place where it was deposited. Mr. Vango told us that he had never before even heard of Sir Walter or Abbotsford.

As a reason why Sir Walter had come to us we told our audience that we were born within four miles of Abbotsford, had often sat on the bench of his Sheriff Court as its official shorthand writer, and had made a hobby of hunting up all the old people still alive who had known and talked with Sir Walter in the long ago. So it was, perhaps, not improbable that his spirit had sometimes witnessed the enthusiasm of these old people while telling their tales, highly proud of the personal honour of having known at close quarters "The Great Unknown," as he was called when his first novels appeared.

These stories seemed to interest our hearers much. Though none of them were avowed Spiritualists all, without exception, had had strange personal experiences, which they narrated. The Countess, especially, had a store of wonderful tales associated with Scotland and its seers, which she kindly promised to write for this *Gazette*. Next morning she sent us a glorious bouquet of enormous white roses and an invitation to tea, when, with Mrs. Hack, we had the pleasure of hearing her Ladyship read some interesting letters from her sister.

Other members of the little company, English and American residents of the Riviera, honoured us with kind invitations and other attentions. These were Dr. and Madame May,



Miss Claud Payne, Mrs. Adams (who claimed to be guided by Albertus Magnus, a sage of the thirteenth century), and Miss Yerkes; while Miss Lynch, a charming young American, motored us all over the precipitous roads around San Remo, showing us many magnificent views.

### MRS. HACK'S FAMOUS BOOK.

Now, it is befitting that we should devote the remainder of our space to our hospitable hostess, Mrs. Gwendolyn Kelley Hack. As most American and British Spiritualists know, she is the author of that famous work "Modern Psychic Mysteries: Millesimo Castle," which made so great a stir some years ago in the world of Psychical Research, and led incidentally to the indignant resignation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle from the S.P.R. on account of the book's abominable treatment by its Polish representative, Mr. Theodore Besterman.

Mrs. Hack's book is of classical importance as a complete record of the famous Direct Voice and Apport Seances which took place during 1927-28 at Millesimo Castle, in the Province of Savona, Italy, the property of the Marquis Carlo Centurione Scotto.

Professor Bozzano, in his Preface to the book, thus summarises its contents:—

"The principal phenomenon which we obtained was that of the Direct Voice, combined with many other important manifestations, such as extraordinary Apports and Asports, the transportation from a distance of extremely large and heavy articles, the playing of musical instruments while they floated round the room, the materialisation of human hands and feet, the levitation of the medium to a height of over six feet above the ground in the large arm-chair in which he was seated, noisy duels between invisible fighters; and, finally, the culminating phenomenon, in the dramatic bodily disappearance of the medium. This was followed by an anxious but vain search for the sensitive, which lasted for two and a half hours. We were eventually relieved of our anxiety by means of Mrs. Kelly Hack's mediumship, the welcome information which guided us to the spot where we found the medium, Marquis Centurioni Scotto, immersed in deep sleep, being written automatically through her hand."

The Professor, in the same preface, answered in very trenchant fashion a criticism that had been made of the seances, namely that the methods of 'control' were not sufficiently stringent from a scientific point of view. His defence was magnificently cogent, not merely for these particular experiments, but for all seances conducted without the ingenious (?) devices insisted on by those whom he styled "the adherents of the theory of universal fraud"—a finely descriptive title! (This preface and other Italian articles in the book were finely translated by Miss E. Maude Bubb, of Ullenwood, near Cheltenham.)

### TRANS-OCEANIC MESSAGES.

But it is of another volume of Mrs. Hack's, now ready for publication, of which we would speak, as we have just had the privilege of perusing the manuscript. It will probably become known as the Venetia book in contrast to the Millesimo book, to which it is a sequel. It describes the first trans-oceanic transmission of messages without wireless or other instruments, but solely by mediumistic power. Two groups sat for this historic experiment:— (1) Dr. Crandon's Group in Boston, U.S.A., and (2) Count Piero Bon's Group in Venice, Italy.

"Walter," "Margery's" Guide and brother, devised a method of providing certain facts for transmission that would be wholly unknown to any living person. His instructions were scrupulously carried out by Mr. Bligh Bond and others, who acted as the transmitting station. The information was immediately conveyed by "Walter" to Count Bon and Mrs. Hack, who acted, in Venice, as the receiving station. Two experiments were made; in the first of which George Valiantine, the famous Direct Voice Medium, was the means of reception, and in the second, after Valiantine had left Venice, Mrs. Hack was the medium. Both experiments were fully successful and conclusive, and they together form a landmark in the progressive history of Psychic Science.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in a letter to *The Times* of June 3rd, 1930 (a month before his death), described the experiment in some detail, and said it had attracted much less importance than it deserved. "The interest of the experiment lies," he wrote, "in the fact that it rules out the idea of telepathy, since the numbers transmitted were unknown to any of the Boston group. The only alternative seems to lie in the Spiritistic hypothesis, which assumes an invisible intelligence, capable of manifesting at far distant points at approximately the same hour."

Mrs. Hack set to work immediately to prepare a volume on the subject, but learning that the publishing world had decided to delay, for the time being, any further books bearing on Spiritualism, she held it back, and started on her travels around the world. Now she has completed a masterly volume which will do justice to the facts and their historic significance.

We trust the Spiritualist and Psychical Research worlds may not have long to wait for this second *magnum opus* from Mrs. Kelley Hack's gifted and capable pen. The story is of as entrancing and stirring interest as any romance, while it narrates with scientific precision merely "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

We concluded our holiday by a four days delightful sojourn in Mentone, the famous resort in Southern France, where we stayed at the Hotel Cecil—not the one which vanished from the busy, noisy Strand of London, but that which now stands by the bluest of seas and under the bluest of skies it has even been our happiness to enjoy!

J. L.

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This number of Gazette marks the 22nd Anniversary of its foundation by John Lewis, its present Editor.

It has ever been the most militant organ of the Spiritualist Movement. Every number is full of original instructive matter.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE said he "read it from cover to cover," adding:—

"I greatly admire the Gazette and the masterly way in which it is conducted."

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## Abduhl the Healer.

### A SPRINGTIME CONSULTATION.

A CORRESPONDENT, who recently consulted, through Miss Francis, a trance medium, at the British College of Psychic Science, Abduhl Latif, the thirteenth century Persian philosopher and physician (who has done such great service for healing in hundreds of cases submitted to him by Mr. R. H. Saunders) sends us the following intimate account of the interview in the hope that it may serve the purpose of giving a rough idea of what a good healing seance is like:—

Spring sunshine was pouring through the large window of the room in which the sitting was held. In two minutes the medium was in deep trance.

The rich Eastern voice of Abduhl, speaking in clear English, now comes with greetings. It is like a voice speaking to us from the B.B.C. We hear, but we do not see, the speaker; and the only general difference is that instead of a wireless set we have a medium in trance—a human instead of a mechanical instrument.

I was accompanied by a friend, with whom Abduhl and another conversed for some twenty minutes. Then to me Abduhl said, "You have been a little run down."

"I came to ask you," I said, "about my throat and eyes. For my throat I have been using juice of lemon; is that alright?" I asked.

"Lemon," he replied, "is good in the ordinary way; but not as the throat is now; we wish to tone it up. I want you to have, three days a week, Pond's extract—half water, half Pond's. Gargle well several times a day, and in so doing say to yourself, 'I am purifying, I am strengthening, I am vitalising myself.' Thought must always go with action.

"Then for four days of the week gargle with salt and water—a pint of water to a teaspoonful of salt.

"Now, your eyes," he went on, "I feel there is congestion. The tear duct is congested. When people grow up, and become less emotional, the tear duct does not have proper play."

I told him I plunged my eyes into cold water every morning, and used tincture of myrrh.

"Well," he said, "there is nothing better than salt and water—the same as for the throat. Use it for the gums also.

"And put the two thumbs just below the eyebrows and between the brows, and revolve them—occasionally having a little pause—to tone the eyes. Then make a cup of the hands and press the two bones of the cheek and those above the brows. Press deeply and draw out, and with the action give the thought I have mentioned, and hold the thought that you are making the sight perfect. Do not touch or press the eyeballs."

#### THAT END-OF-THE-WINTER FEELING.

Abduhl paused, and appeared to see something more not quite perfect. "I feel," he said, "you are rather depleted."

I pointed out that we were all at the end of a long winter, and that one never felt at one's best at such a time.

"You should make up for it," he said, and asked if I took plenty of honey.

"Yes," I replied.

"And your diet?" he asked.

"I think I am very careful," I said.

"I want you," he went on, "to see that you get good nourishing diet—that which is going to give energy.

"Eggs?" he began to question. "Well, hardly for you, though many often fall back on them. But vegetables containing iron you must have—not root vegetables. Spinach, yes; not turnips, but the tops you can have; they are good."

"May I have a little meat?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "a little beef and sheep are alright, but keep away from pig and veal, and see that the meat you have is only once cooked, and no fat."

He seemed to find the liver not fulfilling its whole duty, and recommended Agocholine, of which I had never heard, and which is not to be found in ordinary dictionaries. Letter by letter he spelt it out. "Take it," he ordered, "for three weeks, early in the morning before breakfast—two teaspoonfuls in warm water, and lie on the right side for fifteen minutes. Ten minutes is sometimes enough, but for you I say fifteen."

Half jokingly, I asked him if I must get this remedy at his "famous chemists," alluding to a firm of homœopathic chemists whose founder he has met in the Spirit World, and whose special preparations he occasionally recommends.

"No," he answered, "You can get it at any chemists'."

I thanked him, and mentioned the illness of a relative, and that mentally I had asked him some weeks before if he could help.

"I have not been able," he said, "to get as near her as I could wish. I want you to meditate quietly, and concentrate on her, and during this concentration what I will do is to send out a pearl ray to destroy that which is used up and unnecessary, and re-fill her with healing."

#### THE BRONTËS.

We talked of other things after this consultation, and particularly of the Brontës, whom he appears to have met.

I asked whether Emily met her dog, Keeper, and whether Charlotte is with M. Héger, and what they are all doing.

"Keeper," he asked, "is he the dog that would howl?"

"Yes," I said.

