



# THE TWO WORLDS

Registered at the  
G.P.O. as a Newspaper

A Weekly Journal devoted to the PHENOMENA, PHILOSOPHY  
and PROGRESS of **SPIRITUALISM**,  
also to RELIGION IN GENERAL and to REFORM.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1922.

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# The Two Worlds

An Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Present Century.

No. 1806—VOL. XXXV.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1922.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## Original Poetry.

### Realisation.

In Memoriam—Dr. Ellis Powell.

Not dead—only sweetly sleeping,  
Not lost in God's gracious keeping.  
Not straying—for the shepherd's found thee,  
Not weary—angel arms are round thee.  
Not fainting—Love's sweet harvest reaping,  
Not grieving—joy hath still'd thy weeping.  
Not storm-tossed—Love's thy pilot sure,  
Not drifting—on the rock secure.  
Not naked—clad in robes of white,  
Not doubting—steeped in heavenly light.

—E. P. PRENTICE.

## Conan Doyle's Wonderful Seance.

Reported by W. W. ROCHE, of "The Toledo News-Bee."

CONSIDERABLE interest has centred on the seance of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, English apostle of Spiritualism, with Miss Ada M. Besinnett, of Toledo, classed as the foremost materialising medium now living.

Sir Arthur came to Toledo with Lady Doyle because this city is the home of Miss Besinnett and at her request. He had seen the phenomena produced through Miss Besinnett when the latter was in England last summer, at

the British College of Psychic Science, and later at his home in Crowborough, Sussex. He remained over a day after his lecture in Toledo for the special seance on Saturday night.

I was privileged to be one of the circle because, four years ago, I had made an extended investigation for "The Toledo News-Bee," of the phenomena produced through Miss Besinnett, and had been interested in the development of her psychic powers since that date.

Sir Arthur said that he thought it my duty to report, and his duty to give for report, whatever happened during the seance, which lasted from 7-45 to 10-15.

It was probably the most interesting seance that anyone there had ever witnessed. All of the usual physical phenomena were produced with more than ordinary vigour and distinctness, and there were some very unusual developments.

The spirit form of Katie King, the spirit associated with Sir William Crookes, and whose photograph Sir Arthur reproduces on the screen, was distinctly materialised for all the sitters. The face of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, Antarctic explorer, was seen and positively identified by his personal friend, Lee Keedick, who was experiencing his first spiritualistic seance.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle saw and talked with his son, Kingsley, and with his nephew, both killed in the World War. He saw his mother's face and many other faces, some of which he was unable to identify. Lady Doyle saw and talked with Kingsley and with her mother, and recognised the faces of other relatives.

All members of the Doyle party received spoken messages, and Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle had written messages which, according to their custom, they reserved to read and consider later.

"It was one of the most remarkable experiences I have had," said Sir Arthur. "Miss Besinnett's powers were great when I first saw her work in England, and were stronger before she left England, but they were much stronger to-night than I had ever seen them before. She should be guarded and looked after carefully, for she is very valuable."

Lady Doyle said: "We have seen nothing to compare with this," referring to their American experiences. "Miss Besinnett is a truly wonderful medium and so fine a character that the work produced through her carries tremendous weight."

The Doyle party consisted of Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle, Captain Wilson, who is Sir Arthur's secretary, and Lee Keedick, manager of the Doyle tour. The latter made special plea to Miss Besinnett to be included. He knew nothing of Spiritualism, but said, "One could not associate with Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur, as I have done, without having a hearty respect for their opinions and beliefs."

The other six members of the party were a little group that has been working for development and research with Miss Bessinnett for the past two years.

Neither Captain Wilson nor Lee Keedick is a Spiritualist, and neither had ever been in any kind of seance before.

Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle were quite at home in the pleasant living room at 7, West Woodruff Avenue, where Miss Bessinnett makes her home, and which had been carefully darkened for the seance.

Sir Arthur sat next to the medium on her right, and Lady Doyle next to him. The others seated themselves at pleasure, and only one change was made, by order of the controlling spirit, Black Cloud. I was instructed to change seats with Keedick, which placed me next to Lady Doyle.

We were seated around a large oaken dining table, which had been extended to accommodate the eleven members of the party. A Victrola furnished music, instrumental and vocal, almost constantly throughout the evening.

Sir Arthur said: "I think we should approach this as far as possible in a religious spirit."

Miss Bessinnett said: "There is no objection to conversation, except when some demonstration is in progress."

The lights were turned out, and the room was in perfect darkness. Almost immediately fitting lights appeared, some coming from the direction of the medium, others going toward her; some high in the air, some below the level of the table. Some were mere sparks of light, others were luminous, gaseous appearances as large as a half-dollar.

"I never have seen the lights so numerous or so brilliant," said Sir Arthur. Miss Bessinnett was still conscious, and commented on the appearance of the lights. They hovered about the sitters, and at times were reflected in the surface of the table.

As the Victrola gave out a lively tune, one of the tambourines was snatched up and played in rhythm with the music. This tambourine had a spot of phosphorescent paint on each side, which enabled the sitters to follow its course through the air. It tapped each sitter on the hands and some of them on the head. Then both tambourines were played simultaneously, while a loud whistling voice accompanied them. The tambourines were handled with great skill. Lady Doyle said, "I never before have heard such tambourine playing."

Miss Besinnett failed to respond to calls, and it was found that she had slipped into the trance so quietly that



none of the sitters had realised it. The Victrola was giving a vocal record, "Where the Four Leafed Clover Grows," and a low but sweet and strong contralto took up the refrain. The extra voice swayed all about the circle, and soft hands stroked the hands of several of the sitters. Then there was an instrumental record with strong whistling accompaniment.

Some one asked whether the whistling might not be a part of the record. By way of test Sir Arthur called out, "Will you please stop the whistling for a moment?"

The whistling stopped, while the Victrola played on. "Will you resume now?" The whistling broke out again. In response to requests the volume of whistling was diminished or increased, and was produced from different parts of the circle.

All of the sitters, at one time or another, had reported touches of soft hands.

The next record was Kipling's "The Gipsy Trail," and a very strong baritone that filled the room and fairly drowned the record sang the first verse. The second verse was sung by a high soprano, and the closing verse by the baritone. There was a sudden illumination, and a figure shown in the centre of the table, but it came so suddenly and vanished so quickly that it was seen very indistinctly.

The first face materialised was seen by the medium, an unusual occurrence, as ordinarily she is unconscious during the entire session. Only the light was visible to the other sitters, but Miss Besinnett's voice was heard, "Why, it's a face, a woman's face," but the next moment she was taken into unconsciousness.

Very distinct voices—soprano, contralto, treble—sang various songs with the Victrola, "Roaming in the Gloamin'," "Little Town in the Old County Down," "Let the Rest of the World Go By." To a song by Olive Kline, rendered on the Victrola, there was a double accompaniment, a soprano and a contralto, quite distinct.

A face flashed out of the darkness three times before Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle, but they said they could only see a part of it. The light fell on it from the side, and part of the features were obscured by what appeared to be wraps of ectoplasm. The voice of the Indian control, Black Cloud, who uses the vocal chords of the medium, said, "Will show again when get more strength."

Sir Arthur said, "A hand has taken my hand and placed it on that of the medium; my hand is being tied to that of the medium." The red light was ordered on by the control, and the sitters were told to leave their chairs and examine the medium. They found her right hand tied to that of Sir Arthur's, and her left hand to the centrepiece of the table. In both cases the cords were deeply indented in the flesh.

The sitters were urged by the control to inspect the tying closely. The light was then turned off and the tambourine was picked up and played vigorously. A minute or two later the cords were thrown on the hands of the sitters.

Lady Doyle and others of the sitters saw a dimly visible figure back of the medium and close to the Victrola. Then the materialised faces began to come in quite rapid succession. The Toledo members of the party asked that whatever strength developed might be used to bring faces and messages to the members of the Doyle party, and vigorous raps on the table signified assent. Many of the materialisations, however, were made visible to all the sitters, especially where the full form to below the waist was shown. A face shown three times in succession to Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle was not recognised by them. It was surrounded by a mass of white matter, but all the features were clearly visible and the face had all the appearance of wholesome life. "It is a Madonna face," said Lady Doyle.

"When touched, stand up," said the voice of the control. A moment later Sir Arthur was touched and stood erect. The control said, "Two faces trying to show. Went out close together." The faces materialised again, and Sir Arthur said, "I recognise them, my son and my nephew." He requested their reappearance, and they came several times.

