

# The Two Worlds

## SPECIAL

### SUPPLEMENT.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

#### Original Poetry.

##### The Great Beyond.

It's charming, all this beauty spread around !  
One's thoughts are carried far beyond  
The strife of life's turmoil.  
Removed far from the busy haunts of man  
I rest—sweet rest—that rest which builds  
The physical,  
And gives the mental that clear vision  
To view the Great Beyond.

That Great Beyond ! I wonder oft  
How I shall fare !  
I rest in quiet hope and trust,  
And do my best whilst on this earthly crust,  
To live my life as God intended, thus  
That I should have no fear  
When I pass to the Great Beyond.

That Great Beyond ! New revelations come  
Through spirit friends who now are hovering round  
To help me in my earthly walk,  
And give me light and certain quiet hope,  
That all is well  
When I pass to the Great Beyond.

—THOMAS J. LITTLEJOHN.

##### Saved From Beyond.

By Halford Coleman.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "THE TWO WORLDS."

#### PART I.

##### TRIAL AND TEMPTATION.

"If only you were——" Madeline faltered.  
"Rich," he added, bitterly—between clenched teeth.  
"Or—had a sure, steady living," she rejoined,  
 soothingly, as she put an arm around his neck and  
nestled her head on his shoulder. She knew she had  
wounded him. And she realised—instinctively—the  
mother-need of the man in love, and her whole maternal  
instinct went out to him.

Geoffrey lifted his long arms from his sides, gently  
opened his clenched palms, and took her shoulders. His

look softened as he held her at arm's length, fondly regard-  
ing her.

A moment thus, and—instinctively—she withdrew  
from him. The lock on the drawing-room door clicked,  
and Madeline's aunt stepped out, crossed the hall majes-  
tically, and mounted the heavily-carpeted stairs—without  
so much as a glance in their direction. Geoffrey was con-  
scious that Madeline's arm had left his neck, and that  
his own hands were empty. The coming of her aunt meant  
just that. She was as the parting of the ways between  
them. And yet, was it all she ? He meditated a moment.  
He mentally watched her climb the stairs again in the  
hall's half light ; noted every detail of her fine carriage  
and clear-cut features. The well-bred chin, proudly  
poised head, and cold, measuring eyes. He contrasted  
her picture with his own income—an impossible contrast,  
such as only a strong man would steadily face. Then  
slowly he felt Madeline close to him again, and again the  
scent of her hair thrilled him.

They did not speak. Then a tightening grip, a linger-  
ing kiss, and she watched him walk heavily down the drive.  
"If only something would happen."

Madeline knew undoubtingly that he had brains,  
and that some day the inventions he worked on would all  
be great successes. She knew that he had the grit to carry  
all through. But, there was the waiting. Further, there  
was Aunt Bertha's insistence in continually, sickeningly,  
flaunting that Henry Wilson before her. Henry Wilson,  
with his gold tooth and his father's jam factory, and his  
utter soulless stupidity. It was all maddening.

"If only Geoffrey's mother had left more of their  
dwindled family fortune !" And Geoffrey had loved his  
mother. "I don't know what I should do without you now,  
Maddy," he had said in that wonderful boyish way of his  
on the day when he had laid his mother's cold body to its  
last long rest. "Was she not guiding him, even now ?"  
Madeline ruminated, for she was at that stage when one  
is more than merely interested in Spiritualism.

Geoffrey walked on moodily, and turned hurriedly to  
the right, on to the road bound by hedgerows, and leading  
to the open country. He felt caged, stifled. The thought  
of returning to his rooms and bed was like the contempla-  
tion of walking to "la guillotine."

He continued his heavy tread up the dark road.  
Four, five miles. And then he stopped—suddenly. He  
had trudged on as a man in a swoon, who neither knows  
nor cares where. Now, he dimly recognised the high white

palings, and the familiar square house, and the one lighted window. It was "Old Jones's place."

Professor Jones, erratic, absorbed in his researches, burned the night oil. He had once been Geoffrey's chemistry master. He had taken Geoffrey into his heart—Geoffrey was always so enthusiastic with his studies, with everything he took up, for that matter.

"Old Jones," as the fellows called him behind his back, had shown Geoffrey his antiques. The memory gave Geoffrey a start. It was growing late. The dead stillness was only broken by the sudden furious beatings of his own heart. It was as if he forgot Madeline, his honourable youth, his departed mother and her last "G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t!" kiss. A mad idea possessed him, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

"Old Jones" was habitually careless. Several bequests had come to him from wealthy relatives, to whom money was no longer of any real value, and to whom he was next of kin. His passion for stones was well-known. The storing-place of some of them instantly stood out in Geoffrey's memory. He passed into the drive, through the gate that was rarely locked. Old Rover recognised him, and rubbed his cold nose on Geoffrey's heated hand and ran at his side—without a sound.

At the rear of the house Geoffrey's hand shook as he tried a French window. "Locked!" "Old Jennie," the housekeeper, was in bed, by the light in her window. There were lights in the bedroom windows of the two maids. He edged round to the little "dark-room" where "Old Jones" developed photographic plates. The window gave—swung on a swivel. There was barely room for a man to enter. But Geoffrey was desperate, and he scrambled through. Only stopping to close the window, he opened the little door, and removed his boots and started the familiar way through the passage past Jennie's kitchen, through the conservatory, down the long row of stone steps, and through another passage to the strong room under the laboratory. It seemed only yesterday since he was a third-former, raiding Study No. 5 for "tuck." The memory fought for recognition in his mind, with a sentence that continually throbbed through his tortured brain. A fragment from a newspaper announcement that he had read under "Patents" that very day calling for an apparatus such as he had to dispose of. "... Must invest five hundred pounds."

Geoffrey knew that with a little manipulation of every alternate one of the bright, polished screw-heads on the plates of the large lock, the lock would open. It was "Old Jones's" own invention. The large shuttered key-hole was but a "blind" pretence. But the combinations could be varied indefinitely in setting the apparatus. He dared not switch on the lights, and taking a heavy army clasp-knife from his pocket he shivered a little as he felt the blade into one of the screw-heads, and commenced the numerous turns and half-turns, moving from one to another, seeking the combination.

Suddenly his heart stood still, and the knife slipped from his grasp, clattering to the cold stone floor.