"I know the sisters very well," he said; "I was very interested in them before. Keeper was the dog Emily loved so much. We are always allowed here to keep the faithful friends of the animal world, and Emily still has Keeper.

"The sisters were very great souls, and they were very greatly inspired; Charlotte had one inspiring her who was a very high soul."

"And what are they doing now," I asked.

"They are still working," he said, "but with much wider vision. What they are giving now (through inspiring others) will perhaps be recognised in a way, but their ideas are no longer quite the same."

"And what of M. Héger," I asked.



"He was a great friend of Charlotte's," Abduhl replied, "and the friendship is still very great. They are affinities, as Charlotte must have known. He is a fine man, and she is a beautiful soul."

He then referred to the presence of a Spirit friend of whom I had not heard before, namely, Louchou (a Benedictine Monk, I think he said), who rebelled against his Church because it so belittled the Christ, and left it to teach the teachings of the Great Master. "He is the medium's guide, or rather gate keeper," he said, and he explained that three years ago (that was when Abduhl was working through another medium, and had to make a change owing to her departure for America), Louchou had very kindly allowed him to come to take

charge and do his healing work through his present medium.

The sitting ended with a prayer to Allah, and a blessing, and also with a reminder with regard to health to add to the things recommended, "deep breathing."

When the medium came out of her deep sleep, we asked if she remembered anything of what had happened, or where she had been.

"No," she said, "I never bring back any memory of where I go, but clairvoyants tell me they have seen me resting on a beautiful lawn, and that is just what I should most wish." She seemed not at all fatigued, and we bade this gifted little lady "Au Revoir."

Our correspondent adds that he is trying the remedies recommended by Abduhl Latif, and finds them good.

## Return of Giant Spirits, Destructive & Protective.

BY D. O. SMITH, PONTYPRIDD.

THE following account of alleged appearances of Giants has never previously been published. If there were tribes or races of these big people in past ages, it is only reasonable to expect an occasional visit from them in spirit.

The Bible gives us very little light on the subject of giants, though we are told that Og was the last of the remnant of giants, and the dimensions and location of his bedstead are given. The author of Genesis notes, "There were giants in the earth in those days." Not so very long ago, as geologists reckon the various ages since this was written.

Besides, there are the American mound builders, who were some ten or twelve feet high. They have left burial mounds, both in North and in South America. Readers may refer to "Our Second American Adventure," by Sir A. Conan Doyle, for a description of the fossilised form of one of these monster men, eighteen feet long, now lying in the Great Colorado Canon.

This is fairly concrete evidence that there really were giants in the earth at one period. The American Indians also claim there were giants in that land at one time. The Mahatma Letters, published by the Theosophists, make the following comment on the subject:—

"The vrill of the coming race was the common property of races now extinct. And as the very existence of these gigantic ancestors of ours is now questioned, though in the Himavats, on the very land belonging to you, we have a cave full of the skeletons of those giants, and their huge forms when found are invariably regarded as isolated freaks of nature, so the vrill of the akas, as we call it, is looked upon as an impossibility."

One need not go so far back for reports of monsters. I do not refer to Loch Ness, or the animal species. The London *Daily Mail* of this year, on March 19th, published a wire from Vancouver stating that "The Sesquatch," or hairy giants, had been seen by hunters sixty miles east of the city, adding that this was the second report of them having been seen again.

I have heard several accounts of giant spirits being seen, but have only been able to question two witnesses who claim to have seen them. The first comes fairly near home. In fact the story is well known to all the members of our family:—

In the year 1886, when a boy, my elder brother drove my sisters and me to visit a sister of mother's, some fifty miles south of where we lived in the state of Kansas, U.S.A. It was my aunt's husband, an uncle by marriage, who gave us the story of his rather trying experience with the ghosts of the big ones. He was so upset over his encounter that he was never known to go out alone after dark again.

In his younger life, when single, he had occasion to assist a farmer at threshing. The men slept in a large barn, where, on the ground floor, were ploughs and various implements. The very first evening, while resting and talking together in the barn, they were astonished to see two men of enormous size walk into the barn in the fading light. This would not have disturbed them so much, but the giants (or their spirits) manifested a most unfriendly attitude. Heavy ploughs that an ordinary man could hardly move they tossed about with ease; barrels and tools were thrown at the men before they left, and, moreover, the two watch dogs were afraid of them. My uncle was struck by a barrel which one of the giants threw.

Regularly, at the same time each evening, these two forms came back to the barn and made everybody as miserable as they could before taking their departure. The only way this scene was prevented was for a man to stand, one on each side of the door, with an axe drawn ready to strike. At this they kept out. One workman, bolder than the rest tried to seize hold of one of the forms, but he was thrown across the barn.

We asked why they did not shoot them, or at them, but this was not permitted by the owner owing to the danger of fire with so much straw about. My aunt is still alive, at or near Blue Mound Kansas, and though that occurred in the seventies she can still verify this account, which made such an impression on her life partner that he was never able to throw it off; he died a few years ago.

The other account is more agreeable. The gigantic entities were peaceful guardians in this case. At Benton Harbour, Michigan, I made the acquaintance of a very nice old man, and it was after a fairly long acquaintance that he gave a few of us the following account in the year of 1905:—

He was travelling with his wife in the West in the early days over the prairies in a covered wagon. Happening to get up in the night to see if his horses were all right, he saw reclining on their sides, some with a hand holding or resting the head, all round about his camp, the forms of giants, some fifteen feet in length, as near as he could estimate. He sat on the wagon tongue trying to form some fairly accurate estimate of the length of the limbs of the forms, the shape of them, and of the heads and hands, etc. No wild animals ever came near his camp, though there were wolves and other animals in the country. The old man said he thought of that verse, "The angels of the Lord will encamp about those that love Him." Being of a venerable and religious nature he had no doubt attracted the better giant guardians of their native land. Moreover, the huge visitors followed him, and could be seen by him every night at any time when there was moonlight, as long as he was in that part of the country.

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## How My Spirit Friends Helped Me to See Arthur Conan Doyle's Empty Chair.

BY MARY WINEFRIDE SLATER.

THOSE privileged to attend that great meeting, held in the Albert Hall, to bid farewell on the earthplane and God-speed in the Spirit World to Arthur Conan Doyle, our beloved chief, will know that what I write here is no exaggeration.

I arrived half-an-hour before the time when the doors were to be opened, and I found that the crowd waiting outside stretched in circles twice round the vast building, and I took my place at the end of the serpent-like queue. At the given time the doors were opened, and in a few minutes had swallowed up all who had been standing in the first circle, though still remaining grimly closed against the rush of people who had waited so patiently in the outer ring. Pandemonium ensued as soon as those left behind realised what had happened. Conflict raged, and the officials at each door had to resort to force to beat back the rush of those determined to enter.

I began to feel afraid. It is not a pleasant experience to be hemmed in on all sides by a large crowd. I was torn between two desires, one, to enter the hall at any cost, the other, to reach safety even if it meant returning home. I was feeling faint, and my knees threatened to give way under me, when, with a sudden rush, the crowd surged forward, and I was carried through the door and precipitated against a burly official.

I struggled blindly forward. "It is useless for you to go up there," the official cried after me; "it is full up; you will only have to come back." Then I heard (clairaudiently) a voice saying, "Keep straight on. We will help you!" It roused my fighting spirit, and I determined to obey. As I tried to climb the stairs I was pushed to one side and knocked against the wall by men and women rushing down, while shouting, "Go back! There is no room."

I struggled on, and at length reached the gallery, where, in spite of the fact that people were running to and fro in search of seats, I saw just in front of me one empty chair! Although it was in the back row, exactly opposite the entrance, no one appeared to notice it. I walked to it quietly, and sat down. It is a very considerable climb from the ground floor to the gallery of the Albert Hall, as everyone knows who has made the ascent, yet, although I had rheumatoid arthritis at the time, I felt no discomfort and was not even out of breath.

In my gratitude at being allowed to participate in this great service, it mattered little to me that I could see nothing and hear only imperfectly. The roof seemed to shake as the great organ thundered forth, and thousands of voices sang the grand Spiritualist hymns with their message of joy.

In that vast throng were women with babies in their arms, who were content to stand all through the long service, even as they had stood so patiently outside the hall. Enthusiasm, joyous certainty and triumph were the keynote of the service.

I remained in my seat for an hour, and then I was consumed with an absurd longing to see the empty chair that had been placed on the platform between Lady Conan Doyle and her son. It was Sir Arthur's chair. I knew he would be there. I asked his help and the help of my spirit friends, that I might see this "empty chair."

