

# THE TWO WORLDS

A WEEKLY JOURNAL devoted to the PHENOMENA, PHILOSOPHY, and PROGRESS of

## SPIRITUALISM,

Founded]

also to RELIGION IN GENERAL and to REFORM.

[1887

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FRIDAY, DEC 19, 1919. [REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

AS A NEWSPAPER.

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SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 11, MR. PERCY STREET.

At 6-30, MR. PERCY STREET.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24TH, NO SERVICE.

THURSDAY, at 4, OPEN CLASS FOR INQUIRERS.

### WIMBLEDON SPIRITUALIST MISSION,

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At 6-30, MR. HORACE LEAF.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24TH, at 7-30, Public Circle,

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SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 11 and 7, Addresses by MRS.

JENNY WALKER, of Canada.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24TH, Xmas Eve, NO MEETING.

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SUNDAY, DEC. 28TH, at 7, MRS. JENNIE WALKER,  
Address and Clairvoyance.

THURSDAY, JAN. 1ST, at 8-15, MRS. M. E. ORLOWSKI,  
Address and Clairvoyance.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3RD, at 5, LYCEUM XMAS TEA, to be  
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Baby Burgess.

She just wasted away to a little skeleton, and what flesh there was on her poor little bones was quite soft and flabby.

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(Affiliation with the Spiritualists' National Union applied for.)

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# SPIRITUALIST SOCIETIES & MEETINGS IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL UNION LTD.: Secretary, Hanson G. Hey, 30, Glen Terrace, Clover Hill, Halifax.

\* BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION: Secretary, Mr. Tinker, 34a, Bridge Street, Manchester.

\* BRITISH MEDIUMS' UNION: Hon. Sec., W. E. Bentley, 37, Shakespeare Street, Stockport Road, Manchester.

## PLATFORM GUIDE for SUNDAY, Dec. 21st, 1919

All bodies marked \* are affiliated with the Spiritualists' National Union Ltd.

### NATIONAL UNION SOCIETIES.

UNATTACHED TO DISTRICT COUNCILS OR UNIONS.

THE TWO WORLDS is sold at the Meeting Rooms of Societies marked (a).

- ABERDEEN—Music Hall Buildings. 11, 6 30  
 ACCRINGTON—Argyle-st. 2 30, 6  
 BACUP—Christchurch-st., Todmorden-rd. Lyc 10, 2 30; 6, Mrs A Lord  
 BEDFORD—Market Place. 3, 6  
 BELFAST—St. George's Hall, High-st. Lyc 3; 11 30, 7  
 BOLTON—Bradford-st. (RM) Lyc 10; 2 45, 6 30  
 Open Session  
 BRADFORD—Milton Spiritualist Church, Carlisle-rd. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30  
 BURY—King-st. Lyc 10, 1 45; 3, 6 [See advt.]  
 BRIGHTON—Old Steine Hall, 52, Old Steine. Lyc 3; 11 30, 7 [See advt.]  
 BURNLEY—Hammerton-st. (RM) Lyc 10; 2, 6  
 CHESTER—Brook-st. 3, 6 30, Mr Powell  
 CREWE—Hungerford-rd. Lyc 2; 2 45, 6 30  
 DERRY—Charnwood-st. Lyc 10 30, 2; 3, 6 30  
 DURNLEY—Lyc 10, 2 45; 6  
 EASTWOOD—(No.)—Hill Top. Lyc 10 45, 1 45; 3, 6  
 FENTON—20, Market-st. 3, 6 15  
 GATESHEAD—Beaconsfield Hall. 6 30, Mr Sizer  
 GLOSSOP—Faurel-rd. 3, 6, Mrs Hazlehurst  
 HANLEY—V.M.C.A. Building, Marsh-st. Lyc 2 30; 10 45, 6 30  
 HEYWOOD—William-st. (RM) Lyc 10, 1 45; 2 45, 6 30  
 HORWICH—Beatrice-st. Lyc 10; 3, 6 15, Mrs Bowers  
 HULL—Holborn Hall, Witham. Lyc 10 30, 2 30; 3, 6 30  
 Dairycoates—Deest. Hessler-rd. Lyc 1 45; 10 30, 6 30  
 HYDE—Clarendon-st. Lyc 10 30; 2 45, 6 30  
 KIGHTLEY—Heber-st. (RM) Lyc 10; 2 30, 6  
 KETTERING—24a, Dalkeith Place. 2 30, 6 30  
 LANCASTER—Central Hall, Gt. John-st. Stonewell. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30  
 LEEDS—East. (No particulars)  
 LICHETER—Foresters' Institute, St. Nicholas-st. 6 30  
 LIVERPOOL—Spiritualist Institute, Boyd's Cafe, 22, Whitechapel. Thurs. 7 45  
 LONDON—Battersea—45, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction. Lyc 3; 11 15, 6 30 [See advt.]  
 LONGTON—Stone-rd. 10; 3, 6 30  
 MACCLESFIELD—Cumberl'd-st. (RM) Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30  
 MORECAMBE—Milton Rooms, Market-st. (RM); 3, 6 30  
 OLDHAM—Elliott-st. (RM) Lyc 10; 2 30, 6 30, Mr Gush  
 PATERBOROUGH—Co-op Hall, Park-rd. 3, 6 30  
 PRATERON—Central Bldgs., Lancaster-rd. Lyc 10 30; 2 45, 6 30  
 RAWENSTOWN—Back Omrod-st. Lyc 10 30; 2 15, 6  
 Mr Tyrell  
 ROYTON—Union-st. Lyc 3; 6 30  
 SHEFFIELD—Vestry Hall, Meersbrook Park-rd. Lyc 2 30; 6 30  
 Heeley—44, Gifford-rd. Lyc 10, 2 30; 6 30  
 SHIPLEY—Market Buildings, Teal Court. Lyc 10 30, 1 45; 3, 6 30  
 STALYBRIDGE—3, Chapel-st. 3, 6 30  
 STOCKPORT—Central (Founded 1888), Lord-st. 3, 6  
 Progressive—Over 74, Lower Hilgate. 3, 6 30  
 STOCKPORT-ON-TEES—Socialist Institute, Yarm-lane. Lyc 10 45; 2 30, 6 30  
 TODMORDEN—Eagle-st. (RM) Lyc 9 30, 1 30; 3, 6 30  
 Central—Roomfield Buildings. Lyc 10, 1 30; 3, 6  
 TUNSTALL—1, Piccadilly-st. 2 30, 6 30  
 WIDNES—St. Paul's Chambers, Victoria-rd. Lyc 1 45; 3, 6 30

### \* Manchester and District Union.

- Hon. Sec.: D. MORGAN, 79, Fitzroy-st., Ashton-u-Lyne  
 ALTRINCHAM—20, Kingsway. 3; 6 30, Mr Simon  
 ASHTON-U-LYNE—Burlington-st. (RM) 2 45, 6 30  
 Mrs Cochrane  
 BOLTON—Dean-rd. Lyc 10, 2 15; 6 30  
 a Henry-st., Manchester-rd.—Lyc 10; 3, 6 30  
 Mrs Hamer  
 DAISY HILL—Mabel-st. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30, Mr Windridge  
 DENTON—Victoria-st. Market-st. 3, 6 30, Mrs Farrell  
 a DUKINFIELD—Railway-st. 3, 6 30  
 Eccles—Spiritual Church, 20a, Barton-rd., Patricroft. 3, 6 30, Mrs Longford  
 Milton Spiritual Church—Booth-st. 3, 6 30 [See advt.]  
 a HADFIELD—Albert-st. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6, Mr Wrigley  
 a LEIGH—Evans-st. (RM) Lyc 10; 3, 6 30  
 a MANCHESTER—Central Spiritualist Church—Onward Buildings, Deansgate. [See advt.]  
 a Ardwick—38, Maskell-st. (RM) Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30  
 Miss Barton  
 a Cheetham Hill—Crescent-rd. Lyc 10 30; 2 45, 6 30  
 Mrs Verity  
 a Collyhurst—Collyhurst-st., Oldham-rd. (RM) Lyc 10; 3, 6 30 [See advt.]  
 Higher Ochenshaw—Lyceum Church, Alhambra Buildings, Bank-st. 2 45, 6 30, Miss Birkett  
 a Longsight—Shepley-st., Stockport-rd. 6 45 [See advt.]  
 a Moston—Spiritualist Lyceum Church, 43, Ashley-lane. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30  
 a Openshaw—Local Board Buildings, 915, Ashton Old-rd. Lyc 2 30; 6 30, Mrs Roberts  
 a Pendleton—Ford-lane. (RM) Lyc 10 30; 2 45; 6 30  
 Pendleton—Coomassie-st. (late Clarendon-rd.) 16 30  
 M Appleby  
 a Salford—West High-st., Cross-lane. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30, Mr Kay

- \* a South Manchester—Princes Hall, Princess-rd. Lyc 2 30; 6 30 [See advt.]  
 a MIDDLETON—Gilmere-st. Lyc 10 15; 3, 6  
 Progressive—7, Mill-st. 3, 6 15, Mrs Lynch  
 a OLDHAM—164, Union-st. (RM) Lyc 10 30, 3; 6 30  
 Glodwick—Wilkinson-st., Glodwick-rd. 3, 6 30  
 a RADCLIFFE—Railway-st. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30  
 Sion-st.—6 30, Mr Hart  
 a ROCHDALE—Penn-st. Lyc 10; 3, 6  
 a Regent Hall—(RM) Lyc 10; 3, 6 30  
 a SALF—(Cheshire)—Technical School. 3, 6 30 [See ad  
 a SHAW—Lyon-st. Lyc 10, 2; 3, 6 30, Mr Vosh  
 a STALYBRIDGE—Blandford-st. 3, 6 30, Mrs Lyons  
 a STOCKPORT—Lyceum Church, 24, Wellington-rd. South. Lyc 11, 2; 3, 6 30

### \* Midlands District Union (Birmingham Section).

- Hon. Sec.: C H COOKE, 75, Clipston-road, Salfley, Birmingham.  
 a BIRMINGHAM—11, 3, 6 30 at 258, Corporation-st.; 6 30 at Bristol-st. Council Schools  
 a Aston—Lozells Road Schools, nr Chain Walk. 6 30  
 Miss Rardall  
 a Ball Hall Heath—353, Moseley-rd. 11, 6 30  
 a Erdington—Fentham-rd. Council Schools. 6 30  
 a Forward Society—58, Villa-rd., Handsworth. Lyc 3; 11, 6 30  
 a Handsworth—John-st., Villa Cross. (RM) 11, 6 30  
 a Salfley—7, Alum Rock-rd. Lyc 10 30; 6 30  
 a Small Heath—Co-op. Hall. Lyc 3; 6 30  
 a Smethwick—106, High-st. Lyc 2 30; 11, 6 30  
 a COVENTRY—New Hall, Bull-st., off Hertford-st. Lyc 3; 6 30  
 a Foleshill—New Hall, Broad-st. Lyc 10 45; 3, 6 30  
 a DARLSTON & WHEDDERBURY—Dorset-rd. Council Schools, Darlston. 6 30  
 a LEAMINGTON—Clemens-st. 3, 6 30  
 a NETHERTON—Spiritualist Church, Victoria-st. 6 30  
 a NORTHAMPTON—11, Brunswick Place, Kettering-rd. 3, 6 30  
 a RUSHDEN (Northants)—34, Moor-rd. 3, 6 30  
 a WALSALL—Masonic Hall, High-st. Lyc 2 30; 11, 6 30  
 Mr Tozer  
 a Walsingham—6 30  
 a Warrington—Oddfellows' Hall, Castle-st. Wed. 7 30  
 a WOLVERHAMPTON—73, Temple-st. 3, 15, 6 30  
 a Midland Chambers—Princess-st. Lyc 2 15; 3, 6 30

### \* North-East Lancashire District Union.

- Hon. Sec.: A. SMITH, 115, Walter-st., Blackburn.  
 a ACCRINGTON—26, China-st. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 15  
 a Reclabites Hall—Abbey-st. 10 15; 2 45, 6 15  
 a BLACKBURN—St. Peter-st. (RM) Lyc 9 30, 1 45; 3, 6 30, Mrs Crowther  
 a Northgate—80, Regent-st. 3, 6 30  
 a BLACKPOOL—Albert-rd. (RM) Lyc 9 30; 3, 6 30  
 a BRIGHTFIELD—Commercial-st. Lyc 10; 3, 6 30  
 a BURNLEY—North-st. (RM) Lyc 9 30; 3, 6  
 a CLITHEROE—Old Weavers' Institute. 2 45, 6  
 a COLNE—Cloth Hall. Lyc 10; 2 30, 6  
 a DARWEN—Church Bank-st. (RM) Lyc 9 30, 1 45; 3, 6 30  
 a EBBW—Back Greenend Avenue. Lyc 10, 1 45; 3, 6  
 a FLEETWOOD—Old Beibel Hall, Kemp-st. Lyc 2 30; 6 30  
 a Gt. Harwood—Off Westwell-st. Lyc 10, 1 45, 6 15  
 a NELSON—Vernon-st., Railway-st. (RM) Lyc 10; 2 30, 6  
 a Mrs Haythornthwaite  
 a PADHAM—Ligthenhill-st. Lyc 10, 1 30; 2 45, 6  
 a PRESTON—Clark's Yard. (RM) Lyc 10; 3, 6 30  
 Lyceum Day  
 a RISHTON—Eachill-rd. Lyc 10 30; 2 45, 6

### \* Northern Counties Union.

- Hon. Sec.: A. H. PAIR, 51, Grainger-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
 a ANNFIELD PLAIN—Oddfellows' Hall. 6  
 a ASHINGTON—Spiritualist Temple. (RM) Lyc 2 30; 6  
 Services temporarily suspended  
 a BEDLINGTON—Y.M.C.A. Hall. 6, Mrs Gardiner  
 a CHESTER-LE-STRÉE—Conservative Hall, Front-st. 6  
 Mr West  
 a CULLERCOATS—Beckett Hall. Lyc 2 30; 6 30  
 a DARLINGTON—Westwick Buildings, Northgate. Lyc 10 30; 6, Mr Nearle  
 a Bongate—6 15, Mrs Glen  
 a BUNTON-ON-TYNE—Ellison-rd. Lyc 2 30; 6 30  
 Miss Horley  
 a GATESHEAD Rectory Hall, St. Cuthbert's Place, Bensham. (RM) Lyc 2 30; 10 30, 6 30, Mrs Moon  
 a Sunnyside Society—6 30  
 a HETTON-LE-HOLE—Oddfellows' Hall. 6, Lyceum  
 a HIRST—Store Hall. Lyc 2 30; 6  
 a JARROW—Co-Op. Hall. Lyc 2; 6 30, Mr Gray  
 a MIDDLEBROUGH—57, Grange-rd. West. Lyc 2 30; 10 45, 6 30  
 a NEWBURN—Band Room, Winning. 6 30, Mr Ellis  
 a NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—20, Royal Arcade. Pilgrim-st. 6 30, Mrs Stone  
 a Benwell—Co-Op. Hall, New Benwell. Lyc 2 30; 6  
 a Heaton and Byker—2, Potts-st., top of Shields-rd. Lyc 2 30; 6 30, Mr Bogue  
 a a Temperance Inst.—Rutherford-st. Lyc 2 30; 6 30  
 a NEW SHILTON—Hydesville House, Shilton-road. (RM) Lyc 2 30; 6, Services temporarily susp'd  
 a Newland Avenue—(RM) Lyc 2 15  
 a NEW DELAVAL—Infants' School. 6, Mrs Dance  
 a NORTH SHIELDS—Rippon Hall, 42, Stanley-st. West (RM) Lyc 2 30; 6 30, Mr Atkinson  
 a SEATON DELAVAL—Miners' Hall. 5 45, T Slesner  
 a SOUTH SHIELDS—Fowler-st. Lyc 2 30; 6 30, Mr Robinson-st.—Lyc 2 30; 6 30  
 Galley

- \* South Eldon-st.—Lyc 2 30; 6 30, Mr Russell  
 \* STANLEY—Victoria Club Hall. 6, Mr Bell  
 \* ST. HELENS—Miners' Hall, West Auckland. 6 30  
 \* SUNDERLAND—Good Templars' Hall, Calvert-st. Monkwearmouth. 6 30, W D Todd  
 a Descent Spiritual Evidence—6 30  
 a Victoria Society—Co-op. Hall, Hilton-rd. 6 30  
 Mrs Wilson

- \* STOCKPORT-ON-TEES—Brunswick-st. Lyc 1 30; 2 45, 6 30, Mr Wilson  
 a THROCKLEY—6 30  
 \* WALLSEND—Co-Op. Hall, (1) Carville-st. 11, 6 30  
 Mr Bain  
 a WEST HARTLEPOOL—Halladean Hall, Musgrove-st. Lyc 10 30; 2 45, 6  
 WEST PELTON—Iron Schoolroom. 6 30, Mrs Skelton  
 WEST STANLEY—Front-st. Council School. 6  
 WHITLEY BAY—6 30, Mr Robinson  
 WITTON PARK—6, Mrs Swallow

### \* North Lancashire and West Cumberland District Union.

- Hon. Sec.: C. WALLACE, 101, Marsh-st., Barrow.  
 a BARROW-IN-FURNESS—Psychological Hall, Dalkeith-st. Lyc 10, 2; 3, 6 30  
 a DALTON—Beech Hill, Market-st. 6 15  
 a MILLOM—No information. 6  
 a ULVERSTON—Burlington-st. Mission Rooms. Lyc 10 30, 1 30; 3, 6 30

### \* North Midlands District Union.

- Hon. Sec.: E. COWELL, 106, Statton-rd., Birmingham, Chatterfield.  
 a BRILFER—Jubilee Hall. (RM) Lyc 10 30; 2, 6 30  
 Mrs Gilbert  
 a BURTON-ON-TRENT—Horningslow Wharf. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30  
 a Star of Progress—12, Horningslow-st. 3, 6  
 a New Street—Lyc 10; 2 45, 6 30  
 a CHESTERFIELD—Assembly Rooms. Lyc 10 30, 2 15; 3, 6 30  
 a Alliance—Templers' Hall, Shipley Yd. 2 30, 6 30  
 a DERRY—2, Forester-st. 2 30, 6 30  
 a GRANTHAM—Central Hall, Wharf-rd. (Room 4). 6 30  
 a HUCKNALL TORKARD—Wesleyan Chapel, Yd., Wainall-d. 3, 6 30  
 a ILKESBOTHAM—Gas Workers' Hall, St. Mary's-st. 3, 6 30  
 a LEICESTER—Lecture Hall, Constitutional Club, Rupert-st. Lyc 10 45; 3, 6 30, Miss Coddington  
 a Queen's Hall—Silver-st. Lyc 2 45; 11, 6 30, Mrs Greenwood  
 a MANSFIELD—Quaker-lane. Lyc 10 30; 2, 6 30  
 a LINCOLN—Coultham-st. Lyc 10 25; 3, 6 30  
 a NOTTINGHAM—Gladstone Hall, Lamaritine-st. Lyc 2 30; 10 45, 6 30  
 a Bayford—Beaconsfield-st., Hyson Green. Lyc 10 45; 2, 3, 6  
 a Boluwell—No. 1 room, Hazel-st. Hall, off Upper Main-st. 6 30  
 a Mechanics' Minor Hall—North Church-st. Lyc 2 45; 10 45, 6 30, Messrs Hewes & Bellamy  
 a a Progressive—Clumber Buildings. Lyc 10 45; 3, 6 30  
 a SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD—Twitwell Lyc 10 30, 2; 3, 6  
 a SWADLINCOTE—Woodhouse-rd. Junc. 3, 6

### \* Southern Counties Union.

- Hon. Sec.: J. G. MACFARLANE, "Allendale, St. Piran's Avenue, Copnor, Portsmouth.  
 a BOURNEMOUTH—Wilberforce Hall. 11 15, 7  
 a BRIGHTON—Athenaeum Hall, North-st. Lyc 3; 11 15, 7 [See advt.]  
 a BRISTOL—Dighton Hall, Dighton-st. Lyc 3; 6 30  
 a St. Paul's—21, Bishop-st. 11, 6 30  
 a CROYDON—Harewood Hall, 96, High-st. 11, 6 30  
 a EXETER—Market Hall, Fore-st. 3, 6 30  
 a FAIRFAX—Public Hall. 6 30  
 a PLYMOUTH—Morley-st. 6 30  
 a PORTSMOUTH—Progressive—311, Somers-road, Southsea. 11, 6 30  
 a Temple—73, Victoria-rd. South. Lyc 3; 11, 6 30  
 Mr Mundy  
 a READING—Blagrove-st. Lyc 2 30; 11 15, 6 45  
 a SOUTHAMPTON—Cavendish Grove. (RM) Lyc 2 30, 11, 6 30  
 a St. Andrew's Hall—St. Mary's-rd. 11, 6 30  
 a WINCHESTER—Hyde Abbey-rd., North Walls. Lyc 10 15; 3, 6 30

### \* South-West Lancashire and Cheshire District Union.

- Hon. Sec.: F. E. CREWSDON, 200, Dornington-st. Wigan.  
 a BIRKENHEAD—46, Bridge-st. Lyc 11; 3, 6 30  
 a CHESTER—Commonhall-st. (RM) Lyc 10 30; 2 30, 6 30  
 a CHORLEY—Union-st. 6 30  
 a Colley-st.—3, 6 15  
 a EARLESTOWN—Leigh-st. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30  
 a HINDLEY—Bridge-st. 3, 6 30  
 a LIVERPOOL—Daulby Hall, Daulby-st. Lyc 10 30, 3, 6 30, Mr Keeling  
 a Romer-rd.—Lyc 9 30; 3, 6 30  
 a South Liverpool—53, Windsor-st. 3, 6 45  
 a PEMBERTON (nr. Wigan)—Old Salvation Army Barracks (car term.) Lyc 2; 3, 6 30  
 a PLATT BRIDGE (nr. Wigan)—Co-Op. Hall. 3, 6 30  
 a RUNCORN—Ashridge-st. Lyc 11; 3, 6 30, Mrs Foster  
 a SOUTHPORT—Foresters' Hall, Wright-st. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30, Mr Grimshaw  
 a St. HELENS—47, Brook-st. Lyc 10 30; 3, 6 30  
 a Progressive—Kirkland-st. 3, 6 30  
 a SUTTON—Ellansbridge-rd. 3, 6 30  
 a WARRINGTON—Druids' Hall, Sankey-st. Lyc 1 45, 3 15, 6 30  
 a WIGAN—Miners' Hall. Lyc 10; 1 45; 3, 6 30

All Alterations, Additions, and Corrections for the Guide must reach us not later than SATURDAY MORNING for attention in the next week's paper.

