

Serial Story by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
NOVEMBER, 1933 FOURPENCE VOL V, No. 46.

SURVIVAL

MAGAZINE

Incorporating Immortality and Survival

"Power's" Medium



4d.

BRITISH COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE

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(Telephone: Western 3981)

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Secretary: Mrs. M. HANKEY.

PROGRAMME FOR NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER.

- 1ST. at 8.15 p.m. Demonstration of CLAIRVOYANCE
MRS. ESTELLE ROBERTS
- 1ST. at 3 p.m. PSYCHOMETRY (Group)
MRS. M. KELLAND
- 3RD. at 5 p.m. CLAIRVOYANCE (Group)
MRS. LIVINGSTON
- 8TH. at 8.15 p.m. LECTURE.
MR. WALLIS MAMSFORD
- 9TH. at 4 p.m. DISCUSSION TEA.
- 10TH. at 5 p.m. CLAIRVOYANCE (Group)
THE ROHAMAH, RHAMAH
- 15TH at 3 p.m. PSYCHOMETRY (Group)
MRS. M. KELLAND
- 15TH at 8.15 p.m. LECTURE.
MR. ERNEST OATEN
- 17TH at 5 p.m. CLAIRVOYANCE (Group)
MRS. ROUS
- 22ND at 8.15 p.m. Demonstration of CLAIRVOYANCE
MRS. EILEEN GARRETT
- 24TH at 5 p.m. CLAIRVOYANCE (Group)
MRS. MORRIS
- 29TH at 8.15 p.m. LECTURE
LT. COL. N. P. CLARKE

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by M.A. (Oxon.) (Stainton Moses)

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CHRISTCHURCH (Hants).—Twynham Assembly Room. Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.

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popular mind, something of a stigma attaches (quite unwarrantably) to the term "occult," is a fact against which THE OCCULT REVIEW has fought with no little measure of success for over a quarter of a century. Having in view, however, the wide field covered by the subjects dealt with in its columns, and the ideals which it seeks to embody, has contributed to the decision of the publishers to issue the magazine as from the September number, under the title

THE LONDON FORUM

(Incorporating THE OCCULT REVIEW)

"POWER'S" MEDIUM—AND HER FUTURE

"I WAS born in a small country village, and my parents were strict Church people of very narrow outlook. I was a delicate child, and kept very much at home, which gave me plenty of opportunity of dreaming; the dreams and fostering the fancies which crowded 'uncannily,' as my parents termed it, upon me," wrote Mrs. Meurig Morris in the April, 1931, issue of this journal, the only article, as we believe, that Mrs. Morris has consented to write for any journal.

From a sheltered village, to the stress and turmoil of a protracted but epoch-making law-suit, carried to the last resort of the Lords, against a great and powerful newspaper which the jury admitted had libelled her (and which completely exonerated her from any suggestion of deception), but which judge and jury alike seemed fearful to offend. Offered, when the case went to Appeal, as, notwithstanding her vindication the jury's verdict was hopelessly contradictory on the question of "fair comment in the public interest," several thousand pounds for settlement of the action, but refused on principle.

No wonder she nearly broke down, at several points in the trial, which occupied two weeks. Everything that might be made to speak against her was resolutely thrust before the court by unrelenting counsel. It was, owing to the strange procedure of a Court of Law which decrees that it shall be so, a case in which the "prosecution" followed the "defence," and the defence had no opportunity to reply to the monstrous charges brought in the course of the case. But cruellest of all was the two days' summing up of the judge, who carefully glossed over any points in her favour, and, apparently deliberately, magnified tittle-tattle and hearsay into evidence against her. It is true that she was fighting an unpopular cause, and was cast to suffer the martyrdom of those who fight unpopular causes.

Who will forget the great moments of that trial? The moment when Sir Oliver Lodge, leader of the world's savants, entered the witness-box for Mrs. Morris. In his summing-up, the judge, with scant deference, dismissed his evidence as of no value. Sir Oliver Lodge, he observed, was an old man.

The moment when, during the three-days cross-examination by a polite but unrelenting counsel, Mrs. Morris paused as if overcome, and the judge

enquiring what was the matter, she replied: "It was a vision of the Christ, my lord."

Lastly, that moment when, during the summing-up, Mrs. Morris went under control and "Power" attempted to address the judge. The judge ordered her to be carried out of court, and this was done. The words spoke were: "Hearken, brother judge!" And for five hours following, Mrs. Morris lay in the precincts of the court, unconscious.

The judge was never again the same man. Within a few months of the trial, he committed suicide, and left no message. A few weeks ago, he returned and spoke to one of the witnesses at the Trial, Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, and these were his words:

"I was not ignorant—that was why I was chosen, and I failed!"

Throughout the period of this trial, it must be remembered that Mrs. Morris was speaking, as she had been doing uninterruptedly for two years previously, under trance, at one of the London theatres every Sunday night, and was addressing vast meetings throughout the country. Tense interest was displayed wherever she went, and the press in particular became highly sympathetic towards her. Even Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did not receive the sympathy she did. In Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and other centres, the press was won over entirely. In Newcastle, they fêted her. Movietone News made a remarkable record of her speaking under control, and it was shown in cinemas throughout the world. A gramophone record was made by Columbia (it is still obtainable), and proved to be an astonishing success, in the face of technical difficulties and faults which had appeared insurmountable.

The strain was sufficient to have wrecked the health of strong men, but Mrs. Morris, a petite, fragile, gentle person, remained, throughout it all, quietly serene and patient; distressed, yet full of faith; and apparently with inexhaustible resources of strength. Many marvelled how she could continue, sometimes for two hours at a stretch, speaking in a manner which must have caused great strain on the larynx had anybody not in trance attempted it for only half an hour; yet, after her meetings, her voice was normal, and she showed no signs of that hoarseness and complete exhaustion one might have expected. She was urged to rest—to go away, and take a long holiday—but she would not. She

"POWER'S" MEDIUM—AND HER FUTURE

felt that her work for the good of humankind must go on. It was only the mere fact of the Fortune Theatre passing a few months ago into fresh ownership which enforced a rest which she would not have sought. Now, she has one of the finest halls in London, the Æolian Hall, where her work will be continued; and which will be the centre of nation wide, and indeed, world-wide activity.

All who know her quiet, retiring personality, unspoiled although so much in the public eye, and always seeking to avoid this unwelcome publicity, who know her earnestness of manner, and indeed of heart also, which qualities have made her a host of friends in all walks of life, will have only the very best wishes for her in the new work which she has undertaken—a work which is most needed to-day, when the Church has no message for a world which sadly needs guidance.

This article must be concluded with a reference to that great person—or complex of personalities—who has chosen to speak through her under the pseudonym of "Power." There is an element of greatness and nobility about his utterance, an assured tone of one who has authority, and his words are not those of a preacher but of a teacher. His voice must be familiar to scores of thousands—a powerful, manly tone which reaches large audiences every word clearly enunciated, a model in rhetoric, pause and effect, a spirit of great aims and high ideals, whose teaching is designed to raise humanity to spirituality. Without "Power"—and this is said without disrespect for Mrs. Morris—his medium would be just a very ordinary person like you or I; though her humility and simple earnestness would raise her above the common run. It is his work, however, for which she exists, the sole mission which she is pursuing—a mission the aim and end of which is to raise the spiritual status of the human race. No less. Many have striven to guess the secret of the personality behind the pseudonym, but in vain. But this much has been said—he, whoever he is—is one of a band of great spirits whose mouthpiece he is—named by the judge whose untimely end horrified us all, when he returned to speak to Mrs. de Crespigny—as the Band of "Power." We, who have felt their influence, know it to be beneficent, and we can only hope that, with the passing of time, it will grow and spread, until it covers the whole earth in its

(CONTINUED)

embrace. Then indeed, war shall have become impossible, poverty will be banished, and we all shall be wiser and better. C.W.P..

Armistice Notes**WAR?**

IS it going to be war? At the time of writing, Germany has withdrawn from the Disarmament Conference and the whole world awaits the next move.

In the present state of Europe another war is inevitable. It may come soon; it may come late.

And how do we Spiritualists stand?

::

OUR PART

ARE we going to take up arms and fight? If so, have we carefully pondered what we are fighting for, and are we sure that our cause is a just one? And do we go into the fight blameless?

::

POISON GAS

AN article published in *John Bull* a few weeks ago tells us: "Secretly in the laboratories up and down the country chemical research workers are being forced to wage the most terrible and insane battle that mankind ever engaged in—the grim peacetime battle of poison gas. At Porton, near Salisbury, you will find a colony of them, all but lost to the world in the wilderness of the plain. At Sutton Oak, near Salisbury, there is another community of them—hedged in by the belching stacks of chemical factories. And in the private laboratories of universities, of private research practitioners and of big factories you will find still more of them. They are the poison gas experts of Britain."

::

A BAD LOT?

"A BAD lot of men?" the article goes on. "Not at all. They are merely doing their job—a most deadly job forced on them by those who, despite all treaties and considerations of humanity, consider poison gas a fair weapon for the massacre of their fellow men."

::

THE BEST DEFENSE

"ATTACK is the best defence," is an old military slogan; but is it true? We are told elsewhere

—A THOUSAND & ONE EVENTS—

that a soft answer turneth away wrath.

Which course will our politicians and leaders take?

If Spiritualists and Christians of every denomination allowed themselves to be guided by the elementary teachings of their religions, no war would ever again devastate the face of the world. But it requires pluck to take a stand against the mob; and perhaps the test will come to Spiritualists in the days not far ahead.

∴

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

EMPTY churches, idle priests, scandals over slum property owned by ecclesiastical authorities, bishops at each other's throats over Biblical interpretations, farmers defying the law under the burden of the tithe system, prelates in gorgeous robes enthroned in state while little black-clothed priests bow the knee to them as they cross themselves.

∴

INTOLERANCE

A VAST empty system in which the spirit of love is unknown.

For instance, the Rev. Thomas Price, a Halifax vicar, made a practice of riding his pony on the footpath close to the windows of his townsfolk, causing both annoyance and danger.

"Impudence!" he protested loftily when summoned before the magistrates and no doubt, felt still further aggrieved when the magistrates fined him a substantial amount.

∴

ANOTHER VIEW

AND Canon Marsh of Bournemouth put down his Bible, meditated for a time, then collected pen and ink and told his flock that he "simply loves" beach pyjamas. "They are the acme of modesty and preserve us from the revolting exhibitions of legs arms and other parts of the human carcass that gives Bournemouth the appearance of a butcher's shop."

∴

A NEW BOOK.

BERNARD FALK'S new book "He laughed in Fleet Street," has been granted more publicity than any book of its kind in recent years. But then, Falk is a Fleet Street man. Krishnamurti tells us that we all have our own little collection

of Gods, and Fleet Street certainly possesses its own, with Lord Northcliffe at the head of them.

We have often wondered why even the greatest of present day journalists should grow garrulous whenever Northcliffe's name crops up. We have seen them tighten their lips and stiffen their shoulders when there is even a whisper of his name.

Why this idolatry? Admittedly, he was a great man. But if a man is to be judged by his works, there are many of his contemporaries who were greater and whose work was a lasting benefit to humanity.

Bernard Falk says: "Lord Northcliffe came to see there were limits even to what power, wealth, manifold energies and gifts could extract from life. How pathetic, in the last year of his existence to hear his mournful whisper. 'The Times worries me!'"