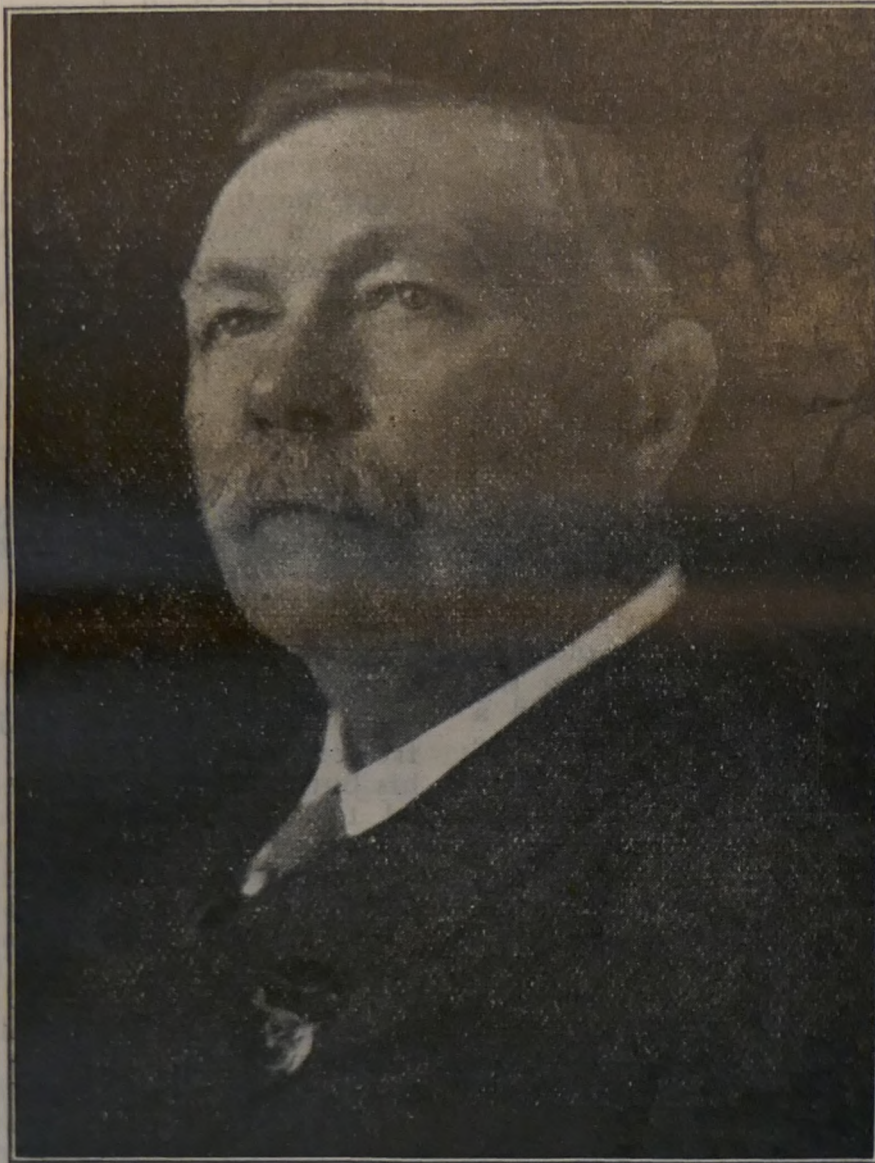
Ten minutes passed, and then clairaudiently I heard the voice again: "Go now! Go at once! There is no time to be lost!" I dared not move. If I left my seat I knew it would be filled instantly. I argued that it was better to remain where I was than to find myself in the street again.

The voice spoke again, "If you do not go at once we cannot help you!" And this time I jumped up from my chair, which was instantly occupied. I ran down all the flights of stone steps, and out into the street, where hundreds of people were still standing. I started a systematic tour of the building, but was refused admittance at every door. Tired and disillusioned, I felt that my spirit friends had let me down, which distressed me far more than having given up my seat. I made one last despairing effort. The main door yielded to my pressure, and I found myself inside the vestibule, confronted by a giant commissionaire. "Please let me go in for one minute," I pleaded. "I only want to see Sir Arthur's empty chair. I will come straight out again!"

I heard a man's hearty laugh, and turned to see a lady and gentleman standing beside me, who had been amused spectators of the scene. "Do you want to go in?" the man asked. "More than anything in the world," I replied. "Then take our tickets," he answered, "I fear they won't be much use to you. My wife and I are going home because we can see or hear nothing!"

I expressed my gratitude, and rushed once more into the street holding the tickets above my head. The waiting crowd surged forward, and I thrust one into the hands of a tired looking woman, and together we were shown into a luxurious box, exactly facing the platform, where I saw Lady Conan Doyle sitting beside the empty chair placed between herself and her son. I was just in time to hear Mr. Ernest Oaten's poignant speech. The pathos of his concluding words still remain a touching memory: "Farewell! my dear, dear friend!" In the distance, near the roof, I could faintly discern the place I had so lately occupied.

Since then Sir Arthur has been seen with me by many mediums. I have seen him myself, and he has written through my hand. I saw him among his books at the Friendship Centre during a seance. Mr. Stephen Foster was in trance controlled by his brother Tom, who said to me, "Arthur Conan Doyle is with you. He says he wishes you would not call him 'Sir.' There are no titles over here!"



ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.



# The Life Story of Mrs. Gladys Osborne Leonard.

## III.—HOW I FOUND MY LONG-LOST FATHER.

*The following is the third chapter of Mrs. Osborne Leonard's autobiographical chats given to the Editor in personal interviews in 1917.*

THERE was something happened in connection with my father I should like to tell you about. I had not seen him for fourteen years before the war broke out. I had not even heard from him; did not know where he was or anything; and I was so very fond of him.

When I was sitting at a table with a friend, someone (in spirit) came through who said he was my father's brother and that his name was William Edward. I would not believe it, because I had understood that my father had no other brother but one called Harry.

I said, "Do you mean that you are Harry?" He said, "No, I am your father's eldest brother." I said, "You are wrong then, because my father had no elder brother; he was the eldest." He said, "I am his brother, but I died before your father was born." I could not take that in because I had not heard of it. I said, "How can you be William, because there are no two sons in the same family called William, and my father was William?" He said notwithstanding that he was right.

I said, "Very well, have you seen your alleged brother at all lately?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Where? Is he on the Continent?" He said, "No, he is in England." So I said, "I do not think so," because I knew my father was very keen on Continental life.

I said, "Can you tell me anything about where he may be?" He said, "Yes, in Leeds." I said, "No, that cannot be." I thought, why should he be in Leeds? That is one of the very towns he would not be in. However, I made inquiries, and through my own brother I found out quite accidentally that he had been seen in Leeds. My brother, at the same time as he wrote about this, sent me on an old bag containing some papers, as he was moving from the place he was living in to another place. I found a torn envelope in this bag which gave the last three letters of the name of a road in Leeds. "IAN" were the letters.

I thought it was evident he had been in Leeds, so I said I would try and find out from the Spirit whether he could tell me anything more about it. Accordingly, I asked the Spirit whether he could possibly find out any address my father ever had in Leeds, or was likely to be found at? After a lot of trouble and mistaken spellings he spelt out the words "Caledonian Road, Leeds." I could not get the number of the road, but I thought I would write to my father at that address and see what came of it. To my great astonishment, a fortnight afterwards, I got an answer from my father, but from a quite different address. He said the letter had found him in a most miraculous way. The Caledonian Road was a long road, and without any number it was most unlikely that any letter would find him. But some people in the road of whom the postman made inquiries, took the trouble to tell him where my father had probably gone to, and the postal authorities sent on my letter to that address.

In his reply my father said he was very pleased to hear from me, and was very much astonished. He said he would like to know what I was doing, and asked if it would be possible to see me. I answered I should be very pleased to see him; would he come to see me? I tried to explain to him what I was doing, for by this time I was working professionally as a medium. That was in the winter of 1914. I saw in his next letter that he rather ignored what I had said about my work, though he was as tactful as he could be. He told me he could not come to see me as he was not very well, and could not get about easily. Incidentally he told me he had married again. My mother had passed on some years before. He did not propose that I should go to him, but I found that in the Christmas week my husband had a little business at Wakefield, which is not far from Leeds. I wired to my father asking if he could come to a certain address at Wakefield, which is only a tram-ride from Leeds. He replied, "Yes."

My husband and I went to Wakefield, and my father came to see us. He had not known that I was married or anything. He did not know me when he saw me, but I knew him. We met him at the tram terminus, and I knew him in a minute. He stared at me in amazement when I went up to him. We took him to the place we were staying at, and had lunch together. Then I asked my husband to leave us together for a confidential talk, and I broached the subject of my work to my father.

He said to me, "Well, I have always doubted mediums, and thought they were frauds; that there might be a certain element of thought-reading and telepathy about it, and a great suggestion of hypnotism; but I believe you are fairly level-headed, and fairly conscientious, and I don't believe you would set out seriously in such a thing as this without believing it to be true."

I said, "Well, I thought you would know that I would not take it up in this way unless I had proved it to be true."

He said, "Well, do you think anybody can return?"

I said, "Yes, anybody who wishes to do so can, provided there is someone on the earth-plane who also wishes to communicate."

He said, "Well, when I pass over, as you call it, I will come back to you."

He mentioned that he had wanted to go out to the war, but was told he was too old. He fought in the Franco-Prussian War on the side of the French, and he was disappointed he could not go again. Then he said suddenly, "Someone is going to die on the 15th of February. I wonder who it is. I cannot understand why 'they' are telling me about it. I expect it is the Kaiser." He must have been clairaudient himself. The 15th of February was six weeks after the time I was speaking to him, and he himself died on that very day! I only got the news of his death when it was too late to go to him.

About three days after he passed on, I was resting on my bed in the afternoon and reading. Then I put the book aside and was thinking of nothing in particular, when I was astonished to see my father build up in front of me. He seemed almost as solid as a materialisation, and was smartly dressed in a frock coat, with a piece of white orange blossom in his buttonhole. What meaning the flower was intended to convey to me I don't know even now. He looked ever so much younger and had a fine colour in his face. He was beaming at me as if greatly pleased, and very triumphant. At the first glance I really thought he was there himself in the body, and I said, "Hullo, dad!" Then I remembered he had passed on. He did not speak, but simply looked at me and smiled again, and then he faded away.

I immediately thought of all the things I might have said to him. I got the impression that he wished me to go to a medium, and a week afterwards a friend invited me to go with her to a circle at Mr. Vango's. Directly Mr. Vango came round to me he described my father, gave his name, "William," and said, "He wants me to tell you how he walked when last he saw you. He had gout in both feet, and shivered like this."

That was quite true, and Mr. Vango imitated his shiver exactly. So I said, "Has he any message for me?"

Mr. Vango replied, "Yes, he says that the talk you had with him did more for him than he could possibly have believed, and he says he has done what he promised." He gave me other messages, too, which were wonderfully evidential.

That cheered me up a great deal. He has also spoken to me at one of Mr. Craddock's seances, where he built up fully materialised. He called me by a name nobody but my mother and father ever called me by. It was his voice, and he called me "Gladdie," a name I did not like at all. That was in February, 1915.

I have heard from him since more often than I have heard from my mother, for up to the time of her passing on she was still very bitter against Spiritualism. My father comes to me very often impressionally, and if I sit at a table he usually comes through.

*Next month's chat deals with "My Views of Prophecy, with an Illustration."*



## Christian Spiritualism.

BY W. W. LOVE.

GOD hath made us able ministers of the New Testament of Christ, written not with ink or engraven in tables of stone, but in the fleshly tables of the heart by the Spirit of God. The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.—(2. Cor. 3). The fruit of the spirit is LOVE, JOY and PEACE (Gal. 5).