Then Lady Doyle was touched by an invisible hand and stood beside her husband in the darkness. A face

came which both said was clearly that of Sir Arthur's mother. Then Lee Keedick's voice was heard as it appeared before him, "It is the face of an elderly woman with gray hair," and the sitter beside him made the report. A face came to Lady Doyle which she said was that of her mother, and Lady Doyle said, "Oh, Mum, you are patting me on the cheek and on the head." Faces of other relatives were shown and recognised. Then several faces materialised before Lee Keedick, and he asked for better light and more time to observe. Suddenly there was a very brilliant light which was sustained for several seconds. Keedick ejaculated in a startled voice, "Shackleton," and seemed much disturbed.

He said after the sitting, "I recognised clearly beyond any doubt the face of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton. I conducted his lecture tours, and he was one of my most intimate friends. I could not be mistaken. It was wonderful, but it startled me very much."

The sitters on either side said that the face shown by Keedick was that of a clean-shaven man. Keedick also the face of a man with heavy white beard and moustache.

The voice of the control said, "All stand," and ten sitters rose, keeping the tips of their fingers on the table. The first phenomena was a white, illuminated rather shapeless perpendicular appearance in the centre of the table. It vanished without taking definite form.

Then came a figure of a woman, showing as far down as the waist, and under a light so brilliant as to be dazzling. It brought exclamations from all the sitters. The figure was draped in white and the face surrounded by white draping. The face appeared under the ectoplasmic "wraps" described by Sir Arthur in his lectures and shown in his photographs. The features were clearly outlined, but were not recognised.

All of these appearances were visible fully to three, or at most four sitters at one time. The others saw only the lights illuminating the apparition. But the materialisations appeared several times at different parts of the circle, so that all had a view.

Now came a vision for Lee Keedick and the sitters on either side of him. He gave a little gasp, but said nothing. The same vision showed to the other sitters.

Lady Doyle cried, "Why, it is Katie King." The vision was an exact reproduction, each sitter testified to the photo of Katie King taken by Sir William Crookes many years ago, and now being reproduced by Sir Arthur in his American lectures.

Lady Doyle said, "It is the same sweet face, the same dress, the same draping—it is Katie King." Three distinct raps on the table gave assent.

Ordinarily the materialisations are illuminated from one side only. In the Katie King apparition two rays of light were apparent, from each of which brilliant light was emitted, making every feature and detail of the apparition clear and distinct.

"It is a marvellous thing," said Sir Arthur, and Lady Doyle added, "Is it not wonderful how they try to aid us?" Sir Arthur can tell now of having himself seen Katie King whose spirit picture he has been showing." Keedick said later that he had at once recognised the reproduction but had said nothing until he heard from the others.

There were several other vivid materialisations visible from two to five seconds. One of a boy, one of a man, one of an elderly woman, and several of young women. Some of these were recognised; others were not.

At intervals during the sitting the voice of a child spirit, known as Pansy, one of the band that works through Miss Besinnett, was heard. Sometimes she directed the music, sometimes she talked with the sitters.

Directly in front of Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle the childish voice asked, "How do you like it here?" They responded, "Very much, dear." Sir Arthur said, "You were with us in England, weren't you?" and the spirit replied, "Oh, yep." Sir Arthur said, "And you will come and visit us again, won't you?" but there was no answer.

Suddenly Sir Arthur said, "Why, the little, soft, blue hand is in mind." Then "Put your hand in mine, dear. I won't play any tricks with you. Thank you, thank you."

Now came the voice of the Indian control instructing that if the trumpet touched the hand of a sitter that sitter should stand and place the large end of the trumpet to his ear.

Each member of the Doyle party received communications in this way. The words were audible only to the holder of the trumpet, but the general tenor of the communication could be roughly judged from the response of the recipient.

Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle talked with their son Kingsley, manifestly to their great delight. The boy assured his father that he was aiding in the work which Sir Arthur is carrying on, as were many others who have passed on but are still deeply interested in human affairs and anxious to perfect definite and more complete communication. Sir Arthur talked at some length with other relatives and friends who are listed with the dead. Lady Doyle also talked with deceased relatives, and was given information as to the conditions into which departed relatives had entered. Both Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle were deeply moved, but the emotion was evidently very careful.

The deep voice of the Indian control told Keedick that a "medicine man" was trying to send a message through him to a lady not present, and gave initials in both cases, promising to get the message later in spoken or written form if the strength would permit. The spoken message came later through the trumpet, but parts of it were indistinct. It was supplemented by a written message which was of a personal character. The control ordered soft music on the Victrola, and written messages came for the members of the Doyle party.

These messages were written through the hand of the medium. The handwriting was scrawly and non-characteristic. The evidential part was in the subject matter and the signatures. None of the messages was given for publication. Those of Sir Conan and Lady Doyle were merely glanced over when the lights were turned on, and reserved for later consideration. "I find," said Sir Arthur, "that they demand careful consideration and leisurely interpretation for the full results." As each message was completed it was torn from the tablet and, in the darkness, placed in the hands of the sitter for whom it was intended.

As the last message was handed over, the guttural voice of the Indian control said, "No can do more." It was the signal for the close.

The sitter on either side of the medium took possession of her hands. The other sitters removed their hands from the table. There was a pause of a few minutes. There was a convulsive trembling of the hands and arms of the medium, then Miss Besinnett's voice was heard, "I am all right."

The lights were turned on, and the seance was over. The medium appeared slightly dazed and very tired, but quite anxious to know about the results of the sitting. A feature of the seance was the regulation of the music by the spirit forces. Sometimes this was done by orders from the control to the sitter in charge of the Victrola. More frequently the Victrola was stopped or started, or the records changed without reference to the sitter.

Sir Arthur himself was evidently the centre of consideration. Repeatedly his arms were stroked by invisible hands. The control explained: "It is to get strength from him." Lady Doyle said: "That occurs wherever we have a sitting. The forces seem to be able to get strength from him. I suppose it because of the work he is doing."

Sir Arthur himself was very solicitous as to the welfare of the medium. Repeatedly during the latter part of the session he said: "We are having most marvelous results. Are we not in danger of overworking the medium? We cannot be too careful of her. Her gift is too valuable to be endangered by overwork." He was assured that the forces that work through Miss Besinnett would be very considerate of her strength.

There was nothing mysterious about the sitting. There was no stagecraft and no preparation other than the darkening of the room. It was like a social gathering. The guests were introduced to each other, chatted a few minutes and then sat around the table. The medium was simply one of the group, a wholesome looking, well-bred,

soft-voiced young woman, very earnest in her belief in the forces that work through her, and very anxious to be of use in the solving of the problem of intelligent communication with the spirit world.

Lady Doyle said of Miss Besinnett: "She is simply wonderful. She is such a splendid character that she lends great value to what is obtained through her mediumship. I do hope that Toledo people will take the greatest care of her, for her own sake and the sake of her wonderful gift."

Sir Arthur intimated that during his rest at Atlantic City this month, he expects to write something relative to this seance, which he considers a very remarkable one that has developed matter of unusual interest.

## The Phrenology of Sir Henry Irving.

W. Geo. Wheeler.

"I know all this has happened as he wished. In full possession of his faculties, he worked to the very last. It rejoices me that he finished his evening's work. His last words upon the stage were, 'Through night to light—into Thy hands, O God, into Thy hands.'"—ELLEN TERRY in "The Birmingham Mail."

THE passing of Sir Henry Irving deprived a nation, illustrious for its distinguished personalities, of the greatest luminary in the realm of dramatic art, and one of the best known personages in the history of the times. At the close of his evening's work—ever conscientiously and idealistically performed—his noble spirit fled, and a nation—or nations—mourned his loss.

Irving raised the standard of theatrical art to a height heretofore unknown. An actor, he was greatest among the great in his profession, whose life portrayed alike the soul of the immortal poets and the mind of the sublime artist. His personality was superb. He was a strong and noble soul. His marvellous gifts so ably applied, his almost unique combination of mental forces, his extraordinary imagination, his refined tastes, are not less striking than his high ethical standards, his active benevolence and tender sympathy, his reverential respect for the true—for the mental worth—wherever he found it.

His temperament was largely mental, conjoined to an extremely fine quality of organism. His cerebral centres were powerful and harmonious. His physiognomy suggested a leader and a thinker, a strong type.

Irving's prominent and subtle intellect gave him a discerning judgment and logical mind. A photograph shows him with his finger gracefully resting on the upper part of the frontal lobe, in the direction of the organ of causality. He had a marvellous perception, and the immense developments over the eyes were apparent even to a casual observer. His memory for detail and the wonderful use he made of his eyes aided him as a true scientist in the direction of his art. In him the faculties of individuality, form, size, colour and order played a large part. He possessed a systematic and constructive mind.

