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Our Outlook Tower.

TRAGIC PASSING OF JUDGE DAHL.

JUDGE LUDWIG DAHL, of Fredrikstad, Norway (Author of the admirable Spiritualist book, "We are Here") was bathing near his summer home at Hanko on August 8th, when he was seized with heart failure and drowned in sight of his daughter, Ingeborg.

It was through the mediumship of this daughter that the Judge received highly evidential messages from his deceased sons, Ludwig and Ragnar, which convinced him of the truth of survival.

The Judge was in his seventieth year, and was preparing for publication a new Spiritualistic work, entitled, "Death! Where is Thy Sting," which is being translated into English under the title, "We Are Here!"

We respectfully offer our condolences to the members of the learned Judge's family.

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE FROM MATERIALISM.

MR. G. H. LETHEM, Editor of *Light*, in a lecture in the Edinburgh Psychic College said:—

When the modern Spiritualistic movement began some eighty years ago, science was committed to an unbending materialism. Mind had been held to be a product of matter. Spiritualism had challenged that attitude, and although the challenge had been ridiculed, science had since moved far in the direction of the Spiritualistic position.

Spiritualism asserted that there was a substantial "something" behind the physical body which was the real vehicle of consciousness. Apparitions and the voluntary projection of the so-called astral body provided scientific proof that the "something" was so substantial that with fitting conditions it could be photographed.

The accumulating proofs that the human consciousness could function apart from the physical body and obtain information through sources other than the five senses must ultimately revolutionise psychological theories.

AN AMERICAN INVITATION.

LADY DOYLE AND MR. OATEN WANTED.

UNDER these headings the *Two Worlds* of August 24th announces:—

"The Spiritualists of America have extended a gracious welcome to Lady Conan Doyle and Mr. Ernest W. Oaten to visit their shores next month, and take part in the celebration of Spiritualists' Day at the great Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago. The welcome is accompanied by a letter from the Mayor of Chicago, Edward J. Kelly, who offers the hearty greetings of the municipality, and assures them of a very enthusiastic reception. . . . Huge audiences of three to six thousand people are promised to the speakers, if they will undertake the journey."

"PIGMIES AND A SPIRITUAL GIANT."

MRS. M. ETHELWYN HALL writes thus in the *Psychic News* of August 25th:—

"Whatever modern Spiritualists may think of Jesus, the Christ, he still remains the greatest and most potent figure in history.

"To hear him . . . patronisingly tolerated by those who live in the light of the love of God, which he held aloft to mankind, is to some of us exquisitely painful.

"I hold no brief for creeds and dogmas, whether of Church or Spiritualism, which are accretions upon the teaching and life of the prophet out of Galilee, but I do claim for him the respect due from pigmies to a spiritual giant."

That is well and pointedly said.

SPIRITUALISM IN NEWCASTLE.

THE *Sunday Sun*, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is at present investigating "the steady growth of Spiritualism in North-East England."

Its Special Commissioner, describing a Spiritualist meeting in Newcastle, says that at first the service was hardly dissimilar from the usual church service. It began with a hymn, the male medium preached a short sermon, the Lord's Prayer was sung to an organ accompaniment, and Psalm xlii was read. Then descriptions of spirits were given by several clairvoyants and recognised by members of the congregation, some of whom received messages.

The Commissioner concludes thus: "Most scientists claim that Spiritualism cannot be positively demonstrated under laboratory conditions, and I have never met a psychologist that has not scoffed at it. However, there are a great many people who do believe in it, and it numbers among its adherents many famous people. Certainly, everyone in the meeting I attended appeared to believe in its manifestations very devoutly."

TELEVISION MESSAGES LIKE FILM PICTURES.

MRS. SHIRLEY ESHELBY, of 19 Decoy Avenue, N.W.11, writing to the *Sunday Dispatch*, says:—

I get "television" messages from my son, who passed away on July 12th, 1933.

The messages come in the form of pictures, just like film pictures, but he sometimes comes out of the picture and appears to me like a living man in the flesh.

I had been wondering what my son was "doing" on the other side. (On this earth plane he was keen on flying and had his "A" licence.)

In reply to this mental question an aeroplane appeared, which came out from the picture and did some stunting in the middle of my bedroom!

It is difficult to imagine an aeroplane stunting in such a small space, but the aeroplane was small, just as it might be in a film picture.

After demonstrating for me his favourite stunts, he dipped a salute and flew away.

This "television" message was a great comfort to me.

WATER DIVINER FINDS BODY.

HOW the body of a missing and murdered man was located by a water diviner is reported from Montpellier, France.

The victim of a crime, a judicial official named Etienne, disappeared some days ago, and his father appealed for help to one of the monks of Frigolet Abbey, who has a high reputation as a dowser.

Responding to the call (says the *Daily Telegraph*) Father Gerlac visited the missing man's home and office and touched various books and garments belonging to him. Then holding in his hand the divining rod, he followed the route on which Etienne had last been seen.

For some distance the rod remained steady, but when the monk arrived at the workshop of a carpenter named Fabreguettes it was violently agitated. The movement died down after the shop had been passed, and was renewed when the monk returned.

Father Gerlac then declared firmly:—"The body is in there, and my mission is at an end."

The carpenter, on whom suspicion had fallen, was already in custody, and a few hours later he admitted that he had murdered Etienne and hidden the body in an oven in his workshop.

The Bishop of Chichester's Chaplain says: "Heaven is the place or state where man's nature finds its true expression, and where his destiny is perfectly fulfilled. And as the principle of man's nature is the law of love so it follows that the company of heaven must be a great company of lovers—lovers of God and consequently lovers of each other in and through God."

Sir Vincent Caillard's Book.

AND THE PREDICTION OF LADY CAILLARD'S PASSING.

IN this book ("A New Conception of Love," *Rider*, 15/-) the spirit of Sir Vincent Caillard, a Director of the Southern Railway and of the well-known firm of Vickers, describes how he got into communication with his wife, and how his messages to her and the many noble passages the book contains were written.

The widespread interest it will have, and its importance even for the general reader, are indicated by the fact that the *Daily Mail*, once the bitter opponent of our Cause, has given a column review of it with big headings. Too much stress, perhaps, was laid by that popular journal on the prediction of Lady Caillard's death, but the review was in no sense critical; nor was it other than sympathetic.

With regard to this prediction about Lady Caillard, all that Sir Vincent says in the book is that after his wife's long years of suffering with cancer, which Spirit power has completely cured, there are now, as one would expect, failures of tissue and "that means that I am prepared for her home-coming."

Lady Caillard herself may have received some more intimate details, for she says, in an Appendix, that as soon as this book is finished and published my work will be completed, and I shall then join my dear husband in the beautiful home of which he writes in the chapter called 'Home.' I know this is true," she adds, "because he has never once broken a promise to me."

The book was published on August 17th, but this prediction need not be taken too literally, so far as actual time is concerned, "As I write these lines," writes our correspondent, "I get the impression half clair-audiently: 'Lady Caillard's earthly life is drawing to a close, but her transition is not immediate; she has still, though she may not fully realise it, a certain work left for her to do.'"

"RED CLOUD," ARTHUR FORD, AND GEORGE JOBSON.

The spirit of Sir Vincent relates that he first got into communication with his wife "through that splendid guide, Red Cloud." Afterwards he had most excellent results with Arthur Ford, who was able to give Lady Caillard (in one of his fine examples of clair-audience) his full name, which is rather long and uncommon: Vincent Henry Penalver Caillard.

After that, Sir Vincent met in the Spheres George Jobson, "who had been, like me, an engineer and pioneer of new instruments when on earth," and he showed him that wonderful instrument, the Reflectograph, the details of which were given from the Spirit World to Mr. Basil Kirkby. The original instrument, Lady Caillard tells us, required a medium in trance to produce a materialised hand which touched the keys. The medium was Mrs. L. Singleton, and the spirit of a young girl, called Ethel, was her control.

Soon an improved instrument, called the Communigraph, was made under the direction of the spirit of Mr. Jobson, with the scientific help of Mr. Ashdown. This instrument, it is claimed, does not require any medium in

trance; and Sir Vincent, who at first worked it with ectoplasmic rods, found that he was able to materialise a hand, with which he can write much quicker.

It is now possible (Lady Caillard says) to use the Communigraph and get messages from the Spirit World without any medium being present. This is actually being done now by a family in England who have their own Communigraph.

The spirit of a young officer, Charles Molesworth, also learned with Sir Vincent to use the instrument and to have happy talks with his parents, the Viscount and Viscountess Molesworth.

The instruments were "built first in a very high place," Sir Vincent writes, "and passed down through intermediary spirits" to Mr. Jobson. There is a spirit band now praying that they may bring universal peace and brotherhood.

A new short wave, too, is promised by which the voices of our spirit friends will possibly be heard, without a medium.

WHIT-SUNDAY FESTIVAL IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

One of the wonders of the Spirit World described by Sir Vincent is the festival he attended on Whit-Sunday:

"We were called to service at the early hour of dawn. A great leader sounded a wonderful note on an instrument very like a bugle.

"Suddenly, all our band came together on a vivid ray of light. We were told to 'Look towards the God'; and, behold, when we looked, the light was so brilliant, it almost blinded us.

"From every point there appeared countless hosts of beings similar in rank to our band, only each group of workers wore different coloured robes to indicate their line of duty."

The light, which at first blinded them, now began to take shape and form. Words, Sir Vincent says, cannot describe the grandeur of the music that was heard. After an anthem came an awe-inspiring silence, during which all their robes were transformed into pure white.

They were then caught up, "just as Christ ascended long ago," and taken to a new habitation of indescribable glory. "Not one was missed out, and yet we were drawn from every walk of life when on earth."

CHRIST'S MESSAGE TO THE WORLD TO-DAY.

When the chain of fraternal greetings was complete a voice sounding like rushing waters spoke to that vast assembly:

"My peace I give unto you, my love I share with you, my Heavenly Father has given me the quickening power of the Holy Spirit to enable you to perform miracles in my name.

"I, the Presence of Peace, now command you to go back to earth on this Day of Pentecost, and preach my Gospel everywhere. Relax not your vigil until I hear the same fraternal greeting on earth as I heard when you met here to-day. Peace and love go with you."

There we must close this brief notice of a very notable book, and leave to our readers the pleasure of perusing for themselves its vital pages. Everyone will feel deeply grateful to Lady Caillard for publishing Sir Vincent's inspiring messages, and for presenting this book, with many full page photographs, in an unusually attractive form.

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How Earl Haig Returned in Spirit to Accept My Vow of Service.