The Bible contains many sublime truths and numerous contradictions. Men and women are so educated to-day that they cannot believe the Bible to be the pure and unadulterated word of God, the Creator of the Universe or the God of Love and Universal Father of all mankind, as taught by the Holy Spirit through Jesus, and have grown indifferent to a problem which cannot be solved without spirit manifestation and angel guidance.

If we place our trust in the wisdom of Churchmen, who have not experience of spirit manifestation and angel guidance, we think of the dying as falling asleep, and speak of our burial places as cemeteries or sleeping places. Let us remember the words of that great psychic, the Apostle Paul, who wrote, "The body thou buryest is not the body that shall be; there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither can corruption put on incorruption."

To some who have no experience of spirit manifestation and angel guidance death is extinction, like the flickering out of a candle.

To the orthodox Churchman, death is a state of darkness, forgetfulness, unconsciousness. The next experience, in the history of the Churchman, is opening the eyes in resurrection to receive his reward. All between, blank.

It was to no land of sleeping souls to which Paul passed when he heard a language which baffled his comprehension to describe, and heard the spirits of men in conversation on the realities of the other world. It was his belief that on the death of the body he would enjoy the presence of Christ and the freest communion, spirit with spirit.

It was no promise of eternal sleep in a land of unconsciousness that Christ gave to the robber on the Cross. It was with all the powers of his human spirit quickened that Christ passed into the unseen world and delivered his message; not to spirits who were asleep and unconscious, but awake to hear the glad tidings he brought them.

We may draw corroborative evidence to the statements of our spirit friends, and those we once mourned as dead, from the manner in which death is spoken of in the New Testament. It is nowhere considered to reduce the spirit to a state of unconsciousness, but is everywhere represented by illustrations of a very different kind; it is the striking of a tent, the breaking up of a home, the weighing of anchor and going forth on another voyage, it is something to be looked forward to as a translation to a better sphere.

The following from an old newspaper cutting of many years ago, which I have in my press cutting book, should be of interest to

psychic students and truth seekers; it confirms the teachings of our spirit friends:—

**AN HOUR OF DEATH.** Dr. Thomas Mulligan, a well-known physician, of New Britain, Connecticut, wrote to the editor of one of the principal New York newspapers, saying, "If you care to come and talk to a patient of mine, who died at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, and was as thoroughly dead for one hour as she ever can be, she will be glad to give you an audience."

The editor promptly despatched a reporter, who found the patient, Mrs. William McNutty, quite convinced that she had just returned from a visit to the spiritual world. She was still weak, and had great difficulty in describing her sensations in earthly terms.

This is what she said: "Everything was black at first. Then I seemed to glide through space over interminable distances. After a while a region of strange light appeared in front of me, and it grew dazzling, a hundred times more so than sunlight. It was not like the light of the sun, but was just a flaming brilliance, which pervaded everything, though it did not proceed from any one place in particular. I found myself amidst endless crowds of people, all smiling and moving to and fro at will. Suddenly I saw my mother, and beside her a distant relative, who died thirty years ago. While talking to them the light seemed to go out, and I awoke to find Dr. Mulligan bending over me."

Dr. Mulligan says that the lady's mind is perfectly clear, and that she was in no trance, but that her condition was one of absolutely suspended animation. "So far as my medical skill could determine," he added, "she was dead."

## PRE-EXISTENCE.

By WILL CARLOS.

**A** PART from all speculations or conceptions on our part as to pre-existence, let us at once stand firm on the fact that **God Is: has always Been: will always Be.**

That fact accepted, let us realise that **He Is All There Is: He is the Universe—the Container and Contained: the Infuser and the Filler.** All that Is is a part of the content.

If we, as humans, are of God and in God, we coexist with God, and continue to exist in Him, and cannot cease to be.

From the moment that the *genus homo* was conceived in the Divine Mind, humanity as a mass lived, and its units were starting on the pathway of progression towards an ideal humanity that only God could conceive. Each unit would bear the Divine impress and pass through the ordained processes for a shorter or longer period of organic or mundane life, and then be transferred to the higher stages. What processes preceded the taking on of the human form we cannot conceive, but it is evident that successively denser forms must have been evolved between the purely spiritual stage, and the gross material forms we now inhabit.

I like to think that when God spoke, "Let there be Light!" He set up vibrations in a quiescent universe, already completed in His Mind. All the parts and actors were stirred into activity, and the *genus homo* began to emerge from obscurity and take its first steps in material evolution.

The ego would, one presumes, be constant in whatever form it manifests: the individual persisting, the personality changing.



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## Man as God Manifester.

### THE LAW OF MANIFESTATION.

FOLLOWING up our remarks of last month on "Man as a Spiritual Being," we wish now to emphasise the fact of his supreme function in the world, namely to manifest the Universal Spirit of God as Person—as our Heavenly Father. The only perfect Manifester of God as Person, of whom we have any knowledge, is Jesus of Nazareth, who said,

**"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."**

Man, the knower—with his mind, soul, self, spirit—has alone the structure or organism that can show forth God's personal qualities. **But for man God as Person would remain for ever Unknown in His Universe.**

Man is different from everything else in creation in that he alone has free-will under his own independent conscious direction.

The rose cannot but bloom, beautiful and fragrant; the sun cannot but shine, shedding light and warmth upon the world, for these are their natural functions, and they have no choice in the matter. But man **can decline** to show forth God as Person, **can refuse** to perform his unique function to exhibit the personal qualities of the God-head.

He may, instead, manifest vanity, hatred, malice, covetousness, cruelty, and the other things we class as Evil. He may either swim with the stream of his own personal inclinations or he may voluntarily put himself "in tune with the Infinite" and adopt the strict code of Righteousness for his rule of life.

He may manifest the highest attributes of God, or he may manifest the lowest attributes of men. He is king in his own castle, the ruler of his own destiny; he can obey or refuse obedience to gods and men; he can even manifest, if he so wills, as Evil incarnate.

It is highly important then that he should realise his responsibility to himself, and be guided to a clear sense of his god-like potentialities, so that his life may be lived on noble rather than on ignoble lines.

We want to concentrate on how man manifests God. The analogy of electrical manifestation, referred to last month, does not help us here, excepting as providing a contrast. All manifestation of electricity arises from its meeting with resistance in some element or mechanism outside itself.

Spirit, on the other hand, is only fully manifested in man when all resistance has been removed. And man himself must remove the cause of resistance within himself before God can manifest through him. He has first "to die to himself." He has to remove the obscuring curtain of himself, to throw open the shutters of his self-hood, before the Light and

Love of God can have free course through him. He must, by his own effort, present a free and unresisting channel before he can become "filled with the Spirit." He must become self-less before he can become God-like. He must lose his natural self before he can attain to the dignity of his spiritual self.

That is the law, rigid and unvarying, that governs the perfect manifestation of the Universal Spirit by man. It must be fulfilled before he, as a God-manifesting organism, can fully operate.

The Principle of Resistance lies deep in our human nature. Without its application man would be neither an intellectual, a moral, nor a spiritual being. It is by an act of resistance to the stream of sensations that come to him from without, by stopping it to look at it and reflect upon it, that he attains self-consciousness, that he surpasses the kind of consciousness in the cow on the meadow. It is by an act of resistance to the desires, feelings, and passions, that affect him from within that he becomes a moral being and rises above "the tyranny of the causal law." And it is by an act of supreme resistance and antagonism to his natural self that he attains to the dignity of a spiritual being—becomes a God-manifester. It is by thwarting, mortifying, sacrificing, conquering all the natural man in him he calls "me," that he becomes the unresisting channel of the Spirit of God.

Needless to say, no man is a perfect manifester of God. The warfare against the flesh never reaches completion. The evil that man would not, that he does, and the good he would he fails to perform. But it is valuable to see clearly the ideal, to intensify the consciousness of his high calling, even if all human efforts fall far short of its realisation.

There is, however, a constant unconscious manifestation of Spirit by men and women. The Universal Light operates wherever there is the least chink of *unselfishness* through which it can penetrate, and no man or woman is so entirely selfish as to make an exception to the saying—"There is a Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Every unselfish act manifests the Spirit of God. When the women of Turpin Square ran with their cups of tea to "Old Jackie" in the early morning, and nursed him tenderly night and day through his grievous illness, they were as truly angels (or messengers) of God as if they had been adorned with wings and harps.

The one Perfect Human Manifester of God himself declared that just such persons as they would at last be rewarded by the welcome "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!"

Conscious manifesting is, however, a much higher exercise of man's divine faculty. When in addition to turning off the self-tap, man consciously acts not as he himself wills but as God wills, he evades all the muddy pools of his personality and bathes in the pure stream of the Universal Life. He becomes an active co-operator with Spirit, and not a mere passive agent. God's laws and thoughts are universal—as His sun shines impartially upon the evil and the good—but individual man gives them their particular application and expression—he is the sole medium of their manifestation in their personal qualities.

General Baden-Powell did a great thing for mankind and the light of the world when he made it a rule of the Boy Scout movement, "Do one kind act each day." Purpose it in your mind, look out for an opportunity to do something not for yourself but to help or gladden another, and you will be doing God's will. By such daily acts the God-like character is acquired.

Even by trivial acts of goodwill, one's motives are lifted high above the level of self-regarding into fellowship and union with the Divine. In the process Love, Light, and Truth, cannot help shining through. If this became a universal purposeful process, this grey world would soon be transformed into a Paradise. The Church would no longer need to complain of failure if it emphasised obedience to this, the great law of Christianity so clearly exemplified by its Founder. It would no longer need to pray for a greater outpouring of the Holy Spirit. God, ever-present God, never fails to manifest in perfect measure wherever human channels are opened wide by the only way.

J. L.

June, 1934

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## A Week-End at Bromley.

BY MABEL HUGHMAN.

TO be busy about one's chosen occupation is surely one of the happiest activities one can have; and so when an opportunity of service comes, there is much joy in starting off for a full week-end.

I broke my journey both ways, and stayed with old and loved friends in London, heard of their new paths of service in healing work and care for the blind, and gave their Guides an opportunity to reveal themselves; interspersed were the little touches of evidence so essential in all these communications written through my left hand.

At Bromley there were two bereaved friends to help, and so a young widow received proof of a husband's loving nearness, and a test word was received in my script. Also, an old friend, whose sister's sudden death came as a shock, was relieved to hear that, owing to the arisen sister's knowledge of Spiritualism, there was no confusion in her mind upon reaching the Home-land.