## PART II.

### SALVATION AND SECURITY.

A light spread from a point in mid-air about a foot from the ceiling. Just a phosphorescent haze, that grew brighter and spangled at its centre. Then the haze parted, and Geoffrey felt as if little electric shocks darted through his body, and tingled at his toes and finger-tips. A weight seemed to press upon his head at the crown. He felt a tightness at his chest, and a sense of heaviness at his abdomen. Then he saw. The spangled centre in the haze rapidly grew to a veiled head, and then shoulders developed. He recognised the shapely shoulders and the delicate folded hands upon the familiar breast. The veil parted, and he knew his mother's face.

The expression was pained and gently reproving. He stood shivering, striving to speak, and only a low, strangled cry escaped him.

Another appeared at her side, whom Geoffrey did not recognise. A tall man who looked at Geoffrey sternly. The face gently softened, smiled reassuringly, hopefully on Geoffrey. And the man beckoned to Geoffrey's mother

as if to lead her away. And—gradually—the vision dissolved.

Geoffrey came to himself as one waking from a long dream, and instantly thought of the fallen knife, and tremblingly grasped for it in the darkness. He recovered it, and fled. A terrible desolation took him. Throwing his shoes on to the lawn in front of him he scrambled through the window and closed it quietly, and hurried away.

On his bed till morning he tossed sleeplessly, absorbed in the happenings of the night. The horror of it froze him. His dear departed mother had saved him, but—she had seen. And she was grieved. And—who was the man who stood at her side? His presence gave the one unique touch of realism.

Geoffrey was not yet interested in Spiritualism, and when he was with Madeline they usually discussed his inventions and general and mutual topics and their own friendship and themselves. True, they never got into the state that can talk of nothing, and, somehow, make it interesting. But, feeling her way carefully to the truth, Madeline had hesitated to speak of it, even when Geoffrey's mother had passed the Borderland. And now he struggled, not knowing what to think. Had only his mother appeared, he might have thought that his over-wrought nerves, the strain of inventing, of calculations, of experiments, of his own financial difficulties, had been the whole cause. But he knew differently. And again, how could he explain away the presence of that stranger, that vision of the man?

Geoffrey looked pinched and pale when he came down to breakfast next morning. The smell of the coffee seemed suffocating, and the bacon sickly. He had no appetite for food. But—there were two letters. One, doubtless, contained a tailor's bill. He knew the handwriting at a glance. The other was an important, typewritten envelope, and he opened it. "Messrs. Carson and Cooke, Engineers, would be pleased if Mr. Geoffrey—"

Geoffrey drew a quick breath. Answering an advertisement, he had written them enclosing some plans a few days ago, and now the principal desired to see him the very morning. He ran for his coat and hat.

The clock had ticked two hours away when Geoffrey was ready to leave their office. Mr. Carson was taking one of Geoffrey's ideas over; everything was fixed. Geoffrey knew that his "chance" had come. If all went well, it was a made man.

"It was rather by a chance that I sent for you," Mr. Carson said in his deep, pleasant voice. "Although, of course, I am glad I did so," he added quickly. "As I have explained, the matter will be something of a new departure with us, as things are now. When my partner was here he used to manage all these kind of matters. We were great friends. I was thinking of him at the time when I decided to communicate with you. Indeed, the memory of him quite decided me. We had often discussed our need of a similar invention. But he went out to India on business, and never returned. Fever—That's his portrait—opening a side door and showing a large picture opposite. "This was his private room—Er—Are you ill?"

"No—no, thanks," Geoffrey stammered. "At least nothing serious." Geoffrey was shaking all over, and his face had whitened to the lips.

"Yes, I know, over-worked, overwrought a little, I understand." Mr. Carson chatted pleasantly as he led Geoffrey to the door. Geoffrey shuddered. That picture was the stern face of the man he saw in his vision the night before. And then a recollection came to him. "Cooke," he muttered. "Why, Cooke was the name of my dear mother's half-brother, and they thought the world of each other. True, I never heard much about him, nor saw his picture. But they were wonderfully attached to each other. I'll enquire. It must be him."

And so it transpired.

Madeline and Geoffrey are married now and live in their own villa. But while Geoffrey is still very absorbed in his work, whenever Madeline goes out to a meeting or seance he nearly always readily accompanies her.

A BOOK makes an excellent Christmas present.



## The Two Systems.

W. George Wheeler, L.P.I.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT HYSLOP'S adopted daughter was considered a peculiarly religious girl. The Hyslops were religious people. They worshipped at The Peter and Paul Mission House, and belonged to a sect profoundly devout, though extremely narrow. Their conceptions of heaven and hell, pre-destination and Anthropomorphic God belonged to a long past age.

Matilda was fourteen—tall, graceful and sweet natured. She had a long, classic face, a beautifully-formed oval shaped head, and deep set grey eyes. Her intellect was exceptionally good, although she rarely showed it to advantage. Fate had somewhat cramped her external life, it could not cramp her soul. Her education had been in some sense superior, for the Hyslops were very well-to-do people, but her teachers held the Hyslops' religious views, and somehow their theological notions entered almost every branch of the girl's educational training.

Matilda was a thinker. Her type of mind was artistic and poetic—she spent a good deal of time in Dreamland. Her imagination played a large part in conjunction with the intellect. Her soul was full of lovely fancies, ideals, aspirations.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyslop were strict disciplinarians. They permitted no irregularities of life and character; they systematised everything after their own religious fashion. They lacked imagination—did not see visions or dream dreams. They expected Matilda to think as they thought, to worship as they worshipped, to work out her life as they worked out their lives. Thus, to some extent, the girl came to live a double life. Anyway, the outward and visible were scarcely the manifestation of the inward and spiritual. The Hyslop discipline proved to Matilda extremely irksome—a daily burden, an almost eternal drudgery.

Matilda frequently failed to follow out the rules and regulations prescribed, and had received many whippings in consequence—she was well used to being reprimanded. She did not rebel; she simply endured.

The Hyslops were strict and severe; they certainly did not wish to be unjust. Any suggestion of injustice or inconsideration towards the girl would have horrified them. They were what their creed made them.

Matilda's nature was naturally a happy one, but the circumstances of her life played havoc with the manifestation of her faculties, all the best side of her nature being cultivated in secret. She did not know who her parents were. She had been left as a tiny child at the door of an orphanage, brought up until her eighth year at a Charitable Institution, finally being adopted by the Hyslops. That one at least of her parents was of superior birth and education there could be little doubt, for the girl possessed qualities and gifts of mind of a high order, far and away beyond the conceptions of her guardians.