∴

HERO WORSHIP

THIS hero worship is instinct in human nature, but surely the hero should be worthy of the worship? Men made bigger fortunes selling soap and pills and perhaps, in the ultimate, benefited their generation to a greater extent.

Which is not to decry the work and ability of Lord Northcliffe. He himself was conscious of his weaknesses and some of his limitations. But it is pathetic to see men of great ability allowing a slather of words to flow from their pens when this particular god of theirs is mentioned.

∴

OUT OF FOCUS

MOST of our views are out of focus, and we are constantly given a distorted view of things. The Daily So-and-So swells with pride at having reached a circulation of two million and complacently regards itself as almost omnipotent.

But there are hundreds of millions of people who have never heard of Fleet Street and who would not be interested to learn about it. When we look at it from this angle, we see that Fleet Street caters for only a minute portion of humanity.

And what gods does it offer? Father F. H. Clayton, a Catholic priest, says, "Every time I pick up a daily paper, I have to put it down in disgust. They are full of nothing but divorce, murders, and all kinds of filth."

"The Link" Conference

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, DR. LAMOND, HEWAT MACKENZIE; FLORA MACDONALD,
A ZULU CHIEF, AND MANY OTHERS ADDRESS THE GATHERING.

The Greatest Seance of the Epoch

BY N. ZERDIN

CHAIRMAN OF "THE LINK."

What will go down as the greatest experiment in the history of Spiritualism and in the history of the world, took place on Sunday, October 15th in the Banqueting Hall of Thames House, Millbank, where, before an audience of about 350, the so-called 'dead' addressed the living in the Direct or Independent Voice.

The evidence for Survival was piled up high, when relative after relative called the names of their dear ones present in the audience. Yorkshiremen, in the broad North Country accent, spoke to their friends from the North. Welshmen greeted Welshmen in their own accent, and Scotsmen sent their love and affectionate greetings to relative in their native dialect. Name after name was called and answered in the audience.

Some of the voices used the microphone provided for the purpose. Others spoke without this aid. Most of the voices were loud and clear, and leaders like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Dr. Lamond, and Hewat MacKenzie spoke encouragingly of the work "The Link" is doing.

The voice of Sceptre, a Zulu Chief and one of the guides of a "Link" circle, was so tremendously strong that it was almost deafening. One voice, belonging to a Lancashire man, repeated each word separately when the friend whom he was addressing did not immediately understand him.

The delegates began to arrive at 11.30 a.m., as soon as the doors were opened, many of whom had lunch served to them in the restaurant attached to the building.

By 2.30 p.m.—half an hour before the officially timed opening of the Conference—the hall was packed, and extra chairs had to be brought in.

Promptly at 3 o'clock, the Executive Committee, led by the Chairman, mounted the platform and the Chairman welcomed the delegates in a few words. Tellers were elected and the Conference settled down to the business of the day.

The Chairman in his address sketched briefly the extraordinary growth of "The Link," laying stress on the fact that "The Link" is sponsored by the Spirit World and that there is evidence of the interchange of guides between the Circles.

He stressed the fact that "The Link" is the greatest unifying force in the Spiritualist Movement today, and concluded by expressing his opinion that "The Link" has a great part to play in bringing the world to sanity and in fighting the evils of materialism.

The Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. S. W. Chibbett, followed with a detailed report of the growth and work of "The Link." He in turn was followed by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. R.R. Walters, who presented the audited statement of accounts. Both reports were unanimously adopted.

The future activities of "The Link" were outlined in a fine address by Mr. B.J. Herrington, who was subsequently elected Vice Chairman. There were no less than 15 projects which were unanimously endorsed by the Conference, and methods for financing the growing activity of "The Link" were discussed and adopted.

At this stage, the Conference adjourned for tea, during which time new acquaintances were made between members of distant Circles and old acquaintances were renewed.

The proceedings were resumed shortly after 6 p.m., when Mr. John Myers took two psychic photographs, with four extras appearing on each, and after the re-election of officers and executive committee, the stewards were instructed to arrange the hall for the great experiment.

The Chairman, Mr. N. Zerdin, took com-

THE GREATEST SEANCE

plete charge as leader and he arranged round the medium—Mrs. A.E. Perriman—three circles of "Link" members who are known to possess strong physical mediumship. The rest of the audience was arranged in rows in front of the platform. The lights were tested and stewards were placed to guard all the switch boards.

The instructions for the conduct during the Seance printed on the Agenda were read out by the Vice-Chairman, and the audience, led by the gramophone, stood up and sang the hymn, "Oh God our help." The white lights were turned out, leaving one red light only, but the glass roof let in very much light and when the eyes got accustomed to this, we could distinguish every person and their movements.

The Vice-Chairman gave a short invocation ending up with the Lord's prayer. The red light was turned out and the audience, led by the gramophone, sang "Abide with me."

A hoarse voice said, "Too much light!" and the leader asked if we should have the screen put round the medium. "Yes," said the voice. Thereupon he called for one light to be switched on, and a screen was placed on three sides round the medium, with a rug over the top. This prevented the white light from the glass roof falling directly upon the medium.

Voices came quickly one after the other but were unable to reach the microphone, which was about 30" away from the medium. The leader then got hold of the microphone and placed it on one of the arms of the medium's chair, holding it all the time on the edge with one hand. The voice soon improved in volume, and many spoke extremely clearly and with all their natural characteristics.

Belle, and Flora MacDonald, Mrs. Perriman's controls, were immediately recognised by all who ever sat with the medium. Dr. Lamond, Hewat McKenzie, Kingsley Doyle, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with many other lesser-known personalities, gave messages of encouragement to "The Link." Voices gave names and other pro's of identity to relatives and friends in the audience.

It was one of the most dramatic episodes

in the written history of mankind. The so-called "dead" were actually broadcasting, telling the living of the continuity of life beyond the grave, proving that means could be found to bring the fact of Survival to every home where a radio set is used.

"The Link" on Home Circles has done a signal service to humanity. It has given Science a lead on its own ground. It has proved what it is possible to achieve by co-operation, by coupling and utilizing modern scientific methods with psychic knowledge. The world cannot go back now—we must go forward, onward to greater achievements.

The proceedings were terminated by the Chairman asking for a hearty vote of thanks to be given to Mrs. Perriman and all those who assisted in making the great experiment a success. The response was a tremendous applause and cheering, and with a vote of thanks moved by a member of the audience to the Chairman and Executive Committee of "The Link," the proceedings were brought to a close.

NEXT ISSUE

ARTICLES BY

URSULA BLOOM

JAMES LEIGH

ETC.

FURTHER INSTALLMENT OF

The Wanderings
of a Spiritualistby
SIR ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE

AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND 1920-1921

THE WANDERINGS OF A SPIRITUALIST

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Chapter II.

Gibraltar.—Spanish right versus British might.—
Relics of Barbary Rovers, and of German
militarists.—Ichabod! Senegal Infantry.—
No peace for the world.—Religion on a liner.
—Differences of vibration.—The Bishop of
Kwang-si.—Religion in China.—Whisky in
excelsis.—France's masterpiece.—British
errors.—A procession of giants.—The invasion
of Egypt.—Tropical weather.—The Russian
Horror.—An Indian experiment.—Aden.—
Bombay.—The Lambeth encyclical.—A great
novelist.—The mango trick.—Snakes.—The
Catamarans.—The Robber Castles of Ceylon.
—Doctrine of Reincarnation.—Whales and
Whalers.—Perth.—The Bight.

WE had a favourable journey across the Bay and came without adventure to Gibraltar, that strange crag, Arabic by name, African in type, Spanish by right, and British by might. I trust that my whole record has shown me to be a loyal son of the Empire, and I recognise that we must have a secure line of communications to the East, but if any change could give us Ceuta, on the opposite African coast, instead of this outlying corner of proud old Spain, it would be good policy as well as good morality to make the change. I wonder how we should like it if the French held a garrison at Mount St. Michael in Cornwall, which would be a very similar situation. Is it worth having a latent enemy who at any time might become an active one, or is it wiser to hold them to us by the memory of a great voluntary act of justice? They would pay, of course, for all quays, breakwaters

and improvements, which would give us the money to turn Ceuta into a worthy substitute, which could be held without offending the pride of a great nation, as old and proud as ourselves. The whole lesson of the Great War is that no nation can do what is unjust with impunity, and that sooner or later one's sin will find one out. How successful seemed all the scheming of Frederick of Prussia! But what of Silesia and of Poland now? Only on justice can you build with a permanent foundation, and there is no justice in our tenure of Gibraltar. We had only an hour ashore, a great joy to the children, and carried away a vague impression of grey shirted Tommies, swarthy loungers, one long, cobbled street, scarlet blossoms, and a fine Governor's house, in which I picture that brave old warrior, Smith-Dorrien, writing a book which will set all the critics talking, and the military clubs buzzing a year or two from now. I do not know if he was really forced to fight at Le Cateau, though our sympathies must always go to the man who fights, but I do feel that if he had had his way and straightened the salient of Ypres, there would have been a mighty saving of blood and tears. There were sentimental reasons against it, but I can think of no material ones—certainly none which were worth all the casualties of the Salient. I had only one look at the place, and that by night, but never shall I forget the murderous loon, outlined by star-shells, nor the horrible noises which rose up from that place of wrath and misery.

BARBARY ROVERS

ON August 19th we were running up the eastern Spanish coast, a most desolate country of high bare cliffs and barren uplands, studded with aged towers which told of pirate raids of old. These Mediterranean shore dwellers must have had a

THE WANDERINGS OF A SPIRITUALIST

hellish life, when the Barbary Rover was afloat, and they might be awakened any night by the Moslem yell. Truly, if the object of human life was chastening by suffering, then we have given it to each other in full measure. If this were the only life I do not know how the hypothesis of the goodness of God could be sustained, since our history has been one hardly broken record of recurring miseries, war, famine, and disease, from the ice to the equator. I should still be a materialist, as I was of yore, if it were not for the comfort and teaching from beyond, which tells me that this is the worst—by far the worst—and that by its standard everything else becomes most gloriously better, so long as we help to make it so. “If the boys knew what it was like over here,” said a dead soldier, “they would just jump for it.” He added however, “If they did that they would surely miss it.” We cannot bluff Providence, or short-circuit things to our liking.

ICHABOD!

WE got ashore once more at Marseilles. I saw converted German merchant ships, with names like “Burgomeister Muller,” in the harbour, and railway trucks with “Mainz-Coln” still marked upon their flanks—part of the captured loot. Germany, that name of terror, how short is the time since we watched you well-nigh all-powerful, mighty on land, dangerous on the sea, conquering the world with your commerce and threatening it with your arms! You had everything, numbers, discipline, knowledge, industry, bravery, organisation, all in the highest—such an engine as the world has never seen. And now—Ichabod! Ichabod! Your warships lie under the waves, your liners fly the flags of your enemies, your mother Rhine on either bank hears the bugles of your invaders. What was wanting in you to bring you to such a pass? Had not your churches become as much a department of State as the Post Office, where every priest and pastor was in the State pay, and said that which the State ordained? All other life was at its highest, but spiritual life was dead, and because it was dead all the rest had taken on evil activities which could only lead to dissolution and corruption. Had Germany obeyed the moral law would she not now be great and flourishing,

instead of the ruin which we see? Was ever such an object lesson on sin and its consequence placed before the world? But let us look to it, for we also have our lesson to learn, and our punishment is surely waiting if we do not learn it. If now after such years we sink back into old ruts and do not make an earnest effort for real religion and real active morality, then we cumber the ground, and it is time that we were swept away, for no greater chance of reform can ever come to us.