IMPORTANT.—When sending the names of Speakers for insertion, always state whether Society is attached to the National Union only or a County Union or Council, or if it is an Unattached Society. Unless these particulars are afforded, insertion cannot be guaranteed.



Continuation of **Platform Guide****\*YORKSHIRE SPIRITUALIST COUNTY COUNCIL.**

Sec.: H. CLAUGHTON, 24, St. Paul's-rd., Shipley.

**\*Dewsbury, Bradford & Kelghley District Committee.**

Hon. Sec.: F. LING, 5, Titchborne-rd., West Bowling, Bradford

- \*BATLEY-2, Station-rd. Lyc 10, 145; 3, 6  
 \*aBATLEY CARR-Carr-st. (RM) Lyc 10, 2; 6, Mr Gawthrop  
 BIRSTALL-Railway Ter. 245, 6, Service of Song  
 \*aBRADFORD-Oiley-rd.-Lyc 10, 30; 3, 6, 30, Mr Clarke  
 Bowling-Harker-st., Wakefield-rd. Lyc 10, 30, 145; 3, 6, 30, Mrs Hirst  
 Ripley-st., Manchester-rd.-Lyc 10, 30, 145; 3, 6, 30 Mrs Hodgson  
 \*CLACKHATON-Old Robin Rooms, Westgate. Lyc 10, 30, 2; 3, 6  
 \*DEWSBURY-Bond-st. Lyc 10, 145; 3, 6, Mrs Fleming  
 HUCKLENDWIRE-Tower-st. Lyc 2; 3, 6, D C Conf  
 LIVERSEDGE-Well-st. Lyc 2; 3, 6  
 \*MORLEY-Cross Church-st. Lyc 145; 3, 6, Mrs Fletcher  
 \*Queen-st.-3, 6  
 aOSSBTT-Lyc 10, 145; 2, 30, 6  
 SALTAIRE-Victoria Hall, Victoria-rd. (ent'ce Lockwood-st.) Lyc 10, 30, 145; 3, 6, 30, Service of Song  
 SKIPTON-Temperance Hall. 2, 30, 6, Mrs Verity  
 WINDHILL-School Hill. Lyc 10, 30, 1, 30; 3, 6, 30 Mrs Schofield  
 YEADON-Town Hall. 245, 6, Mr Schofield

**\*Huddersfield & Halifax District Com'ttee**

Hon. Sec.: BEN TAYLOR, 107, Moorend-rd., Lockwood, Huddersfield.

- \*BRIGHOUSE-Commercial-st. (RM) Lyc 10, 2; 3, 6  
 \*aMartin-st.-RM Lyc 10, 2; 3, 6, Mr Harrison  
 ELLAND-James-st. Lyc 10, 145; 3, 6, Mrs Ackroyd  
 \*aHALIFAX-Raven-st., Queen's-rd. (RM) Lyc 10, 1, 30; 245, 6, Mrs Stair  
 \*aSt. Paul's-Alma-st. (RM) Lyc 10, 30, 1, 30; 245, 6  
 \*HEBDEN BRIDGE-Hope Chambers, Hope-st. Lyc 10, 30, 145; 3, 6, 30, Mrs Howarth  
 \*HUDDERSFIELD-Quarumby. Lyc 10, 30, 2; 3, 6 Mrs Dixon  
 \*Ramsden-st.-RM Lyc 10, 30, 3, 6, 30, Liberty Group  
 St. Peter's-st.-Lyc 10, 30, 2; 3, 6, 30  
 \*MARSDEN-Lyc 10, 30, 2; 3, 6, Mrs Knight  
 \*aSLAITHWAITE-Laid-lane. Lyc 10, 15, 145; 2, 30, 6  
 \*aSOVERBY BRIDGE-Hollins-lane. (RM) Lyc 945; 2, 6 Choir Service  
 WEST VALE-Green-lane, nr. Tram terminus. 3, 6 Mrs Clayton

**Leeds District Committee.**

Hon. Sec.: A. E. BERTY, 17, Thomas-st., Shipley.

- \*CASTLEFORD-Lower Oxford-st. Lyc 10, 15; 3, 6  
 \*HEMSWORTH-South Moor-rd. Lyc 10, 2; 3, 6, Miss Cooke  
 \*aLEEDS-The National Spiritualist Church, 67, Cookridge-st., next door to the Coliseum. (RM) Lyc 215; 6, 30  
 \*Easy-rd.-Lyc 2; 6, 30, Open Session  
 \*aRusley-Thacker-lane. (RM) Lyc 10, 2; 3, 15, 6, 30 Mr Smithson  
 \*NORMANTON-Assembly-st. Lyc 10, 30; 3, 6, 30, Mr Wright  
 \*Queen-st.-Lyc 10, 30; 245, 6, Mr Beety  
 aSOUTH ELMSALL-Moorthorpe-Lyc 10, 2; 3, 6, 30  
 SOUTH KIRBY-6, 30  
 \*aWAKEFIELD-Over Public Benefit Boot Co., Kirk-gate. Lyc 145; 245, 6, 30, Mrs Harvey  
 \*aYORK-St. Saviourgate. Lyc 10, 15; 245, 6, 30  
 High Onsgate-Lyc 10, 30; 3, 6, 30

**Sheffield District Committee.**

Hon. Sec.: J. DUNN, 51, Shirland-lane, Attercliffe.

- \*aBARNESLEY-11, George-yd. Lyc 2; 6, 30  
 \*aDONCASTER-83, Spring Gardens. 3, 6, Mrs Porter  
 aWood-st.-3, 6  
 GOLDTHORPE-2, Main-st. 3, 6, Mrs Wadman  
 \*MEXBOROUGH-Lees Arcade. Lyc 10, 2; 3, 6  
 \*aPARKGATE-Ashwood-rd. Lyc 10; 2, 30, 6, Miss Fitzpatrick  
 \*aROTHERHAM-Percy-st., near Drill Hall. Lyc 10, 1, 30; 11, 3, 6, 30  
 SCUNTHORPE-6, 30  
 \*aSHEFFIELD-Centre, Middle Class Schools, Paradise Sq. Lyc 2, 30; 11, 6, 30, Mr Maon

- \*aAttercliffe-Bradford-st. (RM) Lyc 10, 2; 3, 15, 6, 30 Mr Inman  
 \*aHeeley-Temp'ce Hall, Bramhall-in. Lyc 10, 2, 30; 6, 30  
 aWOMBWELL-Melville-st. Lyc 2; 6, 30

**\*Scottish Spiritualists' Alliance.**

Hon. Sec.: A. CAMPBELL, 23, Roslea Drive, Dennistown, Glasgow.

- ABERDEEN-Trades Hall, Belmont-st. 11, 6, 30  
 Spiritualists' Union-17, St. Nicholas-st. 11, 30, 6, 30  
 DUMFERMLINE-Lyc 2, 30; 11, 30, 6, 30  
 aDUNDEE-Progress Hall, Murraygate. Lyc 1245; 11, 6, 30  
 Cutlers Hall-Murraygate. Lyc 1245; 11, 6, 30  
 \*aForesters Hall-Rattray-st. Lyc 1245; 11, 6, 30  
 \*aEDINBURGH-Albyn Rooms, 77, Queen-st. Lyc 1; 11, 15, 6, 30  
 \*aGLASGOW-M'Leellan Galleries. Lyc 1, 30; 11, 30, 6, 30  
 Open Circle Also at Langside Halls at 6, 30  
 aScottish Mediums' Union-c/o Royal Institute, 237, West Campbell-st. Cir 11, 30; Lyc 4, 30; 6, 30

**\*South Wales Spiritualist Union.**

Hon. Sec.: J. E. RICHARDS, 20, Allenbank Crescent, Heath, Cardiff.

- ABERAVON & PORT TALBOT-9, Post Office, Bldgs. Aberavon. 3, 6, 30  
 ABERCYNON-Navigation School. 6, 30  
 Carmelton-Lyc 2, 30; 6, 30  
 \*aBERTILLERY-I.L.P. Rooms, Arcade. 6  
 \*aSix Bells-113, Somerset-st. 2, 30, 6  
 BARRY DOCK-Atlantic Hall. 6, 30  
 BRIDGEND-Lodge Room, Old Stone Bridge. 6, 30  
 \*aCAERAU-Progressive Thought Church, Hermon-rd. Lyc 2, 30; 11, 6  
 \*aCARDIFF-26, Castle-st. Lyc 245; 11, 6, 30  
 Central-16, Millicent-st. Lyc 215; 6, 30  
 Northcote-st.-6, 30  
 \*aDOWLAIS-Carnegie Library, Church-st. 6, 30  
 \*FERNDAL-Fountain-st. Healing 11, 15; Lyc 2, 30; 6  
 \*MARDY-66, Edward-st. 6  
 \*MERTHYR TYDFIL-Angel Bldgs., High-st. Lyc 2, 30; 11, 6  
 \*aProgressive Temple-Tramroad Side Nth. (RM) Lyc 2, 30; 6  
 \*MOUNTAIN ASH-Miskin Schools. 545  
 NANTYMOEL-50, Oakfield-st. 6  
 NEWPORT (Mon.)-Mission Hall, Harry-st. 6, 30  
 Central-33, Commercial-st. 6, 30  
 PENRHYNWICER-Girls' School 6  
 \*PENYGRAIG-Dinas-rd. 6, 30  
 \*PONTYPRIDD-River-st. Lyc 2, 30; 6, 30  
 \*aSpiritual Evidence Society-Market Sq. Chambers, Church-st. 6  
 PORTH-Aberhondda-rd. 6  
 \*TREDEGAR-Temp. Hall, Morgan-st. Lyc 3; 6 Mr & Mrs Halestrap  
 \*TREFOREST-Spiritual Mission Church. Lyc 2, 30; 6, 30  
 \*TREHERBERT-57, Gwendoline-st. Lyc 2, 30; 5, 30  
 YSTALYFERA-51, Ynisdarren-rd. 6  
 \*YSTRAD-Ystrad-rd. Lyc 11; 6, 30  
 YSTRADGVNLAIS-Workman's Hall. 6

**\*Union of London Spiritualists.**

Hon. Sec.: MRS. E. M. ENSOR, 3, Beechcroft-avenue, Southall, Middlesex.

- \*aBrixton-Stockwell Park-rd., Brixton-rd. Lyc 3; 7 [See advt.]  
 \*aCamdenwell-The People's Church, Windsor-road, Denmark Hill. 11, 6, 30 [See advt.]  
 \*aClapham-Adjoining Reform Club, St. Luke's-rd., High-st. Lyc 3; 11, 7 [See advt.]  
 Ealing-Clark's College Gymnasium, 58, Uxbridge-rd., Broadway, Ealing 7  
 \*aE.L.S.A.-Stratford Centre, Earham Hall, Earham Grove, Forest Gate, E. 7 [See advt.]  
 \*aFulham-12, Lettice-st., Munster-rd. Lyc 3; 11, 15, 7  
 \*aHackney-240a, Amhurst-rd. 7, Miss E Conroy  
 \*aKingston-on-Thames-Bishops' Hall, Thames-st. Lyc 11, 3; 6, 30  
 \*aLewisham-The Priory, 410, High-st. 6, 30, Rev Susanna Harris  
 \*aLittle Ilford-Christian Spirituals, corner of Third Avenue, Church-rd., Manor Park. Lyc 3; 6, 30  
 \*aManor Park-Shrewsbury-rd., corner of Stone-rd. Lyc 3; 6, 30, Miss Violet Burton  
 \*aN.L.S.A.-Grovevale Hall, Highgate, N. Lyc 3; 11, 7 [See advt.]  
 aPlaistow-2 Braemar-rd., Barking-rd. Lyc 3; 6, 30 [See advt.]

- Richmond-Howitt Rooms. 7 [See advt.]  
 \*aS.L.S.M.-Lausanne Hall, Peckham. Lyc 3; 11, 30, 7 [See advt. on front page]  
 aSouthend-Crowstone Gym., North View Drive. 6, 30  
 aTottenham-The Chestnuts, 684, High-rd. Lyc 3; 7  
 Rev Susanna Harris  
 Walthamstow-342, Hoe-st. 7  
 \*aWoolwich & Plumstead-Perseverance Hall, Villas rd., Plumstead. Lyc 3; 7 [See advt.]

**UNATTACHED SOCIETIES.**

- BARNOLDSWICK-Lyc 10; 2, 30, 6  
 BARROW IN-FURNESS-Orange Hall, Ramsden-st. 3, 6, 15  
 BIRMINGHAM-King's Heath and Moseley, Tindal Schools. 11, 6, 30  
 BURNLEY-Richard-st. Lyc 10; 3, 6, 30  
 CARLISLE-16, West Walls. 2, 30, 6, 30  
 CHESTER-LE-STREET-Middle Chase. 6, 30  
 CLAYTON-LE-MOORS-2, 30  
 CREWE-Camm-st. 2, 30, 6, 30  
 DAUBHILL (Bolton)-Spiritual Hall, Swan-lane. 3, 6, 30  
 DONCASTER-Bentley, Council Schools. 3, 6  
 GLASGOW-Lauriston Asso., 45, Eglinton-st. 12, 6, 30  
 aSouthern Asso.-Gordon Halls, 316, Paisley-rd., S.S. 11, 30, 7  
 aGRIMSBY-Central Hall, Strand-st. Lyc 10, 30; 3, 6, 30  
 HARROW & WHALDSTONE-Co-Op. Hall, Masons Avenue, Wealdstone. 6, 30  
 aHOLLINWOOD-Byrom-st. Lyc 10, 15; 3, 6, 30  
 \*HULL-Foresters' Hall-Charlotte-st. 6, 30  
 ROCHDALE-Small Assembly Rooms, Pioneers' Hall, Toad-lane. 3, 6  
 KETTERING-Temperance Hall, Gold-st. 3, 6, 30  
 aLEIGH-Market Buildings. Lyc 10, 30; 3, 6, 30  
 LINCOLN-Spiritual Alliance, Oddfellows' Hall, Broadgate. 11, 3, 6, 30  
 LIVERPOOL-Star of Hope, 75, Cockerill-st., Walton. 11, 245, 6, 30  
 aLONDON-Brixton-Kosmon Church, Wiltshire-rd. 7  
 aGoodmayes-opposite G.E.R. Station. 7  
 London Spiritual Mission-13, Pembridge Place Bayswater, W. (RM) [See advt. on front page]  
 aMarylebone Spiritualist Assn.-Steinway Hall, Lt. Seymour-st., W. [See advt. on front page]  
 aStratford-Idmiston-rd., Forest-lane. Lyc 3; 6, 30, [See advt.]  
 aWimbledon-Through passage between 4 and Broadway. 6, 30 [See advt. on front page]  
 aLOUGHBOROUGH-75, Buder-st. 3, 6, 30  
 MANCHESTER-Newton Heath-Manor Hall, Allen-street. Lyc 215; 6, 30  
 MOSSLEY-Apsley House, Abney-rd. Lyc 10, 30, 145; 3, 6, 30  
 NOTTINGHAM-Bentnick-rd. Board Schools, Radford. Lyc 10, 30; 3, 6, 30  
 OLDHAM-Bleasby-st. Lyc 10, 30; 3, 6, 30  
 aChadderton-Lyc 10; 2, 6, 30  
 aCrompton-Cowlishaw Fold. 3, 6, 30  
 Mumps-Coronation-st. Lyc 10, 30; 3, 6, 30  
 PRESTON-10, Lawson-st. Lyc 10, 30; 3, 6, 30  
 ROYTON-Spring Gardens-st. Lyc 2; 3, 6, 30, Mrs Wild  
 SADDLEWORTH-Court-st., Uppermill. 3, 6, 30  
 SCARBOROUGH-Literary Institute, Vernon Pl. 3, 6, 30  
 SHACOMBE & EGREMENT-Victoria Assembly Rooms. 3, 6, 30  
 SHEFFIELD-Stanforth-rd., Darnall. Lyc 10, 2; 3, 6, 30  
 aSOUTHPORT-Hawkshead Hall. 3, 6, 30  
 TORQUAY-Ellacombe Hall, Princes rd. 6, 30  
 aWALLASEY-128, King-st., Egremont. 11, 3, 6, 30  
 aWEST BROMWICH-Labour Church, West High-st. 11, 745  
 WHITWORTH-Market-st. 2, 30, 6  
 WIGAN-84, Millgate. 3, 6, 30  
 WISBECH-Lecture Room, Public Hall 6, 0

**OVERSEA SOCIETIES**

- \*AUSTRALIA-Victoria Spiritualist Council  
 SOUTH AFRICA-Johannesburg [Incorporated]. 7, 30  
 Secretary's address, Box 4  
 \*CALGARY-First Spiritualist Society, 235, Eighth Avenue East, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.  
 HAMILTON (Ont., Canada)-Psychic Church of Truth and Light, Main-st. East, ground floor I O F Building. Lyc 2, 30; 7, Thurs. 8  
 TORONTO-Spiritual Society, 847, Dovercourt-rd. Occidental Hall-corner of Queen-st. & Bathurst-st. 3, 7, 30  
 \*WINNIPEG-First Spiritual Church, 371, Polson Av. Lyc 3; 7  
 Spiritual Research Church [Inc.]-Lipton-st.

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# The Two Worlds

An Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Present Century.

No. 1,675—Vol. XXXII.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1919

PRICE TWOPENCE

## Original Poetry.

### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THERE is a light that breaketh  
Through these dark mists of time,  
A star of matchless splendour,  
Ineffably sublime.  
There is a light that waketh  
When earthly lights are fled.  
There is a joy forever  
When earthly joys are dead.

There is a light that breaketh  
Upon the darkest night,  
A star of holy beauty,  
Of pure unsullied light.  
Earth's lowliest son may claim it,  
This priceless, matchless gem,  
It shines alike for rich and poor,  
Fair Star of Bethlehem.

There is a light that breaketh  
From royal baby-eyes;  
From Calvary brightness streameth,  
A suffering Saviour dies.  
I see a King enthroned,  
And from his diadem  
A tender radiance falleth,  
Bright Star of Bethlehem. E. P. PRENTICE.

## Mediumship.

### A. V. Peters.

A GREAT deal has been written about mediumship by people who have only been able to study it from outside, but with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wallis, hardly anyone within the ranks has attempted to express any thoughts upon this most difficult, intricate and really fascinating subject. What is mediumship, and under what heading can we class this elusive faculty? have been the questions which have puzzled students of psychic phenomena for the last sixty years. After a close analysis of my own medial powers and those of my brother and sister mediums, I am convinced that mediumship is an extension of the so-called artistic faculty—the faculty with which the musician is able to interpret the mystery of sound; the artist to express in colour the beauties of nature and of the human face and form, and the actor to illustrate the varying aspects of human life as depicted by the dramatist. The medium strikes a higher octave, for whereas the artist cultivates the power of his particular art as contradistinguished from other arts, the medium reaches out to a sphere beyond that of the earth and the emotions that we are familiar with, and by reason of his supersensitiveness is able to interpret those things which belong to the realm which we know as supernatural, and, what is more important, is helped by and works in co-operation with the inhabitants of that realm.

Mediumship is a faculty that is at once normal and abnormal. This seems a contradiction, but as the whole of life is more or less coloured by our point of view, mediumship must be regarded as normal, and only as abnormal if we consider the artist an eccentric. The faculty of mediumship is latent in seven out of every ten persons. It is active in children until it is smothered by contact with the outer

world. We are all acquainted with the feminine method of asserting knowledge without being able to explain how this knowledge has been acquired. But this gift of instinctive knowledge is only a small and not very well understood part of mediumship. Now, mediumship stands apart from all the other faculties with which we are familiar, inasmuch as it depends not alone upon the medium, but upon powers claiming to be spirits of men and women who have left the flesh and who claim to originate the phenomena familiar to us. A certain scientific school of experimenters talks airily of a controlling spirit as merely a personality to be honoured and indulged so that the desired results may be obtained. This is not just either to the medium or to the controlling spirit, and my purpose in writing is to ask for just treatment of mediums, that they may be treated with fairness, neither as plaster saints, nor as hysterics and epileptics with no human feeling, and no need of the common courtesies of daily life.

And now it may be of interest if I give some of my experiences on the inner side. I was always a curious child, and saw and knew a great deal more than what came through the ordinary sense channels. I used to be visited by remarkable dreams, some of which have been recorded in various papers. I was twenty-six before I took part in a seance, although in my home several curious and abnormal things had happened, such as the movement of objects without contact. This first seance I attended was held at the house of my sister-in-law, Mrs. George Peters, and the conductor was one of the old members of the London Spiritualist Alliance. I was an utter novice, knowing nothing of Spiritualism. We sat with our hands on the table—an ordinary old-fashioned round table—and obtained raps and knocks, and the usual answers to questions by means of the alphabet. At length I felt a curious drowsiness creeping over me, and a sensation as if I were looking from the ceiling down on the other sitters. Presently I was aware of being thrown over the back of my chair, my feet being still on the ground, and my hands being held by the sitters on each side, while a voice—not mine—was proceeding from my mouth calling my sister-in-law by a pet name, that I found afterwards my brother had used in earth life, but which I had never heard. Then the voice of my mother purported to speak, after which I regained the power of normal control of my body. All the time I was not entirely unconscious, and knew that it was not myself that was speaking.

I have stated that I was always a strange child, and long before being introduced to Spiritualism knew somehow what it was, to be clairvoyant and clairaudient; but during the second seance at which I sat at Richmond, I was conscious that I saw the spirits of the so-called dead, much to the amusement of the two young daughters of my host. We were sitting round a table in a thoroughly darkened room. I became very excited and began to move my chair about the room, for the room was full of light to me and I saw that we were not the only people there. As far as I can remember no tests were obtained at that sitting, but I knew that I had seen clairvoyantly. It was then I started on a career which has continued ever since.

My curiosity has been aroused. I knew I had not imagined these experiences, nor had I deceived my friend or myself. I commenced to sit at home, and obtained automatic writing and drawings; but as I could get no satisfactory tests beyond what I gained in my normal studies, I grew dissatisfied and sought out a circle in London where I could come into touch with someone who knew more of the subject than I did. Such a circle was being held at a house in Kingsgate-street, Holborn. It has since disappeared with the improvement of that part of London. The hostess was a lady who, as I learned afterwards, had

herself no power of mediumship, but to whom I owe a debt of gratitude, for when she discovered that I was a medium she left the sittings in my hands. So utterly ignorant was I of mediumship that I thought every Spiritualist saw and heard spirits. Strangers soon came and I managed to get tests for them, sometimes by clairvoyance and sometimes by spirit-guidance. My work came to me; I can hardly say that I sought it. Before many months were over I was sought for by Spiritualists all over London.