On Sunday I had the privilege of speaking at the evening service of the Bromley Circle of Psychic Study, a Society of my own creating, where I unfurled the Banner of Truth thirteen years ago. In my address to a large assembly, I stressed the need of to-day—**evidential mediumship**. I alluded to the great number of new societies springing up, with a dearth of good speakers and mediums to satisfy the new inquirers into our Glorious Truths. I earnestly besought those present to devote the time necessary to find the harmonious surroundings suitable for the development of their psychic gifts, and to wade manfully through all the difficulties that beset them in the early stages of manifestation.

The Clairvoyant descriptions were ably given by Mrs. Constable, and I noted, with not a little pride, the shield setting forth our Seven Principles in gilt lettering, the handsome new organ, the well-stocked book-stall, and the wealth of beautiful flowers.

I was able to greet old friends, meet many new officers and workers for the Circle, and to congratulate them upon the progress of the Society.

On the Saturday morning, I gave a satisfactory test sitting at the B.C.P.S. in Queen's Gate, and the Monday morning was devoted to a sitting with a stranger, chosen by Mr. John Lewis, at 69 High Holborn.

I have a plan, before all my sittings, of entering into the Silence for a few moments, and asking for Guidance as to which of the many verse cards I possess I shall choose to take and place before the Cross. Upon this occasion I was led to pick out one with a scarlet border, viz.:—

"Let us be happiness makers,  
Turning the darkness to day,  
Living for things that are lovely,  
Singing with joy on our way:  
Ah! 'tis the happiness makers  
Who, at the set of the sun,  
Enter the Heavenly glory  
Share in the Master's "Well Done."

Usually the office of an Editor is imagined to be a grim, rather severe, spot, but here the sun shone within and without, and there was no ice! (Oh, those icebergs of people, with their frosty manner, that we

mediums meet with; how hard they make our work!)

There was no word of introduction to the beautiful elderly lady awaiting me, but her smile and handshake revealed friendliness, and we arranged the little pictures and cards ready to begin.

The moment her right hand was placed over mine, the writing came clear and vigorous, and throughout the hour and a half that followed never once did the power ever sink into abeyance. Mr. Lewis sat near, giving forth helpful vibrations, and twice he was called upon to come within the little circle and receive a little salutation—when the lady's mother came through, and at the final moment of farewell, when "Andrew" thanked us all.

The following with quotation marks is the script made during our sitting:—

† "We are here to give you all the evidence you desire."

Thank you. I hope the power is strong.

"Yes we have the canopy over us to-day; now three are here with love in their hearts."

In answer to questions, we elicited that a relative was writing.

"Mother. JANET MORTON."

Sitter: Jessie Morton.

Seeing both surnames were alike, and noticing the sitter wearing a wedding ring, I asked again for the surname, but she smiled and told me she had married a cousin, and not changed her name.

"SISTER HERE, TOO."

The sitter said, "That will be my sister-in-law."

"The joy of knowing that you, Jessie dear, have found the TRUTH when on earth is great happiness to us all."

Here her hand was touched and patted.

"We each bring you a rose, without briers."

Three roses drawn by pencil.

Will you give the name of the sister present?

"JESSIE."

Here, again, I thought this was a repetition, but it was correct.

"Jessie is happy, and, of course, rejoicing in Service. She goes to the Home of Welcome, and gives a loving hand to the newcomers, who fail to realise they are dead."

Will you now give the sitter's husband's name?

"ANDREW:"

"Andrew brings the red rose; mine is a tea rose yellow, Jessie's is a white one."

Here, Mrs. Morton exclaimed delightfully: My husband always loved red, and Jessie's favourite flowers were white.

"Now, Andrew is to write next; so, dear child of the loving heart, with a mother's blessing I leave you."

Here signature was given, "Janet Morton," and our hands were laid upon the beautiful snow-white hair in blessing. (Pencil put down.)

Writing continues with great ease:—

"My garden is all ready for you, darling wife. Red roses grow over the archway by the porch of our home. The windows of the music-room open on to the terrace, and there my friends and I listen to the music of the spheres.

"We have far more wonderful instruments for this than your wireless sets."

Can you give the names of the children? (Here four strokes were made.)

"The eldest is a son, John Adam. Another is here with me now. Jessie is a dear daughter to me; so we are only waiting for you to be perfectly happy."

I said to the sitter: May I ask Andrew to give me your age?

Here he wrote 82. Then he took the verse card in front of us, and handed it to his wife. Next he wrote on the back, her name and his; he then took another, and wrote:

"To John Morton (his son) from Father."

Writing continued:—

"You help many people by your cheerful influence, and you can sow the seeds of truth in



many hearts. You must speak at a meeting." (Mrs. M. seemed dubious about this); "gather a few interested folks together, and read this to them, and I will stand by and listen to my wife. I will make the opportunity."

Next, the lady's address was written—a London hotel—and, upon her expressing a wish for a settled home, she was told to go and look for a nice little house some way out.

We now wanted to hear further of the child he had spoken of as being present, and he wrote:—

"BOY—he stands by your side radiant with joy that you know he lives."

As this little one had received no name on earth, Mrs. Morton asked if she could know his spirit name.

"Yes, you, his own mother, is certainly allowed to know this: 'FRANCIS.' He is an angelic worker in the band of Saint Francis."

Question: Of Assisi?

"Yes, that sweet and kindly lover of animals. Read his life and writings."

Now he says: "God bless you, mother," and goes. Our hands pointed upwards as we said: "Goodbye, Francis."

Mrs. Morton now asked news of someone recently passed over. Andrew wrote: "JIM MORTON."

She asked how Jim was employed now.

Reply: "Jim wanted to visit many places on earth, so has travelled with two others here, and viewed many lands; soon he will be given a home for the hospitality of the spirit helpers working in the sad and dim places to redeem those whose evil has darkened their lives. He, too, will conduct a band of helpers to the Caves of Sorrow, and give a helping hand to the sinful."

Here drawing of heavy clouds. Mrs. Morton spoke of the noble spiritual character of her arisen brother, and how he would be fitted for this redemptive work. She asked:—

What can you tell me about hell?

Reply: "When you speak of hell it means a dark and dreary place of unhappy dissatisfied spirits. There are many grades of these miserable places where the evil doers must remain until penitence is in the heart."

Have you been there?

"Yes, I have, and we sang to the strayed."

Drawing of a dark abyss, and then a Light shone like a Gleam afar. Star drawn with long rays of light, and on the picture of the Saviour in front of us, a lamb was indicated.

After a pause:

"The power now wanes, so we are to go."

"Thank you all for this opportunity" (Mr. Lewis, sitting near, was indicated, and touched on the hand) "to reveal ourselves, busy and happy in serving the Master. (Cross touched.) Love, Andrew Morton."

In a charming letter of thanks from this new found friend, she expressed a desire that very soon a way would be found for her to carry out her husband's wishes, and read her script to a little gathering.

How delightful to find one so ready and eager to share her experiences, and at the age of 82, become a worker for our Great Cause.

Would that many who hold back the knowledge they have been intrusted with, have her courage and enthusiasm, and pay tribute to our unseen helpers and the Glorious Truths they proclaim!

# "Twenty Years After": Things Worth Recalling.

From the "International Psychic Gazette" for May, 1914 (2nd Instalment).

## GHOSTS IN SOLID FORM.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE AT MR. GAMBIER BOLTON'S SEANCES.

AMONG the distinguished persons who attended the experimental seances arranged by Mr. Gambier Bolton were members of the Royal household—Lord Wolseley, General Carrington, General Sir Alfred Turner, Vice-Admiral Osborne Moore, Mr. W. T. Stead, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, John Oliver Hobbes, Signor Marconi, officials from the Treasury, the Foreign Office, the India Office, the Colonial Office, and the War Office, and members of both Houses of Parliament.

The materialised form at these seances was found on examination to be both warm and firm. It was usually draped in white garments; though sometimes it assumed a copy of clothing worn on earth for easier identification. It assumed the colour and disfigurements of earth life, and talked in its native French, German, Russian, Chinese, or Japanese tongue, of which the medium usually knew nothing, but the genuineness of which was attested by sitters who were acquainted with the materialised spirit in earth life.

Mr. Bolton describes in his handbook on "Ghosts in Solid Form" a number of test seances given to himself and his fellow investigators by six sensitives, and these, taken together with the reports of Sir William Crookes on his own experiments, are, he thinks, "sufficient to prove that we who have witnessed these marvels are neither hallucinated, insane, nor liars, when we solemnly affirm that we have both seen and handled the materialised bodies built up for temporary use by spirits from another sphere.—J. L.

## MEDITATION FOR NERVE REST.

Mr. Frederick Thurstan, M.A., lecturing at the Occult Club, said that Hindus practising self-hypnotism, or meditation, as the mystics called it, withdrew into the innermost chamber of the mind, closed the door of outer attention, and fixed the mind on some angel or guide, or ideal home, spirit home or heaven within themselves, and waited in quiet passivity. They could also reach this state in a modified way by thinking of some place or event in which they had enjoyed themselves.

By thus focussing the attention they were able to forget their bothers, anxieties and worries, and to get into a state of half dream and half wakefulness.

Everyone should practise it who required nerve rest. With practise they could get into it in a few minutes,

and they could come out of it whenever they wished. They should fix a time, twenty minutes or half-an-hour, when they would come back to ordinary consciousness. They could do anything in that state by way of getting rid of the pains of cold or hunger, or tediousness.

St. Paul practised it, and called it "dying daily." Pythagoras taught everybody to do it, and called it dying, of which actual dying is only a higher grade.

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

Nothing is better established than the frequent reproduction, and that in every detail, of pictures and photographs by spirit photographers, both when they are expected to do it, and when they are expected to do something quite different. The Cyprian Princess, continually given with David Duguid, is a case in point.

Admiral Osborne Moore's first portrait of Iola was probably done from the photograph which he had in his pocket whilst it was being worked out on the canvas. From what I have heard of the feats in portrait painting of the Bangs' Sisters' spirit band, I should infer that they often work from a photograph brought by the sitter, and kept by him in his pocket during the seance.