The base of the brain was large, and, combined with his combination of temperament, gave him immense energy and physical vigour. He had force of character and power of action. His lower faculties were the servants of the higher. That distinguished actress of bygone days, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, once mentioned to the writer some of the essential qualifications for a successful career in her art. Among these were extreme sensibility, a wonderful observation, great love of human nature generally, and a good physical constitution. Irving possessed all these.

He was an artist in regard to the study and production of his plays. He possessed a natural refinement, desire for perfection, and love of the beautiful. His organ of ideality was immense. Irving's head and face suggest great thought, penetration and perception, but he had also a keen sense of the humorous. His fineness of organism and brain development on its moral side did much to aid those wonderful imaginative forces essential to the masterly productions he so magnificently produced.

Great actors and novelists create or recreate extraordinary personalities within themselves, presenting them

in their art for the education and awakening of the world. They possess something more even than a brilliant imagination—they possess creative genius. They live in the mystic realm of mind.

Irving impersonated. Yet more, he had an abundant creative power and a grand imagination. His soul entered into the soul of some other soul, or that other soul into his. So great was his splendid mind, concentrated on his productions, interwoven with the souls he portrayed, that at times, it is said, illness overtook him. It was commonly affirmed that medical authority opposed his appearing often in "The Bells," so great was the mental strain upon the actor. Those of us who witnessed his productions, as in "The Bells" or "Faust," understand with what concentrative force he entered into his tremendous characters.

Irving was an interesting and sympathetic speaker, his fascinating manner and fine personality holding his audience spell bound. His was a powerful mind, cultured and versatile. The last earthly remains of the great actor find a fitting resting place in the sacred Temple of the illustrious departed—in the beautiful and dearly loved Abbey of the nation. He himself graces the sublime company of the immortals—immortals who, like himself, have fulfilled their fullest earthly destiny and passed beyond.

Irving has made our divine Shakespeare more real to us, aiding that kinship of soul which links us to the sublimest. He has raised dramatic art to an exalted level, and by his wise and gracious personality, entwined himself around the hearts of a multitude. When as, once and again, we tread the sacred edifice, dearer to us than all the palaces of the realm, our souls may perchance catch the spirit of one to whose great and good life we pay this tribute of our art.

### More Facts About Glen Stray.

Doris Severn.

I HAVE told in a former story how I went to stay with my cousin, Mrs. Julian, at a place called Glen Stray, which was in itself the realisation of my own fancies in the way of houses and surroundings. Also, I told of the pleasant and charming spirit visitors, Madeline and Laura, and how they, by their tender ministrations and instructions, helped to soften the great blow of the sudden passing over of one of the daughters, the youngest.

I stayed with Rosalys, the mother, for some months, in fact till the dreary winter was over and Spring once more made revelry in the land.

Rosalys' grief had altered her—she was more silent than of old, and apt to fall into long reveries which we who loved her were careful not to interrupt.

Once she said to me, "Sometimes I feel as if my lost darling were with me, not visibly or tangibly, but in spirit, and her mind seems to converse with mine. I am afraid at such times I am very silent and very bad company, Doris." I pressed her hand, but did not speak.

She continued wistfully with a pathetic trembling of the lips, "Do you think sometime, if I am very patient, she will be allowed to come really, so that I can see her and touch her?" Her eyes were fastened on my face.

"I do not know, dear," I said. "It is impossible to say to whom these things come; they cannot be forced, or had even for the asking. But you cannot go wrong if you humbly and earnestly ask for this great blessing, always adding it is according to Thy Will."

"But you see Hilary sometimes, Doris, you once told me so."

"Yes, sometimes, but it did not come till I was worn out with constant begging for it, and constant disappointment. I came very near mental overthrow through shock (it was sudden, as you know) and the constant dreariness which maketh the heart sick. But that the discipline was in some way for my good I do not doubt—now."

She sighed heavily. "If it was so long in coming to you, a real psychic, I have little chance, who know nothing, never having studied the subject."

"Take courage," I said. "I do not believe training or study has much to do with it. Pray and hope. If you

are to have it your want of training will not stand in the way," and the conversation came to an end.

Some nights later I woke up from a brief sleep to a pale golden light in the room, and turning to my side there sat our pretty Gertrude on the side of the bed.

"Oh, my dear, there you are," I said, and put out my hands and clasped her shoulders. She was just as firm and solid as I was myself. She smiled at me, but did not speak.

I was able to take in every detail of her appearance. Clear was the light surrounding her. She looked not her old self, but irradiated with a marvellous glow of beauty and vitality. Her golden hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks were more lovely than in life—in this life, should say. Her white dress was of some material resembling the finest muslin, shot with silver; its shimmering folds were gracefully draped round her slender form.

When I had quite taken in this lovely appearance the golden light faded—she was gone.

I got out of bed, knelt, and gave thanks. Then I wrapped myself in my dressing gown, turned on the light and went to Rosalys' room to tell her what I had seen. She woke as I entered the room, sat up in bed, and held out her hands imploringly.

"You have something to tell me, Doris," she said.

I drew a chair close to her and gathered her trembling figure in my arms.

"Yes, dear Rosalys, she has just been with me, sitting on the side of my bed."

"How does she look? Tell me quick," she gasped.

"You never saw anything so lovely as she is now," I said. "Like her old self really, but incomparably more beautiful, more full of life."

"Did she speak?"

"No, she sat and smiled at me, but did not speak."

"Did you touch her?"

"Yes, I put my hands on her shoulders and gripped them. She was as solid as you or I."

"And her dress?"

"Woven white and silver, all glistening, most lovely. Rosalys lay back with a deep sigh. "I don't tell you her to you, Doris, but, oh, if she had come to me!"

"Perhaps she will next time," and I kissed and held her. As soon as I was in bed again I fell fast asleep, relieved and happy.

Well, here was a beginning, and I could not doubt more would follow.

As I said, Spring was abroad in the land, and it seemed natural and right that the proof of our lost child's continued well-being and happiness should come at the time when all nature was rejoicing. I was beginning to wonder how Rosalys would fare when I left her, for, willing as I was to stay with her, I was walled in another quarter to give an over-tired house-mother a chance of a holiday.

So I broke it to Rosalys as gently as I could that I must leave her on April 15th. This was the 2nd. She looked rather disappointed, but cheered up when I suggested that if she wanted me I could return as soon as Mrs. Hollings, the house-mother in question, was returned from her trip to the sea-side.

"Want you, I should think I do," she said eagerly. "The girls are darlings, but you know, Doris, you do help me so much."

Well, it is pleasant to be wanted, and I readily promised to return as soon as I could.

The days sped by, and on April 15th Rosalys took me to Craigstown station in her car and saw me into my train.

"Mind you come back as soon as you can," she said as she kissed me. The whistle sounded, and we were off.

I had a fairly strenuous month taking my friend's place, not only as housekeeper, but with a bevy of hearty, healthy, not too well disciplined boys and girls, but all went well, and when I saw the plumped-out, rosy cheeks and bright eyes of Mrs. Hollings on her return from her holiday I felt well rewarded.

I wired to Rosalys that I was coming on Friday—I absolutely needed a day or two to get my things freshened up for May weather. A reply wire reached me, "Delightful. Meet you 4-15, Friday."

It had been raining, and everything smelt so fresh and sweet as I stepped on to the Craigstown platform.

be clasped in a pair of loving arms. Not till we were in the car had I a moment to look into Rosalys' face, then I was startled. A bright serenity shone in her face, her eyes were calm, and the tones of her voice joyous. She met my look with a smile.

"Is it all right?" I asked eagerly.

She pressed my hand and said softly, "I am content."

"Come to my room to-night, Rosalys," I said. She nodded, and we said no more.

Soon we were turning in at the gate of Glen Stray. There was a perfect riot of May flowers, the dripping gold of laburnum met purple clusters of wisteria, hawthorn, red, pink and white, scented the air—all was bright and entrancing. Margaret and Magdalen were waiting at the door, and, clinging to my arms, they escorted me to my own room, the blue room.

We said good-night rather early, and I had barely got myself into my dressing gown and taken down my hair—still brown and plentiful, I am glad to say—when a tap at the door heralded the person I most wished to see.

I put her in the chair ready drawn up to the fire. May though it was, it was chilly at night, and a fire was very nice indeed, though possibly some of the Spartan souls would have said it was not needed. Preserve me from visiting people who won't have a fire before October or after May 1st.

"Now, my dear," I said.

She leaned back in her chair and looked into the fire.