BY MARY WINEFRIDE SLATER.

SOME years ago, during the "Two Minutes' Silence" on Armistice Day, I visualised Earl Haig and vowed that if my health could be restored and my material conditions stabilised, I would devote my life to helping those who were striving to teach the truth of Spiritualism, especially to the bereaved whose loved ones passed on during the War. I could not foresee in what way my help might be required, but I wished him to know that I was willing to serve. I have renewed this vow each succeeding Armistice Day, and have held his emblem, a Flanders' poppy, in my hand during the Silence.

I was asked to stay with friends in Edinburgh, who took me to see the wonderful memorial Chapel on the Castle Hill, which I think has no equal. In the courtyard leading to the castle, stands a magnificent statue of Earl Haig on his favourite horse. Instinctively I raised my hand in salute. The spiritual atmosphere within this memorial is awe-inspiring. Every Scottish regiment is represented there; each has its own private chapel, in which is placed a handsomely bound book containing the names of those who made the supreme sacrifice. I entered every chapel in turn, and placed my hand on its Book of Remembrance, pledging myself to act as mediator between the living and the so-called "dead" so far as lay in my power. I was not conscious then of possessing any psychic gifts, but I felt the presence of a host of unseen witnesses.

The next day my friends took me to see Dryburgh Abbey. Well can I appreciate Earl Haig's wish to have his earthly body buried in such exquisite peaceful surroundings. I stood beside his grave, holding my Flanders' poppy, and saluted, once again renewing my vow of Service. As I did so I saw him clairvoyantly; he was raised a few feet from the ground. He returned my salute, and clairaudiently I heard the words, "I know and understand. Pass friend, all's well. We are sending help!" As he faded from my sight I felt extreme exhaustion, which persisted for some time.

The following Armistice Day I stood on Lendal Bridge at York, overlooking the River Ouse. My thoughts turned to London and the great memorial service that was to be held in the Albert Hall, to which all my Spiritualist friends were going. As

the buglers sounded the "Last Post," I visualised Earl Haig and renewed my vow, but my heart was heavy. I saw him distinctly, but he looked at me reproachfully. "You vowed to serve us," I heard him say; "your life is no longer your own. Your work is close at hand, among those who loved you here. My lads are not confined to place or limited by time. Spirit is everywhere, and always answers to the call of Love!"

I felt ashamed as I remembered the boys I had taught in my Sunday School in York, and it was not long before I had proof of their need of me. A few days later I attended a service at a local Spiritualist church. During the clairvoyance, the medium pointed to me, and said, "There is such a nice boy standing beside you. He has large brown eyes, and wears a surplice. I think you taught him once."

As the medium gave no name I could not identify this boy, but her description reminded me of a boy in my class of whom I was very fond. He had large brown eyes, and I thought I remembered hearing he had passed over during the War. Soon afterwards I stayed in London, and was taken to my first Sunday evening service at the Queen's Hall by a friend, Mrs. Eleanor Taylor, who is a medium. As soon as the organ thundered forth the opening voluntary, my friend said to me, "Do you know a boy called Harry?" I replied that another medium had described a boy with me, but that I thought his name was Bobby. "No!" she said emphatically: "he says tell her Harry is here!"

I returned to York, and went at once to the church where my father had been vicar. I read the names on the Memorial Tablet and found an inscription

to Harry, 10th Duke of Wellington's Regiment, killed September 21st, 1917, but Bobby's name was not there. They were brothers! It required courage to visit the cottage where Harry's parents lived, as they were strict church-goers. An old man, in his shirt-sleeves, opened the door. "Have you a son called Bobby who was killed in the War?" I asked. "Naw, Mum," he answered, when he had recovered from his surprise. "Bobbie is doing fine in business; it was our 'Arry we lost."

He showed me into a tiny kitchen, where a dear old woman with large brown eyes was sitting by the fire. They told me Harry had been blown to bits a week after he landed in France. They had received news from the War Office that he was "reported missing," but nothing more had been heard of him since. "There's niver bin owt of his come back, not even a button orf his tunic," they said sadly. "We thought maybe you'd brought us news. Mother alus has said he wasn't dead!"

I told them I had brought news of Harry, and explained carefully the meaning of "a medium" and



EARL HAIG.

From a sketch by Mrs. Slater.

Spiritualism and Youth.

BY JAMES M. Mc LINTOCK, GLASGOW.

WHEN Christ came into the world and brought to humanity the knowledge of a life beyond the grave, His message was sneered at by the so-called wise men of His age. Only a few humble fishermen recognised the wonderful truth in His teachings. They gave up everything to follow Him—to develop their psychic gifts and go throughout the land preaching and proving spiritual truths.

Christ warned them beforehand they would be persecuted, sneered at, and spat upon, and they were treated as being of the Devil.

The ideal Christ and His followers strove to further has been distorted throughout the ages. The real message has been smothered, almost extinguished by illogical and inconsistent beliefs and dogmas, which have done much to render it impotent.

But truth must advance. Each new generation of youth brings new ideas and a fresh outlook on things. They come with questionings that must be answered. Youth to-day, cannot be satisfied with the bigoted opinions of the past. The education now given throws doubt on most of the absurd ideas formerly held, and most young thinking people are frankly sceptical. They do not want merely to believe; they want to know; they want everything proved to them.

The Spiritualism of to-day should resemble the Christianity of the early Christians. It is a revival of the positive side of Christ's teachings, instead of the negative and superstitious side we have known so long.

Spiritualism can offer a great opportunity to youth—give it an aim to strive after, a cause to fight for. And youth badly needs this, for in an age like the present, with its economic and political distress, and its corresponding turmoil of ideas, youth must have something stable to hold on to, something to give it an outlet for its best energies.

The world to-day badly needs prophets, pioneers, and seers to lead the way. We are still a long way from a "Utopia"—the ideal state dreamed of by poets and sages, or as Christ put it, "the kingdom of Heaven upon earth."

All along the way men have had to strive and sacrifice for every inch of progress. The pioneer in every new field of thought and endeavour must still receive the sneers and persecution of those who are inclined to stagnate or oppose. Everything man has gained has cost hard effort. Nothing worth while has ever been obtained without it. All future progress must entail effort and self-sacrifice on the part of those who wish to lead humanity onwards.

Spiritualism is essentially not merely a religion of belief and prayer. Nor is it a system of truths delivered once and for all times. It is or should be a religion which has, as its main tenet, action, spiritually inspired. The Christianity of Christ's time was a religion of action. If we had only been putting into practice the ethics of Christ's teaching the world to-day would be a better place. War with all its bestial horrors would have been done away with; men of all colours and races would be able to live in harmony with each other; our system of society with a few having the fine things of this world and the rest perhaps not even the necessities of life, would be impossible.

The idea that Christ came to save humanity by a system of vicarious atonement is now generally admitted to be a distortion of the truth. Humanity must save itself. The whole of Christ's teachings points to that fact; hence his system of ethics.

Spiritualism is not necessarily confined to the label "Christianity." In every religion we find a basic something which is but a different interpretation of spiritual truth. In Buddhism, for example, we find the belief in "Karma"—in other words, compensation and retribution here and hereafter for all our good

and evil deeds. The name of the religion one attaches oneself to does not so much matter; it is by its fruits it shall be known. Belief, prayer, and preaching are very well in their place, but not so when they become the be all and end all of things.

Spiritualist organisations would do well to cater more for your thinking people. At present they do not. The Lyceum movement, despite its wonderful achievement among the youngest type, does not fill the bill. What is required is a movement intermediate between the Lyceum and the Spiritualist church. Preferably this should not be attached to any particular Spiritualist group. Many young people could be attracted to a living Spiritualist Youth Movement who are not at present being drawn to other Spiritualist organisations or churches. There could be many activities in such a movement as would appeal to earnest young persons, for example, debating and literary circles, dramatic groups, and experimental circles for the investigation of psychical phenomena. The Spiritualist movement as a whole badly needs good speakers and mediums, and in a movement like this there could be training circles for the developing of mediumship and producing of good platform workers. With a little earnest and intelligent initiative marvellous things could be done in this direction.

We certainly need more of the educated type of platform worker to uplift the Spiritualist movement and present its point of view not merely to the unconverted but to those among ourselves who are ignorant of its philosophy and value.

Youth in every age has its message to give the world; in this age it is no longer fettered by worn out dogmas; it has its chance to pour fresh and better ideas into the world. It is up to organised Spiritualism to win our youth to its cause, to open for them an avenue to new fields of effort, where their services will be of benefit to themselves and to humanity at large.

HOW EARL HAIG RETURNED IN SPIRIT.—

(Concluded from previous page.)

the spiritual gifts of clairvoyance and clairaudience. They listened in silent amazement. I told them how Harry had been seen with me. "Harry tells me he sits on the empty wooden chair between you every night," I said. "Oh, no!" they contradicted, "that is 'Arry, our nephew as lives with us." "Harry tells me the lad goes to bed early, and then he takes his chair," I replied.

"He says, 'Ask Mum to show you the Bible with my name on the front page.'" I was shown the family Bible, where I read Harry's name and date of baptism on the first page. "Mum will never finish dad's socks if she has to take off her glasses so often to wipe away the tears every night," I heard Harry say, "and dad lets his pipe go out." "Aye, that he does," sighed the old woman, "he frets awful. You see 'Arry was only nineteen and our baby."

Harry went on, "Tell mum she often *thinks* I am there. *Tell her it is true; I am not dead.* I get behind and put my arms round her neck and kiss her just as I used to do," I said. "Aye! he used to nigh throttle me!" answered his mother, with tears streaming down her face.

I looked on the hearth and saw a plate of newly baked buns. "Sonny says those are jolly good," I said, "but, he says, mum always put currants in the ones she baked for me!" "That's my boy!" the old woman cried, "I alus called him Sonny, and he would have me put them currants in his buns!"

Earl Haig was right to tell me that my work was "close at hand," but I never expected to be able to prove the truth of spirit return by reference to a currant bun!

I spent the "Two Minutes' Silence" last year at the International New Thought Centre at Lancaster Gate. The President, Mr. Dimsdale Stocker, gave a beautiful address about "Peace." I prayed that any of Earl Haig's lads who could be helped by hearing his words might be brought into that peaceful spiritual atmosphere. It seemed as though the room was full of spirits; again I knew myself surrounded by a host of unseen witnesses. Since then, whenever I hear beautiful music, or see lovely scenery, or hear inspiring words, I pray that those in need of help may be allowed to come. Thus can I offer service to the spirit world.

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Some Local Stories of Dr. Price.