Matilda did not realise her false position until the time approached for her to be admitted as a member of the Hyslops' religious order. For this she was being specially prepared by a distinguished member of their sect, who very soon had a suspicion that the girl was secretly heterodox. Her answers were far from satisfactory, but her sweetness, intelligence, and true benevolence could not be doubted.

About this time Mrs. Hyslop made a careful survey of the girl's books and papers, discovering hidden away in secret places poems and plays in manuscript, works by advanced thinkers, scientific works by Darwin, Huxley, Gall, Combe. She was absolutely flabbergasted.

Moreover, Matilda had been discovered conversing with an Eastern poet whose views were known to favour the blending of the great religions of the East with that of the West. The Hyslops took a drastic step. They sent the girl to a Religious House connected with their order, wherein the strictest discipline and supervision would be administered, and every movement of her life studied and watched.

Matilda would have escaped from her home and endeavoured to earn her own living, but she was still

young, and her ordinary education was incomplete. She did not know in detail the future life which awaited her, and decided that there was nothing for it but to endure for a period.

Matilda's stay at the Religious House was alike disastrous to her health and happiness. Deprived of her poetic and literary opportunities, with no scientific studies to secretly perform, and no books of value to feed her soul upon, life became unbearable. The joy of her nature seemed stifled, and she became subject to severe fits of mental depression. Unless the present religious drudgery could be escaped her career would be ruined, her very soul lost in a whirlpool of dogma, illogical and unscientific. She determined to find a remedy.

Matilda had noticed, when out walking with one of her stern mistresses, a charming lady writing a manuscript. It had happened that on a very windy day several MSS. papers had blown away, and Matilda found pleasure in chasing them and returning to the owner. The beautiful woman had glanced up from her work. Perceiving what had happened, she warmly thanked the girl for what she had done. Matilda thought it was the loveliest face she had ever seen. The lady happened to be a distinguished novelist with pronounced views. On returning home Matilda was severely reprimanded for acting without orders; but the girl determined to see this lovely woman again and ask her counsel and advice. An opportunity soon after occurred.

Matilda walked out daily with one or more of the Religious Order, and had several times caught a glimpse of the literary lady. On a certain evening Matilda picked up a notebook, fortunately unnoticed by her attendant. The girl hid it in the folds of her dress, and examined it when for a few seconds she was alone. In it was the outline of a story, and the name and address of the owner was given on the front page.

Matilda judged by the style of the story it might possibly belong to the lady author she had before seen in the park. By a guarded word or two she was able to verify her judgment.

It so happened that one afternoon a tutor was suddenly taken ill, and in the confusion Matilda escaped from the house and presented herself at the residence of the novelist. The girl, however, on asking for the authoress, was informed that she could only be seen by appointment, but Matilda mentioned the note book, and was admitted.

Matilda was shown into a lovely room full of beautiful art work, both of sculpture and painting. Her soul was lifted, and she forgot all else. A few minutes later the distinguished novelist entered the room.

Miss Alston was a bright, warm-hearted, enthusiastic woman. She appeared to be full of the joy of life, bubbling over with thought and feeling. Her temperament, quality of organism, and activity of brain made her character and movement extremely interesting. She was refined, graceful and artistic—a brilliant conversationalist. She dressed with exquisite taste, was a fine judge of harmony, and loved all beautiful things. Her eyes were wonderful, suggesting thought and language, memory for words. She had a keen appreciation of the humorous.

"You have found my note book?" she said. "How sweet of you to seek out its owner."

"I fear it was not my only motive, noble lady. I was wishing to ask your advice and guidance."

"Why, we have met before!" exclaimed Miss Alston. She was delightful in conversation—voice and hands and eyes all seemed busy. "You gathered up my loose MSS. tossed by the wind. You must stay to tea with me. I am alone to-day. It will be ready directly, and you shall tell me all your trouble."

Matilda's story need not here be repeated. Miss Alston gave her every attention. When the tea was over she gathered the lonely girl to herself and gave her all her love.

"I do not think these people can retain you against your will," she said. "In intention they have been good to you, but their religious system is narrow and cramped. I will ask my brother's opinion, he is a magistrate. If there is no objection, I will engage you as my secretary, and thus deliver you from your imprisonment." Matilda

kissed her new friend's hand, and thanked her over and over again.

It was so arranged, and Matilda commenced a new life. Miss Alston soon discovered she had found a genius, and although the girl's mental powers had been retarded by the narrow life she had been forced to live, all her faculties quickly came into fuller action. It was some little time before the results of mental depression were removed, but the bright, healthy environment, the learned yet sweet companionship, the great educational opportunities, opened a true life such as Matilda's soul loved.

Two years later Matilda became herself an authoress, and her home was the home of her benefactress, who looked upon her as a daughter.

## The Roses.

Mary Ida Rees.

Some lady, stately overmuch,  
Here moving with a silken noise,  
Has blushed beside them at the voice  
That likened her to such. —E. B. BROWNING.

THE sun was just beginning to set, and Gwyneth, tired with the sudden burst of early summer heat, had coiled herself on top of the terrace steps, over the balustrades of which rambler roses were already in bloom. She had played games with herself during the long afternoon, but they palled, as games will do when you have only yourself to play with. She was used to this, being an only child, but to-day, when the air was rich with the scents of roses and laburnum, and birds called to their mates, and butterflies chased each other among the flowers of the old garden—to-day seemed to call for companionship and love, and Gwyneth had wandered into the old part of the grounds, where she always felt less lonely, where the charm of the ancient buildings held for her a strange fascination.

Sitting here she fell to her favourite occupation of weaving stories. She hoped one day, when she was grown up, to write a more wonderful story than there was in Grimm's or Lamb's tales, or Scott. Here, in the tiny enclosed rose garden, her mind became a maze of fantastic and medieval legends, and knights and gnomes and fairies and fair ladies passed before her in a weird though enchanting procession. Her head drooped lower and lower, a huge laburnum which grew beside the steps coped her like a golden canopy.

A rustle made her look up. A lady in a long silk dress, so long she had to hold it as she walked, while it trailed behind her in an azure stream, and wearing a high tapering head-dress, from which floated a veil of pale gold, veiling with the pale gold tresses beneath, even as the lady's eyes mocked the blue of her gown, and her lips and cheeks the roses—she passed down the wide steps which Gwyneth noticed were white and new; across the lawn, trim and smooth, to the rose bushes beyond. After a careful search she selected a bloom, bent the stem this way and that until it severed, plucked off the thorns, and placed it amidst the snowy linen that encircled the neck of her gown.