"I can scarcely say when it was, but soon after you left," she began, in a soft meditative voice, "that I began to feel as if I had her constantly with me, little sentences which were so characteristic of her constantly entered my mind. Then I began to notice I was helped to find things. You know I was always good at losing my little treasures. What I wanted seemed to almost come to my hand, or else, having searched a little, my attention would be directed to the place where the object was, often a most unlikely one.

"Then one night I woke up just as you did, and saw her sitting on the side of my bed, quite close to me. Like you, I grasped her shoulders to satisfy myself she was real, and she smiled a merry girlish smile of pure amusement, but did not speak. Then she was gone. The next time I saw nothing, but was awakened by a pair of arms being clasped round me, and she kissed my right cheek—and was gone.

"Several times she came in this way, but never spoke. At last, not a week ago, she was present by my side, but try as I might I could not see her, then her dear precious voice began. She told how beautiful everything in that new life was, how she was living in a lovely house with my father and mother, and an aunt who died young. She was helping in a nursery to care for the little souls who come over in babyhood; so many of them, and all needing care much as they would here.

For her own improvement she attends lectures at one of the colleges devoted to women, and she says learning is made a pure joy, not only because the pupil's intellect is so much more brilliant, but the methods of instruction far surpass any that obtain here.

"She is happy—my own precious child is happy—and I am content that she should be there instead of here. My heart is at rest, she is only in another room of the Father's house, and all is well."

She ceased, and for a few moments there was silence. Then she rose and took me in her arms.

"Much of this I owe to you, Doris, and I bless you for it. But, oh, how one longs to spread the knowledge. So many sorrowing hearts remain un comforted. Good-night, dear"—and she was gone.

If ever a woman gave hearty thanks that night, I did, and got into my blue and white bed feeling happy. Just before I fell asleep I felt Hilary's arms round me, and he said, "I told you she would come all right in time."

AMBITION for that which cannot be attained will undermine the strongest constitution.

If we find a coin, we should give it to the first needy person, by that act the fact that it was a lost coin without an owner is obliterated.

## Greetings from the States.

WE have received the following letter from Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader:—

"DEAR COLLEAGUE,—After a most delightful voyage, we are landing to-day on England's shores, and send hearty greetings to all our friends, whom we hope soon to meet and greet in the land where Spiritualism is spreading its glorious message among the bereaved and sorrowing.

"We bring cordial messages of friendship from our co-workers, and the assurance that they are one in heart with you in this work.

"Both Dr. G. B. Warne (President, N.S.A.) and myself are looking forward to meeting many co-workers at the S.N.U. Conference.

"During my stay I hope to make arrangements to visit as many Societies and Lyceums as time will permit, renewing old friendships and forming new ones.

"Sincerely and cordially yours,

"M. E. CADWALLADER."

## An Invocation for a Developing Class.

OUR loving Father, we would enter into Thy courts with praise and thanksgiving for all the manifestations of Thy wondrous love. We thank Thee for the ever-enlarging consciousness of that love which links us in relationship to Thee. Enlarge the desire within us to enter into closer relations with those around us, so that we may be united in a fellowship which will link together heart to heart and spirit to spirit. We pray Thee show us ourselves just as we are, that we may become conscious of the locks and bolts and bars which shut us from that divine stream of life and love ever flowing from Thee.

We are gathered together each of us desirous to open ourselves to those messengers from the unseen who come to give us light and knowledge, comfort and help. Attune us, that we may be the channels through which they can minister. We would be the links to heal and comfort and teach those around us. May we be filled with loving thoughts and aspirations which will blend in a grand harmony of souls.

Break down all the pettiness, the trivialities, the discords, the jealousies, the unkind thoughts, and everything within us that would hinder our progress God-wards. Inspire us with thought and vision, and baptise us with Pentecostal power, and at all times grant, we pray Thee, that by our quality of life we shall express in our actions, our speech and our thoughts that Infinite Love which will draw all men unto Thee. Preside over our meeting, and to Thee we will give praise and thanksgiving. Amen.

## A Spirit Message.

THERE is a great surging of spiritual power just now. It is operating in many directions—in social life, in politics, in commercialism; in internationalism. Horrid feelings are being evoked, but there will be a reaction. The old rebels at its expulsion; it expresses its rage fiercely. By and-by the realisation of the spiritual will be wider than ever before. It will be seen, and tardily admitted, that spiritual considerations must rank at the head of all mundane schemes and affairs. The absence of this it is that has produced the universal unrest and chaos of to-day. The present confusion, whilst deplorable in its current results and producing a pitiable spectacle, is part of the divine plan. That is not to say that God deliberately wills such pain and evil. By no means. Man has his chance, and if he deliberately chooses a certain way as against another, the temporary resultant mess is his doing. In His own time and in His own way God will speak again. A new Christianity is in the immediate future, the present deserves not to be associated with the Master's name. It possesses none of His beautiful spirit.—From the Beyond, through A. H. WALTERS.

With the knowledge of how to cast our bread upon the waters, the bread is given us and the way to cast it pointed out.

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 18th, 1887.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1922.

## Is Psychic Photography Fraud?

QUITE a sensation is being caused in certain circles by the activities of the Committee of the Magic Circle, which is, we believe, a popular name for the Magicians' Union—an organisation embracing the professional and amateur conjurers and professors of legerdemain in this country.

The report of this committee is lying before us, but is unsigned. This deals with certain experiments conducted with Mr. Vearncombe and Mrs. Dean. Mr. Vearncombe, as our readers know, has been successful in obtaining "psychic extras" on packets of plates sent to him by strangers, the packet of plates being ostensibly unopened, but merely pinned to a screen and photographed. Quite a number of people assert that when the plates have been returned to them and developed they have shown unmistakable likenesses of relatives of their own. In many cases the plates have been sent to Vearncombe by a third party, so that the identity of the original sender could not be known to the photographer. This constitutes a very strong case for the supernatural, quite independent of the wrappings of the packet of plates, which have in such cases shown no signs of being opened.

The Committee of the Magic Circle sent such a packet through Mr. Barlow (Secretary, S.S.S.P.). These plates were wrapped in lead, and on their return were found not to have been opened. The photograph of the packet showed a message written across the plate, "Barred your side."

It may well be that metallic wrappings impose some natural barrier to psychic forces, so that the non-productive nature of the results proves nothing. Later, however, another packet was sent by one of the committee under an assumed name, and some haggling appears to have taken place between the sender and Mr. Vearncombe as to the conditions of the experiment. Eventually, however, Mr. Vearncombe returned the packet, claiming that he had followed instructions.

The committee claim, however, that the packet had been opened, the wrappers had been removed, and the plates disarranged. Psychic images appeared on one of them. The committee say, "When a fraud-proof packet was sent he obtained no results, but when a package had been tampered with a spirit photograph was produced." May we, however, make another deduction which we think equally strong, and valid. When the investigations were checked by the interposition of Mr. Barlow no suspicion of trickery was aroused, but when the committee had a free hand in the conduct of the experiment there are allegations of substitution.

Similar accusations are made against Mrs. Deane. It is alleged that plates entrusted to her care had been tampered with prior to the experiment. The plates had been prepared by secret marks cut with a diamond, securely packed, and sent in advance to Mrs. Deane, and the committee allege that the wrappings had been tampered with and plates substituted. Why there was any need to substitute plates if the packet had been previously opened, we

are not told. In another experiment we are asked to believe that after the slide was loaded it was substituted for another one taken from a handbag in the presence of the investigators. We are even told that they verified the fact of such substitution by opening her bag during her momentary absence, and saw the concealed slide in a pocket. If this be so, we wonder why the experiment was completed. There was the evidence, but no accusations are made until the party dispersed.

We think it quite as likely that after the experiments were over, the legerdemain fraternity revolved the procedure in their minds, and came to the conclusion that the methods suggested were the only ones that COULD have been adopted. Therefore they must have been.

The Magic Circle have undoubtedly put up a strong case, but it might be expected that a company of clever conjurers could prepare a series of traps into which an unsophisticated woman might fall. The committee conclude, "We have never imposed a test which would not have served equally well to demonstrate the straightforwardness and honesty of the medium."

When all is said and done, the bona fides of the investigators are the crux of the question. Conjuring in itself is a form of deception, and one can quite understand the mental attitude of folk who are so involved in methods of legerdemain that they imagine everything is due to it. The whole report is based upon the supposition that the committee is unbiassed, and this is the point we emphatically question. The conjurers, as a profession, have something at stake. In years gone by, it is safe to say that the leading public professional experts have made more money and attained more fame by exposing Spiritualism than any medium has ever earned by its advocacy. The Egyptian Hall was boomed for many years by reason of its simulation of psychic phenomena. To-day there is a change. Thousands of our fellow countrymen have first-hand knowledge of spiritistic phenomena, and the conjuror's patrons are not easily swayed by a simulation which is often clumsy and inefficient.