BY D. O. SMITH, PONTYPRIDD.

In our January number, we printed an interesting article by Mrs. M. W. Slater, giving an account of her psychic experiences with "Dr. Price," who died forty years ago, but now operates as a spirit-doctor, called "Star Man," through the mediumship of Mrs. May Bird, at the Grotrian Hall. The following article gives some of the curious reminiscences that still linger about him around Pontypridd.

SPIRITUALISTS in many parts of the world have heard of the healing accomplished through various mediums, who claim the aid of a Dr. Price formerly of Llantrisant and Pontypridd, Wales. No one could live very long in this part without hearing stories of this rather notorious character.

He certainly left a good name as a doctor, for often he was known to have given his services freely, where the patients could not afford to pay. Owing to numerous lawsuits and to his Druidic belief and practices he also made a great many enemies.

In appearance the doctor wore a fox skin as his head-gear, and his trousers were cut pointed at the bottoms. He went to law frequently, and won most of his cases. His daughter was scarcely less conspicuous in her green riding habit.

The doctor was once summoned for allowing a horse to stray and destroy certain growing foodstuff of a neighbour, and the daughter appeared for him. After the case had proceeded for some time, she strenuously denied that any horse of her father's had been at large that night. "It was not a horse at all," she said; "it was a mare!" "Case dismissed!"

On another occasion the doctor paused to admire a chest of drawers outside a cabinet-maker's premises in Taff Street, when the proprietor appeared. "A fine chest of drawers, Mr. Jones," said the doctor. "Yes, doctor, shall I send them up to your house?" "Just as you like," said Dr. Price; but the chest of drawers, though sent home, was never paid for, as the doctor claimed he did not order them!

This is typical of many other stories about him. When allowing for a large percentage of hearsay, one is bound to conclude that the man took advantage of many tradesmen and neighbours, either to show his knowledge of the law, or just to teach them a lesson! A

cautious blacksmith made an iron gate for the doctor, but told his man, "Be sure you do not hang that gate when you deliver it, or it will never be paid for."

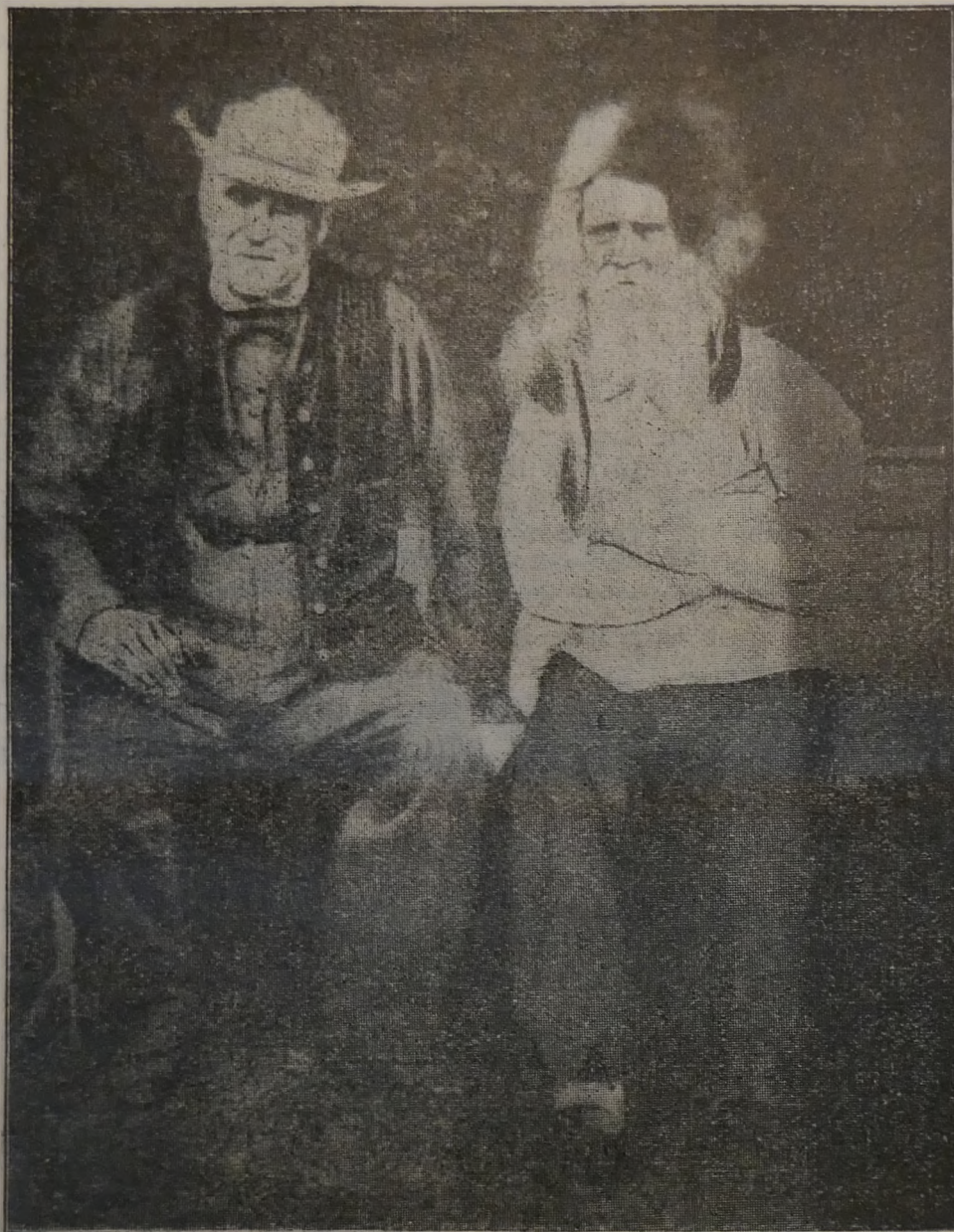
Standing on the cliff overlooking the Glyntaff Church, at the entrance of the Rhondda valley, are two round white houses, as if some wealthy man had prepared a pair of massive lodges at the entrance to his estate. These two post-like houses of the doctor have each another house or wing running back, making a most imposing entrance, but with only the mountain back of it all. What the doctor intended to build behind this grandiose entrance no one knows for certain. It seems that he came into conflict with the ground landowners at the time, and the work was never finished, though the lodges have always proved useful as houses.

That case went against the doctor, and he escaped to France, where he remained until seven years' exile freed him from any further claim, owing to the statute of limitations. It was also typical of him never to be bested if there was a way out, and he seemed to know most of the ways. On another trip to France he was so perfectly disguised as a lady that he

was given a berth among the ladies, and no one was any the wiser, at the time.

The doctor lived for many years in Pontypridd, but in his later life moved to a house at Llantrisant, some six miles south of Pontypridd. I was told by a farmer who still lives at the old toll gate, at the north entrance to the commons, that he well remembered the old doctor when he was about ninety years of age striding homeward rapidly across the common late of an evening, and walking as sprightly as a youth.

The chief opposition of public opinion against him seems to have been caused by the doctors' views of marriage and religion. He never married, but had several children by his housekeepers, one of whom still lives on the old homestead. She teaches music and raises poultry, and does not believe that the doctor has ever returned in spirit. A son was born to the doctor, and preceded him into



DR. PRICE, with his friend, Robert Richards Anderson, a Local Character.

(Continued on Page 182.)

"Twenty Years After": Things Worth Recalling.

From the "International Psychic Gazette" of October, 1915.

THERE was a gap, owing to the outbreak of the War, in the publication of *The International Psychic Gazette*, from July, 1914, to October, 1915.

On the eve of its re-appearance we asked many well-known men and women what they would say in response to the anguished cry of the bereaved war-mother's heart, "Where is my boy, and how fares it with him?" Their replies, filling eleven pages, were published in October, 1915, under the heading "A Consensus of Comfort to the World in Tears," and attracted wide-spread attention.

The following are amongst those who responded, with brief extracts from their letters:—

The Rev. A. J. WALDRON, Vicar of Brixton.

There is no death; we must believe in the reality of spirit communion, the doctrine of the communion of saints, which the Church has so widely overlooked. Let us believe that what is called death is really a beautiful thing, and that the loved ones are now nearer and more capable of helping in this sphere.

Major-General SIR ALFRED TURNER.

The sore parting with dear ones is only temporary. Those who have given their lives in this holy war of liberation against tyranny will be promptly received into the Father's house, in which "there are many mansions," there to await reunion with their loved ones.

JEROME K. JEROME.

The best use to which we can put our life is to spend it in service.

Mrs. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

Our so-called dead are here among us, sharing our lives, conscious of our actions, eagerly seeking to re-establish communication with those they love.

Mr. J. J. MORSE.

For nearly fifty years the knowledge of communion between my loved ones who have "crossed the bar" has been my priceless possession. So my message of comfort is, As I have found so may you.

Mr. DAVID GOW.

I believe that the time is ripe for a strong affirmation of the spiritual nature of man and of all that it implies. A life after death, reasonable and natural, the outcome of the orderly processes of Nature, as designed by Eternal Beneficence—that should be the teaching.

Mrs. MYRA COX.

Quite lately I have received through Mr. J. J. Vango the most comforting messages from a grandson who was shot at Neuve Chapelle.

Lady MUIR MACKENZIE.

Let all who sorrow dedicate their lives to place the world on a better basis for generations yet unborn, for—

"Life with its dome of many-coloured glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

Mrs. BARBARA M'KENZIE.

If people would only realise the great truth that death is but a loss of the body, and that the spirit which dwelt within it still lives and loves and can be communicated with, all life would assume a different complexion.

Dr. PEEBLES.

Behold in imagination your waiting friends, your lovely home beyond, with its indescribably beautiful scenery. Wrapt in the beauty of this vision, you will begin to realise that spirit life is an active life, a social life, and a progressive life, guarded and filled with the presence and the glory of God.

Mr. ROBERT KING.

Your loved ones are still alive, are, in fact, closer to you than ever they could be in the body of flesh, are longing that you should know of their presence around you and are working for the day when you, too, will know that what we call death is the gateway to a fuller life.

The Rev. SUSANNA HARRIS.

A few weeks ago a sweet spirit brought quite a number of dear soldier boys to my room so that they could realise that they had left their body. They all appeared so thankful and requested to be prayed for.

Mr. J. L. MACBETH BAIN, M.A.

I would say in response to the anguished cry of the bereaved mother's heart that it is possible for her to communicate with her boy; and, if she so desires it, and will give him the necessary conditions, it is more than likely she will have this blessed experience.