The operators on the Other Side save themselves much trouble by this method, and another consideration which weighs with them is that by doing away with the necessity of building up a spirit body it saves the medium's power.

—Mr. James Sharpe, M.A., in a letter to Miss Scatcherd.

## SAYINGS OF THE MONTH.

My interest in Spiritualism was only awakened by what I have read in my eighty-sixth year of Mr. W. T. Stead's return. For mental vigour and downright goodness he had few equals.

—A Transvaal Correspondent.

In the saddest storms of life Spiritualism brings peace.

—W. H. Evans.

There are still great numbers of fairies in England.

—Miss M. M. Lambert.

It seems pitiable that so many persons are destitute of interior proofs of their own Spirituality, and so long as they are thus deficient we hail with delight all that leads them away from materialism to psychism.

—W. J. Coleville.

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# Appreciations of Miss Violet Burton.

I.—BY LILY FORD.

**M**ANY ARE CALLED; FEW ARE CHOSEN." Violet Burton assuredly was a "Chosen One." My space is limited, as you know, but I will try to compress in a nutshell the essence of her work—what it meant to her and to us, and last, but not least, what it means to be a "Chosen One."

What is it Violet Burton stood for. One sentence reveals it to us: "The unfolding of the Christ within." Or, putting it into simple language, the liberation of the Spirit of God in man. Discarding by our own personal effort the many shackles which hold the Divine Spark in us a prisoner, and allowing the Reality in man—the real and true self, Life everlasting—to break through the outer crust, and thus permit his Higher Self, the God-spark within, freedom of action and expression!

I advisedly say "permit," and this takes us, very briefly, to the path of a "Chosen One." Very steep, narrow, uphill, it is.

We so glibly say: How wonderful his or her work, how helpful, uplifting! Yet never for a moment do we think what lies behind that work; never do we realise that before the one who was "Called" became a "Chosen" he had himself to choose whether he was prepared to give all for all, realising that this giving had to be repeated again and again and again, with every step of spiritual expansion and growth. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

Of the radiant teachers or guides working

through Miss Burton—the best known were (1) "Septimus," head of a College of Learning in spirit, a Greek in earth life, having lived long before the time of Jesus Christ, and (2) "Father John" or "Bernard," as he preferred to be called these last years. He was first a companion and friend of St. Francis of Assisi, and undertook to train Miss Burton—a training which lasted over thirty years.

Never once did she waver or slacken in her zeal and love, trying untiringly to help her fellow-beings, whether her teachers spoke through her in public places, or in her own lovely little centre to students at 78 Lancaster Gate.

And so I come to the end of this short article—an obituary, not on usual lines, I grant, but I am speaking to Spiritualists. Miss Burton was one, in the best sense of the word, standing for the highest, noblest, truest in our movement; and instead of mourning her passing, on March 23rd, our deep-felt congratulations go up to her for having entered the freedom, peace, and beauty of God's realms! And, although her physical presence will be missed by many, by all who loved and appreciated her, yet we know that after a period of rest and readjustment to her new surroundings, she will go forth into a fuller, wider field of activity, radiating with increased power, more abundant strength, and deeper love the message to which she had given her life. A true, loyal, faithful servant!—can anything better and more beautiful be said of anybody?—VIOLET BURTON **was** one.

II.—BY ONE WHO ATTENDED HER TUESDAY EVENING ADDRESSES.

**I**F the truth is not to be disguised, it must be admitted that neither Miss Burton's mediumship nor her public work were appreciated at their just worth by the leaders and influential ones among the Spiritualists. Perhaps it was because its spiritual quality was not understood or realised, or because they had formed their conclusions during the struggles of her early years in the movement, when she was being trained by her Spirit Teachers.

Her public work had no intellectual or scientific content, nor had it to do with psychical phenomena, and thus it made no appeal to the investigators and students requiring experimental data or scientific knowledge on the one hand, or to the seekers after wonders or craving satisfaction and consolation in communications from beloved ones beyond the veil, on the other. She was not a trance medium in the ordinary sense. In fact one of the conditions she made when she first consented to place herself under the training of her Spirit Guides was that she should not be required to lose her consciousness.

Although she identified herself with the Spiritualistic world, it was not really her right milieu. Were the organisation of the Church provided with a school of mystics, seers, prophets and healers, her place would have been there. Instead, her means of outlet for her gifts was to form a little circle of her own. In the general desire or need felt for labelling everything, to that circle a label was attached with the word "Spiritualistic" on it for want of a better one; but it was a misnomer.

It was not a Spiritualistic circle in the ordinary sense of the term. There was nothing of the seance room or of the study circle connected with it, and no seeking for phenomena or communications from the departed, unless an avowedly inspired and often "overshadowed" speaker can be termed phenomenal. No groups for study or for individual development of

psychic or healing powers, or even for meditation, formed part of its organisation. There was no library attached to it, and advice as to books to study was not tendered. All such things could be obtained from other organisations.

There was nothing to be gained for "the self," or, as some prefer to call it, "the non-self," by attaching oneself to her circle. Her teachings were of the Universal Spirit, and she called them "Universal Teachings." Their application was universal, and their aim was to point a way of life, the way of the control of the "self" and surface mind, and of evoking the "higher-self" to have sway in one's day to day existence.

Her work was that of a preacher rather than a lecturer, but with this rare difference, that hers was a real Ministry of the Spirit, and not one of mere intellectual or sentimental exhortation, for she was not only endowed with the Spirit but spoke, when not "spoken through" by her Spirit Guides, from first-hand knowledge of the Spiritual World, and from her own actual experiences on non-physical planes. She would enrich her addresses by vivid accounts of many of these experiences, mostly gained during her sleeping hours when out of her physical body.

Constantly she would point her teaching by recounting also episodes in her own physical earth life, rich in a wide experience of and insight into human nature. All was threaded with a keen sense of kindly humour, and even when she made her hearers see their own weaknesses in the mirrors she held up, she did so with such kindness and understanding love that the intended lesson was driven home without causing pain.

Contrary to the belief held by many, her teachings and addresses were never of the sentimental order, but were essentially practical, and had a healthy "bite" and sometimes a caustic note permeating them. Although she was not an orator or gifted with exceptional eloquence, she, nevertheless, often presented an idea or painted a word picture in exquisite language. Especially was this noticeable in the closing



sentences of her addresses, when special inspiration seemed to descend on her.

She saw clairvoyantly the stage of development of the soul of each one of her small circle, and at times when she spoke she would see the vibrations of her words go forth from her, like streams or strands of light charged with colours, to one after another of her listeners, until each one had in turn received some sentence or phrase which, though woven into the texture of her address and relevant to it, and applicable to all, yet was especially intended, and had particular personal significance for the individual spirit of the person towards whom she saw the vibrations flow. And thus everyone during the address would receive a particular ministration of the Spirit.

Before the beginning of each term, she would receive from her Spirit Guides the title of the subject matter of each address. During some terms she spoke under her own inspiration, at others she would be overshadowed by one or more of her Spirit Guides in turn, who would speak through her. When this occurred, the differences in their personalities and mentalities could be observed, not only by the quality of the language and ideas expressed, but by the very changes in her own personality when standing on the platform. She was always conscious of what was occurring. She was a devoted follower of the Christ, both in her life and work.

Her growth in spiritual power and development during her last years at Lancaster Gate became very marked, and to a few privileged ones she revealed some of her cosmic experiences during that period. In her last few months on earth, her addresses became increasingly charged with the Spirit and touched such spiritual heights that one wondered how long her body could bear the strain of the Power laid on it. Alas, it was too soon to break under it.

She was a very great spirit, and as lovely in character as her physical form was beautiful to behold.

\* \* \*

## MORE PROPHETIC DREAMS

### WHO CAN INTERPRET THEM?

MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL, of Glasgow, sends us the following account of two further dreams he had in March, 1932. They both seemed to give warning of political events that might happen under certain circumstances:—

#### DREAM I.—March 5th, 1932.

I was in a room furnished with beautiful old furniture. Two men in court dress entered. They appeared to be Cabinet Ministers, and evidently of the Labour or Socialist Party. One said to the other:—"Our fighting ships now fill the three seas. There is no necessity for such a large fleet. We will reduce the size of the Navy. Now is our time." The other man agreed.

Just then a lady (whom I took to mean Britannia) came into the room. She was more beautiful than any woman I have ever seen. She sat on a chair, facing me, with the two men on her right. She bowed and smiled to me. The men told her they had agreed to reduce the strength of the Navy, and said, "You will, of course, agree with us that this should be done, as it will save money which can be used for other purposes."

The lady looked at me (a voter or subject) and said, "I will not agree."

The men then said, "We have agreed to do this, and will carry out our plan." They then addressed me, and said, "You will agree that we are doing what is right."

I replied, "I would require to think it over." I saw the lady was displeased at my answer, and appeared very worried and annoyed.

I then heard a voice say, "The reduction of the Navy will mean the beginning of the downfall of the British Empire."

#### DREAM II.—March 6th, 1932.

I saw a large and very high building. The outer walls had battlements and towers, but there was no roof. About 150 feet below the highest part of the building, and in the centre, was a wooden floor with seats arranged as in the House of Commons. Surrounding the large building were a large number of smaller buildings, varying in size. These buildings extended for a great distance, and were of the same type of architecture as the larger building (the Houses of Parliament). They were built of stone

and wood, the wood being painted to resemble stone. They had, therefore, an appearance of strength which they did not possess.

The seats in the centre building were gradually occupied by men of whom the majority appeared to be of the Labour Party. There were also a few women. A debate was evidently in progress.

Suddenly I saw a flame run up one of the battlements, and very soon the building was enveloped in flames. The debate still went on, and although the people in the building were surrounded with fire, they did not appear to notice anything, but talked on. One of the battlements then crashed right into the centre of the meeting, crushing and killing men and women, and only then did they seem to realise that the building was on fire. Towers and battlements fell one after another on top of the members, and, although they tried to escape, found that all escape had been cut off.

The floor did not appear to have sustained any damage. I then saw a large chariot, with scythes on each side, and drawn by four horses. This landed on the floor, and whenever any of the members were seen, the chariot bore them down and destroyed them until every person had been killed.

Most of the outer buildings had by this time been destroyed by fire.