The question is often asked, What is the meaning of control, and how is it induced or brought about? Some people tell us that it is a self-induced hypnotic state and that the alleged control is simply the secondary personality of the medium, or, at the lowest, that we are just acting and deceiving the sitters. Now, to understand the process of control by discarnate beings we must in some measure understand the mesmeric or magnetic control that is produced by a hypnotist in the flesh. We mediums are magnetised by spirit beings, and, as I have seen the process many times, I will try to describe it. The spirit operator commences to make passes down the medium's face and then from the crown of the head down the spine. At first the passes are made slowly, afterwards very quickly, till full control is obtained over the medium, when a hand is gently laid on his head. The sensations during the slow process are very pleasant; a feeling of languor is induced which is very soothing. The eyes close; the hands and feet become insensible; sounds and voices gradually recede as the control becomes stronger, until the medium is in the magnetic state. The spirit then approaches and stands in the "aura," that subtle emanation of which we have heard so much lately, and from that position is able to manipulate the medium's brain and afterwards the whole body. The condition of control or sleep varies; sometimes it is so deep that the normal consciousness is quite absent, sometimes it is as if a voice is speaking in some far-away place which has nothing to do with the medium, and leaves no impression on his memory. Clairvoyant descriptions given during a seance are not retained in the normal state, though it is hard for the outsider to believe that some of the descriptions the medium has given a few minutes before have entirely faded from his mind.

I have endeavoured to consider the question from the standpoint of an observer as well as a medium, and I am convinced of the agency of another personality apart from the medium. I have seen my own controls materialise with Mrs. Corner, Mr. Husk, and Mr. Williams, and one of them has spoken to me in a seance with Mrs. Everitt. But how much of the information we receive is derived from the outside spirit intelligence and how much from the medium must be left to the judgment of the sitter. I once had a curious illustration of the control process. I had been absent from England for some time and on returning went to visit a lady medium, a stranger to me. Her control described my mother and other relations, but failed to perceive that I was a medium. I had not long before started a certain course of occult training which involved great strictness of diet. The controlling spirit described all this and then stated that my own guide, of whom she gave a very good description, had said that I was to stop this and eat flesh meat and take a glass of stout occasionally. I at once told the control not to talk nonsense and not to give opinions that were beyond her. I found out afterwards that the medium was very fond of advising a glass of stout. Now, undoubtedly the information, in coming through the medium's brain, had become distorted by her own ideas.

One curious and yet withal quite natural thing happens after years of control by the close association with a certain spirit, namely, that the medium's personality becomes in some way tinged by the spirit's likes and dislikes. I know this from personal experience, though not in any way to my detriment, but far otherwise.

A very important question concerning control is that of the conditions by which mediums can best assist spirit people. At the commencement of my work I was told by the spirit people that I was not yet attuned to them and that my brain was too full of poetry and romance. I was recommended to read Carlyle and other writers. I did so with reluctance. I then had to have lessons in voice training and learn how to use my naturally weak voice without straining it. I was told that the better I was in health and the better my men-

talities were, the better instrument I should become. The idea of some of our critics is that somehow a medium must be a neurotic, negative kind of creature, but I assert that if a medium leads a normal life, taking a healthy interest in all that goes on around him, he will probably be not only a better medium but more alert than the non-medium. When I first encountered Spiritualism I was a delicate, sickly man, always ill, but now I am robust and healthy. Many think that mediums are only mediums, and that they are incapable of any originality of thought or action; indeed, I have been seriously assured that I should slowly go mad. But let those who entertain such ideas look around and they will find that the evidence points in precisely the contrary direction. No more sane, level-headed, all-round capable men and women can be found anywhere than in the ranks of our best known mediums and spiritual speakers and writers. Here and there among us, it is true, there are those who, instead of living ordinary, healthy lives, shut themselves out from society, and whose minds consequently run to seed, but does not this happen in other professions also?

How can mediumistic capacity be improved? This is a question which I have often been asked. In reply I would emphasise three essentials. First, right diet. I have come to the conclusion that a non-flesh diet, eliminating tobacco and all alcohol, is necessary to obtain the best results. Secondly, exercise. The body needs a certain amount of exercise in the fresh air daily. Thirdly, rest; rest of body and mind. Alas! that is the hardest thing for a medium to obtain, and this often from lack of a little consideration and thoughtfulness on the part of those who benefit by his services. Personally, I have known what it is to visit a large meeting where I have had an enthusiastic audience, to not one member of which, however, has it afterwards occurred that I was tired and exhausted after my work; yet I suppose that if I had spoken of being in any need of hospitality or had given way to the temptation of drink, I should have been condemned by those who had been loudest in my praise.

The life of a medium is a hard one, but if I had the choice again given me I would choose the gift I have for the joy it has brought to hundreds of sorrowing hearts. I know that by its means I have saved many from despair and even madness and suicide. The close, beautiful companionship of the spirit-friends no money could purchase, while the great love and kindness I have received from friends all over the world is more than I can express. No, I would not be without my gift. I know that it is from God, and He is Love Eternal.

MR. JAS. LAWRENCE begs to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of £1 from "C. L." on behalf of the League of Defence funds.

DON'T forget to let everyone know that a permanent enlargement of THE TWO WORLDS will take place next month.

"PSYCHIC" DINNER.—Mrs. Champion de Crespigny presided recently at a "Psychic" dinner given at the Lyceum Club. Among those who attended were Susan Countess of Malmesbury, Lady Glenconner, Lady Muir Mackenzie, Dr. Mansfield Robinson, Count Chedo Mijatovitch, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt, the Rev. Reginald Crew, and Dr. Ellis Powell. The Chairman, in proposing "The Guests," expected that nearly everybody present had communicated with those on the other side. In her communications with the other side she had never received a message questioning the principles of Christianity, not as preached, but as in the Bible. She and a friend had been discussing a mutual acquaintance, not celebrated for her brains. She had said that this particular friend did not become queer in the head because she was a Spiritualist. "No," said her friend, "of course not. You mean she became a Spiritualist because she was queer in the head." That was the attitude they had had to meet for many years, but Mrs. de Crespigny thought it was modified nowadays. Count Chedo Mijatovitch responded for "The Guests"; Dr. Ellis Powell spoke on "Psychics and Science"; Lady Glenconner on "Symbolism"; Mr. Hewitt, K.C., on "Automatic Writing"; the Rev. Reginald Crew on "Some Psychic Experiences." and Dr. Robinson on "The Psychological Society."—MORNING POST.

## Stories : Serious and Humorous.

Horace Leaf.

It is only to be expected that the life of a public lecturer, in the habit of swinging from one end of the country to the other, should be enriched by many unusual and interesting experiences. This must apply more particularly to one spending his life in the interests of Modern Spiritualism. There, if anywhere, is to be found the charm, and sometimes the eeriness, naturally attributed to the unseen. The sublime and the ridiculous are almost sure to be mixed in, perhaps, fair proportions. The sublime is very frequent, the ridiculous often bids fair to surpass it in quantity, though not in quality.

The most humorous experiences, as well as the most serious and beautiful, are often difficult to effectively recount with the aid of the pen. The cold print lacks the warmth and human nature which necessarily gives these incidents point and meaning, for one must hear the spoken word or see the expression of those who may be concerned. Who can ever hope to convey with all its completeness the joy of the parent who has found her long lost child, or the transparent sincerity of the unconscious humorist, as he tells you with absolute conviction some outlandish "fact," which one would expect even a simple child would see through.

Overjoyed at the realisation that communication can be set up between this world and the next, the unsophisticated neophyte, inspired by nothing more than his own hope and conceit, often makes the still more astounding discovery that some unusually exalted spirit is interested in his humble self, and has, apparently, no other aim for the time being than to communicate "gems of truth" to this new medium. These "priceless pearls of wisdom," when read by the sceptical critic, turn out to be nothing more than may be expected from the one who so values and admires them. Time is here the great healer. As a more balanced view opens before the enthusiastic recipient of his own mental products, and the real beauty of the science, philosophy, and truth of Spiritualism opens before him, he gradually loses his swelled head, and falls into a more reasonable and allotted place.

I have had men and women tell me, in the most matter-of-fact manner, that some great historic character delights in nothing more than to influence and communicate with them from the Great Beyond. A correspondingly important work lies before them, rendering almost null and void the work of the great pioneers of the movement. That is about as far as they ever get. A hand-shake, a good-night, and one hears of them no more. They are passing through what may be termed the serio-comic period, wherein they are apt to do themselves no good and Spiritualism harm.

Let no one think that this curious condition is patent to Spiritualism. Would-be prophets, subject to nothing less than direct Divine inspiration, have crowded, and still crowd, the ranks of Christianity, and doubtless every other religion, great and small, that the world has seen. We smile, and pass them by.

A much more interesting and rare type is exemplified by an overgrown youth I once knew, who sought to become a medium. This lad was made in heroic mould. Immensely strong and big for his years, he did a man's work, hauling telephone cables through pipes in the streets of London, nine or ten hours each day, in all weathers, and once or twice a week hurried home to hastily wash himself and swallow a meal in size and substance suited to his own physique and appetite. Then would he clothe himself in his newest suit, and go to the seance chamber to sit for nearly two hours in semi-darkness, to await the manifestations of his spirit-friends. Truly he was an earnest and heroic lad!

But Nature is often too strong for even these desirable qualities; the inevitable consequence of rest and silence on a tired young body asserted itself, and soon he would pass into the profoundest sleep, or, as the other sitters in their kindness of heart preferred to call it, "trance." It differed from other trances in the depth and loudness of the snores he emitted. Notwithstanding, this young man frequently showed very good clairvoyant ability, evidence that even

with such raw material the spirit-people can often make considerable headway.

Our young friend coupled with his earnestness a good sense of humour, and often amused the sitters with his comical remarks. In this way he contributed not a little to the general psychic tone of the circle, for long experience has convinced me that a joyful and happy atmosphere is a great help to psychic phenomena.

Among the sitters was a lady who had with great patience sat regularly for about two years, and who in return had received hardly as much as a tremor. One evening she received what was, as far as I know, her first and only psychic experience. She declared she had unmistakably seen a solitary eye glaring at her out of the semi-darkness. In those days any remarkable event, smirking of the occult, was sufficient to set our hearts beating and our nerves tingling with excitement and curiosity. None of us could explain this strange event. What could it mean—one eye? Had there been two, we might have easily concluded that some spirit was endeavouring to make itself known, and had been able to do no better than manifest its glowing orbs. But one eye, and that a glaring though not offensive eye, was beyond our powers of comprehension!

The lady to whom the vision had been vouchsafed was naturally the most impressed of all the company, so that from a quiet, non-talkative person, she became the most garrulous of us all. The burden of her cry was "What could it mean? Whose eye was it?" With all our guessing and calculating, no light could be thrown upon the almost gruesome affair, until the young wag, now thoroughly awakened from his deep sleep, listening to the conversation in silence, at last ventured to offer a solution.

"Mrs. D——," said he, "do you know whose eye that was?"

"No," replied the eager lady. "Do you?"

"Yes, it was Nelson's other eye!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Strong Argument.

AS THE result of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's visit to Aberdeen, practically every pulpit was used to deal with the subject. Some few were the venue of thoughtful and dignified statements, even if they were particularly cautious. The local papers have been a "forum" ever since, and exaggerated statements have been as plentiful as flowers in Spring. We have seldom witnessed Scotsmen so full of anger and venom. One lady sends a letter which is worth reproducing—it is worth columns of invective, and reads as under:—

### SPIRITUALISM.

SIR,—I have read the letter of the Rev. T. D. Watt (Powis Church) regarding Sir A. C. Doyle's lecture. Why didn't he go to the lecture and see Sir A. C. Doyle's happy countenance, happy in his knowledge, while Mr. Watt seems to be miserable in his ignorance. Did he for one moment think what that great man came to Aberdeen for? If he didn't, I should like to tell him. It was to "comfort the bereaved." I myself lost a very dear member of my family, and, though I have been a member of a church for thirty years, I found myself, as it were, in a dark room, with not one ray of sunshine. But, thanks to Sir A. C. Doyle and men of such knowledge, I now commune every day of my life with my dear one at my own fireside, the result being I am now a very happy mother. I don't think Mr. Watt should try to take the only real comfort from the bereaved, and also try to take the feet from such able men as Sir A. C. Doyle.—Yours, etc.,  
A HAPPY MOTHER.

The moral is plain. Experience is the touchstone of value. Whilst Spiritualism brings this comfort to aching hearts, what are the denunciations of religious bigots worth? Spiritualists can build on the foundations of practical experience, and therefore academic arguments are futile.

IF YOU feel that the reading of this copy of THE TWO WORLDS has done you good, ask your friends to purchase copies, that they also may be benefited.



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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1919.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

In consequence of the Xmas Holidays, we are compelled to print "The Two Worlds" early. No reports therefore can be included next week. "The Two Worlds" Offices will be closed on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Dec. 25th, 26th and 27th.

For our issue of the 26th inst. all advertisements must arrive at the offices by FIRST POST on Saturday, the 20th, to be in time for insertion.

## A Merry Xmas.

AGAIN the season of good cheer and renewed hope draws near. The onward march of time brings us to the season of goodwill and festivity. The "sun" is to be born again as he has been since first this old earth was set revolving upon its axis. The young people will rejoice in the merriment associated with "Christ-mass," whilst those of mature years will gather round, and, in the presence of such good cheer as may be theirs, live again the past. Old memories will bring back again many who have passed beyond the veil, and those whom the world calls dead will be attracted by revived memories. The invitation of our thoughts will be responded to by their presence, and, unseen to physical eyes, the dim shapes of those who once shared all our activities will revisit the old haunts, and the room will become peopled with "silent inoffensive ghosts." The custom of families reuniting at Xmas-tide is slowly falling into desuetude as the consequence of the extended facilities to fill our time, and yet the old custom had much to recommend it. From North and South, from East and West the members of a family endeavoured to foregather around the burning log, and in such genial company their friends and forebears found an attractive spot, and the reunion was more complete than the physical representatives knew.

Sentiment, if you liked! But what is life without sentiment, without friendship, without affection, without those tender ties by which the soul grows strong and the links which bind men together make the wheels of life run smoothly? We are the results of what has been; we are the causes of what shall be. We are links in the chain of eternal being, and the past and future are united in and through us.

Christendom will be celebrating the birth of the Christ soul. Clerics who have been denouncing Spiritualism and spirit ministry will awaken to hear the carollers sing:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
Three angels of the Lord came down  
And glory shone around."

and from their pulpits they will tell the story of the appearance of the angels to the wise men of the East, and their announcement of the coming of one who should teach them the plan and purpose of eternal life. These same men would ask us to believe that "God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever" and in the same breath tell us that the same God specially favoured a semi-barbaric people nearly two thousand years ago, but withholds such privileges from you and me.

If ever there was need of encouragement and stimulus from an unseen and spiritual world, that need is surely now, when, as the result of the aftermath of war, all sections have apparently adopted the policy of getting something for as little return as they can make. We hold that Great Britain is as sacred a country as Palestine, that many a modern man is as valuable in the sight of God as the ancient pharisee, and many a present-day mother, struggling for her brood, as holy as an ancient Mary or Elizabeth. The whole Christian system is founded upon a couple of dreams and the coming of the "herald angels," and we claim that the hand of God is not shortened. That such angels bring such messages to-day is a fact in the experience of thousands, that such visions and annunciations are received in 1919 just as in B.C. 4, is well-known to many true souls. And why not? The need is as great, the power of God is as strong, His love for humanity as pure as ever in the world's history. We have to learn, and Spiritualism is teaching the world, that if we receive less than did ancient peoples, the fault is ours. The measure of revelation we receive does not depend upon God's love or God's willingness—that is abundant. It depends upon our response to the stimulus directed upon us. The same great powers are operative; the same loving messengers hover around us. How far shall we be alive to their call? The churches, who would destroy the growing fact of spirit communion, by the same blow destroy the records of the past revelations, since the evidence points to the fact that they are one in form and purpose.

Let us, then, this Christmastide open our minds to the presence of the loved ones who have gone around the bend in the road of life, and who, at this time, will look over the the hedgerows that border the path and greet us with goodwill and goodcheer. They are calling to us in the words of Longfellow:

"And in your life let my remembrance linger  
As something, not to trouble or disturb it,  
But to complete it, adding life to life;  
And if at times beside the evening fire  
You see my face among the other faces,  
Let it not be regarded as a ghost—  
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you;  
Nay, even as one of your own family  
Without whose presence there were something wanting."

And so we teach and preach the unity of true souls which is so appropriate at this season of the year. May all our friends, aye, and even our enemies, if such there be, bask in the sunshine of congenial friendships; friendships which extend beyond the mere limits of physical sense perception, friendships which embrace the arisen dear ones of past years, and in such company may you all enjoy

## A MERRY XMAS AND THE JOYS OF YULE.

WE note with pleasure the increasing tendency on the part of Societies to make public their Annual Balance Sheets. Copies of these should be forwarded to the Secretary of the Spiritualists' National Union in order that true records may be made of the strength of our growing movement. We have perused with pleasure the Annual Accounts of the Aston (Birmingham) Church and Blackpool Church, the former showing a balance on the right side of over £80, and the latter £120. Profits on the circulation of THE TWO WORLDS figure in both, and the sales steadily increase.

We regret that owing to the demands upon our space it has been essential of late to hold over a large number of reports and leave out late advertisements. The interest being taken in our movement has put tremendous pressure on our columns. We apologise for numerous omissions, but perhaps our worries will be eased when we get that extra four pages in the New Year.



# The Two Worlds

SPECIAL

## Christmas

### SUPPLEMENT.

#### The Spiritualists Newspaper.

No. 1675—VOL. XXXII.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1919.

TWOPENCE

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## Why Not?

### AN IMPROBABLE BUT NOT AN IMPOSSIBLE STORY.

Lucy Chapman Knight.

MERRY, blue-eyed John Barker had once been the pride of his regiment. Tall, erect and alert, full of life and vigour. Now one would scarcely have recognised him as he staggered through the streets of the great city, with stooping shoulders and feet dragging wearily. His whole attitude told of utter weariness and despondency. Now and again a short hard cough compelled him to stop, as he gasped for breath and clutched convulsively at his chest, whilst hourly his eyes grew more feverishly bright and his cheeks unhealthily flushed. Scarce knowing, and almost past caring, whither he went, he was almost unconsciously wending his way homeward, muttering incoherently to himself at intervals: "I'm demobbed—DEMObBED! How we longed for it, prayed for it through those long cursed years of war. Oh! the hell we went through out there! Is it only to pass through a greater hell of suffering here? My God! I am realising bitterly already it was better our prayers had never been answered. Far better I had stayed in the Army. My little love would have at least been provided for, if meagrely. And although we could not have been happy apart, I would be spared this agony of dragging her down to the poverty that must surely be our lot before long. Our little capital will not last forever."

It was the same old story. A young married man, with every promise of a glowing future, giving up his all in the hour of his country's need, returning home, full of wonderful plans for the future, only to find that in spite of many years of faithful service to his credit, and of repeated promises of reinstatement when discharged, his employers had engaged cheaper labour and had no further use for him. This did not trouble him so much at first; he but felt scorn at the firm's lack of principle and honour. He was young, well educated, had excellent testimonials; it was just a matter of time, then his chance must surely come. He and his idolised girl wife were strong and brave with the optimism of youth. But the years of war strain had told on his fine young frame; at times he suffered terribly from his nerves, accentuated with the lack of proper nourishment and long weeks of anxiety.

He had tramped the streets these many weeks in search of work, and it seemed to him they had squandered quite an enormous amount of their treasured hoard in answering advertisements, but all to no purpose, and he was fast losing heart as he realised he was beginning to look shabby, which would greatly lessen his chances of procuring suitable employment.

He was badly discouraged to-day; the pains in his chest were almost unbearable, causing his head to feel strange and queer, so that he deemed it wiser to give up the quest for that day, and was now slowly wending his way to their cosy little flat situated in one of the many busy suburbs of London.

Before the key could be turned in the lock the door was thrown open by his wife Violet, a sweet, dainty little sunshine lady, who seemed to the sick man's fancy a dazzling vision all pink and white and golden, the large glorious eyes of deep violet blue full of tender concern as she took in his pitiful condition at a glance. But bravely she smiled as she said, "No luck again. Poor old boy, you are tired out. I am so glad you came home early; the kettle is just on the boil, and I was longing for a cup of tea, yet did not relish taking one alone."

Chatting brightly, she helped him out of his great coat, and led, or rather half dragged, him to the cosy chair drawn up in readiness at the fireside, and as he sank back wearily with eyes closed, suppressing a groan, she gazed at him anxiously, fear clutching at her heart as she mentally resolved to coax him around to the doctor as soon as he had partaken of a good meal and rested. To her distress, he could eat none of the dainty fare she had so carefully prepared, but drank the hot tea gratefully, and in spite of all his efforts to conceal his suffering, he alarmed her, for his breath was coming in short laboured gasps.

Realising how unfit he was to venture out into the cold night air, Violet decided to postpone the visit to the doctor until next morning, and coax him to bed instead. It added to her alarm that he raised no objection, but was grateful for her assistance until his head sank back upon the pillows with a sigh of relief; then seemingly sank into a heavy stupor, from which all Violet's efforts failed to arouse him, until, becoming thoroughly alarmed, she hastily put on her outdoor clothes and ran to the corner of the square, where resided the doctor she had always found reliable when in need. He questioned her closely, listened attentively to her explanations, and decided not to wait until the morning, but promised to be around as soon as his waiting patients had been attended to. In less than an hour he was with her, had carefully examined his patient and confirmed Violet's worst fears, that her best beloved was seriously ill with double pneumonia, and a hard fight for his very life was imminent.

The days and nights of agony that followed defy description. Almost alone in the world, with no friends in London who could come to her aid, Violet Barker's plight was a sad one. But young and strong, she felt capable, with the aid of the district nurse the doctor had sent in, to carry on, and between them, backed by the skilful treatment of the earnest young doctor, the patient passed safely through the crisis, and the doctor had said with a sigh of relief, "He will probably rally and live. Good nursing, plenty of nourishment, and presently fresh country or sea air, anywhere out of London, and all would be well."

Violet outwardly smiled bravely, but inwardly her heart sank to the lowest depths as desperately she struggled to eke out their sadly depleted nest egg, on which this illness of John's had made such alarming inroads.