Mr. ALAN LEO, Editor of "Modern Astrology," and Mrs. BESSIE LEO.

There are at this time a host of Shining Messengers, servers in the great army of Christ, who stand invisible to physical eyes, but not to the eye of clear vision, ready, waiting for the soul's escape from the body, to take it in charge; veritable Angels of Mercy.

Mr. J. J. VANGO.

The best way to comfort those who mourn is to prove to them that their loved ones still live, that they are often with them, and that under given conditions they can communicate with them.

At that time Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had not yet come out as a Crusader for Spiritualism, and it is strange now to read, nearly twenty years after, that his reply to our question then was, "I fear I can say nothing worth saying; time only is the healer."

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, the actor manager, who was very much in sympathy with our movement, sent a quotation "of the beautiful and comforting words of the greatest humanitarian, as well as the greatest philosopher, 'I will not leave you, nor forsake you.'"

Mr. John Galsworthy, on the other hand—that cold, austere writer—said that he felt quite incapable of sending any message "likely to be comforting to people holding accepted views of life, whether mystic or religious."

SOME LOCAL STORIES OF DOCTOR PRICE.
(Concluded from previous page.)

spirit life. He was given the name "Jesus Christ" (in the Welsh tongue), and his body was cremated on the mountain by the doctor, much to the horror and disgust of the natives. This act caused no little sensation in the district.

I enclose the only photograph of the man that I have ever been able to obtain; it appears in "The History of Pontypridd." There is a well known drawing, showing him holding a torch and dressed in the Druid Regalia. This can still be seen hanging in many houses in this neighbourhood, but the one here reproduced was taken from life, and as photography was not common then, it may be the only one in existence.

On the whole he left a record that shows us a man of progressive though slightly eccentric character, and one who never failed to do his duty to his profession, and who never allowed opposition to sour him. His record bears investigation, and might well stand comparison with many biblical characters.

The doctor left orders for his own cremation before he passed peacefully away in his ninety-third year. This was duly carried out on the beautiful mountain near his home at Llantrisant, on January 31st, 1893.



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A GLIMPSE OF STANSTED HALL, ESSEX, FROM THE LAKE.

The residence of Mr. J. Arthur Findlay, who has just completed and will publish in the autumn, a continuation of "The Rock of Truth," thus completing his Trilogy on Spiritualism. Amid these beautiful surroundings Mr. Findlay gains inspiration which he gives out to a growing circle of appreciative readers.

Sir Oliver Lodge's Experiences With Eusapia Paladino.

IN the highly instructive articles Sir Oliver Lodge has been contributing to the *Sunday Graphic* on Spiritualism and Psychological Research, he thus summarises his personal experiences, forty years ago, with the famous Italian medium, Eusapia Paladino:—

"Long ago, in 1894, I witnessed the physical phenomena which occurred in the presence of an uneducated Neapolitan woman, Eusapia Paladino, who was said to be controlled by John King.

"I made a report to the Society for Psychical Research, but it was not published, though it was printed privately in the *Journal of the Society*.

"Although the sittings occurred many years ago, my memory of the occurrences is still vivid, and here follows a summary description of the abnormal things, for which I am willing to vouch.

"The first item, the grabbing with what appeared to be a hand, was the commonest and occurred so frequently that it seemed almost commonplace. Nevertheless, it was really most extraordinary, and I took pains to experience it under good conditions. These were the statements I made at the time:—

"I have been pushed, and also pinched or compressed on the head and on the back, on the arm, and on the knees, while both the medium's hands were in my grasp, and her feet and head well controlled.

"I have seen a chair in the window several feet behind the completely-controlled medium, and with no one near it, move several times horizontally, and also rise and knock on the floor.

"In the total absence of wind I have seen the window-curtain (a curtain of heavy stuff with thick fringe) bulge out across the nearly-closed window as if someone were inside it, and continue bulged and occasionally moving for some time. The position of the medium at the table, five feet away, was plainly obvious all the time, and nobody was concealed behind the curtain.

"I have seen the rude outline of a large face against the window background, and a thing like a rough attempt at a hand move up to the said face; the

medium being under perfect control and sufficiently visible elsewhere.

"I have heard a heavy table at which we were not sitting, and which no one was touching, move about many times, and then be turned bodily over, and when light was struck shortly afterwards have found it thus inverted on the floor. It was a large table, weighing 48lb., and we were sitting at a small table. It was overturned without undue violence, and so as not to break a voltaic battery and other things on the floor near it.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

"The medium being under control as usual, I have several times heard 'the Châlet' (a cigar-holding musical box in shape of a little house) being wound up at distances varying from one to five feet away from the medium, and have heard and dimly seen it moving through the air, playing as it came. I have also felt it deposited on my chest, and removed thence on to the table without contact.

"I have heard raps on an untouched table, and once not only raps, but bangs of excessive violence, as if made with a strongly-wielded mallet or an abnormally strong hand.

"I have seen little lights like glow-worms flit about for a short time (others seeing them, too).

"I have heard a sound as of the key being turned in the lock of the room door several feet distant, and with clear, empty space between us and it. The key then arrived on our table, and after having been touched by me again entered the door, turned in the lock, once more came into our hands and stayed there.

"I have twice seen a heavy table (48 lb.) raised completely a foot from the ground, all standing round it—hands and feet of medium held, both her hands on top of table, not near the edge; the fingers of one hand barely touching, the fingers of the other lightly pressing, the top of the table. It was normally impossible for the medium, even if released, to raise this table in her then position, that is, stading at one corner, with her hands on the top.

"This last, the levitation of the table, was seen also by my son when it was standing out of doors, in bright sunshine, at a time when Eusapia and some other people were standing near it.

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Ghosts of the Living and the Dead.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF APPARITIONS.

ARE "ghosts" facts or hallucinations? Apparitions of "the dead," and of "the living" also, have been seen and described in every age and by all races, but ought sane twentieth-century people to give credence to these tales, or should they lightly dismiss them as idle superstitions?

PHANTOMS OF THE DEAD.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace has a most instructive chapter on "The Evidence of the Reality of Apparitions" in his famous work on "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism." Therein he quotes two cases investigated and vouched for by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, the American Minister of Naples, which we may briefly summarise:—

Two British officers, stationed in Nova Scotia, are sitting at their morning coffee when one of them, Captain Sherbrooke, looks up and sees the figure of a pale youth standing at the door, and then passing slowly through the room into an adjoining bed-chamber. He calls the attention of his companion, Lieutenant Wynyard, to the stranger, and he turns pale as death, grasps his friend's arm, and exclaims "Great God! my brother!" News arrives from England in course of time intimating that Lieutenant Wynyard's brother had died at that very hour.

In the other case the wife of an officer, then in India, saw the apparition of her husband by her bedside in England. He appeared to be in distress and was holding his breast. It was subsequently found that her husband had succumbed to a shell wound in the breast at that very moment, though the first news of his death from the War Office had made a mistake of the date.

These two cases were carefully investigated at the time. They both corresponded with events happening at the moment thousands of miles away—events unknown by any ordinary means, so unexpected as to come like a bolt from the blue. They were neither freaks of imagination, tricks of hallucination, nor haphazard "lucky guesses." They were direct visible personal intimations from "dead" relatives, that, as the saying goes, "the worst had happened." Distance had been vanquished, telegraphy had been outpaced. The deceased had shown themselves in their identical features, but in an ethereal form that quickly passed out of the range of the seer's physical eyes.

These are called "apparitions of the dead," but what is an apparition? Is it only a shadowy, substanceless, fleeting phantom, as empty of objective reality as the reflection of one's self in a mirror?

PHANTASMS OF THE LIVING.

In the well-known book on "Phantasms of the Living," by Gurney, Myers, and Podmore, well-authenticated cases are described in which ordinary living persons were able to go in their "doubles," their ethereal counterparts, to a distance by an effort of the will. They lay down, voluntarily gave up for the moment their hold on their physical bodies and material surroundings, and transported themselves in a flash to be seen in a friend's bedroom, or at a friend's fireside, or at one's own country house. They were actually seen in their spiritual form, when expectation or imagination played no part in their friends' vision of them. When these experiments were accomplished they simply went home, re-entered their physical bodies, and continued the ordinary routine of daily life.

In these instances it was no mere flat picture of themselves they telepathed to be reproduced somehow in their friends' craniums. They were in their friends' presence—could actually see and hear them—though, far away, their own physical bodies lay deep in slumber.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S EXPERIENCE.

This sort of weird happening probably occurs more often than any of us realise. Perhaps we all travel when we are sunk in sleep, though few of us can recall our nocturnal wanderings in spirit. It also happens in daytime. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once narrated how, when asleep in a dentist's chair, he found himself instantly travelling in a cab with his wife and children. He was not aware they would be in a cab at that particular time, but, as it transpired, they were, and he was with them, and saw them, though they did not see him.

He saw them, though at that very time all his physical senses were atrophied with gas. He flew to them—perhaps it is because of this swift mysterious process that we picture angels as having wings—he travelled with them, and went back again to his body to wake up in it when he was "brought to."

The intelligent ethereal part of him—his soul, mind, spirit, conscious subject—was away for a few brief moments and came back; and note that it not only travelled, but saw and remembered. Now, *what saw? what remembered?* Not the physical eyes or brain, for they were not there.

THE REAL SELF AT BACK OF US.

Why do we rehearse these stories? We are trying to fill up the phantom with its true content, showing that this evanescent thing, seen usually at intervals at tragic moments, and laughed at by the frivolous as a "spook," or dismissed by the would-be-wise as the hallucination of a disordered brain, is no mere freak or empty shell. It not only can be seen, with form and features that can be identified, but it can itself see, hear, note, reflect, wonder, remember, and travel, when disengaged from the physical body by slumber, trance or anaesthetic.

What if, after all, this ethereal counterpart, usually unseen, should happen to be the **real self at back of each of us**, which functions for our lifetime along with and through a visible physical body, and thereafter goes on maintaining its identity and independent existence when this body of decay has been laid aside?

INDISSOLUBLY UNITED.

The word "apparition" tells us nothing more about it than that it is an elusive something that has *appeared*, but that does not carry us far. We think it was Mr. Stead who invented the phrase "**the ghost that dwells in each of us**" to express the possibly universal significance of apparitions. He made use of the simile that the physical body and the "ghost" of every person were as indissolubly united in this life as man and wife. That, of course, naturally includes the possibility of the ghostly part taking an occasional trip from home on its own account!

MANY NAMES FOR THE SOUL OR SPIRIT.