ATROCITIES

I SAW some of the Senegal troops in the streets of Marseilles—a whole battalion of them marching down for re-embarkation. They were fierce, hard soldiers, by the look of them, for the negro is a natural fighter, as the prize ring shows, and these have long service training on top of this racial pugnacity. They look pure savages, with the tribal cuts still upon their faces, and I do not wonder that the Germans objected to them, though we cannot doubt that the Germans would have themselves used their Askaris in Europe as well as in Africa if they could have done so. The men who had as allies the murderers of the Armenians would not stick at trifles. I said during the war, and I can clearly see now, that the way in which the war was fought will prove hardly second to the war itself as a misfortune to the human race. A clean war could end in a clean peace. But how can we ever forget the poison gas, the Zeppelin bombardments of helpless cities, the submarine murders, the scattering of disease germs, and all the other atrocities of Germany? No water of oblivion can ever wash her clean. She had one chance, and only one. It was at once to admit it all herself and to set to work purging her national guilt by punishing guilty individuals. Perhaps she may even now save herself and clear the moral atmosphere of the world by doing this. But time passes and the signs are against it. There can be no real peace in the world until voluntary reparation has been made. Forced reparation can only make things worse, for it cannot satisfy us, and it must embitter them. I long for real peace, and should love to see our Spiritualist bodies lead the van. But the time is not yet and it is realities we need, not phrases.

THE WANDERINGS OF A SPIRITUALIST

A LECTURE

OLD travellers say that they never remember the Mediterranean so hot. We went down it with a following breeze which just neutralised our own head wind, the result being a quivering tropical heat. With the Red Sea before us it was no joke to start our trials so soon, and already the children began to wilt. However, Major Wood kept them at work for the forenoons and discipline still flourished. On the third day out we were south of Crete and saw an island lying there which is surely the same in the lee of which Paul's galley took refuge when Euroclydon was behaving so badly. I had been asked to address the first-class passengers upon psychic religion that evening, and it was strange indeed to speak in those waters, for I knew well that however ill my little pip-squeak might compare with that mighty voice, yet it was still the same battle of the unseen against the material, raging now as it did 2,000 years ago. Some 200 of the passengers, with the Bishop of Kwang-Si, turned up, and a better audience one could not wish, though the acoustic properties of the saloon were abominable. However, I got it across, though I was as wet as if I had fallen overboard when I had finished. I was pleased to learn afterwards that among the most keen of my audience were every coloured man and woman on the ship, Parsees, Hindocs, Japanese, and Mohammedons.

"Do you believe it is true?" they were asked next day.

"We know that it is true," was the answer, and it came from a lady with a red caste-mark like a wafer upon her forehead. So far as I could learn, she spoke for all the Eastern folk.

FAIRIES

AND the others? At least I set them talking and thinking. I heard next morning of a queue of six waiting at the barber's all deep in theological discussion, with the barber himself, razor in hand, joining warmly in. "There has never been so much religion talked on a P. & O. ship since the line was started," said one old traveller. It was all good-humoured and could do no harm. Before we had reached Port Said all my books on the subject were lent out to eager readers, and I was being

led aside into remote corners and cross-questioned all day. I have a number of good psychic photographs with me, some of them of my own taking, and all of them guaranteed, and I find these valuable as making folk realise that my words do in truth represent realities. I have the famous fairy photos also, which will appear in England in the Christmas number of the *Strand*. I feel as if it were a delay-action mine which I had left behind me. I can imagine the cry of "Fake!" which will arise. But they will stand investigation. It has of course nothing to do with Spiritualism proper, but everything which can shake the mind out of narrow material grooves, and make it realise that endless worlds surround us, separated only by difference of vibration, must work in the general direction of truth.

THE ETHERIC BODY

"DIFFERENCE of vibration"—I have been trying lately to get behind mere words and to realise more clearly what this may mean. It is a fascinating and fruitful line of thought. It begins with my electric fan whizzing over my head. As it starts with slow vibration I see the little propellers. Soon they become a dim mist, and finally I can see them no more. But they are there. At any moment, by slowing the movement, I can bring them back to my vision. Why do I not see all the time? Because the impression is so fast that my retina had not time to register it. Can we not imagine then that some objects may emit the usual light waves, long enough to leave a picture, but that other objects may send waves which are short and steep, and therefore make so swift an impression that it is not recorded? That, so far as I can follow it, is what we mean by an object with a higher rate of vibration. It is but a feeling out into the dark, but it is a hypothesis which may serve us to carry on with, though the clairvoyant seems to be not a person with a better-developed physical retina, but rather one who has the power to use that which corresponds with the retina in their own etheric bodies which are in harmony with etheric waves from outside. When a man can walk round a room and examine the pictures with the back of his head, as Tom Tyrrell has done, it is clear that it is not his physical retina which is working. In

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countless cases enquirers enquirers into magnetic phenomena have caused their subjects to read with various parts of their bodies. It is the other body, the etheric body, the "spiritual" body of Paul, which lies behind all such phenomena—that body which is loose with all of us in sleep, but only exceptionally in waking hours. Once we fully understand the existence of that deathless etheric body, merged in our own but occasionally detachable, we have mastered many a problem and solved many a ghost story.

CHINA

HOWEVER, I must get back to my Cretan lecture. The bishop was interested, and I lent him one of the Rev. Charles Tweedale's pamphlets next day, which shows how sadly Christianity has wandered away from its early faith in spiritual gifts and the Communion of Saints. Both have now become words instead of things, save among our ranks. The bishop is a good fellow, red and rough like a Boer farmer, but healthy, breezy, and Apostolic. "Do mention his kind grey eyes," says my wife. He may die a martyr yet in that inland diocese of China—and he would not shrink from it. Meanwhile, apart from his dogma, which must be desperately difficult to explain to an educated Chinaman, he must always be a centre of civilisation and social effort. A splendid fellow—but he suffers from what all bishops and all Cardinals and all Popes suffer from, and that is superannuation. A physiologist has said that few men can ever entertain a new idea after fifty. How then can any church progress when all its leaders are over that age? This is why Christianity has stagnated and degenerated. If here and there one had a new idea, how could it survive the pressure of the others? It is hopeless. In this particular question of psychic religion the whole order is an inversion, for the people are ahead of the clergy and the clergy of the bishops. But when the laymen lead strongly enough the others will follow unless they wish to see the whole Church organisation dissolve.

PRIESTISM

HE was very interesting upon the state of Christianity in China. Protestantism, thanks to

the joint British and American Missions, is gaining upon Roman Catholicism, and has now far outstripped it, but the Roman Catholic organisations are very wealthy on account of ancient valuable concessions and well-invested funds. In case of a Bolshevik movement that may be a source of danger, as it gives a reason for attack. The Bishop made the very striking remark that if the whites cleared right out of China all the Christian Churches of divers creeds would within a generation merge into one creed. "What have we to do," they say, "with these old historical quarrels which are hardly intelligible to us? We are all followers of Christ, and that is enough." Truly, the converted seem far ahead of those who converted them. It is the priesthoods, the organisations, the funds and the vested interests which prevent the Churches from being united. In the meanwhile ninety per cent. of our population shows what it thinks by never entering into a church at all. Personally, I can never remember since I reached manhood feeling myself the better for having gone into one. And yet I have been an earnest seeker for truth. Verily, there is something deep down which is rotten. It is want of fact, want of reality, words instead of things. Only last Sunday I shuddered as I listened to the hymns, and it amazed me to look around and see the composed faces of those who were singing them. Do they think what they are saying, or does Faith atrophy some part of the brain? We are "born through water and blood into the true church." We drink precious blood. "He hath broken the teeth in their jaw." Can such phrases really mean anything to any thoughtful man? If not, why continue them? You will have your churches empty while you do. People will not argue about it—they will, and do, simply stay away. And the clergy go on stating and restating incredible unproved things, while neglecting and railing at those which could be proved and believed. On our lines those nine out of ten could be forced back to a reconsideration of their position, even though that position would not square with all the doctrines of present-day Christianity, which would, I think, have offended the early Christians as much as it does the earnest thinkers of today.

THE WANDERINGS OF A SPIRITUALIST WHISKY

PORT SAID came at last, and we entered the Suez Canal. It is a shocking thing that the entrance to this, one of the most magnificent of the works of man, are flanked by great sky advertisements of various brands of whisky. The sale of whisky may or may not be a tolerable thing, but its flaunting advertisements, Dewar, Johnny Walker, and the rest, have surely long been intolerable. If anything would make me a total prohibitionist, these would. They are shameless. I do not know if some middle way could be found by which light alcoholic drinks could remain—so light that drunkenness would be hardly possible—but if this cannot be done then let us follow the noble example of America. It is indeed shameful to see at the very point of the world where some noble sentiment might best be expressed, these huge reminders of that which has led to so much misery and crime. To a Frenchman it must seem even worse than to us, while what the abstemious Mohammedan can think is beyond my imagination. In that direction at least the religion of Mohammed has done better than that of Christ. If all those Esquimaux, South Sea Islanders and others who have been converted to Christianity and then debauched by drink, had followed the prophet instead, it cannot be denied that their development would have been a happier and a higher one, though the cast iron doctrines and dogmas of the Moslem have dangers of their own.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

HAS France ever had the credit she deserves for the splendid faith with which she followed that great beneficent genius Lesseps in his wonderful work? It is beautiful from end to end, French in its neatness, its order, its exquisite finish. Truly the opposition of our people, both experts and public, was a disgrace to us, though it sinks into insignificance when compared with our colossal national stupidity over the Channel Tunnel. When our descendants compute the sums spent in shipping and transshipping in the great war, the waste of merchant ships and convoys, the sufferings of the wounded, the delay in reinforcements, the dependence upon the weather, they will agree that our sin

had found us out and that we have paid a fitting price for our stupidity. Unhappily, it was not our blind guides who paid it, but it was the soldier and sailor and taxpayer, for the nation always pays collectively for the individual blunder. Would a hundred million pounds cover the cost of that one? Well can I remember how a year before war was declared, seeing clearly what was coming, I sent three memoranda to the Naval and Military authorities and to the Imperial Council of Defence pointing out exactly what the situation would be, and especially the danger to our transports. It is admitted now that it was only the strange inaction of the German light forces, and especially their want of comprehension of the possibilities of the submarine, which enabled our Expeditionary Force to get across at all, so that we might have lost the war within the first month. But as to my poor memoranda, which proved so terribly correct, I might as well have dropped them into my own wastepaper basket instead of theirs, and so saved the postage. My only convert was Captain, now General, Swinton, part inventor of the tanks, who acted as Secretary to the Imperial Defence Committee, and who told me at the time that my paper had set him thinking furiously.

OUR DANGER

WHICH leads my thoughts to the question of the torpedoing of merchant vessels by submarines. So sure was I that the Germans would do this, that after knocking at official doors in vain, I published a sketch called "Danger," which was written a year before the war, and depicted all that afterwards occurred, even down to such small details as the ships zig-zagging up Channel to escape, and the submarines using their guns to save torpedoes. I felt as if, like Solomon Eagle, I could have marched down Fleet Street with a brazier on my head if I could only call people's attention to the coming danger. I saw naval officers on the point, but they were strangely blind, as is shown by the comments printed at the end of "Danger," which give the opinions of several admirals pooh-poohing my fears. Among others I saw Captain Beatty, as he then was, and found him alive to the possible danger, though he did not suggest a remedy. His quiet, brisk personality impressed me, and I felt that our

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national brain-errors might perhaps be made good in the end by the grit that is in us. But how hard were our tasks from want of foresight. Admiral von Capelle did me the honour to say during the war, in the German Reichstag, that I was the only man who had prophesied the conditions of the great naval war. As a matter of fact, both Fisher and Scott had done so, though they had not given it to the public in the same detail—but nothing had been done. We know now that there was not a single harbour proof against submarines on our whole East Coast. Truly the hand of the Lord was over England. Nothing less could have saved her.