A change of air imperative! How could it be done? She had already sold everything of value she possessed to procure the necessaries the doctor constantly ordered, thankful always that John had never suffered unduly for lack of those things his case demanded. She was naturally proud and independent, a true soldier's wife, always showing a brave smile to her darling and to the outside world.

Therefore, it was not to be wondered at that, keen observer as Dr. Graham was, he had no suspicion of poverty dwelling in the dainty little flat, or realised the black time the poor brave little wife was struggling through all alone. He noted his every instruction was faithfully carried out; all he suggested or ordered was procured, and if he had thought about the matter at all, he would simply have come to the conclusion that money was no obstacle. But as he paid his visit last thing this night, with professional eye he noted the deep shadows around the lovely eyes, the extreme pallor, the drooping figure, but naturally attributed it to the hard, anxious time she was passing through.

"Now, Mrs. Barker," he said briskly, "cheer up. Your turn to rest will speedily come now. After to-night you will be able to dispense with constant night watching; even now he could be safely left. He will probably sleep for hours, so do not get alarmed—the longer the better, and under no circumstances disturb him. In every way he is a most satisfactory patient, and he owes more to your unremitting care and good nursing than he will ever know. No trained nurse could have done better. Now, good-night. Try to snatch a little rest yourself, or I shall have another patient on my hands. Please take pity on me," he said whimsically, "I have more than I can attend to properly now."

Violet bade him good-night with her usual bright smile, and returned to her lonely night vigil and her sad pondering. Although a couch had been carried into the bedroom, she felt too restless to lie down—her mind must be kept occupied or she would disturb Jack with her restlessness. And this sweet, blessed sleep into which he had fallen meant life and strength to him. It was quite possible he would awaken and be his own dear self. As she pondered over ways and means to get him away, her heart sank lower and lower, and she dreaded him finding out how low their funds had dropped. He would worry himself into a serious relapse, and his chance of recovery would be hopeless.

Why had she not been trained to be self-supporting? An only child of a country clergyman and his delicate wife—the living so poor that but for his own slender private means they could not have existed in any degree of comfort. But if not wealthy as this world counts riches, they were rich in love and contentment. So their attractive little daughter



had been tenderly reared, fairly well educated, could sing and play sweetly and passably well for a drawing-room, speak French fluently, and was extremely fond of drawing and painting, but excelled in nothing that could be commercialised. Painting she loved, and had really shown signs of talent, and in her childhood days she had delightful dreams of one day becoming a great artist. But then Jack had come into her life, and everything was forgotten in the delight of being loved and of loving. After a brief courtship they had been married, as Jack was joining the army and would, as soon as he was through his training, likely be sent to France.

Though her parents had been unwilling to give their consent, and had done all in their power to persuade them to wait awhile, it was of no avail, and although the risk of having a husband invalided for life, or even being early widowed was impressed seriously upon her, she never wavered in her decision; and finding it difficult to refuse her anything she desired, they had reluctantly at last consented. Poor little child-wife. How thankful she had been since for that decision, and how badly she had needed Jack's strong protecting love. For when that terrible pestilence of war swept over our earth (that for want of a better name medical men called influenza) she was bereaved of both tender parents—they died within a week one of the other. And it was the tiny legacy left by them that had chiefly carried them over this long trying time.

Now she realised how thankful she should be to God and His ministering angels for Jack's illness not to have proved fatal. Yes, Violet Barker, daughter of a Church of England clergyman, openly avowed her belief in the real communion of saints. The controversies of the various churches, the undisguised antagonism so often displayed, the un-Christian attitude taken up against Spiritualists, had caused this young lover of fairplay to boldly seek after truth and settle the question for herself. She had diligently attended Spiritualist meetings, and had been given great joy, incontestable proof of her dear ones' survival of so-called death; and also, through the mediumship of others, had received uplifting and comforting messages from them.

For many long months she had sat quietly and prayerfully in her own home, striving to set up a line of communication with the spirit-world herself, but so far with very little apparent result. Yet, whilst neither actually seeing or hearing, oftentimes of late she had been conscious of a divine presence that seemed to uplift and strengthen her in her black hours, giving unto her the blessed assurance of unseen helpers ever surrounding her. And all through those silent watches of the night during Jack's illness the consciousness of their presence grew stronger and had been her greatest comfort. Her faith was strong that those unseen watchers could answer her prayers and restore her loved one to health and vigour.

To-night, as she sat silently brooding on the possibility of raising money to send him away, this feeling of an unseen presence was more marked than ever before. Once she felt sure, as she watched her sleeping husband, that she saw a bright Christ-like form bending tenderly over the sleeper. But it was momentary, and vanished quickly from her sight, so she concluded it must have been a trick of imagination on her over-wrought body. She had always been passionately fond of painting, and Jack had ever been ridiculously proud of her work, extremely ordinary little studies of flowers and fruit, and an occasional spurt had produced one or two simple little landscapes. But John had had them tastefully framed to adorn the walls of their first little home, and would not have parted with them for untold gold.

Months ago, just before Jack was demobilised, she had felt an irresistible desire to paint, and she had bought herself a huge canvas, meaning to work hard and produce something really good, as a surprise for his home-coming, dwelling delightedly on the pleasure it would give him at this unwanted and unexpected cleverness on her part. But she never even had the opportunity to commence, for Jack came home much sooner than they had dared hope, and in the joy of re-union all else was forgotten.

Now she deftly and silently banked the living-room fire for the night, and placed a deep cosy easy-chair at such an angle that by leaving the bed-room door ajar she could keep careful watch over the sleeper without disturbing him.

With difficulty she tried to compose herself for rest, wondering whether she would try needlework or an interesting book. Again she felt the nearness of that beautiful uplifting presence, and, listening, heard the sweetest of voices repeating softly but insistently, "Try painting, why not paint?" And once again she became imbued with that irresistible desire to paint that large forgotten canvas.

Compelled by the same irresistible force, she quietly gathered her painting materials together and mixed her colours, thankful for the inspiration that would cheer the long lonely night vigil, and take her mind from her troubles for a little while. She fully intended to enlarge one of Jack's favourite landscapes, but before commencing she crept softly once again to the bedside. How good it was to listen to his soft regular breathing—how peacefully and naturally he slept! For a moment she knelt, with a heart overflowing, thanking God for His wonderful goodness, and praying that he might speedily become strong and well again. Strangely happy and comforted she returned to the easel, picked up her brush and immediately lost all thought of self. Sweetest of voices floated in perfect harmony around her, whilst to her vision the canvas radiated with changing light, and sweet angel voices chanted sweetly of God and His love. The brushes themselves seemed suddenly to develop life and power of their own over which her hand had no control. There was no sense of fear; rather she felt she had entered from darkness into the light of God's great glory, and all her sorrows and troubles were ended. Unconscious of effort without fatigue, she painted thus hour after hour, until the grey light of dawn dispelled the darkness of the night, only dimly conscious of the subject being painted, and seeing her canvas as through a golden haze. And there on the canvas was a picture of the Christ—kneeling in the darkness of Gethsemane—not alone, for glorious angels of light were tenderly ministering to him. A roscate dawn was breaking through the trees, and in some mysterious way illumined the whole picture with an unearthly radiance—with the Light of Heaven. Presently the brush dropped from her nerveless fingers—the voices of the angelic choir seemed to come from an immense distance. Only that great comforting presence remained, and those deep tender tones, vibrating with divine love, once again fell sweetly on her ear.

"Poor, weary, disheartened child of the earth, I also have borne the sorrows and tribulations of this world, and can understand. But also I had my share of fame and glory—this I desire now to share with my little sister artist in her hour of deepest need. This picture will bring the necessary gold to aid our beloved one, and more will come as needed. Be comforted. Your Gethsemane is over. God's angels keep a faithful, loving watch over thee and thine. In the name of the King of Love I have come to aid and guard thee. Trust me ever, and fear me not. I am Raphael, the Italian artist, whom you have from childhood loved and admired."

The voice ceased, but the presence remained, and she stood reverently awaiting the benediction. Her vision cleared, and she beheld a masterpiece of the great spirit artist, Raphael.

Well she realised that no power of hers, or any earth artist could have produced such a wonderful picture in so short a time. Such wealth of colouring that only the old masters seem able to attain. In an attitude of worship she stood and tried to voice to her God the praise, wonder and adoration that filled her soul—the deep gratitude for this marvellous manifestation of His unfailing love through this her Gethsemane.

A sound from the bedroom brought her speedily back to earth and to life's responsibilities. Jack was at last stirring. Quickly she warmed the milk for him, deftly removed the canvas from his line of vision, and was feeding him with tender care before he was scarcely awake. What joy to see him so like himself again, though so thin and wasted. But the old love light was shining in his dear eyes as he weakly tried to scold her for sitting up again, when she could have slept. Softly and happily she laughed, assuring him she felt quite fit, and as for himself he was looking splendid. "At least you will," she added, "when you fill out a bit." He swallowed the milk reluctantly. "I'm so tired of milk, Vi, can't I have a cup of tea, and some

thing to eat? I'm simply ravenous. I could eat a whole chicken, cooked or uncooked."

"That in good time, Jack boy. But I shall certainly cook it. Be patient until the doctor comes, then we'll get to work to fill you up, and get you well and strong again. I've good news for you, too, presently. I can see our little dream cottage materialising."

"Some of dad's dividends coming back again?" he asked weakly, and before she had time to reply he had sank back comfortably on his pillows and was asleep again, as quiet as a baby.

Swiftly and silently Violet went about her household duties, feeling as though it was all a wonderful dream, standing to gaze repeatedly at her picture with rapture, and wondering however she would be able to part with it. But it was to save Jack's life—to enable him to get strong and well. "Blessed, wonderful angel Raphael. God bless and reward you," she murmured.

So, after all, those hours of patient sitting, trying to get into touch with the spirit-world, had not been in vain. Truly had she reaped a rich reward.

Then the jovial doctor came in, full of laughing congratulations to the patient, Violet and himself. "Feed him well, keep him warm, then we will get him away for awhile, and he'll soon be fit again," said he, as he sat down for a moment in the dainty little living-room.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Barker," he remarked as the canvas caught his eye, "is not that one of the old Italian masters you have there on the easel? Surely you have not been attempting to restore it yourself?" he said, as in amazement he noticed the paint was still fresh upon it. "It looks like a Raphael, genuine, or else a fine copy. I hope you will excuse me, but I am a most ardent collector of these old paintings. I see it is signed R——. I suppose it is hopeless to ask if you will part with such a treasure, even if I made you a tempting offer? But why did you touch it? These old paintings are best left as you find them."

"Could you spare me a little time, doctor? I feel I must tell someone about this picture, even if they cannot understand," said Violet.

Dr. Graham sank back comfortably in the chair again, and listened sympathetically as Violet told him her story—of the awful struggle against poverty, her grief and despair, culminating in the wonderful night experiences and her possession of the wonderful picture.

"Please believe me," she pleaded earnestly. "I am as amazed as yourself. But the picture is the only evidence I can offer of the truth of what I have told you. Examine the back of the canvas, and you will see how very new it is, the maker's and the agent's names are stamped plainly upon it with the size and price."

He smiled sympathetically at her eagerness to be believed, and replied, "It is all very remarkable, Mrs. Barker, but I do not doubt you. Why should I? There are forces at work around us that our wisest men have not as yet the remotest idea of. You say the great artist, Raphael, came to comfort and aid you. Why not? I am only grieved you did not take me into your confidence. I had no suspicion of the struggle you were going through alone. You were so brave, a true soldier's wife! I am proud to have met you. And if your friend in the unseen can keep his promise, I can assure you, you are well provided for in the future. I beg of you not to dispose of that picture until I have brought a couple of friends to see it, whom I know will be interested, not alone in the picture, but in you and your work also. Trust them, and do not refuse if they make you a fair offer for your treasure. Perhaps you would allow me to bring them to see you this afternoon?"

Violet willingly consented, and the doctor drove away feeling as though his own soul had been illumined in the light of this revelation. "Why not?" he kept saying. How natural that those noble souls who have trod the way before us, having gained higher knowledge and greater wisdom, wish to return to help earth's children. They naturally would better understand the laws that govern this wonderful universe. Why should it not be possible for the great Raphael to return to a humble little sister artist in such deep distress? Her faith in them, the knowledge she had gained of their nearness to her. Then no doubt her sitting so long to establish communication provided the power through which the spirit-world could work.

The doctor and his friends spent a happy hour with Violet and her picture. The story, repeated so earnestly, was listened to with sympathetic understanding. One was a dealer in high art, and the sum that he offered Violet bewildered her. Never in her wildest flights of day-dreams had her fortune reached such heights, and he would take any others also she might in the future procure.

But as soon as Jack was strong enough he also had to be told the same wonderful story, and then came a battle royal. "What, sell that heavenly painting for sordid gold? NEVER," he almost shouted in the excitement of weakness.

Then with sweet coaxing tones Violet gently pointed out to him the motive of the angel world in giving them this gift. "Your life was precious to them, Jack dear, and with this money you will gain health and strength, then, hand in hand, we will work for this angel band. But you must be made strong and well first."

\* \* \* \* \*

Away in a pretty country district the little rose-covered cottage of their dreams materialised.

Violet Barker, the well-known Spiritualist painting medium, still produces wonderful pictures, but, to the disappointment of the art dealer, few come his way.

True, they are sold sometimes to raise funds towards the erection of those lovely temples of worship the Cause is steadily building, but many also are dedicated to the beautifying of those Spiritualist churches.

Jack is once again a picture of manly vigour and glowing health. He has found a splendid opening, and is rapidly being promoted. Those dark days are as a bad dream of the long ago. He travels each day to the city, returning with joy each even to his happy little artist wife, and many a long evening of true holy spirit communion is spent. Wonderful manifestations have been witnessed within those humble cottage walls. whilst many a weary, sick worker has there been restored to health, and many more tired workers rested in these beautiful country surroundings. For their home is consecrated for the work of the spirit-world. Never will they forget what they owe to those dear ones in the Great Beyond, and they faithfully endeavour to co-operate with them to bring light into this world's darkness, and to establish God's Kingdom upon this earth.

"How impossible," you say, "these old masters, great philosophers, and teachers to return thus to this sphere." Yet, may I ask, "WHY NOT?"

Look how the floor of Heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

—SHAKESPEARE.

AS EVIDENCE that man possesses more than the physical mind or brain, Mr. W. K. Carr, in his work, "Matter and Some of Its Dimensions," tells us the following:—"The writer has witnessed many experiments with hypnotised subjects, and he has yet to observe a single lapse in those mental processes . . . evidently some power or intelligence—a power or intelligence that transcends all ordinary experience—is at work: it is a mind of perfect memory, and what it has once acquired it cannot forget. To give but one of thousands of instances: the writer once saw an ignorant negro placed in a state of hypnosis, and while in this condition ten or twelve lines of the Greek text of Thucydides were read to him. Five months later the man was again hypnotised, and, upon command, repeated correctly not only the words, but imitated with astonishing accuracy the reader's voice and inflection." For want of a better term, the author calls this the "fourth-dimensional mind," and the deep probing of the scientist for the real explanation of all the phenomena perpetually confronting him leads the reader to wonder how it is that the teachings of Theosophy, which so adequately explain such phenomena, should not be invoked by earnest inquirers. What a flood of light the Ancient Wisdom could throw upon the perplexing problems of science!

## Dead Artist Returns to Paint.

SOME fourteen years ago Mr. Frederick L. Thompson, who was a goldsmith and not an artist, was suddenly and inexplicably seized with an impulse to sketch and paint pictures. Accompanying this impulse were numerous hallucinations of visions of trees or landscapes which served as models for his work. Mr. Thompson had had no training in art. In the language of Professor James Hyslop, who gives this case careful elaboration in his work (*The Century Co.*) on "Contact with the Other World":—

"When he was seized with the impulse to sketch and paint he seemed to lose his interest in the work of a goldsmith, and begun to show some unusual powers as an artist in oils. While he did this work he often felt that he was Robert Swain Gifford, and remarked to his wife at times, 'Gifford wants to sketch.' He did not know at this time that Mr. Gifford was dead." He had some years before been slightly acquainted with Mr. Gifford, having met him once or twice while the latter was sketching, Mr. Thompson himself being out shooting. He talked with him a few minutes only on one of these occasions, and on the others merely saw him sketching.

Between the period indicated, the summer and autumn of 1905, and the latter part of January, 1906, Mr. Thompson kept on at his sketching and painting. In the latter part of January he saw notice of an exhibition of the late R. Swain Gifford's paintings, and went in to see them. He learned at this time and not before that Mr. Gifford was dead. Mr. Gifford had died on January 15th, 1905, some six months before the impulse seized Mr. Thompson to sketch and paint.

While looking at Mr. Gifford's paintings on exhibition he seemed to hear a voice, apparently issuing from the invisible, say, "You see what I have done. Can you not take up and finish my work?" This incident may be treated as an hallucination or as a fabrication, unless evidence can be produced to make it credible. Whether genuine or not, it had sufficient influence on the mind of Mr. Thompson to induce him to go on with his sketching and painting.

A scene of gnarled oak trees haunted Thompson perpetually, with the strong impulse to paint them. While considering the bearings of the case, it suddenly occurred to Professor Hyslop, whom he had consulted, to make a test along psychic lines. He thought that if the hallucinations were really inspired by the source apparently claimed for them, he ought to get traces of Mr. Gifford through a medium. If Hyslop did not get any trace of him, the presumption would be the stronger that the phenomena were ordinary and not supernatural. The test was made under the usual conditions.

"In a few minutes after we sat down the medium apparently described someone whom Mr. Thompson recognised as his grandmother, and then allusion was made to a man behind him who was said to be fond of painting. No hint whatever had been given of either Mr. Thompson's character or the nature of his experiences. Mr. Gifford was described in terms recognisable by Mr. Thompson, and in a few minutes the locality of Mr. Gifford's birth was described, and a group of oak trees, even to the fallen branches and the colour of the leaves that had appeared in his apparitions.

"The communicator said that it was a place near the ocean, and that you had to take a boat to the locality. It was this group of trees that had haunted Mr. Thompson's vision for eighteen months, and that he had described in our conversation two evenings before. The real group was afterwards found in the locality described. It was on one of the Elizabeth Islands on the New England coast."

At another seance Mr. Thompson said to the medium: "There is a picture of an old group of trees near the ocean. I would like to get it. Can you see it?" He had reference to his vision. Mr. Thompson thought that possibly Mr. Gifford had painted such a picture, but he wanted to learn where the trees could be found. Then Mr. Thompson would paint them himself. The following was the result of the inquiry: "I want to tell you, little boy, I think he has seen the trees, and I think he is giving you the picture of it. I think you will see them too. I don't know the place, but it looks like that to me. When you go up here on this hill, as I told you about, and ocean in front of you, it will be to your left, and you will go down a little incline, almost a gulley, and then up a little bit and a jut out. This is just the way it

seems. Now you have this so that you can follow, can't you? They look like gnarled old trees. There is one that stands up quite straight, and some roots that you can see, not dead, but part dead. Some are roots and gnarled and then the rest. They are nice."

When the group of trees was finally found it was proved that this description was perfectly accurate. They were gnarled oak trees, and standing as described. Mr. Thompson went first to Nonquitt, Massachusetts, where he expected to find the scenes which had haunted his visions. He had known nothing about this place, except that it was the summer home of Mr. Gifford. Mr. Thompson found a few of the scenes of his visions, but ascertained that Mr. Gifford's favourite haunts were along one of the Elizabeth Islands. He resolved to go out on the islands and try to verify his apparitions.

As fortune would have it, Mrs. Gifford took him into the studio of Mr. Gifford, which had not been greatly altered since his death nearly three years before. To his surprise, Mr. Thompson saw on the easel an unfinished sketch which was identical with one of the sketches he had left in Professor Hyslop's hands a month previously. Professor Hyslop adds:—

"The case does not wholly depend on the veracity of Mr. Thompson. He had left the sketch in my hands before he saw the painting by Mr. Gifford. Mrs. Gifford testifies that the picture was rolled up and put away until after Mr. Gifford's death, when it was taken out and put on the easel. Mr. Thompson had had no opportunity to see it, and his impulse to paint did not arise until six months after Mr. Gifford's death. Mr. Thompson then went out to the islands, and accidentally on the Island of Nashawena came upon the exact scene of this picture by Mr. Gifford, and painted it. He had never been on this island before, and hence had never seen this particular view."

## THE RETICENCE OF THE SPIRITS.

How often do we hear the remark made that the spirit friends tell us nothing decisive about our future home. At the recent Church Congress the Dean of Manchester said that if the true explanation of our phenomena was what we claimed it to be, it was surprising that so little new knowledge had come to light with regard to the condition of the discarnate life.

What is the reason for this silence on the part of those in the Beyond? True, much wonderful information has been given us concerning the other life; enough, one would think, to satisfy the curiosity of all the clergy, but as this does not seem to be the case, perhaps the following may account in some measure for their reticence. The greatest joy in the reception of a gift lies, not so much in the gift itself, as in the surprise occasioned by an altogether unlooked-for present, and in the realisation of the love and affection which prompted it.

Who has not experienced the pang of disappointment when, after planning some surprise for a loved one, in perceiving in the simulated pleasure that the plan has failed, because someone, to use a vulgarism, "has given the show away?"

Where will be the joy in entering into the beauties of the Summerland if we experience them on this side? Perhaps some of our clerical friends would like cinematograph pictures of Heaven, and gramophone records of its music. Another thing to be taken into consideration is the total inadequacy of any words in the languages of earth to describe the supernal glories of the spirit land. We can imagine those who have entered into that state of bliss regarding us, in our desire to know the secrets of the other world, with feelings something akin to those of a firm but kindly parent towards an impatient child.

We can almost hear them say, "Be patient for a little while. You have been greatly blessed. We only had our faith to sustain us. You have the knowledge. Be of good cheer; keep steadfast to the end, and the joy that is ours shall be yours."—LEWIS S. COLEMAN.

A GOOD book makes an excellent Christmas present.



## Her Boy.

He was her pride and joy of life, this boy of hers. When his father had met with the fatal accident at his work, he was all she had left to live for. All her hopes were centred in him, and when he had won the scholarship which entitled him to attend classes at the University, her joy knew no bounds.

A smart, studious lad, fond of sport, he was loved by all who knew him. At college he soon made his mark, and was well on the way towards the top rung of the "ladder of fame" when the war broke out. He wanted to "join up" with the rest of the young patriots, but his mother would not give her consent, and rather than cause her any sorrow he would have made any sacrifice. Things went from bad to worse for the old country, and all the young men who were not in khaki were looked on as "slackers" by those whose lads were "doing their bit."