Now, let us merely hint at a suggestion that may be of great importance. In recent articles we have mentioned that when the Anglo-Saxons used the word "ghost" they meant the soul of man. We also quoted Sir William Hamilton as saying that the words in nearly every language for the human soul merely meant the blowing, breathing thing in man, whatever that might be. That great metaphysician also taught that the words soul, mind, spirit, self, ego, I, conscious-subject, were all names for one and the same thing, the believed-in invisible part of us, but what that was in itself nobody knew. His best definition of it was "the unknown basis of the mental phenomena."

DIFFERENT NAMES FOR DIFFERENT ASPECTS.

Its various names simply indicate its known modes and manifestations, as revealed to introspection and reflection. Is is the thinking part of us, therefore MIND; the emotional and aspiring part of us, therefore SOUL; the immortal part of us, therefore SPIRIT; the conscious and self-conscious part of us, therefore CONSCIOUS-SUBJECT; the part that calls itself I myself, and therefore the EGO, the SELF. To these names we may now perhaps add that it is the GHOST in us, because it occasionally exhibits itself as a *living replica* of our physical body; or the PSYCHE because it is the ostensible subject of psychical research and psychological study.

(Continued on page 188.)

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The Life Story of Mrs. Gladys Osborne Leonard.

VI.—HINTS ON DEVELOPING MEDIUMSHIP.

THE sitters in a circle must be the same people always, no strangers, and they should sit on the same evening or evenings at the same hour each week. If any one is ill, she should not attend. It is better to have one short, than one ailing. While the development is going on there may be physical phenomena to interest one, and to show that the guides are there ready to do their part. These may be knockings on the wall, or lights in the circle, things of no particular importance in themselves. Then the sitters must be harmonious, and not want to argue or to go off into personal reminiscences. They should for the time being leave outside their ordinary daily concerns, and just be quite quiet without talking; they may sing a hymn, or some old-fashioned song with a slow movement, like "Annie Laurie."

DEVELOPING ALONE.

If you want to develop alone you must select a part of the day when you will be undisturbed, whether afternoon or evening. If you can lie down in your bedroom so much the better, because your own bedroom has more of your own atmosphere, and less of other people's than any other living room. Half darken the room, lie on the bed, and relax. Crossing the hands and laying them over the solar plexus is helpful. Do not concentrate or strain; keep quite quiet and say to yourself—"My guides or friends are around me and they are wishful that I should see or hear something. I shall be passive and give them a chance of making their presence known to me, I am in no hurry; they will do it in their own time." In beginning, one generally feels sleepy through habit. One may even doze, but don't take notice of that. The guides may even help you to sleep, in order to get your brain quieter. After a few times, just as you awake from the doze, you may hear something, or see something, or get some strong impression. Don't say—"I have just been dreaming," but record it. Either write it down or bring your mind to bear upon it. Don't be surprised if it is something apparently trifling.

Whatever you see—it may be only a streak of light or a little mist—acknowledge it; for by so doing you are letting the guides know they have succeeded, and it helps them for you to record what you have seen. I generally say, loud out—"Thank you, I have seen so and so." When once you have seen something you go on seeing more and more. A lady who had lost her little girl—she had passed over to the other side—was told by Feda to do this. After one or two times she was awakened by hearing one or two taps in the room. Then she saw a little mist and felt a cold breath, and after doing this two or three times a week, she one day felt her child put her hands round her head and down her body to her feet. About two times after that she was awakened by the child's hands, and heard the child say—"Mamma—Florrie!" Now she has conversations with the child without going to sleep at all. She hears the child clair-

audiently. That is not like imagining or recalling a voice. There is a subtle but great difference which there is no mistaking. When once you have heard clairaudiently, you cannot confound it with imagination or recollection. People have said to me—"I can visualise my son or my husband; how am I to know that I am not merely visualising when I think I see them?" I say again—Once you have seen clairvoyantly, you know it is different altogether. There is a sense of great nearness comes with it.

I do not think our spirit friends are with us all day long. I think they have their work to do, and it would not be right for them even to be thinking of us all day long. Should anything happen to us to distress us, and we need their help, and cannot help ourselves, we sometimes call to them. They feel such an appeal, and are drawn to us. They know when there is something the matter, and they want to help us. But sometimes they do not seem to come, and people wonder. You may be undergoing a painful experience, but it may be a necessary experience for you, and the one you are fond of is not meant to come and help you through it. It may be that you have to fight through it alone for your own good.

If we develop ourselves psychically, we should safeguard ourselves from evil influences by giving greater facilities to our guardian angels or friends on the other side to help us at the right moment. I think that everyone has got what is known as a guardian angel, someone on the other side who loves him, but some of us put these spiritual helpers outside the range of influence by our attitudes of mind and modes of life. If we voluntarily put ourselves into undesirable conditions on the earth plane, we cannot expect to be sensitive to guardian influences.

I believe that anyone who has a desire to develop can develop. He may have very little psychic power, but if he lives for the idea of communication, and loves someone on the other side, he will be helped proportionately from the other side.

I think desire through affection is the greatest help for mediumship of any kind, as well as for getting help through a medium. The greatest successes I have had with sitters have been when there was a strong affection between them and the communicating spirits. I believe honestly that ninety-nine out of every hundred people who come to me could develop their own psychic gifts if they wished. Of course, to me it would not be living at all without my communion from time to time with those on the other side. If it were taken from me, I should go on living, of course, without grumbling, because I know if communication is temporarily withheld, it is for some good reason. But it is really the greatest joy and blessing that there is. It is strange that people will cultivate music because they feel it is a helpful factor, or they will cultivate painting and be quite content to study for years, and yet when it comes to psychic development, if they do not get wonderful results at once, they think it is not worth while.

Spiritualism: Religious and Scientific.

MR. R. H. YATES, one of the most strenuous and self-sacrificing of Spiritualist pioneers, contributed this outspoken article (one of a series) to the "Two Worlds," of August 7th, 1914, published three days after the start of the Great War. We visited him on August 5th last, just twenty years later, and were pleased to find that although he is physically helpless, owing to several strokes of paralysis he had two years ago, his mind is clear and collected, and his memory good of events happening before his illness, though rather hazy about more recent happenings.

We had a very happy fraternal talk with our dear old friend and fellow-worker, who is receiving every kind care and comfort from his devoted wife and the various members of his family. Three beautiful grandchildren and their parents were present at the time of our visit, and he was welcoming them all affectionately.—Ed., I.P.G.

SPIRITUALISM is unique in many ways. It has taken the mind right away from the beaten track of religious thought, it has given to the race new experiences, it has discovered to the race new faculty, and it has stepped away from the normal to the abnormal. Its experiences are removed from the ordinary experiences of human life, for it makes claims upon human credulity which are difficult of acceptance.

It brings a light which at first blinds, it brings a power which at first stupefies, it offers a consolation which at first antagonises; it offers a freedom which is more terrorising at first than the bondage it would break—a freedom, one might say, that is attendant with many dangers if the mind is not stable and the spirit well poised.

Its revelations influence the greatest hopes and the greatest fears of the race. It deals vitally with the most vital questions of the human spirit; hence those who deal with it should deal with it carefully, and use their knowledge skilfully. In no other case is it more true than here that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Wonderful, indeed, have been the discoveries of the past century, discoveries which have revolutionised our thought in every department of life. Science has come to grips with Nature, and wrested from her many secrets and discovered many of her forces. Inventive genius, following in the wake of science, has made use of those forces in a hundred different ways. Every day limitations are being broken down, every day our vision is pushing the horizon further away, every day we are trenching deeper grooves for our experiences, everyday we are changing the marvellous into the commonplace.

And I regard Spiritualism as one of those forward steps, prophetic in its mission, which in its prophetic vision sees the promised land. Some few have outpaced their fellows, some few have been privileged to see and understand the heritage ahead, and out of their knowledge have given inspiration to others.

The mistake we have made is that we have been trying to make the abnormal normal to a general public, who have not had the spiritual faculty to respond or the spiritual intuition to perceive the mighty realities to which these abnormalities pointed. We have been making an effort to make the marvellous commonplace on a plane far beneath it. In a word, we have been casting pearls before

swine; ourselves unconscious on the one hand that they were pearls of such transcendent value, and on the other hand unconscious that they were swine, because we were too near and mixed too freely with the same herd.

I have said its revelations influence the greatest hopes and fears of the human spirit, hence those who deal with it should deal with it carefully and use their knowledge skilfully.

Now is it not a fact that in our own imperfect knowledge of the real value, the real significance of these revelations, we have introduced people into the work whose chief characteristics have been vanity and ambition, who have entered immediately upon a work of exploitation, and the result is there has been grafted upon our movement a species of professionalism, a species of charlatanism, at once the despair and shame of those who love Spiritualism for its own sweet sake.

Also we have opened out our richest treasures for spoliation by the veriest spiritual infants, hence we have reaped a harvest of such mediocrity that is always compelling us to make excuses. An error as grievous and as disastrous on the spiritual plane as the giving to a child on the physical a clock and a hammer to amuse it. Incapable of telling the time, incapable of understanding the mechanism, incapable of understanding the significance of the wonderful adaptation of part to part and the design and purpose of the whole, it just uses it as something to play with, something that pleases for the moment, and the hammer is brought into action, with disaster to the clock, and consequent end of its utility to serve the purpose for which it was designed and built, and with no lasting beneficial result to the child. It should be obvious to all that the initial mistake was to give to the child the clock, that it was a vital mistake to introduce the exploiter and the irresponsible infant into our fair world of spiritual beauty and its rare growth of spiritual faculty.

Now, we claim that Spiritualism is religious, that Spiritualism is a science. If it is religious it should be intensely sacred to us. If it be a science we should be scientific in our methods, i.e., Spiritualists should be scientists, spiritual scientists. By that I mean they should be a class of people who specialise upon the spiritual faculty, the spiritual forces of the universe, their value and their significance, and they should follow the method, the truly scientific method, of every scientific school, namely, careful investigation, the creating of conditions and instruments for such investigation, the exercise of extreme care to eliminate error, to avoid malobservation; and their public work should be restricted to the exposition of their laboratory work and other work of inquiry and discovery, and that work should only be undertaken by the student, the experimentalist, and the discoverer.

Every Spiritualist church should be a spiritual laboratory—a spiritual laboratory where experimental and research work should be followed. Every church should also be a school-house, or an institution of even greater dignity—a spiritual college—into which only real spiritual students should enter, and the public work should be restricted to exposition, the exposition of facts thoroughly understood by those who thoroughly understand them and are competent to deal with them.