Scarcely had she done so than there was a movement in the shrubbery beyond, and a knight clad in green which made him difficult to descry at a short distance, sprang forward and embraced her passionately. She took the rose from her bosom, pressed it to her lips, and gave it to him. He kissed it also, and compared it with her cheeks now flushing damask. Then, embracing her again, he was gone, swift as an arrow.

The scene changed. It was autumn. My lady walked slowly. Her robe of crimson velvet seemed to weigh her down as she descended the steps; and crossing the lawn, veiled with the falling roses.

Suddenly she looked towards the shrubs and bushes, her heart beating fast. But no knight in sober green sprang forward this time. Instead, a page, travel-stained, nervous, fearful of every sound, took a letter from his master and placed it in her hands, his swift gesticulations describing a tragedy, and not waiting to hear the lady's

astonished questions, fled through the bushes and was one of hearing ere recovering from her stupor she uttered a heart-broken cry, tottered, and fell.

It was not long before she recovered herself and took open the letter. It threw her into a paroxysm of grief, and she lay on the petal-strewn sward quivering with sobs.

When the first violence of her grief had abated she rose slowly, but agitation again seized her. In front of her, gradually emanating from a silver mist, was a figure clad in glittering armour. She did not see that the face was that of her lover. She thought it was a vision of one of the warrior saints sent to strengthen her in this hour of trial. She knelt and worshipped. Then a light more brilliant still shone around.

The "warrior saint" had vanished. A figure of a woman, tall, fair, clad in white, was looking down at her. She had the same shade of pale gold hair, the same blue eyes, only she was older and more mature, but not less beautiful.

To the heiress of the Hall she was not her mother lost in childhood, but the Holy Mother herself, who had come to comfort her. And when the visionary woman bent forward and touched the kneeling figure on the forehead, she vowed eternal dedication to her service.

Again the scene changed. The garden had vanished, and Gwyneth saw right across the moat to the Abbey which instead of a ruin, was a pile of freshly carved masonry. Then the outer walls faded, and inside white-robed novices assumed the black veil and arose, dead to the world, but living in Christ. Among them was one taller than the rest, of stately carriage and of great beauty. The lady of the rose garden had ended her noviciate and took the final vows.

And it came to pass, says legend,  
"That she for her good deeds and her pure life  
Was chosen Abbess. There an Abbess lived,  
and there an Abbess passed  
To where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

When Gwyneth awoke from her dream she set about writing a childish story round the pathetic incidents she had witnessed. She knew now the unexplainable fascination the old garden held for her, why some influence made her sad yet gave her strange company.

But the days of the rose garden and dreams were soon over. The fortunes of her family, already precarious, became still worse. There followed for Gwyneth years in a large boarding school, then more years as teacher in a huge smoky city. Experience and sorrow taught her many things, but the dreams of her childhood and the longing to express them never wholly left her.

New knowledge came to her, and she realised now that it was not all childish fancy when she felt companionship in the old ruins; she knew that medieval tales of visions were often but of those near and dear to us who had "gone before," and not the celestial beings which excited imagination took them to be. She saw deeper truth in old faiths, even as the sun, shining on gilding, makes it yet more beautiful.

And she realised also that there were other things in life to write about besides medieval love stories. There was injustice and cruelty and heart-break in our own times, and heroism of the hearth as well as of the cloister.

As the years went by Gwyneth realised at last her heart's desire. She became one of the foremost writers of the day, and her pen was ever ready to write against whatever suffering or wrong-doing filled her with pity or horror. Yet she never forgot the charm of old times or the sorrows of stolen love and heart-break it had been her privilege to witness, and it was in an exquisite romance that she gave to the world her dream-vision of the Lady of the Rose Garden.

THE "Communion of Saints," as defined by the Church, includes (1) communion with the angels, (2) with the faithful departed, (3) with the faithful still on earth in the mortal body. It is evident from the above consideration that the Communion of Saints must consist largely of communion with the "dead." —REV. CHAS. L. TWEEDDALE.



## Early Clairvoyance in England.

Harvey Metcalfe.

THE psychic element in the nature and make-up of man is undoubtedly a strong one, and marks a great progress in his evolution. History, in particular, places many records before us of this psychic element, demonstrated through mediumship, the most active phase of which, undoubtedly is clairvoyance. It is my intention in this article to draw the attention of your readers to the time when the phenomena of Spiritualism, as understood to-day, was certainly sought, with a fair measure of success, before the system that explains made its advent to the world, i.e. Spiritualism.

The psychic student who would seek for evidence of the psychic faculties (if matter so gleaned may be called evidence) may find the demonstration of clairvoyance before our present civilisation was known or even thought of. His studies may take him to the Delphic Oracles, which contain records of the very essence of clairvoyance. The Egyptians, he will find, had a great knowledge of mediumship, and protected their mediums. The seven Bibles of the world, particularly the Christian Bible, teem with the records of psychic manifestations. The names of great seers, such as Swedenborg, Jacob Beomen, might be mentioned, also William Blake, poet and clairvoyant. Among Societies owing their origin to psychic and spiritual forces might be mentioned the "Society of Friends" and the Shaker movement, both of which can rightly claim to have possessed seers of a high order.

We, however, find in the early clairvoyance of England more detailed and authenticated records. At Plymouth in 1846 the clairvoyant powers of a boy of 15 years named Thomas Laycock were investigated by a committee of twelve responsible persons who, after various tests, such as bandaging and plastering his eyes, expressed themselves satisfied that his alleged power of clear-seeing was genuine. A full account appeared in "Zoist," vol. iv. page 82.

At this time a French boy clairvoyant, E.A., was prominent in this country, and who met with considerable success as a clairvoyant. Also Mdlle. Pigeaire, whose claims were examined (afterwards) by the French Academy of Medicine.

Almost about the same time as the claims of the boy Laycock and Mdlle. Pigeaire were examined, a Major Buckley conducted an investigation with two young ladies whose powers of clairvoyance enabled them to read messages concealed in nuts. Many seances were conducted under such conditions. If a charge of fraud was preferred against the young ladies, it is obvious that Major Buckley and several prominent men at that time would also have to be charged with acting as accomplices.

Dr. Elliotson allowed the accounts of these affirmative results to appear in the "Zoist." A detailed report was also given by the famous Dr. Ashburner of a series of experiments at which he and Lord Adare assisted.