\* \* \*

## Life's Eventide.

When the colours of the dying day give place  
To the gentle creeping of the shadows  
You call it Death. But see—  
The Lights of Heaven add brilliance to the scene,  
They light the pathway for the soul of day to pass,  
Welcoming the dawn of yet another phase  
Of that eternal love which permeates the Earth.  
They usher in the radiance of a brighter day,  
Rejoice! It is not Death, but Birth.

When the colours of the setting sun  
Fade into the gloom of night  
You say the day is done.  
But the gloom gives rest to the weary mind  
To dream its dreams; peace to the soul  
To weave its pattern with the mystic threads;  
In finer realms, the day is but begun.

When you and I, tired with the battles fought  
In earthly years,  
Lay down our worn-out bodies  
And depart to other spheres  
We're mourned as dead.  
But with relief and joy we pass to realms  
Where aspirations and those ideals dreamed  
Which distant seemed whilst in the din of strife  
Will fructify in untold joy.  
Rejoice! It is not Death, but Life.

R. WITTEY.

\* \* \*

"The Secret of Immortality," by Mr. F. Bligh Bond, reviewed by Miss Rosa M. Barrett in our May number, is published by the Marshall Jones Co., 212 Summer Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., price \$2½, but may be obtained from Mr. John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

Dr. Edwyn Bevan, this year's Gifford Lecturer, said at Edinburgh University on May 4th:—"In Christianity there was the belief that Christ as a living person was still in communication with the souls of men. If this was true it set a limit to the interpretation of the Christian religion as symbolical; an actual person could not be merely a symbol."

Professor C. V. Boys, past-president of the Physical Society of London, told an Edinburgh reporter last month that he had invented a machine for measuring the value of gas as the result of a dream. He said it required only one gallon per year to run as against 300,000 gallons used by old-time machines. "But don't let me be mixed up with any of this absurd spook nonsense," he said, thus dismissing any possibility of spiritual inspiration; he deemed it more scientific to regard it as a momentary freak of the working of the subconscious self!

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# The Aquarian Age: Man the Awakener.

BY ROBERT WITTEY.

IN all phases of religious activity, from all kinds of pulpit and platform, mention has been made of the coming of a new "World Teacher" or, as sometimes expressed, the "Second Coming of Christ."

Is it the call of the human heart for a new message, for a peace which all the religions of the world have failed to bestow, or is it some mysterious inherent realisation that a new evolutionary cycle is upon us?

Many, many Gods have been worshipped in the course of human evolution, but none so old as those whose physical expression has lain in the heavenly bodies, for the stars are far, far older than any systematised scheme of thought.

History records how the first dawning consciousness of man, in fear, sought aid and amelioration from the Gods of his own creation, the Gods of the rain, the lightning, and the sun, and arising from these very primitive beginnings the religious instinct has developed into an inherent characteristic of human expression; religion as we know it has its roots firmly embedded in Astrology, its festivals being based upon the phenomena of the heavenly bodies and their configurations.

This mysterious change of Age that is being gradually forced upon our consciousness is but another illustration of the homogeneity of our planetary system.

In ancient times, the "Signs" of the Zodiac were identical with the constellations of the same name, but, owing to the motions of the earth and the sun's proper motion, the "Signs" as we know them to-day have separated from these Constellations.

Their rate of separation, or "precession," being fifty seconds per year, gives a period of 2,160 years for the "Equinox" to traverse one "Sign" of thirty degrees.

This slow, but steady, movement of the Equinox through the Signs, corresponds to marked changes in the evolution of humanity, and is reflected in all walks of life.

The Old Testament yields a striking instance of the change of Age from that of Horus (Apis) the Bull, 4,000 years ago, to that of Aries, the Ram, in the description of the wrath of Moses, when he discovered that the multitude had reverted to the worship of the Golden Calf—a clear case of the backsliding of those whose new sacred emblem was the Ram (or, as it later became known, the Lamb; the Lamb of God).

The age of Aries was coincident with the worship of Mithra, and after His dispensation the passing of the Equinox into Pisces nearly 2,000 years ago gave to the world the birth of Jesus, and a restatement of religious custom and thought.

## A NEW ASPECT OF LIFE.

The Christian dispensation is likewise nearing its end with the precession of the Equinox into Aquarius, and gives rise to the expectation of a new aspect of life, a new Teacher, if you will.

In order to see clearly these signs of age change, it is necessary to revert to the original teachings of the Master as laid down in the Scriptures.

His keynote was Love. Love for thy neighbour as thyself. Love for animals and birds of the air. Astrologically, Pisces is the Sign of Love and self-abnegation.

In all manner of ways His expression may be correlated to the Sign of Pisces, which is a "watery" Sign symbolised by the two Fishes bound with a cord. He walked on the waters (symbolising the conquest of the emotions). His disciples were fishermen. His injunction to them was, "Ye shall be fishers of men." He fed the multitude upon five loaves and two fishes. He is described as the Fount of Living Waters, and so on.

In the Gospels we frequently read of the Lamb on the sacrificial altar. It was the rendering up of all that had hitherto been held sacred, giving way to the gradual evolution of a new dispensation.

During this Piscean epoch, the Lamb has been consistently slain. The allegory of Aries has persisted through Pisces, as, no doubt, some of those of Pisces will live through the coming Aquarian.

Looking back to the period of the formulation of the Christian creed 320 years after the birth of Christ, we are able to appreciate that the original teaching of the Master had already lost its pristine clarity, and become merged into a system which to-day is but a travesty of Christ Ideals.

The Self abnegation of the Master has been entirely lost in the dogmas of the Church. His love for animals is antithesised by the church in its condonation of the breeding and killing of animals for food. How many ministers, I wonder, refrain from eating meat?

The awakening spirit of the Aquarian humanity will take up, under a new aspect, the work of the Master, but He will not be found in every Church, for there are many from which He has long since been driven.

We read of Christ driving the money-changers from the Temple; the world has its revenge, for religion as the slave of Finance has now driven *Him* out.

A decadent church is quite unable to portray the love expression, the absence of worldly consideration (truly Piscean) of the Master who possessed but His robe. Whether He can ever be enthroned in the existing Churches is a matter of grave doubt, for at present their principles and interests are in too many cases diametrically opposed.

(To be concluded next month).

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## MEDIUMSHIP AND FORTUNE-TELLING.

MISS JACQUELINE, of London, lecturing on this subject at the Edinburgh Psychic College on May 4th, said:—

"It was interesting to note that it was an offence to forecast, or to pretend to be able to forecast, what was to happen with regard to a person, but, judging by the sporting columns of our newspapers it was not an offence to forecast, or to pretend to be able to forecast, what was to happen in the future with regard to a horse or a dog. In this connection the medium who told Saul, the son of Kish, where to find his father's asses, would have been quite safe from our law, but not so the woman of Endor when she 'contacted,' as we said to-day, the spirit of the prophet Samuel."



## Occasional Jottings by X.

## PRACTICAL MEDIUMSHIP.

A DEVOTIONAL and sacred atmosphere, a specially consecrated room, in which incense is sometimes burned, perhaps a small altar erected, with a few sacred or psychic pictures, and a display of flowers, is helpful for conditions at Spiritualistic seances, but not essential.

Survival is a natural fact, not a religious principle. Therefore, the "religious," dreamy, abstract type of medium is not usually the best for bringing first proofs of life after death to every-day, matter-of-fact, practical people. The "temperamental" medium, moreover, who demands all kinds of "conditions" for a sitting is best avoided. A well-balanced medium is adaptable. Like the greatest of all mediums, Jesus the Christ, he can be in all atmospheres, but not of them. He is prepared to descend into hell, as it were, in order to help separate the offender from his offences, and the sceptic from his scepticism.

A man of the world, an ultra-materialist, cannot feel easy in a "holy" atmosphere. Even if he gets immediate proof, he does not want to feel it has come to him in conditions of unctuousness. He wants to be able to say to his matter-of-fact friends afterwards: "There was nothing uncanny or religious about it. The medium was like one of us; and, although he went into a trance (or did not, as the case may be), my father (or whoever the 'dead' one may have been who came through) spoke to me as though he were once more sitting in his office chair. It was all so natural, if extraordinary."

I know a medium who is famous for cracking the "hard nuts," as the ultra-sceptics are called. He is not "different" from other men and women. To outward appearances he is the same. And yet there is a difference. He inspires confidence by his ability to enter into the atmosphere of his sitters. If the sitter is a stockbroker, the medium arranges to see him in his office in the city. But if the stockbroker prefers to visit the medium, then he is ushered, not into a special seance room, but into the medium's office. Typewriters, telephones, files, desks; all the paraphernalia of a practical, common-sense, business atmosphere. "This chap a medium!" thinks the stockbroker. "Amazing!"

If the stockbroker wants to smoke, the medium does not object. Perhaps, in order to help to generate "atmosphere," he takes a few pulls at his own pipe. All very informal, normal and non-spooky! The stockbroker feels at home. "I'm open-minded," says he, as though he were discussing a business deal. "But I've never had any proof, you know." "The open mind is the right mind," replies the medium. "You are practical, and the sort of man the spirits like to talk to."

And then, out come the points of evidence, calmly, conversationally, yet with astonishing accuracy. The "dead" return and deliver their messages.

The stockbroker departs, "There's something in this Spiritualism," says he; and back he comes for more, and often brings a few real "hard nuts" to be cracked in similar conditions.

Gradually, the more advanced spirits, the teachers, begin to talk to the stockbroker and his friends; the philosophy of Spiritualism begins to make its appeal; the inner and spiritual nature of the converts is resurrected and fed, and there comes the day when the stockbroker prefers to forget his material interests for an hour and enter into the sacred atmosphere of the sanctuary or seance room.

Truly, it takes all sorts to make a world, and all sorts of conditions to make a convert to Spiritualism.

## A GOLDEN RULE.

The sitting had been a great success. The sitter was full of gratitude to the medium's spirit control for all he had done for her, and said so in the warmest terms. "But," she added wistfully, "I wish my husband could be convinced. He wants to believe, but whenever he goes to a seance he gets practically nothing."