EGYPT

WE tied up to the bank soon after entering the

Canal, and lay there most of the night while a procession of great ships moving northwards swept silently past us in the ring of vivid light cast by their searchlights and our own. I stayed on deck most of the night to watch them. The silence was impressive—those huge structures sweeping past with only the slow beat of their propellers and the wash of their bow wave on either side. No sooner had one of these great shapes slid past than, looking down the canal, one saw the brilliant headlight of another in the distance. They are only allowed to go at the slowest pace, so that their wash may not wear away the banks. Finally, the last had passed, and we were ourselves able to cast off our warps and push southwards. I remained on deck seeing the sun rise over the Eastern desert, and then a wonderful slow-moving panorama of Egypt as the bank slid slowly past us. First desert, and then green oases, and then the long line of rude fortification from Kantara downwards, with their camp fires smoking, groups of early busy Tommies, and endless dumps of stores. Here and to the south was the point where the Turks and their German leaders attempted the invasion of Egypt, carrying flat-bottomed boats to ford the Canal. How they were ever allowed to get so far is barely comprehensible, but how they were ever permitted to get back again across one hundred miles of desert in the face of our cavalry and camelry is altogether beyond me. Even their guns got back untaken. They dropped a number of mines in the Canal, but with true Turkish slovenliness they left on the

banks at each point the long bamboos on which they had carried them across the desert, which considerably lessened the work of those who had to sweep them up. The sympathies of the Egyptians seem to have been against us, and yet they have no desire to pass again under the rule of the Turk. Our dominion has had the effect of turning a very poor country into a very rich one, and of securing some sort of justice for the fellah or peasant, but since we get no gratitude and have no trade preference it is a little difficult to see how we are the better for all our labours. So long as the Canal is secure—and it is in no one's interest to injure it—we should be better if the country governed itself. We have too many commitments, and if we have to take new ones, such as Mesopotamia, it would be well to get rid of some of the others where our task is reasonably complete. "We never let the youngsters grow up," said a friendly critic. There is, however, I admit, another side to the question, and the idea of permitting a healthy moral place like Port Said to relapse into the hotbed of gambling and syphilis which it used to be, is repugnant to the mind. Which is better—that a race be free, immoral and incompetent, or that it be forced into morality and prosperity? The question meets us at every turn.

MOSES

THE children have been delighted by the fish on the surface of the Canal. Their idea seems to be that the one aim and object of our excursion is to see sharks in the sea and snakes in Australia. We did actually see a shark half ashore upon a sand-bank upon one of the lower lakes near Suez. It was lashing about with a frantic tail, and so got itself off into deep water. To the west all day we see the very wild and barren country through which our ancestors used to drive upon the overland route when they travelled by land from Cairo to Suez. The smoke of a tiny mail-train marks the general line of that most desolate road. In the evening we were through the Canal and marked the rugged shore upon our left down which the Israelites pursued their way in the direction of Sinai. One wonders how much truth there is in the narrative. On the one hand it is impossible to doubt that something of the sort did occur. On the other, the im-

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possibility of so huge a crowd living on the wells of the desert is manifest. But numbers are not the strong point of an Oriental historian. Perhaps a thousand or two may have followed their great leader upon that perilous journey. I have heard that Moses either on his own or through his wife was in touch with Babylonian nabobs. This would explain those tablets of stone, or of inscribed clay burned into brick, which we receive as the Ten Commandments, and which only differ from the moral precepts of other races in the strange limitations and omissions. At least ten new ones have long been needed to include drunkenness, gluttony, pride, envy, bigotry, lying and the rest.

ANOTHER LECTURE

THE weather grows hotter and hotter, so that one aged steward who has done 100 voyages declares it to be unique. One passenger has died. Several stewards have collapsed. The wind still keeps behind us. In the midst of all this I had an extensively signed petition from the second class passengers that I should address them. I did so, and spoke on deck for forty minutes to a very attentive audience which included many of the officers of the ship. I hope I got my points across to them. I was a sad example of sweated labour when I had finished. My wife tells me that the people were impressed. As I am never aware of the presence of any individual when I am speaking on this subject I rely upon my wife's very quick and accurate feminine impressions. She sits always beside me, notes everything, gives me her sympathetic atmosphere which is of such psychic importance, and finally reports the result. If any point of mine seems to her to miss its mark, I unhesitatingly take it out. It interests me to hear her tell of the half-concealed sneer with which men listen to me, and how it turns into interest, bewilderment, and finally something like reverence and awe as the brain gradually realises the proved truth of what I am saying, which upsets the whole philosophy upon which their lives are built.

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THE WANDERINGS OF A SPIRITUALIST PROPHECY

THERE are several Australian officers on board who are coming from the Russian front full of dreadful stories of Bolshevist atrocities, seen with their own eyes. The executioners were Letts and Chinese, and the instigators renegade Jews, so that the Russians proper seem to have been the more or less innocent dupes. They had dreadful photographs of tortured and mutilated men as corroboration. Surely hell, the place of punishment and purgatorial expiation, is actually upon this earth in such cases. One leader seems to have been a Sadic madman, for after torturing his victims till even the Chinese executioners struck, he would sit playing a violin very exquisitely while he gloated over their agonies. All these Australian boys agree that the matter will burn itself out, and that it will end in an immense massacre of Jews which may involve the whole seven millions now in Russia. God forbid, but the outlook is ominous! I remember a prophecy which I read early in the war that a great figure would arise in the north and have power for six years. If Lenin was the great figure then he has, according to the prophet, about two years more to run. But prophecy is fitful, dangerous work. The way in which the founders of the Christian faith all foretold the imminent end of the world is an example. What they dimly saw was no doubt the destruction of Jerusalem, which seems to have been equally clear to Ezekiel 600 years before, for his picture of cannibalism and dispersion is very exact.

INDIA

IT is wonderful what chances of gaining direct information one has aboard a ship of this sort, with its mixed crowd of passengers, many of them famous in their own lines. I have already alluded to the officers returning from Russia with their prophecies of evil. But there are many other folk with tales of deep interest. There is a Mr. Covell, a solid, practical Briton, who may prove to be a great pioneer, for he has made farming pay handsomely in the very heart of the Indian plains. Within a hundred miles of Lucknow he has founded the townlet of Covellpore, where he handles 3,000 acres of wheat and cotton with the aid of about the same number of natives. This is the most prac-

tical step I ever heard of for forming a real indigenous white population in India. His son was with him, going out to carry on the work. Mr. Covell holds that the irrigation of the North West of India is one of the greatest wonders of the world, and Jacob the engineer responsible. I had never heard of him, nor, I am ashamed to say, had I heard of Sir Leonard Rogers, who is one of those great men like Sir Ronald Ross, whom the Indian Medical Service throws up. Rogers has reduced the mortality of cholera by intravenous injections of hypertonic saline until it is only 15 per cent. General Maude, I am informed, would almost certainly have been saved, had it not been that some false departmental economy had withheld the necessary apparatus. Leprosy also seems in a fair way to yielding to Rogers' genius for investigation.

A WARNING

IT is sad to hear that this same Indian Medical Service which has produced such giants as Fayrer, Ross, and Rogers, is in a fair way to absolute ruin, because the conditions are such that good white candidates will no longer enter it. White doctors do not mind working with, or even under, natives who have passed the same British examinations as themselves, but they bar the native doctor who has got through a native college in India, and is on a far lower educational level than themselves. To serve under such a man is an impossible inversion. This is appreciated by the medical authorities at home, the word is given to the students, and the best men avoid the service. So unless a change is made, the end is in sight of the grand old service which has given so much to humanity.

ADEN

A DEN is remarkable only for the huge water tanks cut to catch rain, and carved out of solid rock. A whole captive people must have been set to work on so colossal a task, and one wonders where the poor wretches got water themselves the while. Their work is as fresh and efficient as when they left it. No doubt it was for the watering, not of the population, but of the Egyptian and other galleys on their way to Punt and King Solomon's mines. It must be a weary life for our garrison in such a

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place. There is strange fishing, sea snakes, parrot fish and the like. It is their only relaxation, for desert is all around.

BOMBAY

MONSOON and swell and drifting rain in the Indian Ocean. We heard that "thresh of the deep sea rain," of which Kipling sings. Then at last in the early morning the long quay of Bombay, and the wonderful crowd of men of every race who await an incoming steamer. Here at least half our passengers were disgorged, young subalterns, grey colonels, grave administrators, yellow-faced planters, all the fuel which is grown in Britain and consumed in the roaring furnace of India. So devoted to their work, so unthanked and uncomprehended by those for whom they work! They are indeed a splendid set of men, and if they withdrew I wonder how long it would be before the wild men of the frontier would be in Calcutta and Bombay, as the Picts and Scots flowed over Britain when the Roman legions were withdrawn. What view will the coming Labour governments of Britain take of our Imperial commitments? Upon that will depend the future history of great tracts of the globe which might very easily relapse into barbarism.

THE ship seemed lonely when our Indian friends were gone, for indeed, the pick of the company went with them. Several pleased me by assuring me as they left that their views of life had been changed since they came on board the "Naldera." To many I gave reading lists that they might look further into the matter for themselves. A little leaven in the great lump, but how can we help leavening it all when we know that, unlike other creeds, no true Spiritualist can ever revert, so that while we continually gain, we never lose. One hears of the converts to various sects, but one does not hear of those who are driven out by their narrow, intolerant doctrines. You can change your mind about faiths, but not about facts, and hence our certain conquest.

One cannot remain a single long day in India without carrying away a wonderful impression of the gentle dignity of the Indian people. Our motor drivers were extraordinarily intelligent and polite,

and all we met gave the same impression.

INDIA may be held by the sword, but it is certainly kept very carefully in the scabbard, for we hardly saw a soldier in the streets of this, its greatest city. I observed some splendid types of manhood, however, among the native police. We lunched at the Taj Mahal hotel, and got back tired and full of mixed impressions.

VERILY the ingenuity of children is wonderful.

They have turned their active minds upon the problem of paper currency with fearsome results. Baby writes cheques in quaint ways upon odd bits of paper and brings them to me to be cashed. Malcolm, once known as Dimples, has made a series of pound and five pound notes of his own. The bank they call the money shop. I can trace the cave-dweller, the adventurous raider, and the tribal instinct in the child, but this development seems a little premature.

BAPTISM

SUNDAY once more, and the good Bishop preaching. I wonder more and more what an educated Chinaman would make of such doctrines. To take an example, he has quoted today with great approval, the action of Peter in discarding the rite of circumcision in proof of election. That marked, according to the Bishop, the broad comprehensive mind which could not confine the mercies of God to any limited class. And yet when I take up the oecumenical pronouncement from the congress of Anglican Bishops which he has just attended, I find that baptism is made the test, even as the Jews made circumcision. Have the bishops not learned that there are millions who revere the memory of Christ, whether they look upon him as God or man, but who think that baptism is a senseless survival of heathendom. Like so many of our religious observances? The idea that the Being Who made the milky way can be either placated or incensed by pouring a splash of water over a child is an offence to reason, and a slur upon the Divinity.