One day he came home and said "It's no use, mother, I can't stand being pointed at any longer; you'll have to let me go. I know how much it means to you, but think of the dishonour if I stay at home. Besides, mother, it will be over quickly now, and I shall soon be home again."

"Very well, my boy go, and God be with you, but if anything should happen to you it will break my heart."

The next day he "joined up," and was sent to a training camp, where he soon became an efficient soldier, and then one day he came home on his final leave, prior to going to France, to have a "pop at the Germans," as he laughingly remarked.

The old lady was heartbroken as she saw the train steam out of the station, carrying her boy, who somehow she felt she would never see in this life again. She bore up as bravely as she could, and when the post brought his cheery letters, telling of his doings at the Front, she would read them over and over again with tears in her eyes, and then she would breathe a prayer asking for protection for "her boy."

One of his letters contained the news that he had saved his Colonel's life by a brave piece of work, and had been recommended for the V.C. He was expecting a leave, and hoped to be home for Xmas. What a jolly time they would have, he wrote. She must get everything ready, and if things went on all right he should be home on Xmas Eve. A few days before Xmas she received an official envelope from the War Office. Tremblingly she opened it, and soon she knew the worst. Her boy had been killed in a night attack on one of the enemy's positions. Oh! the agony of it all. Her bonnie lad had been sacrificed—for what? Some said it was a noble death! Yes, but that did not help to comfort her in the loneliness which was now hers. If only she could see his dear face once again and kiss his lips she would be satisfied. But that could not be. The Rector had told her he was now in heaven, and perhaps they would meet again when she too had gone "behind the Veil." She must try to bear her sorrow as a Christian mother should do, and think it was all for the best. She tried to think so, but somehow this brought her no consolation, and her days grew more and more dark and drear.

One day she saw a notice in the paper, announcing a Sunday evening service at the Spiritualist Hall. The subject announced was "There is no Death." Having read the notice again, she wondered if, after all, there was any truth in what these people preached, and decided to go to the service.

Sunday evening came, and she went to hear the address. Many things were told her which she could not thoroughly understand, but the main point which impressed itself on her mind was that the speaker at all events was much in earnest.

The weeks passed on, and she kept wondering if, after all, her boy still lived, and could commune with her, as the speaker had told them at the meeting. One day an old friend of hers called, and she mentioned her doubts to her.

"Why, certainly he lives and loves you still," she answered. "You must come up to our house some night. We have been investigating the subject now for some time. My daughter has developed wonderful powers, and the proof we have had has been remarkable."

Some time later she went to her friend's home, and after conversation on various topics, the subject of spirit com-

munion was brought forward, and a "sitting" was decided upon. After a hymn, the young lady was controlled by a young man whom she said was anxious to speak to their friend. He said he had been a soldier, and had been killed in France. He had promised his mother to be home at Xmas, and he knew she was broken-hearted when she had the news of his being killed. But he wanted her to know that he still lived, and would watch over her until she joined him in the Great Beyond.

This was indeed the proof she had been looking for, and with tears in her eyes she breathed a prayer of thankfulness that "her boy" still lived and loved her.

## A Voice at Eventide.

A BLOOD-RED SKY, deep, deep and wonderful, gleaming through the mysterious purple night clouds, which slowly rose to hide the splendour of the dying sun. The leaves, too, shone with the same tints as the sky, darkest red and gold, a riot of exquisite colouring. Between the leaves a spider's web hung silky and graceful, glittering and sparkling in the golden sunset like a mass of wonderful and rare jewels, first red and golden, then palest blue, as those tints flashed across the evening sky.

Then the mist rose, a grey clinging mist which comes with the autumn twilight, and the trees waved creaking branches as their rich red leaves fell silently to the ground. The wind moaned, too, as if sad at the thought of the flight of summer and the coming of winter, cold, bleak and drear. For summer is a time of joy and delight, of delicious bliss and sunshine, laughter and love, but winter is sadness and regret.

"Yes, summer is like life," I said aloud, "and winter like death."

"Not so, not so," whispered a voice at my side, "rather is summer death and winter life."

I started and turned, yet could see no one near. Surely, I mused, the voice was not merely imagination.

I continued on my way, and suddenly it sounded again, low, clear and sweet, like the voice of some celestial being.

"Yes, winter is cold and drear, yet in its way is it not infinitely beautiful? Think of the grandeur of the newly-fallen snow, sparkling 'neath the moon. Think of the hoar frost, shining on the red luscious berries and old, old trees. Though cold, is it not lovely?"

I did not answer, and softly the voice continued, "And life in your world in its way, too, is beautiful. The birds sing, the flowers open in the sunshine exquisitely perfumed and formed. The lambs gambol in the fields and 'neath the shady trees. Love, too, is a thing of delight and joyfulness, yet your world in comparison to the next is like winter to summer."

"Imagine the bluest of blue skies, the greenest of green fields and hills, and the coolest and shadiest of woods. Even the best in your world cannot compare to those in the Summerland, for it is beyond compare. Therefore, is not your world winter and ours summer; is not life cold and drear compared with the bliss and joy of death, for with death comes a great awakening on the Other Side, where all is peace, love and happiness."

The voice ceased, and the wind sighing gently in the trees was the only sound. I looked around me, unable to believe what I had heard, straining my eyes in the dusk to see if anyone was near.

Then a drowsy bird softly chirped in its nest, and far away a dog began to bark. No one was in sight, I was quite alone. Was the voice real, then, or had I only dreamed it after all?

And on the evening air was the perfume of late autumn roses, strong and sweet, mingling with the fragrance of chrysanthemums.—JESSIE FREEMAN.

NOTICE.—Every Society should run a bookstall. A good book, a good pamphlet, will do as much good as an address. People may forget the spoken word, but they can refer to the written one. We have a good range of Spiritualistic literature in stock. If your Society wants to start a bookstall, send us £1, £2, £3 or more, and ask us to send you a selection. We are specialists in Spiritualistic books.

## A Journey With My Soul.

G. Robert Reed.

My soul wandered far away from its temple last night, wearied and tired with the trials of the flesh, distracted by the suffering of a thousand fears of "to-be's" or "not-to-be's." The stress and the turmoil of the world at large were wracking its frame; my own vain imaginings were also to blame, adding thereto a thousand more pains. What wonder, then, God's spirit within me cried "Shame! for you I have taught to know better than to add more grieve to the mill of soul striving to guide and to help you along life's main. Consider the sequels to a million such stories of lives wasted and ill-spent; self-made and inflicted are these wounds to thy soul, vain man! Thy troubles are nought to those of my children who have not yet received the guiding light I have given unto thee. I have shown thee how to make thy life full of joy and happiness, set thy house in order, that thy brethren may have the desire to go and do likewise, and thou wilt prove thy love for me, thy Father, and Creator." The voice ceased. My own was dumb, acknowledging the justice of the reproof. Contemplating and analysing the import of such timely advice, my passiveness lent wings to my soul, and it soared out into the elements of spirit as though in quest of something it lacked. As it left its solid encasement, such a sigh escaped from its frame. Surely, I thought, you are in a bad way. Was I to blame? for it seemed so sad. I hastily reviewed recent events in the body, and promptly tapped one source of regret. I knew I had done some things I ought not to have done, and left undone some things I ought to have done, and as they passed rapidly before my vision, in a new and startling aspect, I understood the voice, and the sigh so intense. I felt like Peter after denying his Master. My soul seemed so starved and spiritually poor. Instinctively I knew it was hungry and cold. I felt the response it made to my thought as it pressed higher into the heavenly light. On, on, half a world onward, rushed this soul through the valley of life; it did not seem dismayed at the answer my conscience made. No, the soul must be fed or its future would be dead. And as we rose higher and higher, leaving the earth far below, we saw hundreds of others soul travelling swiftly and eagerly with a similar intent.

Where was this commissary of spiritual food? Surely someone would tell us in which direction to go. We felt strangers in a land quite unknown; its beauty was so thrilling no words could describe. We felt afraid to trespass in such realms of delight. I thought of the bricks and clay, the slums where life tried to live, where squalor, filth, and crime held sway. I knew I should go back to it, but how I longed to stay. I would go back a prodigal, lacking in my duty, and would say unto humanity, "All ye who are part of my Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in mine own sight am no more worthy to be called your brother and His son, but make me as one of your workmates, and your sufferings shall become my sufferings, your hopes my hopes, my ministry shall become a ministry of spiritual and physical health." We had stopped in our flight. My soul seemed calmer. I chafed at the delay. I was wondering what next would come to reproach me, when softly I heard that voice from within, as though happy to say, "So far, and no farther is it necessary to bring thee from sordidness, selfishness, and strife into the atmosphere of peace, beauty, and contentment. The contrast thou hast found and recognised existing between the celestial and the terrestrial is the first conscious taste of that spiritual food thou hast wandered so far in search of. Further supplies wilt thou find in the work thine own true self hast divined. Return to that earth temple, rise from thy couch of lethargy, remember the fate of the Israelites in the wilderness, who would not rise before the sun was up to gather the manna from Heaven. He that wilfully denies himself and his fellow-men the right to live their lives clean and pure is assigning to himself untold misery, enslaving himself to the compulsory service of retribution, when remorse becomes his sole companion. Go, and follow the injunctions I have given thee, and all will be well with thy soul."

Again I was silent. I was stirred by the words. I mentally resolved my policy toward my fellow-men should be reconstructed. I saw the futility of talking empty

platitudes and the necessity of making England and the world in general fit for heroes to live in; that the delay in cutting out the cancerous growths in our social world was strangling the efforts of those who were really making heroic efforts to provide humanity with the conditions and essentials to lift themselves up from a lower to a higher and nobler conception of life and its purpose. The age of emotion and sentimentalism must be replaced by one of practical, tangible sympathy, and an active research for that heritage of justice and truth which shall make God's people free.

The return journey back to earth was in progress. My soul seemed eager to reach its physical abode, much like an impulsive schoolboy returning home for the Christmas vacation. There was an added impetus to the descent. Was it possible this short sojourn in the sweeter, purer, and ethereal spheres of the spirit world was the first of a series of clarifying processes from my soul? It seemed so. Ruminating thus, I was conscious of a tickling sensation on my hand. I opened my eyes, and found I was back in the body once more, my dog gazing faithfully into my eyes, licking my hand as a practical demonstration of expressing her love for me. Could I do better, I thought, than emulate the example of my dog's faithfulness and devotion towards my fellow-men? No, I could not. I would return to Nature.

## ANOTHER CALL TO ARMS.

WE hear and think and read to-day very much concerning progress. It is the day of reconstruction, but the very word implies a preliminary pulling down. To reconstruct, we must first of all clear away the debris of the past. The progress of the age has rendered much of our work of the past null and void, and our preconceived ideas are treated often with ridicule, even by their own originators. We are called upon to help to build a new world. Everyone of us are capable of doing something. Unemployment, however true of our material world, is an out-of-date phrase from the mental, moral, and spiritual standpoint. We can all find work for the seeking. In religion, as in all else, we are confronted by a big demand, for there never was such a desire in the hearts of men and women for spiritual enlightenment, a desire which the pastors and masters of our churches and chapels cannot satisfy, because forsooth they are groping in the darkness of their outworn teaching. The old shibboleth of creed has been found wanting by the masses. Much of it has been discovered to be false, and the rest of it useless to console the cravings of the heart. Truly, faith without works is dead, and the souls of the people are crying out for something more tangible than the so-called faith of the churches. Spiritualism has come to some of us just when our hearts would have broken down under the strain of heavy bereavement. Alas! how many are there to-day struggling under such a load. What are we who have gained the truth doing to help them? How dare we sing that "Truth is making mighty conquests," when we are living on, satisfied with our own private circles, with an occasional visit to a public service or lecture? We are already arousing the country's religious leaders against us. God be praised! They have found that contempt, ridicule, and pharisaism in their several orders have failed to stem the tide of our advance. We have advanced, but oh! how little, in comparison with the needs of the people. I believe our movement will grow only as we individually grow in spirituality. Many a little band of workers are hindered and their progress retarded by the petty jealousies within. May God in His love purge our societies from this besetting sin, and help us to realise more and more that mankind is not the child of adoption, as orthodoxy has been teaching us, but His own children, born of the very essence of His love. God is love, and we may surely never rest until in the great eternity we shall be complete in Him. Arise! shine! for the light has come!—SIDNEY ABEL.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?—"Well," said the doctor cheerfully, "how do you feel this morning? Any aches or pains?" "Yes," answered the patient, "it hurts me to breathe," but the only trouble now seems to be with my breath." "Oh," said the physician, still more cheerfully, "I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

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## A Wonderful Experience.

A. Conan Doyle.

I HAVE been asked to give a more full account of the two remarkable sittings which I had with Mr. Powell as medium. Mr. Powell, I may explain, is a Welsh Spiritualist who unselfishly employs his scanty leisure time in going round and delivering addresses upon the subject. He is well known to have remarkable mediumistic powers, but he does not use these for private profit, and as the exercise of them is always exhausting, it is natural that he should often go for some time without a seance. His psychic powers are thus free from that deterioration which comes from over-strain.

Upon the occasion of my lecture at Portsmouth he returned with me to our rooms, and most kindly gave us a sitting. There were present my wife, sitting on my left, Mr. Frank Blake, President of the Southern Counties Spiritualist Union, upon my right; next to him Mr. and Mrs. MacFarlane, leaders of the Portsmouth branch; and on their right Mr. Harry Engholm, once well known upon the London press, and now one of the leading cinema producers in the world. This gentleman was intellectually convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, but had never before been to a seance.

Mr. Powell insisted upon being searched, and was then bound by me to a wooden armchair. Remembering the possibility of getting out of bonds of rope—especially such cable-like rope as is used by Mr. Maskelyne in his absurd bogus performances—I cut six lengths of stout twine, and tied the medium in six places to the arms and legs of the chair. So thoroughly was this done, that at the end of the sitting it was quite impossible to loosen him, and we were compelled to cut him free. A small megaphone belonging to the late Admiral Moore was placed beside him. This was circled with luminous paint so as to be visible in the dark. The lights were then turned out, and the room in total darkness, we sitting in a semi-circle round the medium, but none of us touching him, though we joined hands with each other, so as to intervene between him and the room.

Within a couple of minutes the breathing of the medium became loud and stertorous. A voice then addressed us, which issued from his own lips, but which was quite unlike his normal voice, and remained absolutely consistent throughout. It was deep, strong and virile, while that of Mr. Powell was essentially Welsh, gentle, musical and rather clipped. The voice greeted the company, and announced the presence of Black Hawk, the control. Why spirit controls should be largely drawn from Red Indians is one of the numerous puzzles which confront the inquirer. I have heard many reasons given, but none with which I was satisfied. On the other hand, the Spiritualists did not invent it, nor would they have any conceivable cause to do so. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that White Eagle, Red Feather, Red Jacket, Deerfoot, and others are among these humble missionaries of physical phenomena. When one rises to more abstract subjects it is the Egyptian or other Eastern races which predominate.

The deep voice spoke with an air of good-humoured railery, addressing us by name. I was christened "Great Chief" and Mr. Engholm "Little Chief," with all good wishes to our respective wigwams. There was an interval of silence while the steady snoring of the medium sounded in the darkness. Then we saw the luminous band of the megaphone rise in the air, and it circled round our heads, sometimes slow, sometimes swift, as smoothly as if it were swung at the end of a string. Then it remained motionless, poised in the air above us. Presently it vanished, and returned with flowers taken from the mantelpiece inserted into its narrow end. These flowers, I may say, were at our backs, and quite out of reach of the medium. They were carried round to our noses in the dark with an accuracy which showed that whoever held them could see very plainly where we were. We were then touched by various objects which proved to be taken from the mantelpiece and elsewhere, but lay within the circle when the light was eventually turned on.

Black Hawk had spoken from time to time, and the breathing of the medium continued steadily from the same position. The Indian control now said "Leely is here. Leely wishes to speak with the Lady of the Wigwam." A dear friend of ours named Lily died some years ago, and as she had shared our spiritual experiences we had always believed she might be the first to find her way back. We can trace no way by which her name or existence could have been known to the medium. An instant later a quick, excited voice said "Jean, Jean, I am here." In the darkness I could hear incoherent words of love as the two friends gasped out little messages of affection. My wife assures me that the voice was that of the dead lady, but I could not hear enough to be able to corroborate. Then came silence again, with a brisk current of cold air which played upon our faces. Shortly afterwards we turned up the light, and found to our surprise that a great wooden pedestal, weighing, I should think, from 40 to 50 pounds, had been brought from the corner and placed in the centre of our semi-circle. Some people may reasonably ask what is the use of heavy phenomena of that sort in the presence of the finer ones, but at least in its solid materialism it gave a sufficient answer to those who might be rash enough to suppose that our imaginations had produced the other results.

Next evening we sat at the same hour, under the same conditions, save that the medium was weary, having delivered an exhausting address. Physical phenomena and movements of the luminous trumpet were as before, and the huge pedestal was once more lifted into the circle, and was placed upon my head. An examination had shown us that the heavy crown of this pedestal was balanced upon a single loose screw in a wide socket, so that any careless handling would have sent it down with terrific effect upon our skulls. In spite of the darkness it was held so steadily that there was no accident, but the strength which placed it so gently on my head, and afterwards rubbed the side of it down my cheek, must have been enormous.

Then came what to me was the supreme moment of my spiritual experience. It is almost too sacred for full description, and yet I feel that God sends such gifts that we may share them with others. There came a voice in the darkness, a whispered voice, saying "Jean, it is I." My wife felt a hand upon her head, and cried "It is Kingsley." I heard the word "Father." I said "Dear boy, is that you?" I had the sense of a face very near my own, and of breathing. Then the clear voice came again with an intensity and note very distinctive of my son, "Forgive me!" His life was so admirable that I could only think that he referred to our perfectly good-humoured difference about Spiritualism, concerning which, in the bustle of his medical and military life, he really had no chance of forming an opinion. I told him eagerly that I had no grievance of any kind. A large, strong hand then rested upon my head, it was gently bent forward, and I felt and heard a kiss just above my brow. "Tell me, dear, are you happy?" I cried. There was silence, and I feared he was gone. Then on a sighing note came the words "Yes, I am so happy." Whilst this was going on I was dimly conscious that another conversation, to which reference is made below, was going on between Mr. Engholm and some voice at the other end of the semi-circle.

A moment afterwards another gentle voice, claiming to be that of my wife's mother, recently deceased, was heard in front of us. We could not have recognised the voice as we could the other. A few loving words were said, and then a small warm hand patted both our cheeks with a little gesture which was full of affection.

Such were my own experiences. In a letter which lies before me Mr. Engholm says: "The seance was conducted under unusually strict test conditions, and I for one was very much awake indeed. All my senses were alert, and whilst Sir Arthur and his boy were carrying on a conversation of a very private and sacred nature, I was suddenly addressed by a very dear old friend, a well-known newspaper correspondent, in terms and on a subject that left no doubt in my mind as to who the unseen personality was. There were as a result two distinctively different voices speaking at the same time, each of which could be recognised by voice characteristic alone. My ears did not deceive me or the six other persons who were present."

I should like to ask what possible explanation any sceptic could give of such a narrative? Is it not a ludicrous

thing to hear the bending of the light rays from the hyades as they pass the sun described as a most tremendous addition to human knowledge, while facts such as I have quoted are dismissed as being hardly worthy of discussion?

## Messages from the Other Side at a Bristol Seance.

### CAN THE DEAD COMMUNICATE WITH US.

#### THE FLOATING TRUMPET AND THE VOICES.

AN "Evening Times and Echo" representative has just had the interesting experience of attending a seance held in Bristol, at which the eminent trumpet medium, Mrs. Roberts Johnson, of Stockton-on-Tees, was present. There were manifestations that we consign to our readers to explain in the way they prefer.

Some twenty persons were present, half of whom had never sat before, while of the others, but two or three had had more than one previous experience. Most of them had never seen the medium; they were representative of the better educated class of society, and included some six or eight city men, in whom there was not the least suggestion of mystic leanings. They came not as converts but as inquirers.

The seance was held in the drawing room of a house at Cotham, prepared by the residents themselves—the preparation consisting merely of curtaining the windows—light being inimical to manifestations, and the provision of the necessary chairs, which were grouped in an oval, probably five feet across at its greatest diameter. The medium took her place beside the sitters at about the centre of the arc; a bowl of water was placed on a side-board without the circle and behind the writer, so that it was out of reach of everyone save himself, and the trumpet, an aluminium cylinder about two feet long, and with a maximum circumference of perhaps three inches at the larger end, was placed on the floor in the centre of the circle. Then the gas jet was extinguished, and the medium explained that if the conditions were right and there was to be a manifestation—she could not say there would be, for frequently there were entirely negative sittings—the trumpet would rise and float about the room, and would touch those for whom there was a message. That person, when touched, must say "Thank you, friend," and await the answer; but meanwhile there was no objection to either singing or animated conversation, for both gave rise to vibrations which seemed to be helpful. The Lord's Prayer was recited, and then a few hymns sung. Before they had ended the trumpet had risen with a noise as of flight—it was too utterly dark to see it—and one of the sitters, an elderly lady, had been touched.

She replied "Thank you," and immediately a man's deep voice was heard speaking with a pronounced Scottish accent. This, the medium explained, was David, one of her spirit-"guides," who made a few commonplace remarks greeting those who had been to previous sittings, and saying the conditions were good and that there were a number of those on "the other side" who wished to speak and give messages. Immediately after, an elderly man's voice—altogether different—was heard. "I'm John —" (the name of the lady who said she had been touched by the trumpet, and recognised by her as her grandfather), and there followed a conversation between the two perfectly audible to all in the room. It touched entirely on family matters; inquiries for friends on both sides, words of comfort for those yet in the flesh, and some advice. The voice said there were others waiting to speak to the same lady, and there followed a brief conversation in the voice of an old lady (an aunt of the recipient, the message said), and then that of a child—a sister who died in infancy. The child spoke in endearing terms and ended by kisses that were audible, and which the recipient said she could feel all over her face. Each, in reply to questions, said they were happy in the other life, and were near to and helping the person to whom the message was addressed in their daily life.