Among the great successes attained by clairvoyants in England, the foremost was by a young Frenchman, Alexis Didier, who was brought over by Monsieur Marcillet. Dr. Elliotson and other prominent people vouched for him as a gentleman of high character and undoubted integrity. I am of opinion that Alexis was a trance medium, and probably most of his clairvoyance was given under the influence of some directing influence, although Alexis himself expressly disclaimed any assistance from spirits in his clairvoyance.

Alexis was usually bandaged during his demonstrations, a pad of leather being placed over each eye, then a handkerchief tied diagonally across, and over all a third tied horizontally, and the interstices filled with cotton wool. The results of Alexis's work would fill many copies of THE TWO WORLDS, but among his chief feats is to be found the playing of ecarté with great skill and rapidity. He would usually know (whilst blindfolded) his opponent's cards as well as his own, and could pick out any mentioned card. Surely enough to make his opponent say "The Devil!" without swallowing the tenets of theology.

He was truly a wonderful clairvoyant, and could read words and sentences from any book presented. In

1847 Robert Houdin himself paid two visits to Alexis at which he played ecarté in his usual fashion. Robert Houdin presented a book to him, Alexis reading half a line some pages in advance. Robert Houdin testified, "qu'il est tout a fait impossible que le hasard ou l'adresse puisse jamais produire des effets aussi merveilleux." Whatever might be said of him, Alexis was no conjuror.

The Rev. G. Sandy, in a letter to the "Medical Times" dated July 8th, 1848, describes a seance in the house of M. Dupuis. This letter, to the present writer, proves Alexis was also a psychometrist, and received better results by placing the article in the region of the solar plexus. The Rev. G. Sandy says: "Colonel Llewellyn, who was, I believe, rather sceptical, produced a morocco case, something like a surgical instrument case. Alexis took it, placing it to his stomach, and said, 'The object is a hard substance—not white—enclosed in something more white than itself. It is a bone taken from a greater body; a human bone—yours. It has been separated and cut so as to leave a flat side.' Alexis opened the case, took out a piece of bone wrapped in silver paper, and said, 'The ball struck here, it was an extraordinary ball in effect; you received three separate injuries at the same moment; the bone was broken in three pieces; you were wounded early in the day whilst charging the enemy.' He also described the dress of the soldiers, and was correct in every detail he gave as to dress, etc. This excited the astonishment of the gallant Colonel. This account is drawn up not only from my own notes, but from Col. Llewellyn's statement made after the seance, and from a written account given me by a lady sitting close by." Lord Adare was included among the sitters at the above seance.

Alexis's travelling clairvoyance might be regarded as even more remarkable. He gave Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence a minute description of his visit to St. Cyr from Paris two days before the seance. Also, in London, Alexis described to Dr. Costello an operation for lithotomy which the doctor had performed two or three days before (recorded in "Medical Times," July 27th, 1844). Many other experiences might be quoted to add weight to those already given which were in detail most remarkable.

Passing from the mediumship of Alexis Didier, the next recorded was "The Case of Ellen Dawson." A patient of a surgeon named Hands, she accidentally discovered the gift of clairvoyance. Professor De Morgan gives a full account of a seance he conducted (which is too detailed to be printed here, but is worthy of the attention of the student partly because of the intellectual distinction of the recorder and partly because of the fact that there was no obvious source from which the information could have been derived). He describes how on returning home his wife had received accurate information as to his movements, the home he had attended, details of conversation on the subject of mesmerism. The home he was in at the time was described, and the girl described the foodstuffs, persisting that Professor De Morgan took "wine, water and biscuits," which was literally true, it not being what people talk of under the name of a glass of wine and a biscuit, which means sandwiches, cake, etc., but simply wine, water and biscuits. This fact alone disproved conscious telepathy in this particular case. Prof. De Morgan said, "All this is no secret. You may tell whom you like and give my name. What do you make of it? Will the never-failing doctrine of coincidence explain it?"

It is a well-known fact that clairvoyance has been applied to with success to trace lost and stolen property. Several cases were recorded by Dr. Haddock in 1849 of his subject, Emma, who was a domestic servant. The most notable case of her clairvoyance on record was in tracing £650 sent by post to Messrs. Arrowsmith, of Bolton, which completely disappeared. Arrowsmith's cashier, Mr. Lomax, believed he had paid the sum to the bank, but the bank denied all knowledge of it. In this dilemma Messrs. Arrowsmith and Lomax called on Dr. Haddock to consult his clairvoyant. There is some evidence to show that Emma, the servant girl, was also a psychometrist, for, as recorded in the "Bolton Chronicle," September 8th, 1849, "the clairvoyant took an envelope that had contained the money. She described how the money had been paid into the bank, giving accurately the appearance of the missing papers (two banknotes and a bill of exchange), and the

pocket-book in which Mr. Lomax had placed them on receipt. She finally 'saw' them in an envelope in an inner room at the bank. Mr. Arrowsmith went to the bank and insisted on a further search, the missing notes being ultimately found amongst some old circulars, etc., on the mantelpiece in the manager's private room."

It will be noticed that the cases I have given demonstrate clairvoyance of a material order only, but these cases betray the thought at that time towards clairvoyance. Although used for materialistic purposes, yet it was nonetheless real. We modern clairvoyants may look back to these people who undoubtedly paved the way. Truly the world has never been without its psychics, and the truth rolls on.

## Spiritualism: Its Prose and Poetry.

David Smith.

"SPIRITUALISM to-day is looked upon by many as the religion of the ignorant. Yet we find that Spiritualist phenomena and philosophy have inspired many gems of English prose and poetry. Thomas Hood, in his "Haunted House," wrote:—

"Over all there hung a shadow and a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,  
'The place is haunted.'"

And Pope, in his "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," wrote:—

"What beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade,  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?"

That the belief in ghosts, apparitions and spirits was common during the 18th century is borne out by Johnson when he wrote, "All argument is against it, but all belief is for it."

Charles Dickens, in his "Christmas Carol," makes the ghost of Jacob Marley express what is known in the teachings of Spiritualism as compensation and retribution in these words: "It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth and turned to happiness!"

That these same spirits had an influence upon the affairs of men, both in the political and religious sphere, is undeniable; and according to Shakespeare their influence had an amazing effect:—

"Look how the world's poor people are amazed  
At apparitions, signs and prodigies."