BOOKS

TWO weary days upon the sea with drifting rain showers and wonderful scarlet and green sunsets,

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Have beguiled the time with W. B. Maxwell's "Lamp and the Mirror." I have long thought that Maxwell was the greatest of British novelists, and this book confirms me in my opinion. Who else could have drawn such fine detail and yet so broad and philosophic a picture? There may have been single books which were better than Maxwell's best—the "Garden of Allah," with its gorgeous oriental colour would, for example, make a bid for first place, but which of us has so splendid a list of first class serious works as "Mrs. Thompson," "The Rest Cure," "Vivian," "In Cotton Wool," above all, "The Guarded Flame"—classics, every one. Our order of merit will come out very differently in a generation or so to what it stands now, and I shall expect to find my nominee at the top. But after all, what's the odds? You do your work as well as you can. You pass. You find other work to do. How the old work compares with the other fellow's work can be a matter of small concern

THE MANGO TRICK

IN Colombo harbour lay H.M.S. "Highflyer," which we looked upon with the reverence which everybody and everything which did well in the war deserve from us—a saucy, rakish, speedy craft. Several other steamers were flying the yellow quarantine flag, but our captain confided to me that it was a recognised way of saying "no visitors," and did not necessarily bear any pathological meaning. As we had nearly two days before we resumed our voyage I was able to give all our party a long stretch on shore, finally staying with my wife for the night at the Galle Face Hotel, a place where the preposterous charges are partly compensated for by the glorious rollers which break upon the beach outside. I was interested in the afternoon by a native conjurer giving us what was practically a private performance of the mango-tree trick. He did it so admirably that I can well understand those who think that it is an occult process. I watched the man narrowly, and believe that I solved the little mystery, though even now I cannot be sure. In doing it he began by laying several objects out in a casual way while hunting in his bag for his mango seed. These were

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RUTH VAUGHAN

SYLLABUS ON APPLICATION TO THE SECRETARY

Light,

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THE WANDERINGS OF A SPIRITUALIST

small odds and ends including a little rag doll, very rudely fashioned, about six or eight inches long. One got accustomed to the presence of these things and ceased to remark them. He showed the seed and passed it for examination, a sort of large Brazil nut. He then laid it among some loose earth, poured some water on it, covered it with a handkerchief, and crooned over it. In about a minute he exhibited the same, or another seed, the capsule burst, and a light green leaf protruding. I took it in my hands, and it was clearly a real bursting mango seed, but clearly it had been palmed and substituted for the other. He then buried it again and kept raising the handkerchief upon his own side, and scrabbling about with his long brown fingers underneath its cover. Then he suddenly whisked off the handkerchief and there was the plant, a foot or so high, its root well planted in the earth. It was certainly very startling.

MY explanation is that by a miracle of packing the whole of the plant had been compressed into the rag doll, or little cloth cylinder already mentioned. The scrabbling of the hands under the cloth was to smooth out the leaves after it was freed from this covering. I observed that the leaves were still rather crumpled, and that there were dark specks of fungi which would not be there if the plant were straight from nature's manufactory. But it was wonderfully done when you consider that the man was squatting in our midst, we standing in a semi-circle round him, with no adventitious aid whatever. I do not believe that the famous Mr. Maskelyne or any of those other wise conjurers who are good enough occasionally to put Lodge, Crookes and Lombroso in their places, could have wrought a better illusion.

SNAKES

THE fellow had a cobra with him which he challenged me to pick up. I did so and gazed into its strange eyes, which some devilry of man's had turned to a lapis lazuli blue. The juggler said it was the result of its skin-sloughing, but I have my doubts. The poison bag had, I suppose, been extracted, but the man seemed nervous and slipped his brown hand between my own and the swaying venomous head with its peculiar flattened hood.

It is a fearsome beast, and I can realise what was told me by a lover of animals that the snake was the one creature from which he could get no return of affection. I remember that I once had three in my employ when the "Speckled Band" was produced in London, fine, lively rock pythons, and yet in spite of this profusion of realism I had the experience of reading a review which, after duly slating the play, wound up with the scathing sentence, "The performance ended with the production of a palpably artificial serpent." Such is the reward of virtue. Afterwards when the necessities of several travelling companies compelled us to use dummy snakes we produced a much more realistic effect. The real article either hung down like a pudgy yellow bell rope, or else when his tail was pinched, endeavoured to squirm back and get level with the stage carpenter, who pinched him, which was not in the plot. The latter individual had no doubts at all about the dummy being an improvement on the real.

BOATS

NEVER, save on the west coast of Africa, have I seen "the league-long roller thundering on the shore," as here, where the Indian Ocean with its thousand leagues of momentum hits the western coast of Ceylon. It looks smooth out at sea, and then you are surprised to observe that a good-sized boat has suddenly vanished. Then it scoops upwards once more on the smooth arch of the billow, disappearing on the further slope. The native catamarans are almost invisible, so that you see a row of standing figures from time to time on the crest of the waves. I cannot think that any craft in the world would come through rough water as these catamarans with their long outriggers can do. Man has made few more simple and more effective inventions, and if I were a younger man I would endeavour to introduce them to Brighton beach, as once I introduced the ski to Switzerland, or auto-wheels to British roads. I have other work to do now, but why does not some sportsman take the model, have it made in England, and then give an exhibition in a gale of wind on the south coast. It would teach our fishermen some possibilities of which they are ignorant.

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AS I stood in a sandy cove one of them came flying in, a group of natives rushing out and pulling it up on the beach. The craft consists only of two planks edgewise and lengthwise. In the nine-inch slit between them lay a number of great twelve-pound fish, like cod, and tied to the side of the boat was a ten-foot sword fish. To catch that creature while standing on a couple of floating planks must have been sport indeed, and yet the craft is so ingenious that to a man who can at a pinch swim for it, there is very small element of danger. The really great men of our race, the inventor of the wheel, the inventor of the lever, the inventor of the catamaran are all lost in the mists of the past, but ethnologists have found that the cubic capacity of the neolithic brain is as great as our own.

POVERTY

THERE are two robber's castles, as the unhappy visitor calls them, facing the glorious sea, the one the Galle Face, the other the Mount Lavinia Hotel. They are connected by an eight-mile road, which has all the colour and life and variety of the East for every inch of the way. In that glorious sun, under the blue arch of such a sky, and with the tropical trees and flowers around, the poverty of these people is very different from the poverty of a London slum. Is there in all God's world such a life as that, and can it really be God's world while we suffer it to exist? Surely, it is a palpable truth that no one has a right to luxuries until everyone has been provided with necessities, and among such necessities a decent environment is the first. If we had spent money to fight slumland as we spent it to fight Germany, what a different England it would be. The world moves all the same, and we have eternity before us. But some folk need it.

A DOCTOR came up to me in the hotel and told me that he was practising there, and had come recently from England. He had lost his son in the war, and had himself become unsettled. Being a Spiritualist he went to Mrs. Brittain, the medium, who told him that his boy had a message for him which was that he would do very well in Colombo. He had himself thought of Ceylon, but Mrs. B. had no means of knowing that. He had obeyed the advice thus given, and was glad that he had done

so. How much people may miss by cutting themselves away from these ministers of grace! In all this opposition to Spiritualism the punishment continually fits the crime.

ONCE again we shed passengers and proceeded in chastened mood with empty decks where once it was hard to move. Among others, good Bishop Banister of Kwang-Si had gone. I care little for his sacramental and vicarious doctrines, but I am sure that wherever his robust, kindly, sincere personality may dwell is bound to be a centre of the true missionary effort—the effort which makes for the real original teaching of his Master, submission to God and goodwill to our fellow men.

NOW we are on the last lap with nothing but a clear stretch of salt water between our prow and West Australia. Our mission from being a sort of dream takes concrete form and involves definite plans. Meanwhile we plow our way through a deep blue sea with the wind continually against us. I have not seen really calm water since we left the Canal. We carry on with the usual routine of ship sports, which include an England and Australia cricket match, in which I have the honour of captaining England, a proper ending for a long if mediocre career as a cricketer. We lost by one run, which was not bad considering our limited numbers.

A POSER

POSERS of all sorts are brought to me by thoughtful enquirers, which I answer when I can. One which is a most reasonable objection has given me a day's thought. If, as is certain, we can remember in our next life the more important incidents of this one, why is it that in this one we can remember nothing of that previous spiritual career, which must have existed since nothing can be born in time for eternity? Our friends on the other side cannot help us there, nor can even such extended

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THE WANDERINGS OF A SPIRITUALIST

spiritual visions as those of Vale Owen clear it up. On the whole we must admit that our Theosophical friends, with whom we quarrel for their absence of evidence, have the best attempt at an explanation. I imagine that man's soul has a cycle which is complete in itself, and all of which is continuous and self-conscious. This begins with earth life. Then at last a point is reached, it may be a reincarnation, and a new cycle is commenced, the old one being closed to our memory until we have reached some lofty height in our further journey. Pure speculation, I admit, but it would cover what we know and give us a working hypothesis. I can never excite myself much about the reincarnation idea, for if it be so, it occurs seldom, and at long intervals, with ten years spent in the other spheres for one spent here, so even admitting all that is said by its supporters it is not of such great importance. At the present rate of change this world will be as strange as another sphere by the time we are due to tread the old stage once more. It is only fair to say that though many Spiritualists oppose it, there is a strong body, including the whole French Allan Kardec school, who support it. Those who have passed over may well be divided upon the subject since it concerns their far future and is a matter of speculation to them as to us.

BULLEN

THRASHER whales and sperm whales were seen which aroused the old whaling thrill in my heart. It was the more valuable Greenland whale which I helped to catch, while these creatures are those which dear old Frank Bullen, a childlike sailor to the last, described in his "Cruise of the Cachelot." How is it that sailors write such perfect English? There are Bullen and Conrad, both of whom served before the mast—the two purest stylists of their generation. But then, so was Loti in France. There are some essays of Bullen's, especially a description of a calm in the tropics, and again of "Sunrise seen from the Crow's Nest," which have not been matched in our time for perfection of imagery and diction. They are both in his "Idylls of the Sea." If there is compensation in the beyond—and I know that there is—then Frank Bullen is in great peace, for his whole earthly life was one succession of troubles. When I think of

his cruel stepmother, his dreadful childhood, his life on a Yankee blood ship, his struggles as a tradesman, his bankruptcy, his sordid worries, and finally his prolonged ill-health, I marvel at the unequal distribution of such burdens. He was the best singer of a chanty that I have ever heard, and I can hear him now with his rich baritone voice trolling out "Sally Brown" or "Stormalong." May I hear him once again! Our dear ones tell us that there is no great gap between what pleases us here and that which will please us in the beyond. Our own brains, had we ever used them in the matter, should have instructed us that all evolution, spiritual as well as material, must be gradual. Indeed, once one knows psychic truth, one can, reasoning backwards, perceive that we should unaided have come to the same conclusions, but since we have all been deliberately trained not to use our reason in religious matters, it is no wonder that we have made rather a hash of it. Surely it is clear enough that in the case of an artist the artistic nature is part of the man himself? Therefore, if he survives it must survive. But if it survives it must have means of expression, or it is a senseless thing. But means of expression implies appreciation from others and a life on the general lines of this one. So also of the drama, music, science, and literature, if we carry on they carry on, and they carry on without actual expression and a public to be served.