"The remedy is in his own hands," replied the medium's guide, gently. "He is not just sceptical, but super-critical. Instead of sitting with an open mind and waiting for what comes, he sends out a mental challenge to the spirits, which they naturally resent, for they are not at his command any more than he is at theirs. An attitude of hostility inhibits results, and the medium, sub-consciously or consciously, feels it. So your husband, and such as he, should realise, and practise, the golden rule for successful contact

between the two worlds; to wit, an attitude of expectancy; not demand."

## A COINCIDENCE OF BIRTHDAYS.

FOUR years ago we sent our fraternal congratulations to Mr. Jos. P. Whitwell, the beloved President of the National Spiritualist Association of America, and Managing Editor of the *National Spiritualist*, on the occasion of a great spontaneous celebration of his birthday in Chicago, five hundred miles from his home, where he happened to be during one of his incessant propaganda tours all over the American continent.

We said in our letter that we supposed he must be much younger than ourselves to possess such youthful verve and vigour.

Mr. Whitwell, in his reply, wrote:—

"Your supposition that I am much younger than you is erroneous, for while I am not old enough to be your father, yet I must acknowledge, without boasting, that I am just one year your senior, having been born in the town of Stourbridge, Worcestershire, on June 23rd, 1860, and came to the United States in April, 1880, so perhaps I may be allowed to tell you to be a good boy!"

Our more youthful self was born on the same birthday—Mid-Summer's Eve, a year later, on June 23rd, 1861, at Selkirk, Scotland, only a street's length from the birthplace of Andrew Lang; within two miles of three classical rivers—the Yarrow, Etrick and Tweed; and within four miles of Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott wrote his *Waverley Novels*, and the same distance from Foulshiel, on the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park, the great African traveller and the first white man to see the Niger, was born.

The Prince of Wales honours us by sharing the same birthday; he will be forty years old this month, while we shall be respectively seventy-three and seventy-four, and, therefore, greatly envy him his sparkling youth.

## SPIRITUALISM IN THE FAR NORTH.

BY A SCOTTISH CORRESPONDENT.

I AM informed that a Spiritualist Mission has just been started in Inverness. This is good evidence of the general spreading of the Gospel of Survival to the outlying provinces of the United Kingdom.

An attempt to introduce the movement into the Capital of the Highlands was made some forty years ago. A band of enthusiasts formed a circle, and sittings were held in a private house on the outskirts of the town. The local clergy of that time, however, got wind of the matter and brought pressure to bear. The result was that the seances were suppressed.

It is doubtful if orthodox prejudice could to-day apply the closure so effectually. There is a growing interest in the subject, and this has been fostered by recent publicity, such as the reports of the Meurig Morris action, Mr. Oaten's broadcast, etc. All that is necessary to found a strong and healthy branch of the Spiritual Church is the coming forward of an enterprising patron who could take to the North some good speakers and effective clairvoyants. A public exposition of "second-sight," such as is given in London by Mrs. Estelle Roberts, would enthral local inquirers, who have themselves a *flair* for communication with the unseen. The gift is there; it only requires intelligent development and direction.

It is a "far cry" back to A.D. 565, when St. Columba paid his first visit to King Brude, whose castle was, according to tradition, situated near Inverness. If we accept the account of the Saint's life by his biographer, Adamnan, there is little doubt that the psychic feats therein narrated are in the same "apostolic" succession as the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism!

June, 1934

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## Mr. J. Arthur Findlay's Visit to Rome.

BY EVA BARRETT, "PALAZZO PATRIZI," ROME.

ON Friday, May 4th, we were fortunate enough to have a visit from Mr. J. Arthur Findlay. He was stopping a few days in Florence to see his daughter at school there, and kindly spared time for a flying visit to Rome in order to speak at a small gathering of interested people collected in my studio in Via Margutta.

The meeting was a unique one—it being the first time that an English gathering had been held in Rome to hear a lecture on psychic phenomena. It brought together all types and all nationalities. There were English, Irish, Scotch, Russian, Swedish, French, Italian, Finnish, Spanish, African, Czechoslovak, Dutch and Greek, amongst the sixty people present.

The small Home Circle held regularly in my studio, is watched over and protected by "Fleet Wing," the Guide of one of our sitters (Madame Cartacci), and during the days preceding the meeting both she and I were very conscious of the excitement and pleasure of our spirit friends over the coming event.

The meeting had interested friends in all parts of Italy, and only the distance prevented many others from coming. Senator Marconi wrote regretting his absence from Rome, Mrs. Gwendolyn Kelley Hack wrote from San Remo that only the long journey prevented her coming. Count Bon, author of "My Experiences with Direct Voice in America," wrote from Venice, Professor Bozzano was away in Savona, Mr. Ezio Falchi, translator in Italy of C. W. Tweedale's book, "Man's Survival after Death," and who is now translating Mr. Findlay's book, "On the Edge of the Etheric," into Italian, wrote his regrets from Rapallo. The new Institute in Rome interested in *Sperimentale Scienze Ultrapsichiche*, sent several representatives, and the two well-known Italian papers,

Psychic matters, and under Fascist patronage, *Instituto the Messagero* and the *Popolo di Roma* were represented.

Amongst those present were: Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christopher of Greece, Princess Campreale, Marchesa Rouero, Mr. and Mrs. Holtz, of the South African Legation, Professor Scortino, Director of the British Academy, Mr. (and Mrs.) Cartney, the correspondent of *The Times*, and Dr. Bazoli of the Italian Methodist Church.

Madame Cartacci took the chair, and in introducing the speaker, emphasised the fact that Spiritualists were usually looked upon as peculiar and slightly mental, but the career of Mr. Findlay, which she traced in a few words, would show the balanced sane opinion of a shrewd and clever man of business, and whose experiments and investigations in psychic matters over many years were beyond any criticism or dispute.

Mr. J. Arthur Findlay spoke with great clearness and eloquence for over an hour, answering numerous questions at the end. The deep rapt attention of his audience showed how keenly interested and touched they were by his handling of the subject.

The gathering was prolonged into a conversazione, and further discussion amongst small groups. Several visitors were found to have strong mediumistic powers and will help us in the future.

I cannot refrain from touching on a personal note in saying that I have never in my life received such grateful thanks as those I received that evening. Mr. Findlay had given them something they could get nowhere else in Italy, and the thanks we mortals gave to him were perhaps poor, when I compare them with the words our Spirit Guide spelt out at our home sitting the following night: "Last evening was fine; it was a milestone; it will have vast consequences for us."

We thank Mr. Findlay with all our hearts for his helpfulness to a greater knowledge and wider understanding of the knowledge of Spiritualism, and should any other speaker be coming this way we should be most grateful for any further help. We are cut off from the mediums and speakers one hears of all over Great Britain.

## Brief Notices of New Books.

**Whose Worker?** By M. M. Bowen. Stockwell. 2/6 net.

One of the great problems of the hour is how to reconcile Capital and Labour. Human selfishness, on both sides, has obscured the horizon of the spirit; ultra-materialism has killed out man's sense of proportion, and left him wallowing in a sea of doubt, and fear.

In the shape of allegory, we are shown how to root out diseases of ignorance, and find our way back to an understanding of God and His Christ, and thus realise peace on earth and goodwill among men.

**Yoga for the West.** By Felix Guyot. Translated by H. Bosman. Rider. 3/6.

Here is Yoga adapted to Western minds and bodies, showing the occult method of attaining perfect health of body, through mind and spirit. Very helpful for those who feel drawn to Eastern methods of attaining spiritual ecstasy, or Samadhi. G. de B.

**"The Gateway of Intuition."** By H. Ernest Hunt. Riders. 2/6.

Many books have been written dealing with the subject of Cosmic Consciousness, but I think none of them have approached, either in beauty of phraseology or spiritual conception, the inspired simplicity of these hymns of praise. Mr. Hunt has expressed, in words so simple that even a child can understand, the great truth that thankfulness is the key that unlocks the inner door of prayer. His book is a modern psalter, which excludes the old notion of a God of Wrath wreaking vengeance for sin upon His children who call themselves miserable sinners. It portrays a Father of Love with whom His children can make intimate contact through prayer and praise: "An honest tuning of the thoughts to praise and thanks, continued for, say, six months, will suffice to alter many a life," Mr. Hunt tells us, "and few thus

adventuring will elect to turn back upon their tracks." He shows that by the definite practice of "prayer without ceasing," the "intuitional sense begins to stir," which causes "an increasing awareness on planes above the purely physical," until, at length, it acquires a "unification of self with the object contemplated—God. M. W. S.

**Why I Believe in Red Cloud.** Compiled by Ivy Estelle Boucher. Elite Bureau, East Molesay. 2/6.

This little book is an interesting symposium of eight chapters, contributed by Mr. Shaw Desmond, Mr. A. G. Thompson, Mr. F. W. Fitzsimmons, Mr. David Thomas, Mrs. E. Cunliffe Owen, the Rev. E. S. B. Whitfield, Col. L. Butler, and Lady Tichborne, giving their personal testimonies to "Red Cloud," the remarkable Spirit Guide of Mrs. Estelle Roberts, and, incidentally, to the powerful psychic gifts of the medium, who has become so popular in England in recent years. Mr. Desmond's chapter is clever and forceful; Mr. Fitzsimmons' is noteworthy for its clarity; and Mr. A. G. Thompson's gives many helpful hints as to the proper procedure in the conduct of "direct voice" seances, so that the best results may be obtained. G. K. H.

**The Meaning of Immortality.** By E. S. Ritherdon Clark. Riders. 2/6 net.

The writer, who is a young airman, makes it very clear that continuity of life must be a conscious one—gained through the cultivation of the self coming out from the herd-consciousness. Not only through our instinctive and emotional nature are we to believe in Immortality, but through the "something" that belongs to the realm of mind and reason. That here and now we must realise Life Eternal, through knowing God—if we hope for continuity after what we call death. Anyone desirous of studying the subject of Immortality by way of reason, will find this book illuminating and suggestive. M. C.



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6.30 p.m.—Mr. G. H. Lethem  
June 24th—11 a.m.—Mr. Ernest Hunt  
6.30 p.m.—Mr. Lewis Jefferson  
July 1st—11 a.m.—Mr. Abdul Majid, Imam of the Mosque, Woking  
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Mrs. Annie Johnson  
Mr. Thomas Wyatt  
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