Then there was silence for a while, some conversation, and the suggestion of more music. This time popular songs

were sung, all in the circle participating, and soon the strange sound, as of flight, was heard again, and a young man's voice came through the trumpet joining in the song in a resonant baritone. This was, the medium said, "Billy," her son, who had passed over many years ago. He addressed the assembly in a humorous way, greeted some who had been present before and exchanged conversation with others in the circle. Again silence fell; there was more singing, this time of popular marching songs, in which three or four men's voices were audible, seemingly coming from the trumpet. Then an elderly clergyman, sitting in the circle, exclaimed, "Thank you, friend." A conversation was begun in the voice of a young man, clear and incisive, yet well modulated. The clergyman asked, "Is that D—?" and the reply came "Of course, father." There followed a very touching conversation, the boy, an officer who had been killed in the war while yet in his teens, giving kindly messages for his mother, explaining certain misunderstandings, the purport of which was evidently understood by the father, and telling him that he was often present with him, aiding him as best he could in his preaching.

"I often go to church and take some of the boys with me," said the lad. "To what church?" asked the father. "Why to your church of course," came the answer. He added that he was as happy as could be expected parted from them in the flesh, and he looked forward to meeting them again. "Will it be soon?" was the father's eager answer. "Not yet, I think," was the reply, with an added message and encouragement. "But I must not be selfish, as there are others waiting to speak." And so saying "Good night," the voice ceased, though not before saying a word of thanks to a lady in the room who had first brought to the notice of his father the possibilities of spirit communication.

Silence, more conversation, and then more singing. During a pause, when someone in the circle asked "What shall we have next?" a voice replied, "Let the great big world keep turning," and when it was taken up, a chorus of men's voices joined in. These, said the medium, were soldiers who had passed over and still delighted in the old songs.

Next there came a robust voice, speaking with the strong accent of a Lancashire lad, jesting, yet kindly, with little news of "the boys." Other messages came for various people in the circle, from the aged quavery voices of old people (one of whom gave certain counsel in a business matter, and an explanation of the "skeleton in the family cupboard," related tactfully, having regard to the presence of strangers) to the voices of young men and children. At length there came silence once more, and though there was more singing, the trumpet did not rise again, but for a moment the spirit guide "David," speaking now but faintly, said the "forces" were nearly gone. The light was re-lit, and the audience, after lingering awhile to discuss the happenings, dispersed.

The writer's only experience was a slight sprinkling with water, and the seeing of one or two strange lights hovering in the air—not optical delusions due to staring in the darkness, for when the eyes were turned from them, they did not follow in the line of vision, but when the head was turned again in the same direction, there they were once more—explain them as you will.

In the course of the evening, the medium also described one or two spirit forms she saw—one that of a soldier, tall and fair, with a bandage around his head, which the clergyman present said answered the description of his son, who had died from head wounds—a fact that could not have been known to the medium, to whom the cleric was a complete stranger.

We do not pretend to explain the experience, but the supernatural seems the likeliest theory, for even as truth is stranger than fiction, so would material, mechanical, or trick solutions seem more miraculous in their cleverness than that of psychic phenomena.

The charge per person at the sitting was five shillings; the medium, for that money, had come down from Stockton-on-Tees and spent two days in the city, so that her expenses could barely have been covered; and were the happenings but illusions, they would be worth £500 a week at any music-hall or place of mysteries, such as the Maskelyne and Devant rooms.—BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND ECHO.

## Medium Who Defies Fire.

### FLAMING LOGS CARRIED ABOUT WITH BARE HANDS.

#### MYSTERY SEANCE.

NOT since the days of Home, the medium who convinced Sir Oliver Lodge of the reality of psychic phenomena, has there been an actual case of an English medium whose controlling spirits are said to be able to interpose an invisible non-conducting medium between burning substances and the naked hand.

The natural assumption is that the trick—if trick it be—is due to some protective heat-repelling solution spread on hands. The argument against this is that if any such substance were known it would have an enormous market value as a heat-retaining agent for coating steam pipes. Besides, any thick layer of substance would be detectable.

Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Bournemouth, claims to possess this power of handling fire without suffering injury when she is under spirit control. She gave a small seance before a society interested in psychic matters, and a "Daily Express" representative was invited to be present.

The sitting was entirely different from the usual Spiritualistic seance. There were no hymns, there was no darkness, and every possible precaution against fraud and trickery was encouraged. The people present wanted the truth. The "Daily Express" representative was taken to the cellar to select his own log, and chose a piece of dry deal, part of a builder's scantling. It was about three inches square and about ten inches long.

He was then introduced to Mrs. Annie Hunter, the medium, a kindly, middle-aged woman, dressed in an ordinary dress of reddish material. She has dark sunken eyes, and does not strike a casual observer as being anything more than a normal individual. Her hands are soft and yielding, yet she is able to carry flaming logs in them.

The room was a bare studio, with a plain linoleum-covered floor and a dozen wooden chairs. A bright coke fire burned in the fire-place. The log was put on and was soon blazing. It was not touched until red hot and thoroughly charred on all sides. In order to destroy any suggestion of prepared hands, the medium washed them thoroughly with soap and water. The sitters, a group of ten people, then took their seats, and Mrs. Hunter passed rapidly into the controlled state. Her control is stated to be the spirit of a Parsee who died hundreds of years ago, and when entranced she speaks no English.

In a minute or two she began to speak, and words that sounded like "Hoot-al-a-massa. Korusi, a-leek-a-la-massa" occurred frequently. She was violent, expostulated, shaken and excited. The words poured out in a quick, unbroken stream. She stood up and waved her hands and gesticulated. Then she pounced on the glowing log flaming among the coals and kept juggling it from hand to hand. The log was aflame, and showered bits of burning charcoal, sparks, and ashes about the room. She did this twice, putting the log back in the fire to flame again.

The Parsee language stopped, and an English spirit control, a "healer," translated his words. "He is doing this in order that you may know that there is a connection between the pure spirit of Fire and the Great Spirit," was the gist of his communication. Then came the Parsee again, and Mrs. Hunter seized the log and held it down on the head of the "Daily Express" representative. Bits of burning charcoal and ash fell off, and, despite the psychic theory that the log is wrapped in a flame-proof psychic envelope, his hair singed nicely.

Again the log was put back in the fire. It was then carried by the medium and laid on the open palm of another woman. It was not there long, but quite long enough to have burned it under normal conditions. She felt no pain.

After an interval, a trial was made with another log. The medium held the new blazing log on the head of a colonel for approximately two seconds. It did not effect him or his hair.

Later the "Daily Express" representative attempted to pick the log off the fire. It was impossible to hold it for even a fractional part of a second, yet Mrs. Hunter was able to carry it round the whole circle in her hands. The per-

formance is perplexing. There was no cabinet, no darkness, none of the usual dubious appanages of Spiritualism. It all took place within a twelve-foot circle in full light.—LONDON DAILY EXPRESS.

## Some Words About Prayer.

J. M. Peebles, M.D.

UPON the mountains eastward and northward from Los Angeles, in a city of some 600,000, fearful forest fires were raging, destroying property and ruining fruit fields, when the Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church ordered prayers for rain. The subject was soon taken up by the Protestants, excepting Unitarians, Universalists, and Swedenborgians. The daily journals took up the matter, calling forth criticisms, pro and con, in regard to the efficiency of prayer. When the rain came in some two weeks each sectarian preacher claimed the victory. What is true prayer? All countries have, under some name, prayer, describing its uses, yet they differ in the nature and results. The words of their invocations and prayers are as unlike as religion is unlike theology, or as Spiritism is unlike Spiritualism.

The inquiry continues, What is prayer? To us it is a calm, deep, spiritual emotion, looking trustingly to the Infinite Presence, manifest all through Nature's grand stupendous works. Prayer does not change the Almighty, but does change those who conscientiously pray, for men grow to be like what they think about, like what they talk of, as social and moral beings. The American Indian, in his skiff, looks far ahead and sees a beautiful island of fruits and flowers, and moves towards it, keeping his eye upon the island. He does not change the lovely body of waters, or, rather, the landscape of flowers, but changes himself until reaching it. The figure, in part, applies to prayer. Shall we pray for the dead? There are no dead. Alive, they often walk by our sides. They cause our thoughts, which thoughts are not "things," but spiritual forces, acting on different planes of consciousness.

The semi-emptiest spots and planes on earth are coffins and cemeteries. They contain only the fading, crumbling evidence of perishing forms. But they revive and freshen our memories and sympathies. Do they? Are relatives so material, do they exalt the shadow above the substance, dust to dust, to reappear as grasses, grain fields, and flower gardens? What, then, of towering shafts and marble monuments? They are little more than the drifting sands of Arabia. Look not downward o'er the water, but onward and upward to the radiant spheres of martyrs, sages, and the exalted, saying to us "Come up higher." Again we ask, "Shall we pray for the dead?" There are no dead except the morally dead—those dead in selfish worldliness. Then, whether this or the other side of the dim Divide should be thought of, prayed for, and brotherly helped, is still a question. Upon the authority of Peter, Jesus preached to "spirits in prison," and probably he also prayed for them, for preaching and praying and righteous living are all co-services leading to Heaven here and now.

It may not be amiss to state that the majority of the orthodox churches have so far "fallen from grace" as to never pray for the dead, and yet prayers were portions of the religious services of the primitive churches, such as those of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Hilary, the Compeer of Cyria of Jerusalem. He wrote thus: "We pray for those who are dead, we pray for the sick, we pray for the afflicted, we pray for the prophets and martyrs above, who in turn pray for us." Origen, who flourished near the end of the second century, prayed for the dead, whether they were good or wicked; and he also expressed the belief that the demon of demons would finally be redeemed.

The Lord's Prayer, used in all churches, and borrowed largely from the Talmud, requires radical changes. One passage should read, "Forgive us our trespasses as we should forgive those who trespass against us," and not "as we do forgive them," and another passage should read "leave us not in temptation; instead of asking God not to lead us in temptation.

Spiritualism is advancing rapidly under two aspects, the one is the phenomena, physical and mental. These



give direct demonstrations of a life hereafter. The other method is impressional and inspirational, treating of the philosophy of these demonstrations, which in descriptions ought to specify the names of the dead, as well as to describe them as much in imagination and speculation as in reality. These two methods of propagating Spiritualism, should, in our opinion, be largely kept apart, rather than conjoined into one religious service—the purpose being the same: the propagation and upbuilding of this mighty truth which is to become the foundation of all religions.

## From Out the Mists.

Geo. F. Berry.

MRS. OWEN sighed deeply as her husband got up from the table, his breakfast almost untouched. He had maintained a surly silence during the meal, answering only in gruff monosyllables. A heavy frown clouded his brow, and from old experience the wife strung herself up to meet the storm she knew would burst about her luckless head. With a vicious thrust he pushed the chair away and stood to and fro across the small room.

"Do you hear!" he began, his pent-up anger finding expression at last. "If Dave Evans shows his face here again, I'll do for you both."

"Dave's done you no harm," rejoined the woman wearily, "he only wants to help you."

"Help me! I hate him," he flashed back. "I'll not have his help through you."

"Through me!" she gasped, "what do you mean?"

"You know well enough what I mean," he retorted, "hasn't he stolen your love from me!"

"If you've lost my love, Jack, you've only yourself to blame," she said, thinking bitterly of the many unjust accusations he had thrown at her during their married life.

"You wrong Dave by such words," she added, "I tell you again he would be your best friend if only you would let him."

With angry strides he crossed the kitchen, and putting his hands on her shoulders forced her to look into his face. "Is it to help me he comes so often when I'm out," he cried, choking with passion. He hurled her from him, and went out to his work with curses on his lips.

David Evans was Jess Owen's cousin, and manager over a number of slate quarries on the Breckonshire Hills. Marriage had proved to be disadvantageous for Jess, but for the sake of his relative, David was willing to help the husband to better his position. Knowing the uncertain temper of the man and general lethargy of mind, Owen had discussed certain proposals for Jack's promotion alone with his cousin. He intended offering Jack a foreman's job on a new quarry about to be opened, and his idea was that the offer would more likely be accepted if it came in the nature of a surprise than if the man had time to dwell on the trouble involved in moving his home into a new district.

When she married, Jess was a bright vivacious girl to whom the companionship of neighbours and friends was as necessary as the breath of life. Jack was a reserved man, slow of speech, unresponsive to humour, and standing aloof from his fellows. Having no need of companionship himself, he grew yet jealous of the fact that his wife's bright spirits drew around them only the friends who dared to brave his morose and uncertain temper. Jess made a brave struggle to rise above the standard of life that satisfied her neighbours, striving continuously to rouse her husband's ambition. She hoped against hope that he would one day wake to better things, if only for the sake of the children. Her struggle was an unequal one; she battled ineffectually against inherited inertia of mind. With the passing years her strength failed, while Jack's unreasoning jealousy brought her to the verge of a mental breakdown.

Jess lay huddled up against the sofa where she had fallen, the precious moments passing all too quickly before her fluttering heart had steadied itself sufficiently to enable her to get up. "Oh dear!" she cried, struggling to her feet, "everything's against me this morning." She wanted to cry but there was no time for any such relief. She could only

force back the tears and goad herself to fresh exertions. No matter what cruel words were spoken, or what she suffered, Jack's dinner must be ready by noon and taken to the stile mid-way between their cottage and the quarry where he worked. Since the birth of the last child, her strength never seemed to rally, and the baby was delicate, needing constant attention. To add to her troubles, another child lay sick with a low fever. Though every nerve was strained to the uttermost, she lost time with the daily routine of work. At last dinner was ready, and she stood with the basket on her arm waiting for the eldest girl to come in from school before starting on her errand.

By this time her mind was thoroughly dazed. The breakfast hour experience had proved too much for her over-strained nature. The tension had snapped, and only force of habit set her feet on the path so frequently trodden. When she had gone about half a mile from the village, she stood still a moment, then walked back a few paces and stood again as if uncertain what to do. Presently she hurried forward once more, driven by a sudden flame of energy that burned up in her. Leaving the footpath, she wandered across the hills, fleeing from some uncomprehended terror that beat in her brain. All afternoon, and far into the night, the terror pursued her, till in utter exhaustion of body she fell down and passed into oblivion of a deep trance-like sleep.

Jack Owen was in an ugly mood that evening as he came up the garden path to his cottage. Assilent men will, he had brooded all morning over his supposed wrongs. His anger rose to white heat when noon brought neither wife nor dinner. With darkening brows he waited till there was barely time to get a bit of bread and cheese at the ale house before returning to work. All afternoon he fanned the fire of his anger, with the thought that her absence was deliberate. He would show her who was the master. Such defiance of his authority was intolerable. With a savage thrust he opened the door, but no wife was in to answer for her conduct. Instead he was met by the wailing of crying children, which drove him into a paroxysm of rage terrible to see. Two hours slipped by before he was calm enough to understand the oft repeated assertions of his eldest child that her mother had set out on her usual errand and not returned.

Bidding the girl put the younger children to bed, he went to make some inquiries in the village for news of his wife. The tale of her disappearance leapt at once to busy tongues. Dave Evans had called at Jack's cottage that morning, was one story. Another reported that Evans was seen at the railway station with several travelling bags, as if he were going on a long journey. But no one had seen the wife. The frenzied man recalled the morning's quarrel and his wife's defence of her cousin. He swore the couple had run away together. The railway officials denied that anyone had accompanied Mr. Evans when he boarded the train that morning. But Jack's opinion was formed, and in the absence of his wife nothing would turn him from it.

"They'd planned to meet further down the line," he said. "I'll kill him," he cried wildly, and as he returned to his empty cottage he heaped curses on his faithless wife.

Ten days later when the day's work was over, Jack sat in the porch of his cottage. Before him lay the neglected garden, once the pride of his heart. Its neglect was prophetic of the man's downward course now that the spur of his wife's ambition was removed. Trouble is the great challenge of life. One soul, after many buffetings, rises triumphant and all the greater for the conflict. Another sinks under the first rebuff, weakly declaiming against God and humanity. But who knows? Even the fallen may rise again if the darkness and the loneliness into which they have been plunged brings forth a passionate hunger of the soul for the "good" which was lost.

Beyond the garden, the long straggling village street dropped down into the hollow where the cross-roads met, and climbed the opposite slope to the Capel Coelbren Railway Station perched on the summit. The shrill whistle of an engine and a trailing cloud of smoke and steam attracted the attention of the brooding man. Soon the road was dotted with the few passengers coming from the station. While yet some distance away, he was aware that his enemy was coming towards the village. At the sight of his hated rival, the man's heart gave a great bound, and every trace of colour left his face. The feeling of utter desolation swept

over him afresh, and the old madness ran riot in his veins. With a hoarse cry he leapt to his feet, his great hands opening and shutting convulsively in the agony of his emotions.

David Evans had made good use of his short absence. Under his able supervision the new quarry would soon be ready for the first batch of workmen. In a little while another valley would ring with the sound of falling slates, and a scar on the face of the hill would tell the power of man to remove the mountains at his will. The manager now judged the time ripe to make his offer in person to Jack. He had long noticed the change in his cousin's health, and knew there was no chance of betterment unless he could persuade the husband to accept this better job he was prepared to offer him. As he neared the cottage he trusted to find Jack in a reasonable frame of mind.

"May I drop dead if ever I take a favour from you," burst out Jack as soon as he knew the purpose of the other's visit. "Do you think you can buy me off like that?" he stormed.

"Buy you off! What are you talking about?" demanded the astonished visitor.

"Where's Jess, you robber of men's homes?" pursued the infuriated man, heedless of Owen's interruption. "I'll kill you if you don't tell me where she is." And picking up an axe that lay on the seat beside him, he made an ugly rush at David.

In the midst of his rush a strange thing happened. Some power seemed to grip the angry man, making further movement impossible. Then a new terror confronted him. As he looked at Owen, David's face seemed to vanish in a cloud-like mist, and out of the cloud there glowed the face of Jess, and in her eyes a look of compassionate reproach. The axe slipped from his nerveless fingers, and he sank back on the seat white and trembling. Presently, under the other's stern questioning, the unhappy man told the story of his wife's disappearance.

With his accustomed alertness, David wasted little time on useless upbraidings, but immediately organised search parties. His intuition told him the woman must have strayed somewhere among the hills, and he feared the effect on her frail body. All the mountain streams and pools were dragged, but without avail. Some searchers working over the more remote areas came upon the dinner basket; the basin inside was broken, and the turf looked as if someone had lain there but a short time previously. Following this clue they were rewarded by the discovery of the woman's shawl, but beyond these articles the closest investigation yielded no further indication of her whereabouts.

One day, when Jack and David were out together, Jack suddenly stood still in an attitude of listening. "David," he said, "I'm sure she's calling me." Straightway the hills resounded with their united cries of "Jess! Jess!" but there came no response, though they shouted again and again.

In weariness and disappointment the search was abandoned, and Jack mourned for his wife as dead. Thereafter he went to his daily toil with a load at his heart. The nightly return to his motherless children drove him to deeper broodings. The bitterness of remorse assailed him, and he learned too late that he had sacrificed her to his unreasoning jealousy.

Jess awoke to find herself in a strange world. Unknown sounds murmured in her ears, yet as music that calmed the troubled soul. Divine harmonies seemed to float up through discordant human efforts like a bridge passage leading to a grand chorale of "Glory to God in the Highest, peace and good will among men." Her eyes looked out on strange scenery. She was reminded of the grandeur of her native hills and valleys, but the scale here was beyond her power of measurement. A white mist filled all the vast compass of her vision, through which fell shafts of softened light, as though the morning glory of a rising sun touched to gold and purple the gorse and heather-clad hills. Through these rifts she caught glimpses of a world beyond the zone of mist, bright and clear, and knew this was the end of a journey, the home towards which the wandering soul turns at last.

Presently she was conscious of a lightness and spontaneity of movement quite new to her. Her spirit inhaled strength and energy from this hazy atmosphere. It possessed properties having the power to cleanse the soul of its

weariness, giving back the joy of life and youthful courage. Yet her movements were not altogether free. Always a compelling force brought her back to a definite point. She made the surprising discovery that this point was the physical body she so lately occupied. She saw it lying beneath her, an inert mass, a fine tenuous cord stretching from it to herself. With a shock, she realised that while the cord remained unbroken she could never pierce the mists and enter the bright, beautiful world beyond. In the moment of understanding it seemed as if the noonday sun was overcast by a cloud, and involuntarily she shivered at the sudden coldness. Then, as if to compensate for the denial of her great longing to be at home, the friends of her childhood, "loved long since and lost awhile," came to her with glad greetings and words of sweet counsel. Sweetest of all these angelic visitors was the mother who had passed away all too soon. She came to pillow her child's head once again on her breasts, and whisper words of loving consolation.

A little later she found another bond of captivity tying her to this earth and its sorrows. The conflict of passion in Jack's heart against her cousin held her as in a leash. In that terrible moment when her husband would have killed David she found herself compelled to look on the tragedy, yet seemingly powerless as a dreamer to interrupt the tide of events. With all her soul she longed to stay the struggle and keep her husband's hands free from the stain of blood. She did not fully comprehend that her prayer had been answered, nor that Jack's clairvoyant eye had been opened to the sight of her face. So, in the days of searching, she dreamed that Jack stood before her, looking into her eyes with a strange wistfulness. Then he turned away, and as he went he looked back over his shoulder, as though he looked at her for the last time.

"Jack! Jack! I want you," she cried out in her dream, and flung out imploring arms.

"Jess! Jess!" Surely Jack called. She listened intently and heard a sound as of many voices blended by great distance into a single note. Instantly the dream vanished, and she found herself looking on at the searchers, yet unable to attract their attention.

Once more darkness closed round her, and she passed into unconsciousness. When she again opened her eyes she was back in the old familiar world. Gradually it came to her waking self that she had set out to take her husband's dinner. With that thought came the remembrance of the children waiting at home. But where was home? How did she come to be lying here, and how long was it since she left her babes?

With the return of consciousness came also the knowledge of her physical weakness. If her mind was restored, the want of food and the exposure on the bleak mountain side had told their tale on her poor body. When she made the attempt to reach home she found herself unable to walk any distance without falling. The mother instinct rose up stronger than all else. "God give me strength to find my little ones," she prayed. Stumbling forwards, crawling on hands and knees over rocks and through streams, she drew near the village, guided she knew not how, but unerringly as the liberated dove flies to its cote through the trackless air.

It was sixteen days since Jack rushed frantically through the village for news of his wife. If only they had found her body! He felt it would be easier to bear than the uncertainty of her fate. Again and again he asked himself did he really hear her call him that afternoon, or was it only imagination. The cry and the vision of her face with its reproach haunted him day and night. He would start out of his sleep to hear her voice call his name in the darkness.

"Jack!" He started from his chair. There was her voice again. Did her spirit call him? He shrank back in guilty terror.

"Jack!" Once more the cry rang in his ears, this time accompanied by a low moan, and the door shook as though something heavy had fallen against it. Trembling in every limb he slowly crossed the kitchen floor and unfastened the door. He stood stupidly staring at a motionless body huddled up at his feet. Another moan recalled him to his senses. Stooping down, he picked up the emaciated frame and carried it into the room. As the lamplight fell on the sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, he cried brokenly, "My God! it's Jess!"