The calling up of spirits is an old belief, and has behind it Scriptural records. This was the particular power the Woman of Endor possessed, and an old saying quoted by Erasmus runs, "It is easier to call up an evil spirit than to pray for it."

The belief that all communicating spirits are personating demons is by no means new. That they have the power to assume at any time the form of either sex is stated by Milton, who wrote:—

"For spirits, when they please,  
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure."

The possibility of a spirit taking possession of the physical body of any creature is implied in the lines by Virgil, the Roman poet, when he says:—

"Thus all things are but altered; nothing dies,  
And here and there the unbodied spirit flies;  
By Time, or Force, or Sickness depossessed,  
And lodges where it lights—in man or beast."

The teachings of Modern Spiritualism that there is a spiritual universe besides the material universe was believed in by Longfellow. He says:—

"The Spirit World around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Waits through these earthly mists and vapours dense  
Aerial breath of more ethereal air."

Perhaps the greatest tribute of all was paid by Gerald Massey, when he wrote: "Spiritualism has been for me in common with many others, such a lifting of the mental horizon and letting in of the heavens, such a formation of faith into facts, that I can only compare life without it to sailing on board ship with hatches battened down and being kept a prisoner, living by the light of a candle, and then suddenly, on some splendid starry night, allowed to go on deck for the first time to see the stupendous mechanism of the heavens all aglow with the glory of God."

## Mazzini and Spiritualism.

A. H. Walters.

WHEN Joseph Mazzini died in 1872 the "Times" recording the event, referred to him as "a symbol of revolution," or rather Republicanism. Regretfully I admit the fact, but it is a fact that only recently have I read the patriot's writings. I was as surprised as delighted to find most definite pronouncements on the continuity of life and the nature and character of post mortem existence and its relationship to our mortal career—opinions that precisely coincide with my own and those of all true Spiritualists.

Mazzini writes infinitely better than I can ever hope to do, so that I make no apology for submitting a few extracts from his "Letter to the Members of the Ecumenical Council." "From the Council to God." :—

"You believe in the resurrection of the body, such as it was at the termination of our earthly existence. We believe in the transformation of the body (which is naught other than an instrument adapted to the work to be achieved) in conformity with the progress of the Ego, and with the mission destined to succeed the present."

"You believe in a heaven extrinsic to the universe, in a determinate portion of creation, on ascending to which we shall forget the past, forget the ideas and affections which caused our hearts to beat on earth. We believe in one Heaven, in which we live and move and love; which embraces the whole indefinite series of existences through which we pass. We believe in the continuity of life, in a connecting link uniting all the various periods through which it is transformed and developed; in the eternity of all noble affections, maintained in constancy until the last day of our existence; in the influence of each of these life-periods upon the others; in the progressive sanctification of every germ of good gathered by the pilgrim soul in its journey upon earth and other-where."

"You believe that the soul can pass at one bound from its human existence to the highest beatitude, or to absolute irrevocable perdition. We believe the human period of our existence too distant from the highest ideals. We believe in an indefinite series of reincarnations of the soul, from life to life, from world to world, each of which represents an advance from the anterior."

"We recognise in the angel the soul of the just man who has lived in faith and died in hope; and in the inspiring or guardian angel, the soul of the creature most sacredly and constantly loving and beloved by us on earth, having earned the recompense of watching over and aiding us on earth. The ladder 'twixt earth and heaven of Jacob's dream symbolises, for us, the ascending and descending series of man's transformations on the path of initiation in the divine ideal, and the beneficent influence exercised over us by the beloved beings who have preceded us upon that path."

"Our world opens upon the infinite on every side; our dogma teaches the slow, progressive divinisation of man. You believe in grace; we believe in justice. Grace, as we understand it, is the tendency and faculty given to us all gradually to incarnate the ideal. Time and space are granted us wherein to exercise our free will. We can hasten or delay."

"The earth is of God. It is a step upon the infinite ascent that leads to Heaven—our sojourn during one of our existences, wherein we are bound to prepare ourselves for the next conditions, which will accompany us in every subsequent evolution of the life of the ego."



the ascending series of worlds, separate stages of the long pilgrimage of the ego . . . the earth has its appointed place . . . it is . . . the cradle of the ideal."

" . . . and between you and God extend the links of the long and sacred chain of martyrs of thought and love, who still remember and love the earth whereon they accomplished a mission."

"You believe in a God Who has created and reposes. We believe in continuity of creation; in a God the inexhaustible source of the Life diffused perennially throughout the Infinite; of thought, which in Him is inevitably identical with action; of conceptions, realised in worlds."

"We reject the possibility of irrevocable perdition as a blasphemy against God, Who cannot commit self-destruction in the person of the creature issued from Himself; as a negation of the law prefixed to life, and as a violation of the idea of love which is identical with God."

It may be that we shall have to retrace the stage . . . but we cannot, spiritually, either retrogress or perish."

I feel that those timid mortals who hesitate to face the scoffer, the cynic, the bigot, and all such, will be glad, as I am, to have the testimony of this truly great soul, a soul so great that the "Times" said of him: ". . . whose departure from the scene of action, to say the least, will be no unwelcome news to several crowned and discrowned members of the family of European Sovereigns."

His editor refers to him as "this terror of principalities and powers." I only emphasise these characteristics to show that Mazzini was no dreamer, no mystic theorist. Goodness he loved; hypocrisy and evil he hated. He was a worthy follower of Jesus Christ.

## Some London Activities.

A Survey by A. Williams.

ONE of the healthiest signs of progress is the number of new churches that are opening in the Metropolitan area, and as each opens so the seating capacity is taxed to its utmost. Another healthy sign is that almost every Society has its building fund. Some have purchased the land—Little Ilford, Plaistow—and are now wanting funds to erect their buildings.

Of the new Societies, they are full of enthusiasm. At Romford, where an enthusiastic little band have established a church, a larger hall is a necessity, for people are turned away at each service. Ilford are quite at home in their new premises, and maintain a good platform. Salisbury Hall, Romford-road, is now well established and is starting week-night services. Bermondsey is a real live church in a difficult and poor neighbourhood. I noticed a placard on the railway bridge advertising their services, but they need help from good workers to give the truths and comfort to the poor and needy ones. I heard a splendid uplifting and spiritual address from Mr. Lund and remarkable clairvoyance by Mrs. Lund, and good results should follow if the standard is maintained.