ROSS

TO the east of us and just beyond the horizon lie the Coecs Islands, where Ross established his strange little kingdom, and where the *Emden* met its end—a glorious one, as every fair-minded man must admit. I have seen her stern post since then in the hall of the Federal Parliament at Melbourne, like some fossil monster, once a terror and now for children to gaze at. As to the Cocos Islands, the highest point is, I understand, about twenty feet, and tidal waves are not unknown upon the Pacific, so that the community holds its tenure at very short and sudden notice to quit.

AT LAST!

ON the morning of September 17th a low coast line appeared on the port bow—Australia at last. It was the very edge of the Western Australian

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State. The evening before, a wireless message had reached me from the Spiritualists of Perth saying that they welcomed us and our message. It was a kind thought and a helpful one. We were hardly moored in the port of Fremantle, which is about ten miles from the capital, when a deputation of these good, kind people was aboard, bearing great bunches of wild flowers, most of which were new to us. Their faces fell when they learned that I must go on in the ship and that there was very little chance of my being able to address them. They are only connected with the other States by one long thin railway line, 1,200 miles long, with scanty trains which were already engaged, so that unless we stuck to the ship we should have to pass ten days or so before we could resume our journey. This argument was unanswerable, and so the idea of a meeting was given up.

THESE kind people had two motors in attendance,

which must, I fear, have been a strain upon their resources, for as in the old days the true believers and practical workers are drawn from the poor and humble. However, they certainly treated us royally, and even the children were packed into the motors. We skirted the Swan River, passed through the very beautiful public park, and, finally, lunched at the busy town, where Bone's store would cut a very respectable figure in London, with its many departments and its roof restaurant. It was surprising after our memories of England to note how good and abundant was the food. It is a charming little town, and it was strange, after viewing its settled order, to see the mill where the early settlers not so very long ago had to fight for their lives with the black fellows. Those poor black fellows! Their fate is a dark stain upon Australia. And yet it must in justice to our settlers be admitted that the question was a very difficult one. Was colonisation to be abandoned, or were these brave savages to be overcome? That was really the issue. When they speared the cattle of the settlers what were the settlers to do? Of course, if a reservation could have been opened up, as in the case of the Maoris, that would have been ideal. But the noble Maori is a man with whom one could treat on equal terms and he belonged to a solid race. The Aborigines of Australia were

broken wandering tribes, each at war with its neighbours. In a single reservation they would have exterminated each other. It was a piteous tragedy, and yet, even now in retrospect, how difficult it is to point out what could have been done.

THE Spiritualists of Perth seem to be a small body, but as earnest as their fellows elsewhere. A masterful looking lady, Mrs. McIlwraith, rules them, and seems fit for the part. They have several mediums developing, but I had no chance of testing their powers. Altogether our encounter with them cheered us on our way. We had the first taste of Australian labour conditions at Fremantle, for the men knocked off at the given hour, refusing to work overtime, with the result that we carried a consignment of tea, meant for their own tea-pots, another thousand miles to Adelaide, and so back by train which must have been paid for out of their own pockets, and those of their fellow citizens. Verily, you cannot get past the golden rule, and any breach of it brings its own punishment somehow, somewhere, be the sinner a master or a man.

And now we had to cross the dreaded Bight, where the great waves from the Southern ice come rolling up, but our luck was still in, and we went through it without a qualm. Up to Albany one sees the barren irregular coast, and then there were two days of blue water, which brought us at last to Adelaide, our port of debarkation. The hour and the place at last!

NEXT MONTH:—*Welcomed by the Australian Prime Minister, and the campaign in Adelaide.*

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DWELLERS in the ETHER

By David R. S. Smith, G.N.S.C.

WE live in a scientific age. More and more is the questioning mind of man seeking an explanation from Science of the mysteries that surround us. This is equally so in matters spiritual as material. And Science is responding in attempting to give a rational explanation of both psychic and secular subjects. The discoveries of Science are alone responsible for this attitude, and not its savants. Scientific research has led its apostles into fields of exploration they little dreamed of. Their "matter of fact" foundation, they have discovered, is quicksand. They have been forced to rely on inference, just in the same way as the theologian relies on faith. Give the theologian his faith and he will explain anything. Give the scientist inference as to the existence of the ether, and he will reconstruct the universe. The inference as to the existence of Ether, is of psychic interest, apart from material matters. It is the "dwelling place," according to Sir Oliver Lodge, of our arisen loved ones. Looked at from this point of view, the Ether, granted its existence, and there is no logical reason to do otherwise, assumes an added interest. Intelligent minds have no place in their philosophy for a spirit world void of substance. Our psychic experiences demonstrate that our discarnate friends are not simply minds floating hither and thither in space. Their world, in all its component parts, is a world of substance. In all probability this etheric substance depends on the Ether for its existence, as does the material substance of our Universe.

Ether—Its Nature and Function.

ABOUT the first thing Science postulates is, that the Ether is denser than physical substance. "It is more solid than lead, or gold, or platinum," says Sir Oliver Lodge. Yet to our sense-perception it is non-existent. Science has been forced to infer its existence, otherwise light transmission, wireless

transmission, and other physical manifestations around us would be impossible. Just in the same way we infer the presence of spirits at Materialisation seances. We never actually see the spirit, but the manifestations are of such a nature that the inference is the only feasible explanation.

Science admits the possible existence of substance, non-material, and without our range of sense perception. In the ectoplasm or teleplasm of the seance room we have a substance partly material, and partly etheric. It may be described as an intermediary substance. Possibly Ether is the elementary substance out of which etheric substance, of which the Spirit World and the spirit bodies of our departed friends, are composed, as well as the material world of which we form a part. Ether manifests as etheric substance or physical matter according to the prevailing vibration. Fundamentally our physical and psychic bodies are manifestations of Ether.

LIFE IN THE ETHER.

LIFE assumes an infinite variety of forms in the Etheric as in the physical universe. Our planet carries with it in its path through space its psychic envelope or aura, in which dwell an infinite variety of beings at various stages of evolution. Our contact with and knowledge of the dwellers of our psychic envelope is very limited. We have a slight knowledge of elementals, and a vast experience of discarnate humans, to aid us. The elementals, such as fairies, gnomes, and brownie, are probably, like ectoplasm, intermediary manifestations between the physical and etheric world. They are believed, and with good reason, to influence physical substance in its growth and function.

There are other planets of our solar system that possess a psychic envelope similar to that of Earth. In the psychic envelope of Mars, for example, there dwell the Martians who survive the death of their physical vehicle, just as we on earth do. Earth spirits who have attained a high degree of development and can dispense with speech and communicate by thought transference, are in a unique position to hold intercourse with Martian spirits who have attained a like stage of development. This is probably the only means we will ever have of getting in touch with the inhabitants of Mars; distance and language will always be insuperable.

MANIFESTATIONS IN THE ETHER

AN infinite variety of transformations of substance operates in the Ether. The Etheric World has

DWELLERS IN THE ETHER (CONTINUED)

its own light waves and vibrations. The Auric emanations of incarnate and discarnate humans are Ether light waves. In this connection it is interesting to recall the statements of Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins to the Royal Society earlier in the year. He referred to a *living ray* in the human body which could actually be recorded by instruments. These radiations are in all probability the Auric Emanations seen by clairvoyants.

The phenomena of the Etheric world assume a variety of manifestations more extensive than the phenomena of the physical universe. The variety of Natural Phenomena varies with each plane, and is interpreted in an unlimited variety of ways, according to their stage of development.

THE knowledge of the dwellers in the Ether is extensive. This is displayed in the phenomena of Apports and Materialisations. The manipulation of Etheric Chemicals upon material substance in such a way as to, apparently, disintegrate the atoms of which it is composed, convey it from one place to another, and to restore it to its former physical state, is surely an indication of a superior knowledge of chemistry. On earth, we have perfected a method of disintegration, by dropping high-power bombs, but there our knowledge in this field of research ends.

Our duty is clear. It is to develop our psychic powers to a still greater extent than at present. Co-operate with the dwellers in the Ether, learn from them the knowledge they possess in connection with the phenomenon of Apports. It is in all probability this knowledge that is being utilised in the removal of ulcers and cancerous growths in Spirit Healing. This knowledge will be imparted to us by the dwellers in the Ether, when we, by our moral growth and character, indicate that we are worthy to possess such knowledge, and will use it only for noble purposes.

HELEN KELLER

(CONTINUED)

only by a long course of occultism; whereas in fact the vast majority of individuals possess them in an undeveloped state, and they need only slight encouragement to become, to some degree at least, apparent.

But perhaps occultism is rather inclined to exaggerate mysteries,

Helen Keller

IN an article in the "London Forum," Raphael

Hurst makes some interesting revelations regarding the powers of Helen Keller, the blind and deaf authoress. She has never been able to see or hear, and yet has overcome these deficiencies in a remarkable way. Last year, when she came to London, the Queen was so interested that she was invited to a Royal Garden Party, where Miss Keller gave demonstrations of her method of lip-reading by contact with her thumb over the larynx and her fingers over the lips, of the speaker.

Afterwards, the blind authoress wrote: "The Queen was dressed in beige ensemble . . . with a turquoise toque. Her left hand rested on a sunshade of the same colour." *How did she know?*

Miss Keller's remarkable faculty of reading the sign-language of the deaf-mutes merely by lightly touching the hand of the communicator, is astonishing. She declares that she is not aware of single letters, or even of separate words. Whole phrases come to her together.

Mr. Hurst points out that in writing of places she has visited, Miss Keller describes them so vividly that it is difficult to believe that her vision is limited at all.

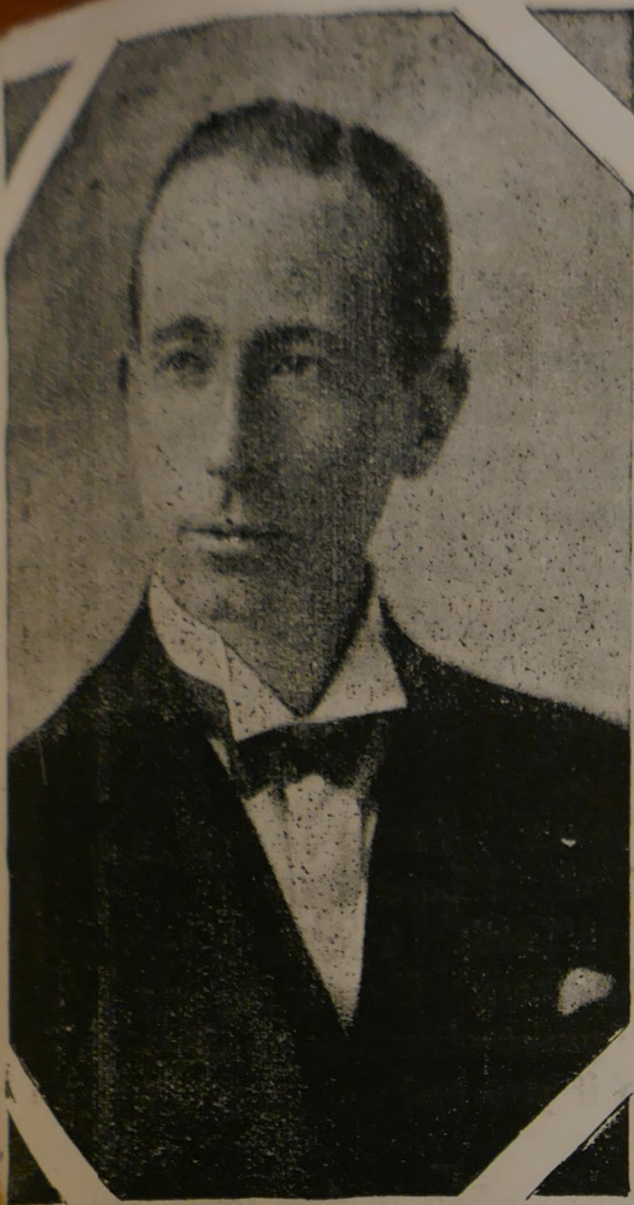
"When Miss Keller met, for a second time, Dr. Alexander Bell, the inventor of the telephone, she at once recognised him. 'How do you remember Dr. Bell?' came the astonished question. Her answer was, 'I instantly see him before my mind.'"