## Hints to Investigators.

THE desire to personally investigate the claims of Spiritualism is a natural one, and the logical outcome of the teachings of Spiritualists.

If you are in earnest on this matter, and really desire to search for the sake of obtaining knowledge, the investigation may be undertaken reverently and seriously, with good results.

If you desire amusement or excitement, and enter upon the subject with levity, you will inevitably suffer, and most probably reap a terrible harvest of retribution, physical and moral.

For purposes of investigation, first choose a number of interested friends with whom you are in harmony, and who should possess morality, earnestness of purpose, and purity of mind. Physical health is of first importance. There should not be less than three in the circle, and seven is a good number. There should be an equal blending of positive and negative characters among them, but very positive characters will spoil the harmony of the circle, and prevent the spirits from communicating. There should be an equal number of each sex.

The room in which you meet should be set apart for the purpose if possible; but, at any rate, should be well ventilated, comfortably warm, and nicely lighted. The lights should be softened by the use of some tinted shade, but darkness should be avoided as a plague.

The sitting should commence promptly, and late comers should never be admitted. Regularity of attendance is absolutely necessary to good results.

A hymn should be sung at the commencement, and a short prayer assists in harmonising the thoughts of the sitters. Sweet music at intervals is of great service, and the meeting should never be allowed to become deadly dull. Subdued conversation may be indulged in, but discussion or emphatic utterance is not wise.

A wooden table without cover, and round for preference, should be placed in the centre of the room, and the members of the circle should sit around, with their hands resting palms downward upon it. The hands should be removed from the table as rarely as possible, and not both at once if it can be avoided.

Prior to commencing, paper and pencils should be put on the table, to avoid the need for rising after the circle has been formed.

The direction of the circle should be in the hands of one chosen for the purpose, and all questions to be put should be asked through such leader. Indiscriminate questioning is fatal to success.

It is not wise to sit for longer than one hour at a time, and if, after several sittings, no manifestations occur, it would be well to dissolve the circle and form another with fresh friends.

In circle the sexes should sit alternately.

When the table begins to move, questions may be asked and the controlling intelligences will, if possible, direct the circle by answering questions with one rap for "No," two for "Doubtful," and three for "Yes." Upon establishing communication, messages may be spelt by requesting the spirit-people to raise the table at the desired letter in the alphabet, which the leader should repeat slowly again and again for this purpose.

If a sitter feels impelled to speak or sing or even to gesticulate, he should follow the impression faithfully. Such may be the first attempts of a spirit to manifest.

Do not allow a spirit to use violence; request the control to be gentle in method. If no heed is taken of this, and violence continues, the circle must be broken up.

Note, if the hand of a sitter is moved by an extraneous force, a pencil should be taken, and paper placed before such, and although the first endeavours may be but unintelligible scratches, recognisable characters will probably be written if patience be exercised.

Use reason in all things. Prove all the messages that come—hold fast to the truth. Do not believe all messages, especially where of an extraordinary nature.

Above all, remember that the investigation is of natural forces, and therefore do not become hysterical or lose mental

balance. Use sound commonsense, and thus avoid many difficulties and disappointments.

Do all things "decently and in order."

## Why Tend to Orthodoxy?

Arthur L. Wilkins.

FROM all quarters we hear that attendances at Spiritualist churches and meetings are increasing. In some places we hear that many people are turned away owing to lack of accommodation. The gratifying result of this will be that the membership of our Societies will increase also. There is, however, one danger to be watched for and avoided even in this pleasant prospect.

This danger will come through the wish of the newcomers to alter the style of our services to bring them more in line with orthodox methods. Already we hear the lament that our services are not spiritual enough. One hears such remarks even from Spiritualists of long standing. As a matter of fact, what is generally desired is that we shall revert to more orthodox methods with long readings from the Bible, and definite moral teaching from our rostrums. Phenomena is to be entirely confined to week-night meetings and circles. Such a change should be strongly resisted.

Thousands of sermons are given from orthodox pulpits every Sunday with the usual abstract moral teachings. How many times, I wonder, has anyone who has attended church or chapel for any length of time heard, let us say, the parable of the Prodigal Son? In such cases it is usual to re-tell the story in words inferior to the simplicity of the Gospel narrative, and then to point out the necessity of repentance and forgiveness. The time for this sort of thing is passed; we have had sermons, sermons, sermons ad nauseam. To-day, to reach the masses, we require more practical and telling addresses from men and women who live our lives under our conditions and are not a class apart like the clergy.

Again, it is often remarked that the messages received from spirits are not uplifting enough, by which is generally meant that the spirits, instead of sermonising, content themselves with reference to everyday matters concerning those for whom they appear.

Now, our cause is yet numerically small, and as a religion it is young. The point still to be emphasised is not the matter that spirits communicate, but the fact that they can communicate. When the majority of us know and accept the truth of the continuity of life as taught by Spiritualism, then we shall pass over knowing at least that we do live on, and that at first our conditions of life will not be very different to what they are here. As it is, most of us on arriving "over there" seem to have to spend long periods of valuable time in merely realising what has happened, and adjusting our new conditions with our preconceived ideas of vague heavens and hells imparted to us in our Sunday-schools and churches.

Therefore, Spiritualists, let us first see to it that all men have accepted the cardinal truth that we survive death, then will come days of greater revelation, greater spiritual power with communications of greater beauty and value.

ALL my poems are written while I am in a sort of spasmodic mental condition that almost takes me out of my own self, and I write only when under such influence. It is for this reason, I think, that I can never remember a poem a short time after it is written, any more than the subject of double consciousness can recall the idea of his other states.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

KEEP STILL.—Keep still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on his legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still—till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once, I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I leaned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed.—DR. BURTON.



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## Current Topics.

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We are pleased to be able to report the steady increase in the sale of THE TWO WORLDS and we beg to thank our numerous friends for their assistance in placing "our paper" before the public. The pressure upon our space has been so great that many contributions have had to be omitted. We intend, however, to increase the size of the paper by another four pages in the New Year, making eight pages increase in the last twelve months.

### Will you help us?

This will entail more work and more expense, as the price of paper is steadily rising and supplies are difficult to get. Shortly we hope to increase the quality of the paper and make our front page more distinctive. We are determined to keep THE TWO WORLDS in the front, and circulation must continue to go up. Every society should sell THE TWO WORLDS—it pays, and it also spreads the cause.

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### Proper Presentation.

Of course, if the public are invited to your meetings, the form of presentation of our subject needs to be intelligible and intelligent, and unless Spiritualism is properly put before the inquirer it is useless advertising meetings or inviting strangers. Don't advertise unless you have the goods.

### That Bookstall Again.

ALWAYS remember, too, that a good book or pamphlet is as likely to impress a stranger as a good speaker, and the Societies which are alive are those which are selecting their best men to "run" the bookstall. It needs a good man—a man who has read the books he sells can recommend with confidence and select the right book for the right man.

### Xmas Greetings!

ERE we appear again the festival time will be over. Thank God (and shall we not thank men, who are God's instruments) we celebrate Xmas with peace in the air. We wish it were as possible to talk about goodwill amongst men. However, the old, old wish goes out to all: "A Happy Christmas." May pleasing family ties and re-union of old friends make glad each heart this Xmastide.

### Sweet Remembrance.

AND as we gather round the Christmas fire, the season of unity and goodwill will attract to us many who have passed beyond the veil. Let us remember them—not in sorrow or regret—but as members of our happy family party, and their sweet influence and presence will make complete "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

### We look Ahead.

As Spiritualists we optimistically regard the future, and trust that ere the earth has completed another round in space, old sores will have been healed, and that the people of this old earth, purged by suffering, will have emerged into the sunshine of a fuller, sweeter life and join in the chorus of helpful thought to sing

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## Yorkshire Spiritualist County Council.

THE QUARTERLY MEETING was held at Mexborough on Sunday November 30th. The president, Mr. S. Rastal, presided at all the meetings. The period devoted to spirit intercourse which preceded the business made a splendid atmosphere for the day's proceedings. A hearty welcome was extended to the members by Mr. C. Hayward, president of Mexborough Society. A vote of condolence was feelingly moved by Mr. H. J. Webster and seconded by Mrs. Hunt, to the relatives of Mrs. Roberts, secretary of Wombwell Society, carried by silent vote. Mr. W. G. Gush was elected Minute Secretary. All the District Committees were represented with the exception of Dewsbury, Bradford and Keighley. Mr. R. H. Yates and Mr. S. Ackroyd were accorded the privilege of taking part in the meeting. It was resolved that the Easter Celebrations be held in each District Committee's area. The secretary reported that, as directed, he had sent out circulars to all secretaries in reference to the formation of Study Groups, 58 in all, but had not received one reply. Delegates complained in regard to the increasing tendency of some speakers to cancel their engagements, putting societies to great inconvenience. It was resolved that the Secretary should write the S.N.U. Council, suggesting they should draw up a speakers' agreement form, and issue to societies, which should be equally binding upon speakers and societies. It was agreed that the invitation received from the Huddersfield and Halifax District Committee inviting the Council to hold a special propaganda meeting in their area on August 29th, 1920, be accepted. Sheffield District Committee moved that the secretary receive an honorarium of not less than £1 per quarter, which was carried unanimously. It was further resolved that a small sub-committee be elected to work out a scheme for a full time permanent Secretary and Organiser, and present it to the annual Conference. Messrs. B. Taylor, J. Dunn, A. E. Beety, H. Alderson and W. G. Gush were elected, Mr. R. H. Yates being co-opted. Notices of motion to amend the constitution having been sent in by the Dewsbury, Bradford and Keighley District Committee, it was unanimously resolved to recommend to Annual Conference that in view of the adjustment and alteration rendered necessary by the S.N.U. new rules, that these motions be held in abeyance until March. Further, it was agreed that the Permanent Secretary Sub-committee consider the alterations that will be necessary. Mr. A. E. Beety gave his report of the S.N.U. Special Conference at Leicester, for which he was heartily thanked. The syllabus of a series of lectures dealing with the three sides of Spiritualism was read with a view to our speakers adopting them for week-night meetings. The Secretary was directed to send the syllabus to District Committees with the suggestion. The new society at Goole applied for affiliation and the application was handed to the Leeds District Committee for them to deal with. The question of an East Coast District Committee arose, and Mr. R. H. Yates volunteered to visit Hull on February 14th, to meet the representatives from societies in the area if a delegate meeting was called. The offer was accepted with thanks and the secretary was instructed to convene a meeting. Reports from District Committees were presented by the secretaries of the Sheffield, Leeds, and Huddersfield and Halifax District Committees showing fair progress of their societies.

At the Afternoon Delegate Conference Mr. R. H. Yates, on behalf of the S.N.U., introduced a discussion on the S.N.U. new rules, summarising them, and showing their bearing upon society work, and showing that under the new system there will be a sounder financial basis, better personal relationship, financial arrangements which will legalise every church upon the new basis of representation, and pointing out the weakness of the old system and the benefits of the new in a greater intimacy and uniformity in working and coherent action. A resolution was carried approving the new rules and pledging the delegates to use all their influence to carry them into successful effect.

In the evening a propaganda meeting was held in the Oxford Street Picture Palace, Mr. R. H. Yates delivering an address on "The message of Spiritualism to the Christian," Mr. W. G. Gush following with an address on "Our life in two worlds." Solos were well rendered by Miss

Hearthead, "The Silver Chord," and by Miss Peck "Abide with me." The whole day's proceedings were thoroughly successful. Over 200 visitors sat down to tea, a splendid audience gathered at the Palace, and, last but not least, a nice balance remains after expenses are paid.—W. G. GUSH.

## The Lifting of the Latch.

W. H. Evans.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

### CHAPTER X.—CONDITIONS IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

"WHEN I left the Room of Judgment, I went with my wife amongst the community. There are numbers of such, and each is organised upon the law of fitness, or affinity. The pursuits of my earthly life had been chiefly intellectual, and here I found every means for ministering to my craving for knowledge. There was no need to be formally introduced to anyone; we all felt so much at home with each other; and all had such an eager desire to impart knowledge, that we could brush aside the many bars to free intercourse which you have created in your social life. Conversation was more free, and although language was used, I found the possibilities of mental contact so superior, that the spoken word was often discarded altogether. This does not mean that we could have access to each other's minds whenever we chose. Each can close his mind, and privacy of thought can be enjoyed here as much as upon the earth.

"The central building around which I told you our township was grouped I found consisted of a number of lecture halls, together with a fine annexe for practical demonstrations in the various sciences. Here we foregathered at stated times and listened to what experts in different branches of knowledge had to tell us. These lectures were illustrated with experiments, and the close relationship between the different sciences pointed out. I found much to learn here, and the voluminous library is a wonderful aid. You may be surprised to hear that we have books. Not all such as yours, though there are thousands of volumes which are to all appearances just as the books of earth. But we have a method here of fixing all discoveries made on small tablets. I cannot tell you how this is done, nor the amount of informative matter a tablet can be made to contain. But I will just point out that the psychometric faculty which is used by many on your side is the one chiefly used here for the acquirement of knowledge, and by some method I have not yet discovered, these small tablets, which are only two inches square, are saturated with the needed information, and then insulated in order that they shall not take on any other influences, so that anyone can handle them without destroying their usefulness.

"There is another method used, but only by those who have reached a higher stage of development, and that is to get into direct contact with the original idea at the back of all things. But only the very advanced teachers are able to do this.

"Generally the methods here used in the first stages for the acquirement of knowledge are similar to those on the earth. And the very homeliness of the conditions here, the simplicity and harmony, does more to draw out the finer qualities of new arrivals than any highly elaborate schemes which some folks imagine to be necessary for the spirit's development. Generally speaking, not enough attention is paid to the so-called trivial things of life. Neither is the idea of labour to be counted as foreign to this life. Work is salvation, when it is of the right kind. If on the earth men get to look upon work as a curse, it is chiefly because the majority have to do work for which they are unsuited, and which is foreign to their tastes. Here very effort is made to adapt the tasks to the individual. The mental worker has all the facilities for doing what he desires. He has books, apparatus for experimentation, lecture rooms in which to discuss his researches. The craftsman has his bench, his tools, his materials, and happy surroundings. If this savours too much of an idealised earth, I can only say that I think on reflection you will find it eminently reasonable. No task is hurried, no influence ignored. All are devoted to one great end, the development of the greater man within.

Of course, the absence, as I have already stated, of any influence corresponding to economic pressure renders it easier for the spirit to develop and grow in the right direction. The better environment tends to call into activity the latent good within the individual. And, believe me, the capacity for righteous dealing even in the worst of men surpasses your understanding.

"Again, if you reflect upon this idea of spiritual development, you will see the necessity for all that I have mentioned. The musician, for the study of music, must have instruments; instruments must be made. They are real instruments, not as some thoughtlessly say, thought creations. One does not build up in imagination a piano, and then find the objective instrument before him. The thought has to be clothed in appropriate substance of an objective character before the musician can use it. For that purpose tools, and mechanics to use them, and material to fashion, are necessary. People have been accustomed to talk of robes and crowns and harps as if these things grew. They do not. Spirit clothes and such things are made, and do not grow. Here everything is a perfect picture of earthly conditions. An idealised earth. So the musicians have their instruments, their bands, and everything necessary for the higher study of their art. The sculptor and painter have matter to work with. The gardener tends his garden and studies his flowers with the same assiduity as he did on earth. And in all this you will find he is more or less in direct contact with the underlying idea of things. No, no, the earth is not the real, and this the shadow. Both are real, but if there is any degree of reality, this is more the real.

"Perhaps I ought to say something about the government of our community. There are many forms of government in the spirit-world, suited to the intellectual needs and spiritual aspirations of its people, but all is based upon freedom. There is no coercion. Each is governed by the inherent law of right. That is the court of appeal, and there is no higher. Ultimately everyone reaches this standard. Many even on the earth have reached it. For these outward forms of government are not needed. Should any differences of administration arise, we all gather together in our large hall and discuss the whole matter pro and con, and no decision is adopted unless there is perfect unanimity. We have no politics in the meaning of the word as you understand it. The one principle governing all is the good of the whole, but that good must not be pursued at the expense of the individual. It is a received axiom here that a bad cause alone needs the suppression of opinions opposite to its own. After all, you will perceive the best government is no government. That is a paradox which contains the whole principle of government in our world."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN in distress, Mr. John Hutcheson, 114, Osborne Place, Aberdeen, wrote to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and he sent Mrs. Britten's address. There was not the slightest possibility of her knowing anything of Mr. Hutcheson's affairs. Mr. Hutcheson wrote him: "She gave me an extraordinary accurate description of our eldest son in psychical form and character, so life-like, indeed, that my wife and I were both overcome emotionally. After stating that his grandfather was with him and two uncles, giving their names, I inquired if anyone was in the other world who had been killed in the war. Two names were given, pupils of Aberdeen Grammar School, classmates of my son. More agreeable still, he, through Mrs. Britten, informed us that a lady living near us who had a missing son should be informed that her son was with him, and the name of the boy was given. The name of a lady, a choir member of my church, who died fifteen years ago, was given. This young lady's father I saw yesterday, and the description, he said, was faithful in every respect. We believe our boy was with us. Instead of driving us from religion, it is knitting us more faithfully to the fact of the Risen Christ—(applause)—and his compassion for sorrowing humanity in allowing these messages to be sent." He expressed his admiration of Mr. Hutcheson's courage in making his experiences public, because many who took the matter up had not the manhood to tell the good they had got. (Applause) The thing was entirely beyond coincidence and beyond telepathy.—CONAN DOYLE

## Correspondence.

*It must be fully understood that the Editor does not necessarily endorse the views of correspondents whose letters are published from time to time in these columns. Correspondents must send name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. In order to avoid delay or the necessity for curtailment, it is requested that letters to the Editor be made as brief as possible.*

## THE INTERNATIONAL HOME CIRCLE FEDERATION

SIR,—The Executive Committee of this Federation are now anxious to get into touch with mediums; professional and non-professional, in London and the United Kingdom, who desire to help or work in association with the Federation. The object is to compile a register as complete as possible of available mediums throughout the country who could be put into communication with inquirers needing assistance in the formation of Home Circles or otherwise. Prospectus, with other information, on application to the Secretary, 10, Babington-road, London, N.W. 4.

THOMAS BLYTON, Secretary.

## SPIRITUALISM AND INSANITY.

SIR,—One notices at intervals in THE TWO WORLDS references to charges against Spiritualism of producing insanity, and those who endeavour to repudiate those charges take up the attitude of asserting that it is not true on the basis of ascertained statistics. Well, it is not true, but a differentiation should be made as between isolated cases of acknowledged Spiritualists in asylums and the asserted consciousness that dubs a man, in the opinion of the medical fraternity, a lunatic. Take you, Sir, who are clairvoyant—[We make no such claim. Ed.]—if you were in an asylum you would be viewed as being insane on the basis that you were subject to visual hallucinations. Again, Dr. Forbes Winslow has been referred to. Well, I doubt that he is viewed in the medical psychological fraternity as the authority that some imagine him to be. I suggest that he would be viewed as having shoved himself into the limelight, without any particular backing in relation to being an expert. I would, however, cite Sir George Savage, a little man who stutters, as an acknowledged mental expert in this country. What is his attitude in relation to clairaudience, or what he would call "hearing voices"? It is a simple one (and one, too, that indicates a certain amount of acumen): "I don't hear these voices, therefore you don't." Truly, he is not far from the kingdom, and if he develops normally I would suggest that his next position will be a recognition of ignorance and finally knowledge. I would suggest that our attitude as Spiritualists should be one of recognising that to the medical faculty Spiritualistic phenomena are hallucinatory, and consequently we must lump the medical faculty (many, or most, of them no doubt quite honest in their views) with religious bigots who are opposed to us.

W. GREGORY.

## DO WE NEED INTERNAL REFORM?

SIR,—How much longer have we to wait before Societies generally in our movement give up the practice of holding after-circles or meetings? What purpose do such meetings serve? Has our movement grown in numbers and in quality to any appreciable extent as a direct result of such meetings? To the first query I answer, the sooner, the better, especially from a philosophical, spiritual, and devout aspect. To the second question, I say they serve very little purpose beyond catering for the sensational and curious phenomena hunter. To the third question I dare commit myself to assert that the after-meetings or circles do not encourage the growth of our movement, spiritually or philosophically. If a person does not deem it fit and wise to put in an appearance at the ordinary service, one can hardly expect the average after-meeting to convert that individual to Spiritualism. If investigators need evidence of spirit survival, and are really desirous of obtaining same, they will attend ordinary meetings. I know what the cry will be. Look at the financial loss. Are we to turn mourners away, etc., etc. Let us put to the test some of our much-lauded faith in the help of our spirit friends. Have

two spiritual services per day, 10-30 to 12 and 6-30 to 8, leaving the afternoon free for the Lyceum, Study Group, or developing circle. We would soon have a purer, higher, nobler, more spiritual and educated movement. Our spirit inspirers and advisers would see to it that we were not the losers. The crowds that rush in at some after-meetings, the chaotic conditions set up through moving forms and chairs to form the circle, and the unsprital atmosphere is far from elevating and inviting to an earnest seeker.

S. R. GOODMAN.

## THE BRITTEN MEMORIAL.

SIR,—I have read with very deep interest the article by Mr. R. H. Yates on page 528, and most sincerely endorse his urgent call. The need for a national centre controlling and supporting district organising missionaries is so pressing that every Spiritualist should respond immediately by subscribing every penny he can spare. It is, however, a mistaken policy to diffuse our efforts by setting up divers objects on which they may be disposed, and I venture to suggest to your readers that the nucleus for Mr. Yates' object already exists in the Britten Memorial Fund, one of the purposes of which is to provide "head offices for the Spiritualists' National Union." This fund has now been in existence for some nineteen years, and during the past ten of these the interest and gratitude of our movement has been expressed by approximately £7 per annum. Surely such a paltry sum does not truly represent either the debt we owe to so great a pioneer or our desire for the present well-being of the movement. The Trustees are most anxious to realise their aim, and this can only be done by a united effort such as is suggested by Mr. Yates; but let us all pull together to complete that which was started with such goodwill and high hopes, and not turn our efforts into some new channel until our work is done. Let every church set aside not less than five per cent. of its collections, and every exponent and demonstrator the same proportion of their fees, and place the amount to a "National Headquarters" fund, and before long we shall remove the weight of obligation which now lies so heavily upon us. Any subscriptions may be sent either to Mr. A. W. Orr, 2, Wilmington Gardens, Eastbourne, or to the Treasurer to the fund, Mr. E. A. Keeling, 8, Knocklaid-road, Tue Brook, Liverpool.