Eltham is doing well and making progress. Hounslow do not seem united in effort, but that is a phase through which all Societies must pass and emerge stronger and better for the experience. The older Societies and churches all maintain their position. Whether it be Brixton, Clapham, Little Ilford, Manor Park or Holloway, each and all are in a sound, healthy condition.

Just a word to secretaries. Our mediums and platform workers need a little more thought and care, especially now that winter is upon us. Frequently long journeys are taken, and a cup of tea or coffee is very welcome before commencing the return journey. A friend left home at 5.30 p.m. to take services, and reached the hall too early, the journey taking one and a half hours. After the service, just a "Good night" and expenses. In the meantime a fog had come on, and this friend (a lady) had to find her own way to the station, and then two hours in the train, reaching home at 11.30 p.m. dead beat. Try the vacuum flask. It will be appreciated, and appoint someone to see speakers into their trains or buses.

London is moving in the right direction, and a few years hence will have many worthy buildings to maintain and hold up the Cause.

## The Pilgrim's Prayer.

By "Voyager."

GREAT Eternal Everlasting and Ever Living Spirit! Men in all periods and all ages have ever felt an inward force urging them with a desire to express their gratitude for their innumerable pleasures to be obtained through life. Thou hast been adorned and expressed in various ways by all peoples. We can feel and see through all forms of activity Thy marvellous power of creation and Thine Infinite wisdom, for are not all Thy ways perfect, and hast Thou not established immutable laws by which all creations are governed? We thank Thee that Thou hast established within man a consciousness of Thy ever Presence through the manifest expression of active forces of all being.

Man, through the experience of the past, has acquired a knowledge of understanding whereby he can communicate and co-operate with his fellow man for the attainment of his desires. To Thee words of our common language fail to express the inward feelings and desires of that Divine Essence Thou hast implanted within us of Thy substance of Eternal Life. In our feebleness to understand or approach Thee we would submit ourselves to Thy laws, and endeavour through the power Thou hast infused into our Being in common with all nature to strive to perfection, that we may be like unto Thee.

Thou dost not desire that we should make long supplications of appeal to evoke Thee of Thy goodness.

Man, what is man, that Thou art so mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou so regardest him? Dost Thou not feed the birds of the air and the fishes of the deep and provide for all living creatures? What is man, that he dare to despise Thy creations, that Thou shouldst especially bless him? O Eternal Spirit, how can the beauties of Thy wondrous worlds of creation be loved and adorned by man so engrossed in degradation of spirit?

To conceive of Thy goodness and be filled with Thy power, to perceive of the greatness of Thy handiwork, and behold the gloriousness of Thy Being in and through all worlds of activity, working in adoration of Thy principles of evolution from sphere to sphere to ever-endless glories of perfection. Lead us, O God, to the fulness of Thy grace! Whilst man is blinded unto Thee, through the encumbrance of this mortal clay, may Thy great Spirit be a light unto his path, that through all the struggles and endeavours of this ever-changing voyage he may feel Thy love and learn by experience (even if bitter) Thy ever Presence.

Teach him to understand Thou hast fashioned him after thine own Image and endowed him with a perfect being in harmony with all life. Lead him to understand the nature of his casket of clay, that he may unfold the faculties inherent within and break the fetters of doubt and ignorance, that his spirit may be freed to express its eternal verities to fill the soul with that peace that knows no understanding.

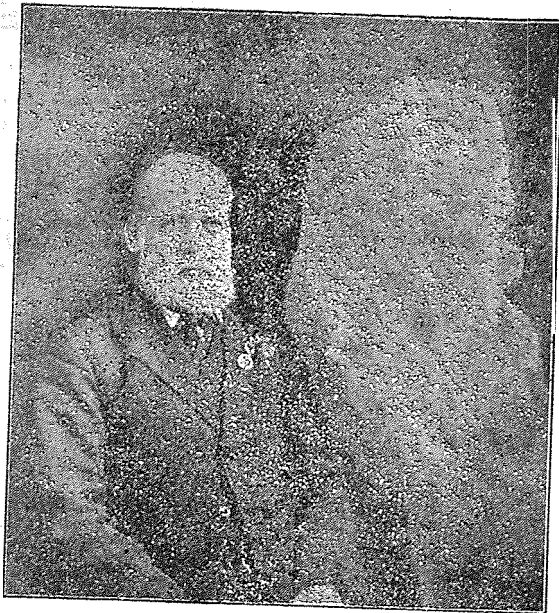
We thank Thee, O God? We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord, for Thou hast vouchsafed unto us a blessed inheritance of eternal life in and through the laws of our being.

Unto Thee shall be given all praise and glory for Thine inestimable love and infinite wisdom, guiding us into the way of truth and goodness that we may not fail Thee in Thy great purpose of life for which Thou didst create us. And we commit ourselves to Thy loving care now and through all eternity.

WHEN the men of to-day realise that He whom they oftentimes ignorantly worship is really Lord of All, they will cease to talk of the "Supernatural," and thus remove one stumbling block out of the path, and be delivered from a blind terror on the one hand, or an equally blind ignorance on the other.—REV. CHAS. E. TWEEDALE.



# OUR ARISEN PIONEERS.



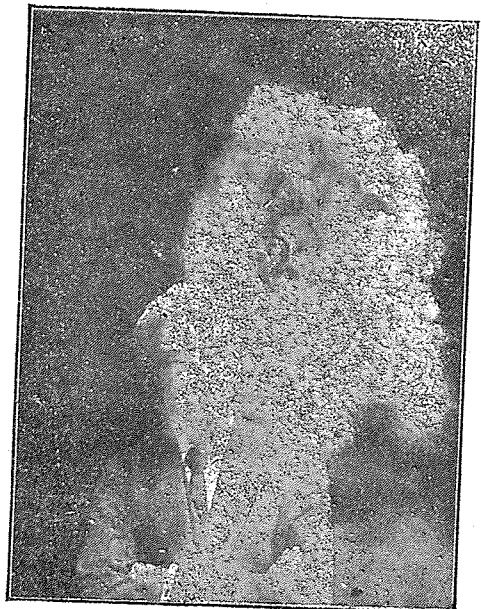
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Extra: ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.