Spiritualism has never been forgiven for the verdict in the Maskelyne-Colley case, which had a tremendous effect upon public opinion. Spiritualism does not rest, we are pleased to say, upon the phenomena produced by certain media available to the general public. It is still true, as Sir William Crookes said forty years ago, that the strength of the Movement lies in the hundreds of homes in which one or more of the family is a medium.

The Magic Circle refer in the report to the fact that the case of Mr. Hope is dealt with by other means, and this takes the form of a report in the May Journal of the S.P.R. and is a lengthy document. The two investigators are Messrs. Harry Price and James Seymour, both of whom it is claimed have a knowledge of photography and conjuring. Elaborate arrangements were made to prepare special plates, and these were specially marked and packed by the makers. The accusers state that they distinctly saw Mr. Hope substitute one slide for another by the insertion of his hand in his breast pocket. There is no doubt from the dialogue recorded that they "played up" to Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton very adroitly and allayed suspicions, but there is no claim by either party that test conditions were applied. In this case there is no doubt that the plate bearing an extra was NOT one of the plates from the original packet as packed by the makers. Substitution did take place, whether by the medium or the experimenters, however, is still an open question, and after the thousands of experiments conducted by the "Crewe Circle" under varying conditions, some of them under far more stringent tests than any applied in this case, we must confess that we shall require far more evidence of the ability and impartiality of this self-appointed committee before we accept the conclusions which the S.P.R. present to us.

One story is always good until the other is told, but the S.P.R. report is putting too great a strain on our credulity when it says: "It can, we think, hardly be denied that Mr. William Hope has been found guilty of deliberately substituting his own plates for those of a sitter. The move was, as good as SEEN to take place. That sentence—"as good as seen"—is delightfully ambiguous, and rests on the impartiality of one witness only, and that the man who had set himself the task of discovering fraud."

## CURRENT TOPICS.

**DID SHAKESPEARE GRUMBLE?** At the recent meeting of the London Shakespeare Society, held at the Mansion House, much dissatisfaction was expressed concerning the varied renderings given to Shakespeare's plays, and to the alleged neglect of the great dramatist. Much amusement was caused by the remarks of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright, who recounted certain alleged spirit messages from Shakespeare himself, who was, he understood, making himself very obstreperous about the quality and quantity of presentations of his plays in the present English theatre. "He is said to have inquired very bitterly," said Mr. Jones, "What do you mean by all this pretence of love for me, when I hear that a masterpiece of nonsense runs for five years and you cannot get a play of mine to run for five weeks?" It is said to have upset him very much." Great laughter greeted Mr. Jones's remark, but the allusion tends to show how truly the Spiritualistic idea is entering every-day life.

**THE ALLEGED HOPE EXPOSURE.** A reprint of the article appearing in the journal of the S.P.R. for May, containing the testimony of Messrs. H. Price and J. Seymour, has been published under the title, "Cold Light on Spiritualistic Phenomena," and can be obtained from this office, post free. It is a very bland document, but the whole of the allegations rest upon the testimony of two men, who allege that they saw Mr. Hope substitute a slide obtained from the breast pocket of his coat. The statement is purely an "ex parte" statement, and, whilst these two investigators make a good case, it must ever be remembered that a verdict should not be given until the defence has been heard. We have had far too many cases in the past where wild allegations and imaginings have been accepted as evidence of fraud, when a little further research would have led to totally different conclusions.

**MR HORACE LEAF IN AUSTRALIA.** THE Australian press is giving good reports of Mr. Leaf's tour in the far continent. The Ballarat papers appear to be deeply impressed with his lantern lecture on "Materialisations," and especially with the illustrations of Sir William Crookes' experiments with Katie King. The City Hall was full, and the Mayor in introducing the speaker alluded to the attitude of the people of Ballarat as that of being willing and anxious to inquire into every phase of truth which held the promise of further enlightenment. Mr. Leaf also devoted much attention to the experiments of Professors Geley and Schrenck-Notzig. A very hearty reception was extended to the lecturer by the huge audience.

**A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY TO THE FACTS.** In Sydney Mr. Leaf had an excellent reception, which was heightened by a measure of opposition. "The Sun" devoted two columns to an interview with the lecturer and a digest of his views, which are quite familiar to the readers of THE TWO WORLDS, and the article was illustrated with blocks of the phenomena of materialisation taken from Dr. Schrenck-Notzig's book upon the subject. A Dr. Donald Frazer, who is claimed as a psycho-therapist of local repute, was interviewed and confirmed the fact of ectoplasm exuding from mediums, and claimed that he had seen and handled it in Sydney within the last twelve months. It certainly appears from the doctor's statement that there is at least one good medium for this phenomenon in Sydney.

**ECTOPLASM EXUDING UNDER HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.** DR. FRAZER relates a story of attending a private seance in the city with a young fellow—not a professional medium—who was obtaining "mirror-writing." He grew tired of seeing this phenomena so often that he asked permission to hypnotise the young man. Dr. Frazer proceeds: "I put him into a state of catalepsy, and almost immediately, in full view of a room full of people, ectoplasm streamed from various

parts of his body. Unluckily I was unprepared at the time to take photographs, but before long I am going to collar that young man and test the whole business scientifically." Dr. Frazer says, however, that there is nothing spiritual about ectoplasm [we have not yet met anyone who claims otherwise], but he holds that the shapes assumed by it are dependent upon the subconscious images in the medium's mind. The theory is not by any means new, and undoubtedly deserves closer examination, but the identification of faces of deceased persons who are quite unknown to the medium, as in the case of Miss Bessinett's phenomena, may cause an important extension of the theory to be necessary.

**AN ASTUTE CHALLENGER.** THE "Sydney Evening News," however, is out with a challenge to Mr. Leaf that he shall produce ectoplasmic phenomena in Sydney at a "non-partisan seance, where careful scientific tests shall be applied by men of recognised standing in the scientific world." We smile! We used to think that these challenges were thrown out by people who were ignorant of the requirements essential to the production of results, and especially the necessity of a suitable medium; but knowledge of psychic subjects is extending rapidly, and it may be that such challenges are thrown out because the challengers are of opinion that Mr. Leaf cannot find a medium in Australia. It may well be, however, that Dr. Frazer can produce the required medium. The qualifications, however, of "men of recognised standing in the scientific world" is very questionable, since no man, however eminent, can be considered an expert on any class of research which is new to him. At any rate, the controversy is attracting wide attention and doing Mr. Leaf's tour a vast amount of good.

## The Haunted Bedroom.

## Girls' Weird Experience.

THE "Birmingham Gazette" publishes the following story. Probably some of our local readers can help in the elucidation of the facts:—

Brizlincote Hall, near Burton-on-Trent, the old residence made famous by Philip Dormer, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, who wrote "Letters to His Son," has just come into the limelight again by the appearance of a "ghost."

The "ghost" was first heard of last autumn, when Mrs. Walker, the wife of Mr. F. H. Walker, heard strange noises in the night, but the latest movements have greatly distressed Mr. Walker's twenty-year-old daughter and her friend, a Miss Hilda Wright, through whose bedroom the nocturnal visitor is said to have passed.

In an interview, Miss Walker said she had been lying awake for some time when she heard a creaking noise and, looking up, saw near her a tall figure in white, which stood near the window. "I tried to speak," she said, "but could not. I never used to believe in ghosts, but I do now."

Miss Wright, on another occasion, saw the ghost pass across the foot of the bed. "I closed my eyes," she said, "but I had an uncanny feeling that the thing was still in the room." Later, she said, "she thought it passed into the bathroom."

Other people who have stayed in the house have heard weird noises, which have been attributed to ghosts, while old local residents have long averred that there was a haunted room in Brizlincote Hall.

WE regret to hear that Mrs. Cropper, of Ashton-under-Lyne, is still incapacitated from public work. This worker has had a long period of ill-health, and complete recovery must be slow. The movement can ill afford to forego the services of such earnest advocates, and the sympathy of her many friends will be extended to her.

A SUPERSTITION-RIDDEN people are the first to cry superstition when a people's manners are different from their own.

THE occult forces reach us through the soul, when the soul objectifies what is given to it so that we may see it with the external senses.

## A Link Reluctant.

Mary Ida Rees.

I can see

Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be  
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain  
Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,  
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain  
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

—BYRON.