I desire at this point to draw your attention to another undeniable fact, namely, that as an organised propagandist movement we have absolutely failed. As a movement for the exposition of spiritual science, or spiritual truths, if you like that term better, we have not succeeded, and we have failed and are failing to maintain any reasonable degree of efficiency in our own public expositions and demonstrations. We have not vitality, we have not the means, neither have we got the will, if present indications can be read aright, to carry forward our work with any degree of efficiency and with any great hope of success.

* * *

We are the arbiters of our own fate, and that fact is the most important one of our lives. Our will is positively unfettered; it is a rudder put freely into our hands, and with it we can steer wherever we choose. God will not compel our love or obedience. **We must ourselves desire to love and obey—desire it above all things in the world.**—James Allen.

September, 1934.

A LITTLE book is worth twelve times greater authority. Many more advanced confirmations, in si- When "Gef"—"boy's name—pass to find my Dad sit oh! so much bet feeling before. asleep some tim dream."

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A Spirit Child in the Summerland.

AND WHAT HE FINDS THERE.

A LITTLE book, not much more than a pamphlet, written by a spirit boy of twelve through the hand of his mother, is worth a good many big books written with greater authority. It is published by Rider under the title "My Life in the Summerland," and confirms, in simple and vivid words, what many more advanced spirits have often told us.

When "Gef"—for that is the little spirit boy's name—passed into his last sleep, "I knew," he says, "no more till I woke up here to find my Dad sitting beside me, and feeling, oh! so much better than I ever remember feeling before. I knew I must have been asleep some time, for I had had a lovely 'dream.'

"I dreamt that Jesus had come to fetch me, and I was so delighted to go! I had only seen pictures of Him before, but I was sure it must be Jesus, for He looked so kind and loving.

"Of course, I know now it wasn't a dream at all, but that Jesus did come for me, and so He comes for all who love Him. He loves to come for the children, for he is the children's Friend, as well as grown-up people's."

The "Real Home" to which the boy was taken was so full of lovely colours that he felt as if he was in a rainbow when he first saw it. "Every colour," he says, "has some healing power, and I suppose I wanted them all, for they all shone on me at once, and I felt so much better."

He wondered why he didn't feel tired at all, for he had always been so very tired before. He spoke to a spirit friend about it, and she told him he would never be tired any more, that he had finished with all the ills of flesh, and that he would grow in love and

knowledge.

When they are rested enough these little spirit children go out into the lovely grounds, where "all is so peaceful and nothing ever dies," and sometimes they assemble at lovely concerts, "only we do not," he says, "sit on wooden chairs; we have seats of etheric material which are far better." The music is so beautiful that he could listen to it for hours "when I am not wanted to help anywhere in particular."

Yes, even for the little ones, there is service. Some help in the work of healing the sick on the earth, some by giving comfort to those in trouble, and some by help to others to throw off some sin that is holding them back from the Lord's works.

"All do something," he says; "of course, I can only do small things yet, but hope the day will come when I, too, can do big things for the Master.

"He sometimes helps with the children and makes boats for them to sail on the lakes, for you must know," he says "that they are all looked after by someone who loved them very dearly. All have some relative to take care of them, and this is permitted by the great understanding Love of God."

The mother, through whose hand this charming little book has been written by her spirit son, might send a copy to the Rev. "Dick" Sheppard. It would, perhaps, help him to understand what the next world is like, and to know that the children there are wonderfully cared for, and trained in knowledge, love, and service.

The Loch Ness Monster Fourteen Centuries Old?

THE recent appearances of the "monster" in Loch Ness are nothing new—for he or one of his ancestors has been there for fourteen centuries!

If he is not the veritable monster which was seen so long ago—there is no means, of course, of knowing his age—it must certainly have been one of his family.

According to the Rev. J. Carter Rendell, president of the Historical Association (Torquay branch), in a letter to *The Times*, he was known in the days of St. Columba (521-597), and is spoken of by the Saint's successor and biographer, the ninth abbot, Adamnan, who wrote his account about eighty years after the death of St. Columba, about 679, at Iona.

ST. COLUMBA DRIVES HIM OFF.

The story, taken from Dr. William Reeves's translation of Adamnan's *Columba* (Book II., c xxvii), tells how the monster was driven off by St. Columba's prayer.

The story reads:—"When the Blessed man was living for some days in the Province of the Picts, he was obliged to cross the River Nesa—the Ness—and when he reached the bank of the river he saw some of the inhabitants burying an unfortunate man who, according to the account of those who were burying him, was a short time before seized as he was swimming, and bitten most severely by a monster that lived in the water; his wretched body was, though too late, taken out with a hook by those who came to his assistance in a boat.

"The Blessed man, on hearing this, was so far from being dismayed that he directed one of his companions to swim over and row across the coble that was moored at the farther bank. And Lugne Macumain hearing the command of the excellent man obeyed without the least delay, taking off all his clothes except his tunic and leaping into the water.

But the monster, which, so far from being satiated, was only roused for more prey, was lying at the bottom of the stream, and when it felt the water disturbed above by the man swimming suddenly rushed out, and, giving an awful roar, darted after him, with its mouth wide open, as the man swam in the middle of the stream.

"Then the Blessed man, observing this, raised his holy hand, while all the rest, brethren as well as strangers, were stupefied with terror, and, invoking the name of God, formed the saving sign of the Cross in the air, and commanded the ferocious monster, saying:—'Thou shalt go no further nor touch the man: go with all speed.'

"Then at the voice of the Saint the monster was terrified, and fled more quickly than if it had been pulled back with ropes, though it had just got so near to Lugne, as he swam, that there was not more than the length of a spear-staff between the man and the beast. Then the brethren, seeing that the monster had gone back, and that their comrade, Lugne, returned to them in the boat safe and sound, were struck with admiration, and gave glory to God in the Blessed man. And even the barbarous heathens who were present were forced by the greatness of this miracle, which they themselves had seen, to magnify the God of the Christians."

This was not the only occasion, as Adamnan tells us, that a monster appeared. St. Columba warned a brother to take a coast-wise course in his boat lest "awestruck by a certain huge monster you hardly make good your escape." Adamnan says he "met a whale of amazing and unmeasurable size which reared itself up like a mountain, floating with open jaws, bristling with teeth." The warning was successful in saving his life.

Another brother met the same creature, and rebuked it, so that it dived below. This happened near Tiree.

The Rev. J. Carter Rendell concludes his letter with the remark:—"If only St. Columba could have had a camera!"

A South African Pioneer of Spiritualism.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER.

MRS. ELLEN GREYSTON PHELPS passed to the higher life on Sunday, June 24th, at Johannesburg, after a long illness patiently borne. She was a Pioneer of Spiritualism in South Africa, and in 1924-5 made many friends in the home country during a lecture tour in England, Scotland and Wales.

Mrs. Phelps was born in England and brought up in the orthodox faith, her father being a Methodist minister. She possessed the gift of clairvoyance from birth; but in her early life found it wiser to suppress that fact.

She was introduced to Spiritualism when about thirty at a home circle. Here she was informed that she was a medium, that she would lecture in trance and inspirationally, and that she would develop her psychic gifts and use them for the good of humanity.

Thoroughly disconcerted by this prophecy, she decided not to have anything more to do with Spiritualism, but found that she was up against a force stronger than herself, and eventually submitted to a course of training for development, which lasted for three years, after which she started public work in England.

Later, she came to South Africa and settled in Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal. At the instigation of the Spirit people she sought out the few people in the City who were interested in Spiritualism, and with them started a circle which was the nucleus of the first Spiritualist Church.

She met with a great deal of opposition both in her home and public life, but nothing daunted she carried on facing every difficulty and obstacle with amazing fortitude and courage.

In 1917, she left for Johannesburg, and continued her work in that city and all along the Reef. Here, also, she met with opposition and many difficulties, which she ever turned into success. She travelled all over the Union of South Africa in the cause of Spiritualism. She also made a compact with the Spirit people that if they granted her her heart's desire she would do whatever they asked of her. Her wish was granted, and later she made her tour through England, Scotland and Wales. This work entailed the greatest personal sacrifice that she could make, but true to her promise she travelled over five thousand miles, holding seances, lecturing, and giving interviews.

Above all things she desired and sought for truth, and this was forcibly reflected in her work. Her life was one of sacrifice. Naturally of a retiring disposition, public life held no attraction for her whatever. Yet because she believed that she could be of service to humanity as a Spiritualistic medium, she set aside her own desires, and gave herself unsparingly for others.

Her mediumship was most successful, her intensely sympathetic nature attracting people to her. With both hands she gave comfort and help wherever she could, and when anyone in trouble made demand upon her services.

She despised hypocrisy above all things, and was honesty personified. Self-controlled and well-poised, she was never influenced by praise or flattery. Her one idea was to give, to do her best, and leave the result in higher hands.

As a trance and inspirational speaker she was eminently successful. Her manner was quiet and restrained, and she had a pleasing voice, an excellent vocabulary, and her subject matter was thoughtful and elevating. She was also a remarkably good psychometrist and a splendid clairvoyant.

She was particularly interested in the training of mediums, but thought that they were frequently placed on the platform before they were ready, to the detriment of the cause. She considered that the development of mediumistic gifts alone was not sufficient for public work. She believed that mental development, courage, self-control, self-poise, and a level head, guided by reason and wisdom, were also essential for really successful mediumship.

She herself possessed these attributes in a marked degree. She would never hesitate to say that she could not see or hear anything from the other side, if

such were the case, and very much deprecated the forcing of spiritual powers in any way.

She was a type of medium that is greatly needed in Spiritualism, and she will be sadly missed.

Her body was cremated at the Johannesburg Crematorium on June 26th. The beautiful service was conducted by Mr. L. Lloyd, President of the Spiritualist Union of South Africa, who paid a very graceful tribute to her life and character and the high standard of her spiritual work.

Letters to the Editor.

MRS. MELLON'S MEDIUMSHIP.

Walmer, Port Elizabeth,
South Africa, August 4th, 1934.

DEAR SIR,—I have just recently read "The Unbroken Melody of Life," by John G. Findlay, and apart from the fact that it is one of the best books on Spiritualism I have seen, it has a special interest for me personally, as it refers to phenomena which took place in Australia, through the mediumship of Mrs. Mellon.

I knew that lady intimately, when she was Miss Fairlamb, very many years ago, and she was the most powerful materialising medium I have ever met; I was familiar with "Cissy" and "Geordie," two of her controls.

I assisted the late "J. E. Eno"—of Fruit Salt fame—to secure Miss Fairlamb in a chair, with a rope, and then to lift chair and medium into the cabinet, in Weirs Court, Newcastle-on-Tyne. I also knew her young man (afterwards her husband) Mr. Mellon.