In her autobiography, Miss Keller explains such incidents as follows: "I see with my mind's eye. I see things far away which I could not see with external sight, even if I could see."

Yet Dr. J. Kerr Love, a well-known surgeon who has examined Miss Keller, declared that "she makes use of quite ordinary stimuli, transmitted from her fingers and nose!"

Mr. Hurst concludes by ascribing her remarkable powers to clairvoyance, but his involved references to "samadhi" and "chakras," and his tendency apparently exclusively to derogate these powers to Yogis and occultists, will not impress the very many thousands of Spiritualists who possess similar powers, in a greater or less degree than Miss Keller.

Mr. Hurst considers that the powers are attained
(Please turn to previous column)



The Uneducated Skipper

A
SHORT
STORY

BY

Arthur
Lamsley

JIM Trelore sat beside the wheel of the magnificent Auxiliary Schooner "Papoose," swinging at anchor in Torport Bay. He smoked mechanically; his eyes were glued on the Channel horizon. The news that Sir Thomas Penny, the mining magnate of South America, had been killed in his car whilst coming down from London to join his yacht paralysed his mind. Only a week ago they had sailed the Atlantic together from Buenos Aires.

Skipper Jim, as he was called in the West Country ports, had no rivals as a sailor, but apart from the life of the sea he was innocent and uninformed. The sea had been his parent, and from it he had gleaned by hard, practical experience such knowledge as had enabled him to gain a good living. He went to sea as a small boy, instead of going to school, and he could barely read or write. Consequently he had no mind to grasp the tragedy which had fallen upon them all by the sudden death of Sir Thomas. There he sat, his right hand on the spoke of the wheel, the left resting nervously on his knee. He was stunned and could not think.

A day came when he sailed the last journey with the old chief, shipping his body in "Papoose" about twenty miles out from Torport, to bury it in the swelling waves of the English Channel. It was a terrible moment for Jim; as the body dived into the swallowing foam the whole scene became a black-out, and his great hands clutched the bul-

warks in terror. He had never before been afraid.

ON the way back to Torport he insisted on taking the wheel himself, although feeling faint, and every now and then he cast a glance over his shoulder expecting to see Sir Thomas standing beside him, as he had done for so many years. Of course, he was overwrought, terribly cut-up, and had lost part of his iron nerve. It was only natural.

A few days later he learned that Sir Thomas had left him a thousand pounds. Even this news did not cause Jim any outward excitement. The bottom of his world had fallen out, and it would take some mending.

ANOTHER blow came to Skipper Jim. The "Papoose" had been sold to a new owner, Lord John Ward, who was joining the schooner immediately and might make some changes in the staff. There was a rumour that even he would be superseded by a new Skipper. At first this seemed impossible to Skipper Jim's innocent mind. Had he not seen the "Papoose" building from the keel upwards, launched her twenty-five years ago, and been skipper of her ever since in all the waters of the world? He and "Papoose" were inseparable, pals who had lived through many an angry struggle with titanic storms.

One day in late Autumn a telegram arrived for Skipper Jim. "His Lordship will be aboard this evening," it read. Except for seeing a picture of "His Lordship" in the Society magazines, Skipper Jim had not seen the new owner. He gathered intuitively, that he was a different type of man from Sir Thomas.

LATE that evening, as the sun was setting in a golden haze, Lord and Lady Ward came aboard "Papoose." After exchanging a formal greeting with Skipper Jim, without even the usual friendly handshake which the late owner never omitted, they went below to the saloon.

Skipper Jim was left to unravel his first impressions, and incidentally to watch the setting sun, a rite he witnessed most days of his life at sea.

THE UNEDUCATED SKIPPER

(CONTINUED)

He sensed changes; a sickly feeling gripped him. Neither was he mistaken. The quartermaster ran up to him with a message that His Lordship would like to see him. Skipper Jim's legs grew heavy as he made his way below to the spacious saloon.

"Sit down, Trelore," said Lord Ward, "I want to have a word with you."

Skipper Jim seated himself uncomfortably in an armchair opposite the new owner of "Papoose," and looked him straight between the eyes. His manner suggested suspicion.

"Thought I had better have a word with you at once, Trelore, as I hope to be leaving for the Mediterranean in a week or so. Fact is, it's about yourself. I hope you won't take offence at what I am going to suggest, and that you will appreciate the position and agree. You see, Trelore, life on board the yacht will be rather different from what it has been. We shall entertain a good deal, and—er—we expect our Captain to be able to meet and converse with all classes of people. You see, Trelore, you have not been used to meeting Society people, as Sir Thomas rarely entertained, and I am not sure you could manage the job. Anyway, with this—er—in view, I have engaged another Skipper, but not to appear hard on you I wish you to stay in "Papoose" as First Mate at the same salary as you are receiving now. How's that, Trelore?"

WHAT he had been dreading secretly ever since the change of ownership, had happened. He and "Papoose" were to part company. Tears glistened in Skipper Jim's eyes, but he controlled himself and stood up.

"Thank you, m'Lord. Couldn't think of serving under another Skipper. It wouldn't work, m'Lord. We've grown up together, "Papoose" and me, and it would be like turning out of home. I had better resign, m'Lord."

"Think it over, Trelore. Don't be hasty. There second in command. You see, Trelore, to out it second in command. You see, Trelore, to out it plainly you have had no education in a general way and you can hardly read or write. My Skipper must be an educated man, besides being a seaman."

Skipper Jim pulled himself to his full height. "I might not be educated, m'Lord, in the way you be wanting, but I know my work as a seaman."

I might not be able to read or write well; I was never at school. I can't read books, m'Lord. But I can read the signs of the sky—the sun, moon, stars, and the messages of the clouds. I've taken "Papoose" to every water in the world, sailed her in all weathers, and never had so much as a lost spar, or had a torn sail. I'm just a seaman, born to it, and nothing more. Maybe, I'll find another ship. When shall I go?"

"Sleep on it, Trelore. Tomorrow you might change your mind," urged Lord Ward.

"No thank you, m'Lord. A sailor is trained to make up his mind at once. We never hesitate at sea. I can leave the yacht whenever you wish. It would be better, too if you had an *educated* First Mate."

The last words were spoken in firm tones, and the peer knew very well no amount of further persuasion would alter the Skipper's decision.

"Your contract is for three month's notice, Trelore. Supposing we say six months. That is in lieu of your past services I will give you six month's pay."

"Three months is all, m'Lord. It was Sir Thomas's contract, and I would like to abide by it. It's all I'm 'titled to, and all I want. Thanking you." Skipper Jim meant all he said. He would not take a penny from a man who thought him uneducated and not fit for the job of Skipper of "Papoose" which he had held with success for twenty-five years.

Suiting Jim's manner, Lord Ward pulled out his wallet and counted out three month's salary. He passed it over to Jim, who handled it rather clumsily, and nodded to the peer. He was too full to speak.

BACK in his cabin Skipper Jim lit his pipe and tried to think things out. His only decision, after a night's anguish, was to leave the ship in the morning. He gathered his small treasures, many of them gifts from the late Sir Thomas and his wife, packed his clothes, and after breakfast bid the crew goodbye and prepared to leave the Schooner. His trunk and a couple of boxes were already in the waiting motor-launch when Skipper Jim reached the gangway. He hesitated, turned abruptly and let his eyes wander around "Papoose" for the last time, even up to the peak of her tall

THE UNEDUCATED SKIPPER

masts. A look of affection came into his eyes as he gazed aft at the wheel. Walking slowly up to it, he placed his hands upon the spokes in a blessing of farewell. For some moments he stood thus with bowed head and then looked around over his shoulder suddenly, as if called, and peered towards the Channel horizon, letting his eyes rest on the distant waste of water where they had left the body of his late chief. He could have sworn he had heard Sir Thomas ask: "What are we logging today, Jim?"

With this imaginary voice still ringing in his ears Skipper Jim sauntered towards the gangway, and down the steps into the launch. "Right away," he ordered. Within five minutes he stepped ashore at Torport and walked briskly through the narrow streets of the fisherman's quarter towards his own house which bore the name, loved of deep-sea sailors, "Landfall."

DURING the evening meal Skipper Jim, his wife and their three grown-up sons, all fishermen, discussed the tragedy which had come into their lives. Before bed-time another decision had been reached—Skipper Jim would not go back to sea in "a Gentleman's yacht." He and his three boys would start a business of their own. They would still go down to the sea in ships—but their own ships. They would be up-to-date, and run a fleet of auxiliary ketches for fishing instead of relying entirely upon wind and sail. With engine power they could make port on calm days and be sure of a good market.

The fishing industry around Torport had fallen upon evil days, mostly because the sailing vessel was no match for the larger and faster steam trawler. But the latter were costly to run, figured out Skipper Jim, and if he could get hold of a fleet of good ketches and put an engine in each of them, he was sure to be able to compete with the "steam Johnnies." Furthermore, he would run his own small fish markets in the most crowded streets, and in this way get a reasonable price for his own labour, and not let the middleman take all the cream of the profits.

IN three years Skipper Jim, with the aid of the thousand pounds left him by Sir Thomas, had built up a fleet of twelve sturdy auxiliary ketches

(CONTINUED)

and opened six fish markets, small shops, in Torport and in the neighbouring small towns. He bought a little motor van to transport his fish to the markets. With his three sons he worked hard, and gave employment to a good number of others. Jim made money fast. People patronised Skipper Jim's fish market because the fish was fresh and cheap.

The yachting season came round again and the Auxiliary Schooner "Papoose" returned from the Mediterranean to Torport after a three years' cruise. Lord Ward was ashore with a party and happened to spot Skipper Jim on the quayside, superintending the loading of his small motor van.

Jim raised his cap as his Lordship approached him. He asked after his welfare, rather patronisingly he thought, and learned from the ex-skipper of "Papoose" his successful business ventures with his fleet of auxiliary ketches and his shops. His Lordship showed evident pleasure, congratulated Jim, but could not refrain from mentioning what he thought might-have-beens.

"You've done splendidly, Trelore. But you must now see how much better you could have done had you been a little more educated." Lord Ward beamed a patronising smile.

"I don't see, m'Lord. 'Cos if I'd been better educated I'd still have been Skipper of your yacht," came Skipper Jim's cryptic reply. His eyes looked past the peer, out to a misty horizon in mid-Channel. Reading the signs in the sky he saw they held a promise of continued fine weather.

TWO TRANSITIONS.

WE regret to report the passing of Mr. Frederick

Jones, the Healer, who was well-known for his self-sacrificing work in connection with the Marylebone Spiritualist Association and elsewhere. Mr. Jones was a remarkable healer and diagnoser, and we are sorry to say that he leaves a widow and two babies, who are urgently in need of help. Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary of the M.S.A., 42, Russell Square, London, W.C.2.