HE climbed the rough path slowly. After seven hours "down under" at nigh sixty years old, it was not to be expected that he would get over the Welsh mountain road as quickly as those of less age who had preceded him. The air was keen up here, and the old man took deep breaths of it. In the valley behind the collieries still throbbed, and the atmosphere was polluted with smoke from their great engines and coke ovens.

He had reached the summit of the hill now, and beyond stretched undulating country. Up here the air was like pure, cold water to the thirsty. The sky of cold blue looked down on the bronzed moorland, and a young silver moon sailed toward the western sky. There was in this early evening, and at this time of the year—not spring, and yet almost at the end of winter—something infinitely chaste, something that turned earth for the while into a sanctuary.

He still walked slowly, and with bent head. Not a heroic figure, certainly; but a figure that would raise a smile to the lips of those unused to the sight of colliers. A dilapidated suit, an old cap, tin and flask bulging from his pockets, and black as any negro with coal dust. There were others garbed and blackened the same as he, who passed, exchanging a greeting in English or Welsh, passed with quick steps and a whistled strain of a popular song, tins clanking as they walked. Presently the stars began to glitter, and the mist in the valleys thickened. How quiet it was!

He thought of the mine, and likened it to a huge subterranean palace of black, the abode of a demon god, whose attendant devils worked at his bidding—the Inferno of Dante, where in torturous, narrow ways doomed souls were being punished for their crimes, and one heard the oath and the foul word on every side, and recognised in the dim light the respected citizen of the upper world transformed.

With its horrors, its darkness, its oaths and cruelty, the mine always seemed to him like a region of devils, the unseen prince of which was forever seeking his soul to destroy it. He felt now that he was walking in the terrestrial paradise, with heaven looking down on him. He raised his head. The twilight had deepened considerably, and the moon was well in the west. Stars innumerable now twinkled in the sky of palest greyish blue. The pure, cold azure of heaven thrilled his soul with a strange yearning. To have done with the mine, with the darkness that seemed to be animated by ghostly demons everywhere, who came peeping and leering while one was at work, so that you hardly knew whether it was they who cursed or your neighbour. To have done with this world also, then loneliness would be at an end. There would be no more weeping over a woman's grave, or a heart pang for a grave in France; there would be understanding and sympathy, and he would find existing "all he had hoped for or dreamed" of good.

He tripped slightly against a stone, and his thoughts came back to earth. He looked around. It was good to feel the clean mountain wind, to tread among the tufts of moorland grass, to see the hills beyond, and to know that beyond them again was the sea. His life, after all, had been in pleasant places. The great cities had not enclosed him, nor their rank breath filled him with its poison. The wind, like the weird, minor strains of old Welsh tunes, was blowing stronger, and had veered nearly due east; and though there were no human beings, save himself, on the moor, he felt the familiar sensation that when we are alone with Nature, so far as mortal eye can see, we are not alone.

Unseen presences, here as in the mine, surrounded him, and sometimes it seemed not the night wind, but a woman's

hair, and a woman's breath that fanned his face; and the echo of his steps as he now strode along the highway, but the firm tread of a brave, young lad who had marched away one fine autumn morning for the battlefields of France, and returned no more.

He sat late that evening beside the huge fire that roared up the old cottage chimney. In the corner was a shelf of his books—well-thumbed volumes of popular works. On top of these was his violin. He had played for an hour after the evening meal, then his books, and finally his own thoughts had occupied his mind. When old Mari—who kept house for him—had put her knitting by and left him, he turned out the lamp and sat in the firelight.

Once he had been full of ideas and ideals. He had worked in the mine since a child of eight, but the longing for knowledge had always been within him. He fingered the books slowly as he recollected how each one had been bought at a sacrifice, and a further sacrifice of time had been given up to the long and painful process of self-education. The tiny kitchen itself told of more sacrifice, of planning and contriving for the purchase of every article it contained. When at last the little home was complete, and he had brought with him a bride, he dreamed of a future roseate as the sunset hues. A year later and he was following her coffin to the tiny graveyard. On the son she had left him he lavished the education he himself had lacked. Then came the call of the war, and a grave in France.

He fell back after twenty years to his books and violin, but we cannot always learn what we would like to, nor do we own the genius that sings within our souls. Had it all been for nought, this hoping, striving, disappointment? He had been honest with his fellow-men, had always spoken against injustice, had helped his poorer brethren, yet he had reached no great position in life, was simply a collier, the same as hundreds of others; and like hundreds of others had come to the evening of life with his ideals unrealised, his hopes shattered, and no wealth had been the reward of his industry. Was it all for nought?

The fire fell in, and a huge flame lit up the room. In the corners shadows began to take shape, and forms "so long since and lost awhile" clustered about him. Perhaps he dreamt, but it seemed to him that they had listened to the "sad, perplexed minors" of his music as well as of his thoughts. It had not vexed them, nor did they turn from him with the impatience of the worldly for failures. Instead he knew that they understood. "Their fine ear hath heard the issue of completed cadences, and smiling down they whisper—"Sweet."

### "Lights."

"And there were many lights in the upper chamber."—ACTS XX. 8.

LIGHTS seen in circles are sometimes attributed to imagination or optical illusion, but here is a definite statement of reality carefully recorded as happening at midnight, when the day was fully come, and Spiritualist interpretation that spirit lights are living realities is confirmed by James, who calls our Heavenly Father, "The Father of lights," (James i. 17).—H.D.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE FOR HUMANITY.—Strive to live as your Bible tells you, peaceably with all men. It is a poor cause that creates abuse on either side. Put stained glass windows in your own house, lest you detect the dirt and dust in your neighbour's. Remember that charity is the greatest of the virtues, for without it you are as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." The one great aim of your life should be to do the will of your Father in Heaven, and while thus busily engaged you will forget your neighbour's foibles and follies, being so imbued with the Divine Spirit that the tangible in counterpoise with the unseen and eternal, will be as dross to your awakened soul. Cultivate a high purpose in life, and look diligently to your motive, that the peace and love of divine favour may rest upon you. To see good in others you must yourself be regenerate.—H. P. PRENTICE.

## REPORTS OF SOCIETARY WORK

1. Ordinary Reports, to ensure insertion, must be sent 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 post stamps. Longer notices must appear in our advertisement columns.

3. Special Reports, to ensure insertion same week, must 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.

IMPORTANT. No Special or Ordinary Reports for 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 our 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.

## CAERAU.

DURING Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, June 4th, 5th and 6th, the atmospheric conditions prevailing round and about the above church have been full of thrills and enthralling excitement, the speaker being Mrs. R. Brooks, of Birmingham. The hall was packed at all meetings to its entirety. The speaker's subject on Sunday was "Revelations," which thrilled every soul present. Revelations flowed from her lips, demonstrating these great spiritual messages which shall bring about "Peace on earth, goodwill, amongst men."

Thursday's meeting was full of earnest souls clamouring after more of these revelations, and they were not disappointed.

## JARROW.

ON Sundays, May 28th and June 4th, the Lyceum anniversary services were held. Mr. Dawson, of Wallsend, took the services on May 28th, and Mrs. Dodds, of Felling, on June 4th. Both spoke encouragingly to the children. Solos were given each Sunday by Mrs. Lamb, Miss G. Havelock, Miss R. Riches, Miss E. Stephenson, M. Buley, Kitty and Mary Potts, Doris Lamb and Mary Stephenson. The choir sang the anthem "Abide With Me." Recitations were given by Miss J. Bigley, Miss M. Erstine, Doris McLeod, Evelyn James, May Richardson, Ruth Bigley, Margaret Bigley, Ellen Walton, James Sheppherd, James Adams, Andrew Wake, George Lamb, Fred Baxter.

On June 4th the choir sang "Send Out Thy Light." Anthems were also sung by Lyceumists.

Mrs. Dodds presented the youngest Lyceumist, five years and nine months old, with a large ball, which was well appreciated. It was greatly due to the untiring efforts of the conductor and organist that success was assured. We all appreciate the Lyceumists for the two enjoyable Sundays we had, wishing them and the leaders success in whatever they do.

## THORNABY-ON-TEES.

ON Sunday evening, June 4th, there was a crowded audience at the United Spiritualist Church to witness the dedication of a child. Mrs. Frankland was the speaker, and under the inspiration of her spirit friends the service was conducted in a beautiful manner. Thanks are due to the members and friends for the floral tributes which made the church beautiful. Messrs. A. Kent, J. Brown and Payne helped with prayers and singing. Many compliments in the audience said it was a beautiful sight to see the band of children around the speaker during the service. The singing was

very appropriate for the occasion, and was accompanied by Mr. Drake. A beautiful silver mug was presented to the child from the Society.