I remember once "Cissy," in materialised form, came out of the cabinet and walked round the circle, shaking hands with each member in turn; we had a dim red light. Another time, "Cissy" announced that "Geordie" would hold a chair from the cabinet for any member to take it from him. I was one who tried. Not only could I not take it from him, but it felt as if it was built into a wall.

Some may ask, What is the good of such trivialities? I answer that question by asking another, Can anything be called trivial which proves that those who were thought dead are still living?

Besides, in our circles, we do not spend all our time with these **necessary** trivialities. We constantly have inquirers coming to us whose minds are in a disturbed state, and many of them say that we ought not to disturb the spirits of the departed.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT McADAM.

GHOSTS OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.— (Concluded from page 184.)

THE PERMANENT PART.

Modern psychical researchers have discovered that whether it be united to or freed from the physical body it is the part that speaks of itself as I, that retains the sense of identity, that continues to be conscious, and that goes on thinking, loving, remembering, aspiring, and progressing when the visible physical outer part of us is permanently laid aside.

THE SOUL A COMPLEX LIVING ORGANISM.

For all time there has been an attitude of hopeless agnosticism as to what the soul is in itself. The subtle minds of the great philosophers of Greece, Germany, France, and Great Britain never seem even to have guessed what is waking up to recognition in the minds of present-day investigators—namely, that the soul of man is really a **complex organism**, with a form corresponding to that of the physical body, though finer and more enduring, that its organs and faculties are as varied as and vastly more far-reaching than those of the physical body; and that these are becoming amenable to scientific investigation as objective facts.

ITS INDEPENDENT FACULTIES.

When we consider the wonderful faculties of this psychical or spiritual body, we find that its sight, hearing, sensing, are no mere second powers of our physical eyes, ears, and fingers, for clairvoyance, clairaudience, and clairsentience are most readily exercised when all our physical senses are in absolute abeyance.

J. L.

OCCASIONAL SUCCESS

It is said that we sometimes crowd failure in some often real success been learned and wisdom spirit is learning its experience, and grace perfect state to which intolerance, and of appointment, wherea transcends all trans one from sphere t Father is realised. Shakespeare was famous lines:

"Sweet are the Which, like the Wears yet a p And this our l Finds tongues brooks,

Sermons in sto Let us, therefore, cherished material do not reap materia is more important.

A WORTH-

For years it has alist churches to te tions and messages some people aver th Sundays. But it i dispense with clair become very small.

But is it true tha climax to a good tr the phenomena of although the philos importance. The privacy of the hc meetings and circl messages convince way to spiritual e satisfaction.

I have noted with ted by several ch the policy; so that the address. This helpful persona congregation are stamped on the mi here, be more gene

A dream? Yea. Have lost their p No limitation ha Creative in its pe Old Nature's ess Dream and creat But first had bir The Ideal dream But as a ship th A vantage groun A new perspecti Dream on, and l Each ordered th Each tear and h To seal the thou Each sorrow but The isolation of Upon the effort All hindrance to Build on, oh Dr The possibility You cast the die Seeing—just wh But surely, in th A mystic Law p That cannot fail To knit the Dre

The Dreamer.

A dream? Yea, in which known laws
Have lost their power Imagination's flight
No limitation has; Invincible in might—
Creative in its power to mould
Old Nature's essence to a happier world.
Dream and create, for no thing ever lived
But first had birth in 'magination's breast;
The Ideal dreamed is time not idly spent,
But as a ship that rides the crest—
A vantage ground from whence is seen
A new perspective that intensifies the quest
Dream on, and build your world anew:
Each ordered thought a stone,
Each tear and heart pain but a mastic strong
To seal the thought that must evolve alone.
Each sorrow but the birth pang of a joy,
The isolation of the soul intent
Upon the effort to dispel
All hindrance to the world's divine content.
Build on, oh Dreamer! for each thought will swell
The possibility of a grander scene;
You cast the die for other hands to mould,
Seeing—just what you might have been,
But surely, in those realms of time and space,
A mystic Law prevails unseen,
That cannot fail in time to come
To knit the Dreamer with his dream.

R. WITTEY.

OCCASIONAL JOTTINGS BY X. SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

IT is said that what men regard as failure God sometimes crowns as success. This means that failure in some material object or ambition is often real success because some important lesson has been learned and wisdom thereby evolved. Thus the spirit is learning its lessons in the school of earthly experience, and gradually reaching out towards that perfect state to which all must come in God's good time.

For material success often leads to selfishness and intolerance, and often ends in suffering and disappointment, whereas spiritual success is eternal, and transcends all transitory experience; it moves with one from sphere to sphere, till perfection in the Father is realised.

Shakespeare was truly inspired when he wrote the famous lines:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Let us, therefore, not be discouraged when some cherished material plan goes awry, for although we do not reap materially we may reap spiritually, which is more important.

A WORTH-WHILE EXPERIMENT.

For years it has been the custom at many Spiritualist churches to terminate with clairvoyant descriptions and messages. The address comes first, and some people aver there should be no clairvoyance on Sundays. But it is safe to say that did churches dispense with clairvoyance the congregations would become very small.

But is it true that clairvoyance constitutes an anticlimax to a good trance or normal address? I think the phenomena of Spiritualism are highly important, although the philosophy is of equal if not of greater importance. The phenomena are accessible in the privacy of the home circle as well as in public meetings and circles. Clairvoyant descriptions and messages convince beginners and thus they lead the way to spiritual enlightenment as well as psychic satisfaction.

I have noted with interest that a new plan is being tried by several churches, namely, a reversal of the old policy; so that the clairvoyance is given before the address. This seems to me a good plan, because the helpful personal messages having been given, the congregation are prepared to have their lesson stamped on the mind. The experiment might, therefore, be more generally made, and the results noted.

BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Gateway of Understanding. By Carl A. Wickland, M.D., National Psychological Institute, Hayes Avenue, Los Angeles, California. \$3.50.

Dr. Wickland, whose book, "Thirty Years Among the Dead," is so well-known, has, in "The Gateway of Understanding" given us another which bids fair to rank as a classic and text-book of Modern Spiritualism. There is practically no aspect of Spiritualism Occultism and Mysticism not touched upon, and the whole rings true. But the outstanding question dealt with is the obsession of mortals by discarnate spirits. Dr. Wickland says that through the mediumship of his wife he has had converse with hundreds of earth-bound spirits, and has been able to help them to see the light and progress. He has also, with the assistance of static electricity, been able to dislodge obsessing spirits from otherwise normal and healthy humans. He shows that Spiritualism, if properly undertaken, is a natural safeguard against interference and obsession of all kinds. In fine, it is safer to be a Spiritualist than not to be one.

The author and his wife are two sincere, earnest and unselfish authorities on life after death whose experiences and conclusions should be eagerly read by all.

The Life Current. By P. G. Blyth. Rider. 2/6.

The author, who has sat with many well-known and reliable mediums, is satisfied that we survive the grave. His conclusion is that traditional religion must develop into spiritual science. He says: "Material Science has been sweeping away superstition based on ignorance and fear, and shewing us the reign of intelligence and law. It is for Spiritual Science to show us explicitly the reign of sympathy and spiritual law. We need more light and sight. Our activity and power depend on the Spirit which inspires them. Each one of us, strong or weak, fortunate or miserable, is inseparably connected to the Spirit from which his Will is derived. We live and move and have our being in that Spirit."

I am in agreement with him when he says: "Instead of the priest who dictates, and the preacher who pleads, we want the spiritual helper—a specialist in the fundamental problems of life and mind, and a graduate in Mental and Moral Science rather than in Greek and Theology."

A Witness Through the Centuries. By Reginald Hegy, M.D., M.A. Rider. 5/-.

A distinguished member of the medical profession, who was at first exceedingly sceptical, received irrefutable proofs of survival. He has had the courage to come out in the open about it all and risk any possible adverse consequences to his career. Not only has he given us fool-proof evidence of survival, but has passed on the wisdom of a spiritual teacher from the Beyond, touching the purpose of our material lives in their relation to the life hereafter. A valuable and important contribution to current psychic literature.

G. de B.

GIRL'S VISION OF A PAST TRAGEDY.

SHORTLY before three o'clock on July 27th, a girl was walking on the pavement in Kingsway when she screamed, threw out her hands and fell to the ground. She was taken into a chemist's shop, and after treatment recovered and told the following story:—

"I was walking down Kingsway after lunch when I had the impression of someone—it seemed to be a girl—who had fallen from the window of a high building landing at my feet.

"The shock of the apparition caused me to collapse on the pavement. Two men picked me up and half-carried me to the pharmacy.

"There I stayed for about twenty minutes before I was allowed to go on my way. Nothing of the sort has ever happened to me before, and I cannot understand how I came to get the idea of a body falling near me."

Mr. H. Neathercoat, who attended to the girl, said, "It was practically at the same spot where she collapsed that about eighteen months ago another girl fell from one of the upper windows of a high building and was killed. What makes the affair more remarkable is that as far as my recollection goes the girl's death coincided in point of time with the second girl's collapse."

The girl had never heard of the previous accident, so her vision cannot be attributed to anything in her "subconscious self"!

SPIRITUALIST PAYMASTER-IN-CHIEF.

PAYMASTER - IN - CHIEF WILLIAM SMART WATSON, of the Royal Navy, has just died at his residence, Southsea Terrace, Portsmouth, at the age of eighty-eight.

He joined the Navy at the age of 17, in the same year as King Edward VII married Queen Alexandra. He retired long before the Great War broke out, and had many interesting stories to tell of his experiences in all parts of the world.

He was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, first taking up the subject after several unaccountable happenings on board ship. He did not attach himself to any particular Spiritualist group, but carried out his own research work. He was the friend of some of the great mediums of the past, such as Monck, and Mrs. Everett, and took an active part in many of their experiments.

He also took a great interest in pigeons, and at one time had over four hundred racing birds at his lofts at Wimbourne and Waterlooville. During the War he lent these birds to the Government.

For the last ten months Paymaster Watson had been seriously ill at his Southsea home. He was most charitable and kind, and was well-known for the manner in which he helped those less fortunate than himself.

* * *

THE LATE MRS. J. G. FINDLAY.

THE following obituary notice of Mrs. John G. Findlay, from the *Kilmarnock Standard*, will interest many of our readers:—

Many people in this district have learned with regret of the death of Mrs. John G. Findlay, of Tour, Kilmaurs, which has taken place at Ringwood, Hampshire.