E. A. KEELING.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

SIR,—Will you allow me, as one who is very jealous of the reputation of Spiritualism and of Spiritualists, to strongly protest against the holding of after-circles, where such undeveloped phenomena occur as at Brixton so fittingly described by Edith Shackleton in the "Daily Sketch" for Nov. 24th. On the one hand, we have Sir A. Conan Doyle commanding respect for Spiritualism, and on the other hand some of our own Societies just as thoroughly destroying respect. I enclose the report of this Brixton after-circle, so that you can judge for yourself whether or not my indignation is justified. An after-circle at which the public are present should be conducted by a developed and competent medium, and not, as in this case, given up to the doings of any and every person, of any age, who feels the first signs of mediumship. Every Spiritualist of experience knows that the signs manifested by such an undeveloped medium lend themselves to ridicule and disgust on the part of the ignorant public, who do not understand the initial difficulties in establishing spirit-control. Therefore, such experiences should be strictly confined to the developing circle. They are entirely and painfully out of place in public. Those responsible for Society meetings must wake up to the fact that the limelight is upon us, and keen criticism will be applied to our conduct, individually and collectively. Meetings conducted with a lack of commonsense and judgment will do the cause harm, and prevent the investigation by serious-minded people, and, as a religious organisation, we shall be left stranded high and dry. I am so proud of Spiritualism, and so jealous of its reputation, that I feel such criticism as that of Edith Shackleton as a blow at me personally.

J. FRASER HEWES.

NOTE.—We read with pain Miss Shackleton's article referred to, and if her facts are true they are deplorable, whilst if they are not true in this case, they certainly apply to many "after circles."—Ed.



## REPORTS OF SOCIETARY WORK.

1.—*Ordinary Reports, to ensure insertion, must be confined to accounts of Sunday meetings only, and must not exceed 40 words in length. Use post cards. Reports must reach us by first post on Tuesday morning. Accounts of after-circles are excluded.*

2.—*Prospective Announcements, not exceeding 24 words, may be added to Reports if accompanied by six penny stamps. Longer notices must appear in our advertisement columns.*

3.—*Special Reports, to ensure insertion the same week, should reach this office by first post on Tuesday morning. 150 words are allowed free; all beyond are charged for at the rate of 2d. per line.*

4.—*Important: No special or Ordinary Reports two Sundays old will be inserted.*

\* \* In all cases where the address of a meeting place does not appear in a Society report, it will be found in the Platform Guide.

### Special Reports.

150 words are inserted free. Above that number a charge of 2d. per line is made. Send stamps with your report.

#### BRISTOL: DIGHTON STREET.

The opening services of our new church were conducted by Mr. F. T. Blake, of Bournemouth, who gave addresses on "Where is the spirit-world?" and "The higher value of Spiritualism," following with convincing clairvoyance. Solos were rendered by Miss Hapgood and Miss Jefferies. The hall was packed. Mr. J. M. Eddy presided.

#### HIRST.

Mr. SAMUEL SHEARS occupied our platform. After naming the child of Mr. and Mrs. Boon, he gave an address on "The beauty of the Spiritualist teaching." He claimed that one must be their own saviour. That could only be done by living good lives here. He afterwards gave clairvoyance.

#### NOTTINGHAM: PROGRESSIVE.

On Sunday, Dec. 7th, we had a visit from Mr. Sutton, of Sheffield, who gave a splendid address on "The arisen spirits," the hall being packed, a great many having to be turned away. Mr. Sutton also gave clairvoyance. On the Monday we also had another good time.

#### LONDON: MANOR PARK.

On Thursday, Dec. 4th, we held our bazaar in aid of the Organ Fund. The diligent workers were amply rewarded by the huge success, nearly £50 being realised. All who contributed are heartily thanked, also Miss Larkin, who kindly rendered solos.

#### SHEFFIELD: ATTERCLIFFE.

RECENTLY we were favoured with a visit from Mr. J. Page, of New Zealand, who gave trance orations to very appreciative congregations. At the afternoon Lyceum session Mr. Page spoke on the origin of Modern Spiritualism. He also delighted the Lyceumists with a graphic description of the Lyceum movement in New Zealand, and conveyed the fraternal greetings of all Societies and Lyceums. On Sunday evening he spoke on "Where the millions that are dead now dwell." There was a good audience.

## SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD.

MR. RALPH STEWART, on Dec. 6th, addressed a large meeting on "Why I am a Spiritualist" at Kirkby, replying to the criticisms made at the same place by an opponent. The meeting aroused great interest, and question time elicited only one query. On the 7th Mr. Stewart spoke in our church on "Faith, facts and frauds" to a full audience.

## SALFORD.

ON Thursday, Dec. 4th, the members of the West High-street Society held an "At Home," and presented a silver-plated crucifix to Miss F. Cross on the occasion of her forthcoming marriage to Mr. J. McNeill, and on Sunday, Dec. 7th, the Lyceumists presented her with an alarm clock.

## PLYMOUTH: STONEHOUSE.

THE 11th anniversary was held recently. Mr. Looine gave an address on "Is Spiritualism diabolical or divine?" Clairvoyant descriptions were given by Mrs. Joachim Dennis. Mrs. Herd was soloist. Mr. H. Pearce spoke on the uphill work of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, which ultimately had been rewarded with crowded audiences, who were seeking Spiritualism. The President urged all workers to stand firm and spread the cause they had at heart. Special anthems were rendered by the choir. The large hall was crowded, and many had to stand. The flowers used for the decorations were afterwards given to the sick.

## NEW SECRETARIES.

Changes in the Names and Addresses of Secretaries of Societies can be intimated under this head if stamps to the value of 3d. be forwarded with the information

SUNDERLAND, SPIRITUAL EVIDENCE SOCIETY, DERWENT STREET.—MR. W. DOWELL TODD, 14, Tunstall Terrace, Sunderland.

DON'T FORGET THE  
TWO DAYS' "AT HOMES,"  
held in the  
SHIPLEY SPIRITUALIST CHURCH  
MARKET BUILDINGS, TEALE  
COURT.

ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, DEC.  
28TH AND 27TH, 1919.

Doors open each day at 5-30. Reception at 6-30. Concert at 7.

Admission each day: Adults, 9d.; Children, 5d.

Come and spend a Pleasant Evening.

## British Magnetic Healers' Association

will commence  
A "FIRST-AID & SICK NURSING  
CLASS,"  
with the view of Developing Magnetic  
Healers.

ON THURSDAY, JAN. 8TH, 1920.  
Instructors:

First-Aid and Sick Nursing: G. VERNON, Jun.

Magnetic Healing: G. VERNON, Sen.

Class to commence at 7-30.

For terms, write Mr. GEO. VERNON,

Queen's Chambers, 5, John Dalton-st.,

Manchester.

WORK 2 spare hours daily in your own home. £5 weekly easily earned by simply following my valuable printed instructions. Forwarded for 1s. P.O., stamped addressed envelope enclosed. Failure is impossible. Experience unnecessary. — ALBERT FEATHER, 93, White Abbey-rd., Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire.

## Society Advertisements.

### South Manchester Spiritualist Church, PRINCESS HALL, MOSS SIDE.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 6-30 MR.  
ROBINSON. At 8, Mrs. FORREST.  
Lyceum at 2-30.

MONDAY, 8-15, Mrs. EASTWOOD.

TUESDAY, 8, Mrs. FORREST.

THURSDAY, No Meeting.

SUNDAY, JAN. 4TH, at 3 and 6-30;  
MR. TOM TYRRELL.  
Silver Collection.

### Manchester Central Spiritualist Church

ONWARD HALL, 207, DEANS GATE.

DEC. 21.—Circle for Members only.

„ 28.—MR. A. WILKINSON.

### Manchester Society of Spiritualists, 36, MASKELL ST., ARDWICK GREEN.

#### OPEN CIRCLES

will be held in the Rooms of the above  
Society every Sunday Afternoon at 3  
o'clock prompt.

Doors closed at ten past. All invited.

### Collyhurst Spiritual Church, COLLYHURST STREET.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 10-30 and 2-30,  
LYCEUM OPEN SESSION.

At 6-30, SERVICE OF SONG.

MONDAY, 3 and 8, Mrs. SHARPLES.

FRIDAY, TEA PARTY AND SOCIAL.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28TH, MR. GILLING.

### Longsight Spiritualist Society, SHEPLEY ST., OPPOSITE PIT ENTRANCE, KING'S THEATRE.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 6-45 and 8-15,  
MR. LAPPIN.

TUESDAY, 8-15, Mrs. APPLEBY.

THURSDAY, No Meeting.

### Milton Spiritualist Church, BOOTH STREET, ECCLES CROSS.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 3 and 6-30,  
MISS SANDIFORD.

MONDAY, 3 and 7-45, Mrs. VERITY.

WEDNESDAY, at 7-45, LOCALS.

SATURDAY, at 7, OPEN CIRCLE.

### Pendleton Spiritualist Church, FORD LANE.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, MR. J. KNIGHT.  
Lyceum at 2-15.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, No Meetings.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28TH, OPEN CIRCLE.

### Bury Spiritualist Society, 44, KING STREET.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 3, 6, and 7-30,  
Mrs. PILKINGTON.

WEDNESDAY, 3 and 7-45, Closed.

### Brighton Spiritualist Church, ATHENÆUM HALL, NORTH ST. Affiliated to the S.N.U.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 11-15 and 7,  
Mrs. CROWDER.

Lyceum at 3.

WEDNESDAY, 8, Public Meeting.

### Brighton Spiritualist Brotherhood, OLD STONE HALL, 52A, OLD STONE. Affiliated to S.N.U.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 11-30 and 7,  
MR. A. MASKELL.

MONDAY, 7-15. TUESDAY, 3, MR.  
MASKELL.

THURSDAY, 7-15, Inquirers.

#### FORWARD MOVEMENT.

SUNDAY NEXT, Athenæum Hall, at 3,  
Mrs. MARY GORDON.

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.

**Society Advertisements.**

**W.T.S. Progressive Thought Centre,**  
114, SOUTH ST. (ROOM 2), EASTBOURNE.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 11-15 and 6-30,  
MRS. M. A. MANSELL and Mr. W. P.  
SWAINSON.

WEDNESDAY, 3, Private Interviews.

WEDNESDAY, 7, Inquirers' Circle.

THURSDAY, 3, Inter-communion.

SATURDAY, 6-30, Members.

**Battersea Spiritualist Society,**

45, ST. JOHN'S HILL, CLAPHAM JUNC

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST.

At 11-15, CIRCLE. At 3, LYCEUM. At

6-30, DR. W. J. VANSTONE.

THURSDAY, MRS. BLOODWORTH.

**Brixton Spiritual Brotherhood Church**  
STOCKWELL PARK RD., Brixton, S.W.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 3, LYCEUM. At  
7, MRS. MARRIOTT.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27TH, LYCEUM TEA  
AND PRIZE GIVING.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28TH, MRS. MAUNDER.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3RD, ANNUAL GENERAL  
MEETING. Members urged to be present.

**Church of the Spirit, Camberwell,**

THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH, WINDSOR RD.,  
DENMARK HILL STATION.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST.

At 11, REV. A. J. WALDRON. At

6-30, MRS. A. JAMRACH.

DEC. 28TH, 6-30, MRS. BODDINGTON.

Public Meeting every Wednesday, 7-30.

**Clapham Spiritualists' Church,**

ADJOINING REFORM CLUB, ST. LUKE'S  
RD., HIGH ST., CLAPHAM, S.W.

SUNDAY, DEC 21ST

At 11, PUBLIC CIRCLE At 3, LYCEUM

At 7, MRS MARY CLEMPSON.

BOXING DAY, No Meeting

SATURDAY, JAN 3RD, at 7, New Year's

SOCIAL & DANCE Tickets 1s., in-

cluding Tax.

**East London Spiritualist Association,**  
No. 13 ROOM, EARLHAM HALL, EARL-  
HAM GROVE, FOREST GATE (pass thro'  
Main Building to East Room on Right)

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 7,

MR. CONNOR & MRS. LONGMAN.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28TH, MR. G. T. GWINN.

**Hackney Society of Spiritualists,**

240A, AMHURST ROAD.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 7, Miss ELLEN  
CONROY, M.A.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28TH, at 7, Mr. T. DAVIS  
AND MRS. SUTTON.

**Hampton Hill Spiritualist Society,**

3, HIGH ST. (close to Uxbridge Road  
Tram Stop).

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 7,

MR. H. BODDINGTON.

**Lewisham & District Spiritualist  
Church.**

THE PRIORY, HIGH ST., LEWISHAM.  
(Cars stop at George Lane.)

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 6-30,

REV. SUSANNA HARRIS.

**Plaistow Spiritualist Society,**

BRAEMAR ROAD, BARKING ROAD.

DEC. 21ST, at 6-30, Mr. T. PUGH.

DEC. 22ND, at 8, Mr. H. WRIGHT.

DEC. 24TH and 25TH, No Meetings.

**Society Advertisements.**

**Richmond Spiritualist Society,**  
THE HOWITT ROOMS, OPP. TOWN HALL,  
RICHMOND.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 7,

MRS. NEVILLE.

WEDNESDAY, No Meeting.

**Woolwich & Plumstead Spiritualist  
Church,**

PERSEVERANCE HALL, VILLAS ROAD.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 7,

MRS. BROWNJOHN.

**Ilford Psychic Research Society,**  
ASSEMBLY ROOM, BROADWAY, CHAMS.

Patron: SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

DEC. 19TH, at 8, MRS. JENNIE WAL-  
KER. Floral Spirit Messages. Bring  
your favourite flowers. Silver collection

DEC. 21ST, at 11, Mr. LUND. Healing  
Service. At 7, Mr. W. WALKER, of  
Ponder's End.

DEC. 25TH & 26TH, No Meetings.

**Stratford Spiritual Church,**

IDMISTON ROAD, SIXTH TURNING DOWN  
FOREST LANE, GO NG FROM MARYLAND  
POINT STATION.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST, at 6-30,

MR. W. G. THOMAS.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24TH, at 3,

LADIES' MEETING — MISS GEORGE.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28TH, at 6-30,

MRS. E. MARRIOTT.

LYCEUM EVERY SUNDAY AT 3.

**Caerau Spiritualist Church.****A SPECIAL APPEAL.**

Will Societies kindly return Tickets  
and Duplicates, so as to have a correct  
account of Drawing, which will take  
place on Dec. 31st.—THE COMMITTEE.

**Heber Street Lyceum, Keighley.****ANNUAL CHILDREN'S SOCIAL  
EVENING,**

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, DEC. 25TH.

Commence at 7 p.m.

Collection taken on entering.

Will all local friends rally round and  
make this year's Celebration a success?

**The British Magnetic Healers' Association**

21, MANOR STREET, ARDWICK GREEN,  
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On SATURDAY and TUESDAY EVENINGS  
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A Hearty Invitation to all.

MR. VERNON will Diagnose Disease  
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wonderful facts concerning life and sex.

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understanding of Human Nature to be  
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the few eminent authors who are mas-  
ters of the subject.

The volumes recommended in this  
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They will prove not only a pleasure to  
read—not only an education to under-  
stand, but a FORCE in governing the  
conduct of your own life and the lives  
of those who look to you for guidance.  
Sanelly written, in clear, strong, and  
courageous language, these books en-  
lighten on this great topic with direct-  
ness and truth, yet with a dignity  
and freedom from coarse allusions  
which does great credit to the authors'  
ability. These volumes are vital—they  
are necessary—each is a remarkable  
treatise upon a special phase of human  
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says:—"Sober, direct, conscientious, advisory, and inform-  
ing regarding vital questions touching health and  
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the true ethics of sex relationships, and will make  
for the happiness of the individual and the better-  
ment of the race."

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cumulating on this subject."

**REV. F. B. MEYER, B.D., D.D.,**

says:—"We are climbing the spiral staircase of a  
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**Its Obligations and Privileges.**

By MONA BAIRD. Prefaced by the late  
Thomas Holmes 3/-

**MANHOOD:**

**The Facts of Life Presented to Men.**

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**The Art of Courtship and Marriage.** 3/-

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**SATURDAY**, Dec. 20th, at 7; **SUNDAY**, Dec. 21st, at 3 and 6-15; **MONDAY**, Dec. 22nd, at 3 and 7-30.  
 Come in crowds. SILVER COLLECTIONS to defray expenses.

## THE HUDDERSFIELD AND HALIFAX DISTRICT COMMITTEE, Y. S. C. C.

The MONTHLY CONFERENCE will be held in the SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, RAMSDEN STREET, HUDDERSFIELD, on **SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1919.**

Business Session at 10-30 a.m. Afternoon, at 2-30, a Paper by Mr. R. H. YATES, D.N.U., on "The Ideal Church." Questions invited.

Evening, at 6-30, **MASS MEETING.** Various Speakers will occupy the platform.

Dinner and Tea provided at moderate charge.

## A WORD FROM THE ORGANISER

DEAR FRIEND,—It will interest you to know that I have a Propaganda Staff of earnest Men and Women who freely give their spare time to this most important work by distribution of Hand Bills and Organising Work in general, and their motto is, "We will do the work if you will supply the funds." We are anxious to visit the districts of Poplar, Stepney and Mile End.

Donations, large or small, will be thankfully received by

**RUPERT STURDY, 26a, Lloyd Road, East Ham, London, E.6.**

All gifts will be recognised in this paper.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements.

To Let, Wanted, For Sale, Prospective Announcements, Speakers' Dates, Mediums Wanted: 20 words 1s.; 40 words, 1s. 3d. per insertion. For every additional 10 words or less, 3d.

EALING, 5A, UXBRIDGE ROAD.—Sunday, Dec. 21st, Mr. LOVEGROVE. Wednesday, 24th, No Meeting. Sunday, 28th, Mr. & Mrs. BOLTON.

FULHAM, 12, LITTLE STREET, MUNSTER ROAD.—Sunday next, at 7, Mr. PINOR. Dec. 28th, Alderman DAVIS.

LITTLE LEPORD, MANOR PARK.—Dec. 21st, at 6-30, Mrs. PODMORE. 22nd, No Meeting. 24th, No Meeting.

MANOR PARK.—Sunday next, at 11, Healing Service. At 3, Lyceum. At 6-30, Miss V. BURTON. Sunday, 28th, at 6-30, Mr. & Mrs. BROWNJOHN. Collection for our own F.O.B.

MASSAGE, Electro Massage. Stiffened Joints, Rheumatism, Sciatica treated by CHAS. J. AMOS, L.S.M., M.E. (Lond.), 33, St. Mary's-road, Canonbury, London, N. 1.

### SPEAKERS' OPEN DATES, Etc.

Mr. BOSTOCK, Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant, having returned from India, is prepared to accept a few dates. Communications to be addressed to Mr. GEO. A. MACK, 15, Clarence-street, Runcorn.

Mr. WM. F. BAILEY, 24, North-road, Perry Barr, Birmingham, inspirational speaker and clairvoyant, has a few open dates for 1920, also booking for 1921. Sundays only.

Mrs. ALICE HARPER, from America, Australia, and New Zealand, lecturer on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, healer and psychic, will accept engagements from Societies, churches, and others for single or course lectures in any part of Great Britain.—Address for dates, 72, Agamemnon-road, West Hampstead, London, N. W.

Mrs. NORMAN, 33, Derby-road, Northampton, has a few open dates for 1920. Speaker and clairvoyant.

Note Change of Address of Mrs. G. Walker, to 322, Mossley-road, Ashton-under-Lyne. Speaker and Clairvoyant. Booking dates for 1920.

The Skipton Society have 12 open dates for 1920, and would like to book with speakers from Lancashire. Any speaker who would like to book, kindly send terms for Sunday and Monday to the Secretary, HERBERT BRADLEY, 18, Sackville-street, Skipton.

### WANTED.

A LADY (non-professional healer) wishes to meet another Lady Healer, Clairvoyant and Clairaudient, if possible, to help her salary.—"DEVONSHIRE," Two WORLDS Office.

YOUNG MAN, 22, handicapped by hesitation in speech, seeks light post; excellent references; 8 years with present employers. Will someone help, please? Willingly go anywhere.—N. Two WORLDS Office.

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The Natural Hair Tonic, **ONITIS**, promotes growth, arrests falling hair, restores grey hair to natural colour, removes scurf and allays irritation. Where **ONITIS** is used, Baldness soon disappears.

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NOTE THE ADDRESS—

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It does not matter how low your spirit may have become, or you think life not worth living, whether it be through extra strain, home worries, bad digestion, or the great calamity—Bereavement.

I WILL INSTAL A NEW LIFE AND SPIRIT  
WITHIN FOUR DAYS,

Not with Drugs or Obnoxious Purgatives, but  
BY THE AID OF THE MOST ANCIENT, NATURAL  
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Send 2s. for trial post free (which never will be regretted), but you will be amongst the thousands of well-satisfied patrons.

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(INCORPORATED OCTOBER 22ND, 1910.)

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VICE-PRESIDENT: MR. G. F. BERRY, Worcester.

TREASURER: MR. T. H. WRIGHT, 10, Victoria Avenue, Sowerby Bridge.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES: HANSON G. HEY, 30, Glen Terrace, Clover Hill, Halifax.

ACTING SECRETARY: MR. R. H. YATES, 25, Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield.

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OBJECTS.

The Spiritualists' National Union is established to promote, maintain and extend the propaganda of the facts and teachings of Modern Spiritualism.

PURPOSES.

For this purpose the National Union wish to strengthen the hands of existing Spiritualist Societies, to unite and consolidate in a spiritual brotherhood and organization, to develop and encourage investigation and research into all aspects of Spiritualistic activities, to foster international relationships with the Spiritualist and kindred associations of other lands, to make fraternal arrangements and co-operate with progressive bodies working for human advancement, to arrange for conferences, lectures, and demonstrations, and to issue explanatory, instructive, and inspiring literature on the subject of Modern Spiritualism.

With the recognition and maintenance of the independent inter-government of Societies, the National Union desire to bring about and increase mutual understanding, fr: ternity, co-operation, and consolidation among Spiritualists generally.

We appeal to all Spiritualists to actively co-operate with and financially support the Union in the achievement of the foregoing purposes.

BENEVOLENT WORK.

A National Fund of Benevolence, supported by voluntary contributions, is administered on behalf of aged workers in the movement and others in distress.

Communications from Societies wishing affiliation, or individuals desiring to become members, and all correspondence to be addressed to the General Secretary at above

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