The after-meeting was also conducted by Mrs. Frankland, in which some remarkable clairvoyance was given, all being recognised.

## LONDON: CENTRAL.

ON Friday, June 9th, an able address on "What a Spiritualist is" was given by Mrs. A. Jamrach, who very finely expounded the views and convictions of Modern Spiritualists. This she followed with a striking and convincing demonstration of her clairvoyant powers, and gave many clear and conclusive proofs of spirit return.

## LONDON: ELTHAM.

DESPITE the outdoor attractions of woods and weather, a full audience assembled on Sunday, June 11th, when the Rev. Geo. Ward, of Romford, spoke on "The practical and religious values of Spiritualism." Half-an-hour of pertinent questions followed. The Well Hall Society has been invited to the Wesleyan Brotherhood on Sunday, June 18th, when an address will be given on "Mental and spiritual healing." The orthodox churches are slowly coming into line. They must, or "drop out."

## MR. H. J. OSBORN

Has some vacant dates from early September to the end of 1922, and will be pleased to plan visits en route, thus lessening to Societies cost of travel. Also now booking for 1923.

Sunday Services, Week-night Meetings, Week-ends, or longer series. Expository Lectures, Inspirational Addresses, Afternoon Class Enquiry Talks and Special Lantern Lectures.

Mr. Osborn's own powerful Electric Lantern Equipment puts his unique popular Illustrated Lectures (Spirit Photography and others subjects) within easy reach, on favourable terms.

Full list of subjects, dates, terms, etc., on enquiry.

Address, H. J. OSBORN, 41, Cartwright Gardens, London, W.O.1.

## SOCIETY ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 2-30, LYCEUM.  
At 6-30 and 8-15, Mr. CAUNT.  
MONDAY, at 8-15; Members' Developing Class, Mrs. EASTWOOD.  
TUESDAY, at 8-15; Public Developing Circle, Mrs. FORREST.  
THURSDAY, at 8 and 8-15, Miss BARTON

**Manchester Central Spiritualist Church,**  
ONWARD HALL, 207, DEANS GATE.

SUNDAY, at 6-30.

JUNE 25.—MR. A. HALL.  
JULY 2.—Circle for Members only.  
" 9.—MR. J. DUNN.  
" 16.—Circle for Members only.

**Longsight Spiritualist Society,**  
SHEPLEY ST., opposite PIT ENTRANCE,  
KING'S THEATRE.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH,  
SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.  
At 2-30, Lyceum. Items of Music by the Choir. At 6-45 and 8-15, Mr. C. E. TIMMS.  
TUESDAY, at 8-15, Mrs. LANE.  
THURSDAY, at 8-15, SPECIAL FLOWER SERVICE conducted by Mr. W. H. WOOD.  
SATURDAY, at 8, OPEN CIRCLE.

## SOCIETY ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Manchester Society of Spiritualists,**  
38, MASKELL STREET, ARDWICK.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 10-30, LYCEUM.  
At 3, Open Circle.  
At 6-30, Mr. J. WILLIAMS.  
MONDAY, at 8, Mrs. HOLDEN.  
WEDNESDAY, 3 & 8, Miss WALLWORK.

**Collyhurst Spiritual Church,**  
COLLYHURST STREET.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 10-30, LYCEUM.  
3, 6-30 and 8, LOCALS.  
MONDAY, at 3 and 8, Mrs. LARNER.  
WEDNESDAY, 8, Mrs. WORTHINGTON.  
SUNDAY NEXT, Mr. WOOD.

**Moston Spiritualist Lyceum Church,**  
CO-OP. HALL, AMOS STREET.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 10-30, LYCEUM.  
At 3, OPEN CIRCLE. At 6-30,  
Miss ELLIOTT.  
WEDNESDAY, at 8.

**Pendleton Spiritualist Church,**  
FORD LANE.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 2-30, LYCEUM.  
At 6-30 and 8, Mr. HEPWORTH.  
WEDNESDAY, at 3, Mrs. IRONS.  
THURSDAY, at 8, Miss BROMLEY.  
SUNDAY, JULY 2ND, Mr. KAY.

**Salford Spiritualist Society,**  
WEST HIGH ST. and NEW SHAW ST.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 3, 6-30 and 8,  
Mrs. NOBBS.  
MONDAY, at 3 and 8, Mrs. CASTLE.  
WEDNESDAY, at 3 and 8, Mrs. TONGE.  
SUNDAY, JULY 2ND, Mr. GARNETT.

## British Magnetic Healers' Association.

The above Association will hold their  
**ANNUAL PIC-NIC**  
on SATURDAY, JUNE 24TH, at the  
UPPER MILL SPIRITUALIST CHURCH,  
SADDLEWORTH.  
Tea on table at 4-30. Demonstrations  
of Healing at 7-30.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Manor-st. Institute will close on the day of the picnic.

**Bristol Spiritualist Temple,**  
Back of 47, OAKFIELD RD., CLIFTON.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 6-30,  
MR. SAUNDERS.  
MONDAY, at 8, Miss MARY MILLS.  
SATURDAY, JULY 1ST, OUTING TO BLAIZE WOODS.  
SUNDAY, JULY 2ND, Miss MARY MILLS.

**Hastings Christian Spiritualist Society,**  
2, PELHAM CRESCENT (overlooking sea).

The only Society in Hastings and St. Leonards.

Sundays at 11 and 7. Mondays at 3.  
Saturdays at 7.  
Open Circle on Thursdays at 7.

All Friends intending to visit Hastings this summer should write the Hon. Sec., Mr. H. ALTOUN, for list of "Where to Stay."

**St. Leonards Christian Spiritualist Mission,**  
BOTTOM OF WEST HILL, TO LEFT OF CHIEF ENTRANCE TO ST. LEONARDS PUBLIC GARDENS (Hastings and District Trams to St. Leonards Pier).

Every Saturday at 7. Sundays at 11 and 6-30. Mondays at 3.  
Best Speakers and Demonstrators engaged.  
Particulars from Secretary, Mr. F. R. WARD, 26, Priory-road, Hastings.

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.

## SOCIETY ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Worthing Spiritualist Mission,**  
17, WARWICK STREET, WORTHING.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 6-30.

MR. SYMONS.

WEDNESDAY, MISS LAYTON.

**Gillingham Spiritualist Society,**  
ODDELLS HALL, VICARAGE ROAD,

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, MRS. L. HARVEY.

SUNDAY, JULY 2ND, MR. D. ALLEN.

SUNDAY, JULY 9TH, MR. P. SCHOLEY.

**Brixton Spiritualist Brotherhood Church,**  
STOCKWELL PARK RD., BRIXTON, S.W.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, 11-15, PUBLIC CIRCLE.

At 3, LYCEUM. At 7, MRS. NEVILLE,

Address and Clairvoyance.

MONDAY, at 7-30, LADIES' CIRCLE.

TUESDAY at 8, MEMBERS' CIRCLE.

THURSDAY, at 8, PUBLIC CIRCLE.

ANNUAL OUTING, TUESDAY, JULY 11TH,

to OXSHOTT WOODS.

**Bowes Park Spiritualist Society,**  
SHAFTSBURY HALL,  
Adjoining BOWES PARK STATION, N.22.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 7,

MR. GEO. BROWN.

SUNDAY, JULY 2ND, CLOSED.

**Church of the Spirit, Camberwell,**  
WINDSOR RD., DENMARK HILL.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 11,

MRS. HULL.

At 6-30, MR. A. V. PETERS.

This is the last service in the above Church.

**Clapham Spiritualist Church,**  
Adjoining REFORM CLUB, ST. LUKE'S RD., HIGH ST., CLAPHAM, S.W.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 11, CIRCLE.

At 3, LYCEUM. At 7, MRS. MAUNDER

TUESDAY, SOCIAL.

SUNDAY, JULY 2ND, MR. SINCLAIR.

**Church of the Spirit, Croydon,**  
HARDWOOD HALL, 96, HIGH STREET,

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 11,

MR. PERCY SCHOLEY.

At 6-30 Miss F. R. SCATCHERD.

**East London Spiritualist Association**  
No. 7 ROOM, EARLHAM HALL, EARLHAM GROVE, FOREST GATE (pass thro' Main Building to Second Door on Left).

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 7,

MRS. BEAUMONT-SIGALL.

**Ilford Psychical Research Society,**  
PIONEER MARKET CHAMBERS, ILFORD LANE, ILFORD.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 7,

MR. & MRS. PULHAM.