Owing to a breakdown in her health about four years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Findlay had to take up their residence in the South of England, and the warmer climate had had such a beneficial effect that recently she had been able to enjoy a holiday abroad. Her death took place very unexpectedly, after only three days' illness.

Mrs. Findlay was held in high esteem by her many friends in North Ayrshire, and during her residence at Tour she took great interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of Kilmaurs. She was president of the Kilmaurs Women's Unionist Association, the Women's Rural Institute, and the local branch of the Mothers' Union, honorary secretary of the local Nursing Association, and for many years she took charge of the annual Poppy Day collection on behalf of Earl Haig's Fund.

Mrs. Findlay's father, the late Mr. F. C. Stoop, of West Hall, Byfleet, Surrey, belonged to a Dutch family, and was a Knight of the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands, and Commander of the Order of Oranje Nassau, president of the Dutch Chamber of Commerce in London, and a noted connoisseur of fine arts. Her mother is a daughter of the late Mr. Robert Clark, of Paisley.

Mr. Findlay and his family have returned to this district and are in residence at Hall House, Fenwick, which they intend to make their home. We would voice the sympathy of the community with them in their sad bereavement.

* * *

LOVE: THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

MRS. G. RAYNER, of Abbey Wood, was the speaker at Palmerston Christian Spiritualist Temple, Stratford, last month, when her spirit guide gave a trance address on "Love."

"There are many phases and states of the mind that masquerade under the name of love," said the guide, "but love in its truest essence fills the whole being with life and light. Man has many false loves—the love of money, pleasure, power and position, but unless he realises that love of God, he has not really lived. Real love enriches a man's life, giving him a wider, happier outlook."

* * *

Sir Oliver Lodge says in the *Sunday Graphic* that "a spontaneous kind of telepathy" is held responsible for many apparitions or hallucinations or phantoms, whether of the living or the dead. But logicians would call this "an explanation of the obscure by the more obscure!"

A CORONER ON GHOSTS.

FREDERICK WALTER WALLACE, 44, was caretaker in Lord Alington's house in Portman Square, W., while the family were in the country.

On July 23rd he told a police constable that he had seen the ghost of Lady Alington, mother of his Lordship, walking about in this house, in which she had died in June. A few days later another policeman found Wallace hanging dead behind the door of the boiler-room in the basement. At the inquest, Mr. Ingleby Oddie said the loneliness of living alone in a large house seemed to have got on Wallace's nerves. He thought he had seen a ghost, and this, I take it, said the coroner, is evidence of an unbalanced mind, "because, of course, ghosts are mere delusions of the mind."

The reality or non-reality of ghosts is, however, not so easily disposed of as that, as readers of our article on page 184 will realise.

A correspondent of the "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch" writes:—

"Your report of an inquest at Paddington resuscitates the question, Are ghosts actual? Now ghosts can be seen and heard, touched, and shaken hands with, given the necessary material and environment. The man maintained he had seen a ghost in the house. If he had averred he saw a cat or dog, or a human being, walking about the house, his eyesight and truth would not have been doubted. Yet, because he had that extension of human vision by which spirit people become perceivable, it is a mere illusion. It is a pity the public are not more familiar with the facts and contributing conditions."

* * *

GUARDIAN SPIRITS IN INDIAN CEMETERY.
ENGLISHMAN'S GRAVE WORSHIPPED.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL N. S. TAYLOR, of The Hyderabad Regiment, Benares, has sent a letter to *The Times* enclosing a cutting from the *Madras Mail* which refers to the grave of his father, Harry Scott Taylor, who was killed in a machinery accident in 1891 when acting as superintendent engineer of the Periyar project in South India.

The *Madras Mail* says:—

Loving hands tend his grave—the cemetery is Mr. Freeman's special care. . . . But Mr. Taylor's influence has not ceased with his death. To-day the sick, the sad, and the possessed make pilgrimage to his grave, there to burn a candle.

Explain it as you will, they come back cured, their distempers ended. The candles stand there, mute witnesses to their faith.

Mr. Freeman avows that the cemetery garden itself is watched by guardian spirits. He says: "If anyone plucks a flower here and takes it home he falls sick that evening. I have known many cases."

Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor says he would be interested to hear whether any one has ever heard of any other case where the grave of a British official has been held in such sacred esteem by Indians. He does not refer to such cases as the monument to John Nicholson at Jani Ka Sang, on the Grand Trunk Road. In this instance, he says, it would appear that the grave itself is worshipped.

* * *

TELEPATHY BY A WAR PRISONER.

A CAPTAIN in the East Surrey's says, in a letter to the *Daily Mail*:—

"During the German attack of March, 1918, my C.O. and myself were captured. Knowing that my wife would have been worrying ever since the news of the German attack, I endeavoured with every nerve in my body to will her to know that I was safe.

"This message did not reach my wife direct, but on the morning of the 26th a girl-friend of hers from the flat below came up to hear if there was any news of me.

"On learning that there was none, she said that on the previous night—that is, the night of the capture—she had seen me standing at the foot of her bed in uniform saying, 'Tell — that I am safe.'"

September

"DEATH"
DEAN INGE,
July 29th, preac
last evensong se

retirement.
The two chapters at the
are an exhortation to the
their lives while they may
will soon close in upon
conclusion is not "eat an
die," but, "fear God and k
And yet we have a fe
before old age is incomp
always been a boon some r
Solomon was sensible en
instead.

We ought, I am sure, I
to fear death nor to wish
death simply does not cou
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**THE CHURCH AND
THE BISHOP OF**

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"Nowhere can I find
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can I find evidence whi
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who have conducted so-

Surely his Lordship
Jesus "called unto Him
them authority over t
out, and to heal all man
of sickness."—Matthew

* * *

"SPIRITU

THE Rev. H.

Liverpool, wri

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Newspaper, as follo

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work, counselling th
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Christian healing wa
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This healing is no
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God, Spirit, and Hi
His opposite, evil, t
constitute the carnal

* * *

Purify your soul
deny self, affection
inner eye will begin
vision.—Plotinus.

"DEATH DOES NOT COUNT."

DEAN INGE, in St. Paul's Cathedral on July 29th, preached what may be his last evensong sermon there before his retirement.

The two chapters at the end of Ecclesiastes, he said, are an exhortation to the young to make the best of their lives while they may, for the days of darkness will soon close in upon them. But the preacher's conclusion is not "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," but, "fear God and keep His Commandments."

And yet we have a feeling that a life cut short before old age is incomplete. Length of days has always been a boon some men have prayed for though Solomon was sensible enough to pray for wisdom instead.

We ought, I am sure, Dean Inge continued, neither to fear death nor to wish it. We ought to feel that death simply does not count. All that matters is that a life should be well lived, up till the time of its close. If we are not the creatures of to-day, but immortal spirits, what can it matter if we spend a few years more or less in this state of our probation?

I like, he added, the brave words of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the seventeenth century, that man feels the advance of age rather by the strengthening of his soul than by the weakness of his body. We look to the aged, not in vain, for a calm, genial wisdom, for a kindliness and tolerance which we less often find in those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day.

THE CHURCH AND HEALING GIFTS.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, in a sermon to delegates of the British Medical Association at Bournemouth said that grave disservice was done both to the cause of Christianity and the work of healing when it was claimed that the Church had been given special gifts of physical healing which could be exercised by some of its members independently of suitable training and scientific qualification.

"Nowhere can I find in the New Testament any authority for this claim," he said. "Nowhere to-day can I find evidence which has been sifted and tested to confirm the sensational claims often made by those who have conducted so-called missions of healing."

Surely his Lordship has overlooked the fact that Jesus "called unto Him his twelve disciples, and gave them authority over unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of disease and all manner of sickness."—Matthew x, i.

"SPIRITUAL HEALING."

THE Rev. H. E. Smith, West Derby, Liverpool, writes with true discernment on this subject in the Church of England Newspaper, as follows:—

There is probably no subject of such general interest to mankind as the one of healing—the healing of sin, sorrow, suffering, sickness—the attainment of health, harmony, success and peace. The Gospels tell us of marvellous healing done by Christ and His followers. Furthermore, He specifically commanded His disciples that they should continue the healing work, counselling them: "And as ye go, preach, saying, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give."

A careful study of the gospel records shows that Christian healing was affected through spiritual and not material means. Therefore, it can be explained, understood, and practised only spiritually. This is a point to keep clearly in mind, because such healing cannot be explained on the basis of physical or medical science.

This healing is not hypnotism, not mental suggestion, not the mere influence of one human mind over another. It is the consciousness of the allness of God, Spirit, and His ideas, and the nothingness of His opposite, evil, matter, and their beliefs, which constitute the carnal mind.

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

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Sept. 9th. Colwyn Bay.—Arcadia Theatre, 8 p.m. Clairvoyance by Mrs. Florence Leighton.

Sept. 16th. Liverpool.—Picton Hall, 6.30 p.m. Clairvoyance by Mr. A. A. Turner, of Sheffield.

Sept. 23rd. Barnet.—Assembly Hall, Union Street, 6.30 p.m. Clairvoyance by Mrs. Chesterman.

Sept. 30th. Seaham Colliery.—Miners' Hall, 6.30 p.m. Clairvoyance by Miss Emily Nicholson.

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WHERE I was I know not, but I found myself looking about me for the Divine. I was well aware of smaller things in plenty, but I determined to disregard them as I wished to see Reality.

Presently, out of the haze which seemed to begirt me, I beheld a face: it seemed to fill the whole field of my vision. It was a face of the bearded type, but in it appeared every variety of feature and expression. From the glare of the primitive man to the calm gaze of the philosopher; from the helpless furtive look of the slave to the proud confident glance of the conqueror; from the stare of the courtesan to the sympathetic glance of the lover; from the baleful eyes of the bigot to the rapturous eyes of the saint—all in one face!

Then, gradually, there passed over that countenance a subtler series of changes until the ideal face emerged as though a blend of all the others. It was the face of the true Christ, which is the human side of God Himself. It revealed to me that God had Himself suffered and undergone all the various sorrows, sufferings, passions and fears of human nature, because He is ever at our very pulse-strings and realises all. God has suffered in His humanity because He wills to perfect it.

Elizabeth, Lady Mosley, is shortly publishing a shilling book of her personal psychic experiences, for which Sir Oliver Lodge has written a recommendation. It may be ordered in advance from her ladyship at 29, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

Mr. B. Prince, Pastor of the St. John's Spiritualist Church, Brighton, died last month.

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Sept. 16th—11 a.m.—Mr. Ernest Meads
6.30 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart
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