We also regret to announce the passing of Mr. R. A. Bush, the Founder of the Wimbledon Spiritualist Church, and a well-known author. We have lost the immediate presence of two good workers.

Houdini Sends Incontestable Proof

IN
THE HOUDINI MESSAGES *by Francis R. Fast.*

REVIEWED BY

Dead Sculptor Inspires Living Woman

IN
STATION ASTRAL *by Bessie Clarke Drouët.*

MADGE DONOHOE

TWO books newly minted by the Spiritualist press of America lie before me—"The Houdini Messages," by Francis R. Fast, and "Station Astral," by Bessie Clarke Drouët. The editor has asked me to review them. I do so gladly, for their reading has been a source of such exceptional pleasure to myself that I am eager to pass what I may of it on to others.

"The Houdini Messages" is an old friend. First published in 1929, the present is a fourth edition showing some slight revision and additions. The wonder is that it should have reached only a fourth edition, and I hope, now that it has once more been brought under the notice of the public, the demand for it will be so great as to necessitate reprint after reprint. I should like to think, indeed, that it will be translated into many tongues and broadcast throughout the world in its millions. For this little book, a mere brochure in size and to be bought for a few pence, is a priceless gift to the our generation, and its author deserves both our thanks and congratulations. Priceless in truth! How shall the value of a book be appraised which contains, as this one does, that comparatively rare thing—flawless evidence that a man who has passed through the change called death still lives and remembers and has come back to prove it? Moreover, the language used by the author in telling his stupendous tale is delightfully simple and clear—an added merit and attraction.

I would urge everyone who reads what I am writing here, whether convinced or unconvinced of the truth of Spiritualism, to get a copy of "The Houdini Messages." If convinced yourself, you surely wish to help spread the glorious Spiritualist gospel amongst those who are not in a like happy case, and I know no better propaganda publication than this self-same small book. If not convinced, then all the more I would urge you to read it. Study its twenty-four pages dispassionately, and judge for yourself whether the messages of which they tell could have been transmitted from the Unseen save by spirit agency, as is claimed.

The man from whom the messages come is Ehrich Weiss, known as Harry Houdini, the famous magician who during the last years of his earth life was a merciless opponent of Spiritualism and crossed swords with that most doughty of its champions, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. And now we learn from Mr. Fast's story the secret of his bitterness. It was that before her death his mother had promised to send him a certain word, if she found spirit communication possible. And that word never reached him. Hence his uncompromising hostility to every phase of Spiritualist phenomena and doctrine.

But, as Elizabeth Barrett Browning has said, "Spirits learn and grow wiser on the Other Side," and evidently, when Houdini passed over and discovered how wrong he had been, he and his mother set about trying to undo the mischief his opposition had wrought. Mr. Fast's little book tells how they accomplished the task.

They began by enlisting the help of Fletcher, the famous control of that king of mediums, the Rev. Arthur Ford. Mr. Ford needs no introduction from me. Doubtless the majority of "Survival Magazine" readers are numbered among the countless warm friends and admirers his forceful, magnetic personality and marvellous gift of mediumship have gained for him in this as in other lands. And Fletcher, his guide, lives no less in our affectionate and grateful esteem. How many of us have cause to thank God for what these two friends and co-workers have accomplished in proving the reality of Spirit Communication!

THE FIRST MESSAGE

ON the evening of the 8th February, 1928, Mrs. Weiss, Houdini's mother, was introduced by Fletcher to a private circle sitting with Arthur Ford in New York, and, speaking through the medium who was, of course, in trance, she gave the word for which her son had vainly waited during so many years, "Forgive," requesting that it should be repeated to his widow who would confirm it. This Mrs. Houdini did the following day, testi-

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lying publicly in a signed statement that it was the sole communication among the thousands she had received up to that time "which contains the one secret key-word, known only to Houdini, his mother, and myself." "I can say," she added, "that, had it but come to Houdini in his lifetime, it would have changed the whole course of his career."

Mr. Fast explains that the word "Forgive," though of the utmost importance in the message, was not by any means the whole of it. Facts of an intimate family nature were given for Houdini's relatives who alone could understand their significance and, in connection with these, they were enjoined to carry out certain conditions which, the first message having now come through, "would open the channel for the other." By "the other" was understood a message pact which it was known Houdini on his death-bed had made with his wife. For, pathetically enough, he, the arch-enemy of Spiritualism, still retained some hope that its tenets might be true: and that hope was sufficiently strong to cause him to arrange with Mrs. Houdini a most complicated proof based on a code known only to themselves and which they had been accustomed to use in their "thought-reading" demonstrations.

THE SECOND MESSAGE

THE transmission of the first Houdini message must have seemed child's-play to Fletcher compared with that of the second—a task formidable enough to have taxed even his keen intelligence and demanding for its accomplishment immense patience and dogged persistence. For, as Mr. Fast says, "the message did not arrive full-grown, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter." It took two-and-a-half-months and eight separate sittings to send through the ten code words which composed it, ten words which, Irishly, are only five, one of them being repeated three, and another four times. Sometimes only one word was given at a sitting. There were also numerous alterations and rearrangements. The transmission began early in November, 1928, and ended on the 5th January, 1929, when, "fairly shouting" in his exultation Fletcher announced, "It has been a hard job getting them through, but I tell you they are right."

In one of his articles on Spiritualism Robert Blatchford relates that he has a certain rare rose

in his garden which he shows with great pride to visitors, but invariably, if asked its name, he finds he cannot remember it, and he quaintly says that he hopes, when he has passed over and is communicating with this earth, no one will demand *that* special piece of information as proof of his identity, though it might well seem reasonable to suppose that he would recall every detail connected with his famous flower. Evidently Houdini had difficulty in remembering the exact terms of the code-pact made with his wife, for Mr. Fast quotes Fletcher as saying on that last triumphant evening when the full message was finally transmitted, "He tells me it has taken him three month's working out of the confusion to get these words through, and that at no time has he been able to do anything without his mother's and my help."

The ten words were:—

ROSABELLE —ANSWER —TELL - PRAY
ANSWER —LOOK —TELL —ANSWER
ANSWER —TELL.

For the whole story of the special significance of "Rosabelle" and of how from the other nine words the message "Believe" was evolved, of how Mrs. Houdini confirmed its truth, of the persecution and the accusations of fraud to which Mr. Ford was afterwards subjected in connection with it and his subsequent complete vindication, I refer you to Mr. Fast's book itself. It is a thrilling and convincing document, one of the most amazing in the whole history of Spiritualism, and I cannot too strongly recommend it to the attention of "Survival Magazine" readers.

"STATION ASTRAL"

"STATION ASTRAL" is the story, told in an attractively happy and intimate fashion, of how the writer, under the stress of a great personal grief, investigated Spiritualism and proved its truth, not only for herself, but incidentally also for a large number of relatives, friends, acquaintances, and even strangers. A portrait of the authoress adorns (I use the word advisedly) its front page—an excellent device on the part of the publishers for, looking at it, you immediately want to read her book which you proceed to do, if you are like me, in a minimum number of sittings. Having once begun, the charm both of matter and

BOOK REVIEWS

manner will lead you on until, the last page reached you lay it down with a sense of utter satisfaction upon you, the while you endorse the pronouncement of Arthur Ford in his note of appreciation published as a sort of tiny foreword, "This is a beautiful book and will certainly bring happiness to many people."

Like most investigators Mrs. Drouét attained her present condition of absolute confidence in the reality of spirit communication by the help of many mediums and many forms of mediumship, including her own automatic writing, but the chief interest in her book lies in its records of the direct voice sittings which have been held regularly every Thursday night for some three years in her New York home, the medium being Miss Maina Tafe. She pays a warm tribute to the first two mediums and their guides from whom she received evidence, Mr. Arthur Ford and Fletcher, and Mrs. Eileen Garrett and Uvani. It was during a trip to Europe in the Spring of 1929 that, on the suggestion of Mrs. de Crespigny, she sat with Mrs. Garrett at the British College of Psychic Science, when Uvani gave her such strikingly evidential details about her mother as that, for instance, she had a birthmark on her left arm, the exact spot being indicated. On this visit she met also amongst other noted Spiritualists Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle and comments, "I remember wishing I could be just like Sir Arthur, he seemed so secure and happy."

She had her first introduction to the phenomenon of the direct voice shortly after she returned home. It came through Mr. Francis Fast whom she calls "St. Francis," because of his untiring work for others. He arranged for her to have a sitting with Mrs. Ceil Stewart of Detroit who was visiting New York under the auspices of the American Society for Psychical Research. That first sitting was followed by others, and Mrs. Drouét describes very vividly the awed delight felt by herself, her husband, and some friends they had invited to share their happiness, when out of the Unseen the voices they had believed stilled in death spoke to them clearly and convincingly.

But with the departure of Mrs. Stewart for her home town these sittings came to an end, leaving the little band of sitters feeling lost and disconsolate. It did not occur to them, Mrs. Drouét re-

(CONTINUED)

lates, that their spirit visitors would miss the sittings too, and they only found out that this was so through their enthusiastically expressed delight when later on they were resumed, with Miss Tafe as medium. A reminder this! How often we forget to give our loved ones Over There the opportunity for communication with us which, however much they long for it, they cannot obtain without our co-operation!

As I have already said, the most fascinating part of "Station Astral" is the record of these Maina Tafe sittings to which hospitable receptions not only relatives and friends, but the merest acquaintances as well as strangers in both worlds found their way. In writing it Mrs. Drouét unconsciously reveals herself as possessing in a high degree the gracious qualities of sensitive sympathy and loving-kindness. At these gatherings her father, Dr. Clarke, acted as M.C. for the unseen guests, she herself for the seen; and their work in supporting the remarkable mediumship of Maina Tafe and her child-guide, Sunshine, was the means of bringing great joy into the lives of many people in both spheres. Happy reunions were effected, sometimes after long estrangement—husband with wife, father with son, friend with friend: wrongs were righted; misunderstandings explained. Flashes of fun and humour are interspersed in this beautiful and touching record, which must be read to be fully appreciated. Names illustrious in our earth story are among those of the visitors who came and made themselves known to the company of sitters, proving their identity in various ways: and, when records of spirit voices were taken on an Edison Ediphone machine, Thomas A. Edison himself recorded, confirming that "there is no death." I must not forget to mention that, though Miss Tafe knows no language save English, the sitters have listened to communications in several different tongues including Japanese.

Amongst the illustrations to "Station Astral" are clever portrait busts of Maina Tafe and Arthur Ford executed by Mrs. Drouét, who is a sculptor. In connection with these she testifies to having been greatly inspired and helped by the spirit world. Houdon, a famous sculptor known to her by repute, and Edward Valentine whose account of himself she afterwards verified, were particularly active in

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(CONTINUED)

guiding her, and she implicitly obeyed their instructions, even such blood-curdling suggestions—to the lay mind—as to take a little piece off Mr. Ford's head, or a trifle from Miss Tafe's upper lip.

Though none of the sittings were of the "test" variety, and psychic researchers and their little ways do not come into the story at all, Mrs. Drouët has been very careful to include in it many evidential details and verifications. She also, with their consent, gives the full names of several well-known people who took part in the séances and who either have confirmed the truth of her statements in the book itself, or are prepared to do so to *bonâ fide* enquirers.

Truly a fine piece of work! God bless you, Bessie Clarke Drouët!

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