THURSDAY, at 3, MRS. LAWES.

FRIDAY, at 8, MR. NORTH.

**Little Ilford Christian Spiritualist Church,**  
CHURCH ROAD, Corner of THIRD AV., MANOR PARK.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 6-30,

MR. and MRS. SMITH.

MONDAY, at 3, MRS. JAMRACH.

WEDNESDAY, at 8, MR. ERNEST MEADS.

SUNDAY, JULY 2ND, NO MEETING.

At 10, LYCEUM, every Sunday at 3.

## SOCIETY ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Eltham Spiritualist Church,**  
WELL HALL, CO-OPERATIVE HALL.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 7,

MRS. LAURA LEWIS, Clairvoyance.

Members' Circle after Service.

WEDNESDAY, MRS. MELLOY,

**Hackney Spiritualist Church,**  
240A, AMHURST ROAD.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 7,

MR. N. RIST and MRS. F. SUTTON.

MONDAY, at 8, CIRCLE.

**Hounslow Spiritualists' Society,**  
ADULT SCHOOL, WHITTON ROAD.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 6-30, MR. MILES.

LYCEUM at 3.

TUESDAY, at 7-15, MR. E. TREADGOLD.

WEDNESDAY, at 3, GUILD.

**Kingston Spiritualist Society,**  
BISHOP'S HALL, THAMES STREET.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 11,

MRS. ROBERTSON.

At 3, LYCEUM. At 6-30, MR. G. BROWN.

WEDNESDAY, at 7-30, PUBLIC MEETING.

**London Central Spiritualist Society,**  
MINERVA ROOMS, 144a, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (Corner of Bury St.)

FRIDAY, JUNE 23RD, at 7-30,

MR. T. W. ELLA, Trance Address.

MRS. O. HADLEY, Clairvoyance.

**Manor Park Spiritualist Church,**  
Corner of SHREWSBURY RD. and STRONE RD.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 6-30,

MR. G. R. SYMONS.

Church Fund of Benevolence.

THURSDAY, at 8, Rev. J. M. MATTHIAS.

SUNDAY, JULY 2ND, Mr. G. PRIOR.

**London Muslim House,**  
111, CAMPDEN HILL RD., NOTTINGHILL GATE, LONDON, W.8. (Nearest Tube Stn., Nottinghill Gate, Cen. Lon. & Met. Rlys.)

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HABUB ULLAH LOVEGROVE, Sec.

**Stratford Spiritual Church,**  
IDMISTON ROAD, SIXTH TURNING DOWN FOREST LANE GOING FROM MARYLAND POINT STATION.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH, at 6-30,

MADAM GERALD.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28TH, at 3,

Ladies' Meeting, Miss GEORGE,

THURSDAY, JUNE 29TH, at 8,

Mrs. EDEY.

SUNDAY, JULY 2ND, at 6-30,

Miss V. BURTON.

Forward Movement at 11.

Lyceum at 3.

MRS. FLORENCE SUTTON, Clairvoyant. Health diagnosed daily, 2 till 6. Circles for investigators, Mondays and Wednesdays at 3, Thursdays at 7-30. 51, Elvington Road, High Street, Stoke Newington, N.16. Buses 67, 73 and 76.

## MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS (NOT DISPLAYED.)

Prospective Announcements, Speakers' Open Dates, Mediums Wanted, To Let, For Sale, Wanted, etc.: 21 words, 1/6. Each additional line, 3d.

LONDON—FULHAM, 12, Lettice Street, Munster Road.—Sunday next, at 7 OPEN. Thursday, at 8, Mrs. GOLDEN.

A LADY with a small business would like to adopt orphan girl about 14 years of age to assist in business. Complete surrender must be given Spiritualist home. — Apply, Miss WING, Well-lane, Batley.

WILL MRS. HAMILTON, who resided in Maida Vale, London, some years ago, if alive, or Mrs. ALEXANDRA, her friend, write to "V," Two WORLDS Office, Manchester?

PROFESSIONAL CAREER (Chartered and Incorporated, under British and American Governments). Send stamped address to Secretary. The International Phenological and Psychological Institute, Ltd., 3, Museum Sq., Leicester, England.

## Speakers, Open Dates, Etc.

MR. C. W. BENTLEY, of New Jersey, U.S.A., Inspirational Speaker and Clairvoyant, will arrive in England June 20th, and will be open for engagements forthwith.—Letters c/o O. G. RICKARDS, 19, Hilton Crescent, Prestwich, Manchester.

MR. ROBERT DAVIES, the well known Exponent and Demonstrator, has the following dates open: July 8th, 9th, 10th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th. August 5th, 6th, 7th, 12th, 13th and 14th. Oct. 7th, 8th and 9th. Nov. 11th, 12th and 13th. Dec. 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Also a few for 1923. Terms on application. Week-ends only. — Beech House, 83, Cleveland-rd., Crumpsall, Manchester. J. H. SHARPE, the youthful medium, of great worth as a speaker and demonstrator of many phases, has open dates for the summer months of 1922. Can London Societies arrange bookings for Aug. 9th to 11th? Week-night meetings, tours and week-end services arranged. Also Mrs. Alice Sharpe has a few vacancies. Secretaries apply to 15, Wordsworth-road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

G. S. HENDRY, inspirational speaker and clairvoyant, now booking 1923 tours. Testimonials from leading Scottish Societies. Communications to 120, Den-road, Kirkcaldy, Scotland.

## To Let.

FURNISHED ROOM, suitable for consultations. Near principal railway stations, etc., West End, London.—Apply "M," Two WORLDS Office.

## NEW SECRETARIES.

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

LONGSIGHT SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY—MR. A. HEWSON, 7, Birchfields-road, Rusholme, Manchester, to whom all communications must be addressed.

## A NEW PAMPHLET.

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## HEAVEN REVISED.

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**SUNDAY, JUNE 25th, SERVICES 2-30 and 6-30. Speaker at 3, Mr. J. GARNER. Subject, "Human Radiations: Colour as Meaning." Discussion. SERVICE OF SONG at 6-30, entitled "Rest at Last." Reader, Mr. E. HART.**  
 All heartily welcome. Tea provided at nominal charge. Silver collection.

**SUNDAY, JULY 9th. Speaker at 3, Professor C. WILLIS. Subject, "The Day Brain and The Night Brain." Followed by Psychological Experiments.**

**OLDHAM SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, ELLIOTT STREET, off EGERTON STREET.****SUNDAY, JULY 2nd, Mr. AARON WILKINSON will conduct the Services at above Church.****AFTERNOON at 3, EVENING at 6-30. FULL CHOIR. SILVER COLLECTIONS.****Weeping Eczema.****Germolene, the New Aseptic Skin Dressing.****AWARDED FOUR GOLD MEDALS.****Soothes the Inflamed Tissue and Rapidly Promotes Perfect Skin Health.**

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Remarkable testimony is to hand from Mr. W. P. Lyons, of 23, Graham-road, Lower Edmonton, London, N. This gentleman was burned on the arm by molten sealing wax. When the wax was removed the skin was torn, and subsequently after the burn had healed, the arm became almost raw with eczema which spread rapidly. Then the other arm was attacked, and Mr. Lyons says the torment of the pain and itching which he endured was truly awful. Advice and treatment did no good until Germolene was used, and that, to use Mr. Lyons' own words, "cured in an amazingly short time." Now there is not a blemish on either arm.

Germolene is efficacious in the cure of all skin ailments such as eczema, itching rashes, pimples, psoriasis, piles, bad legs, ulcers, ringworm, and impetigo. It is manufactured by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, in their modern and splendidly-equipped laboratory (without a doubt the finest of its kind in the Empire), the home of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Awarded gold medals at four great international exhibitions. Sold at 3s. per tin (1/3 the small size) by all chemists.

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  - 6.—A SPIRIT MEDIUM'S REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES. By Mrs. M. A. Keeves-Record. Price 3d., post free 3½d.
  - 9.—IS SPIRITUALISM A RELIGION? By Walter Jones, J.P., M.I.M.E. Price 4d., post free 5d.
  - 8.—WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? Hudson Tuttle. Price 2d., post free 2½d.
  - 10.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Price 3d., post free 3½d.
  - 11.—WHAT DOES SPIRITUALISM TEACH? By John Cox. Price 1d., post free 1½d.
  - 13.—SPIRIT LIFE AND LABOUR. By J. J. Morse. Price 3d., post free 3½d.
  - 14.—NEWS FROM THE INVISIBLE WORLD. By Rev. John Wesley. Price 2d., post free 2½d.
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