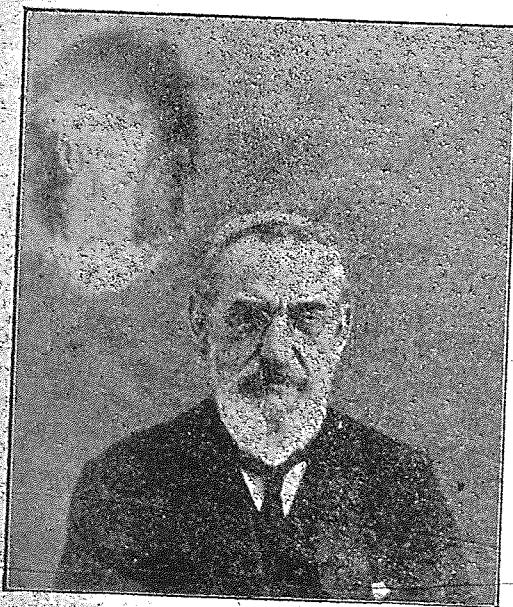
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Extra: MR. WM. JOHNSON.



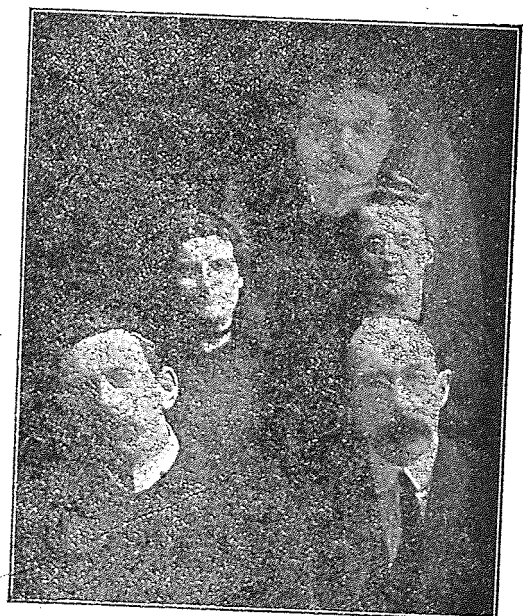
Sitter: MR. GOODWIN.  
Extra: MR. J. C. MACDONALD.



Sitter: MR. TOM TYRELL.  
Extra: MR. HANSON G. HEY.



Sitter: MR. WM. WALKER.  
Extra: MR. ALFRED SMEDLEY.



Sitters: MR. & MRS. H. WALKER.  
Extra: MR. WM. WALKER.



## OUR PIONEERS!

Are They Still Active? Do They Work With Us?

By the Editor.

CHRISTMASTIDE! The words have a magic charm. Friendship and the fireside come uppermost in one's thoughts. A thousand little gifts and innumerable greetings characterise the season of good-will. The little parties gather round a thousand fires, and thoughts go out to loved ones near and far.

Reminiscences! The veil of time rolls backward, and we live again some of the happy days of the past. Sitting in the ruddy glow of the flickering fire, memory fills the air with phantoms, and memory brings a smile to the face as visions of old scenes and old friends recur to us again. Sweet remembrance of faces long since laid to rest live again with us. The atmosphere around us pulsates with the presence of those who had crossed the "great divide." The ambient air

is filled with quiet, inoffensive ghosts. As silent as the pictures on the walls."

To the Spiritualist, however, there is something more than pleasant phantasy or memory-picture in such a thought, and he wonders to what extent such memories are prompted and aroused by the real and actual presence of those whom the world calls "dead." To many of us the conviction has come that in a very certain sense

"They are around us, though the pall Of earth conceals them from our view."

Could we but pierce the density of matter which everywhere enshrouds us, we should find that the genial and harmonious conditions of the family fireside make each little company a centre around which revolves the spirit presence of the loved and dear of earth. Aye, more! Amongst the spiritual forms which encircle us we should find many active spirits striving to stimulate us to carry on the work which "God's angel of death" caused them to lay down. Conan Doyle, in a recent lecture, referred

to our difficulties in the way of receiving communications, and expressed the opinion that these were small compared with the difficulties encountered by those on the other side of life who were striving to get the message through.

One of the great truths which Spiritualism has revealed is that the act of dying does not change personality. Our ideas and opinions, our ideals and ambitions, our hopes, fears and longings, go with us into the higher life, there to be realised and strengthened, or resolved and abandoned only after struggle and experience.

What, then, of the pioneers of the spiritual revival. In 75 years, from small beginnings, a huge movement has been built up, a movement which has transformed religion until it is true that even Christianity and Christian sanctions are not the same as they were in 1848. This has been accomplished in the face of violent opposition and persecution. 'Tis true that the sword, the thumbscrew and the rack have not been used, but boycott, unemployment, slander and ostracism were very freely used against us in the latter half of last century, and the full strength of religion and materialism has been used against the little band who stood for angel ministry.

We think with gratitude of our pioneers, many of them rude and rough in outward appearance, but possessing hearts of steel, minds erect and determined, and hearts full of sterling loyalty to truth. What would you? 'Tis not the province of the tenderly-trained and pampered

gentleman of the schools to blaze the trail through trackless forests of an unknown land. The work demands men of sterner stuff, and Spiritualism has been honoured by the labours of more than a few of them. They have passed, and our thoughts go out to them. Their work on earth is done. It may be considered that they have earned their reward and have entered into rest. "Labour well done! Reward well won!" is the slogan which rises in the mind concerning them.

The evidence is to the contrary, however. Their living testimony to-day is that their work is not done. The labour which brought them to the twilight has continued with them in the dawn, and from time to time we have the evidences that they are still with us directing our efforts. Rest, indeed! Whilst souls are in agony, bodies in want, minds in prison, and spiritual natures starved, these men and women can know no rest. They are aware of the work which needs to be done ere the human family becomes free and happy. Spirit photography is giving us the evidence that their interest is still with us. They have neither forgotten their comrades on earth nor the glorious cause in which they laboured, and we have pleasure in presenting the familiar features of just a few of the great army of pioneers who have manifested their interest in

those of us who are endeavouring in humble but hearty fashion to perpetuate their memories by laying our hands to the task they were called upon to lay down.

Amongst those whose photos we reproduce are A. J. Davis, the first pioneer of the Movement and founder of the Lyceum; Alfred Smedley, of Belper, whose experiences with materialisations were carefully recorded; William Walker, who did so much to make psychic photography a scientific study; William Johnson, one of the founders of the old Lancashire Federation, out of which the S.N.U. has evolved; John C. Macdonald, who toured the country from Aberdeen to the Channel Islands, and whose cultured and scientific addresses turned thousands of sceptics into enquirers; Hanson G. Hay, whose unselfish labours brought the S.N.U. into living form; and Jennie Walker, whose recent passing has deprived our platform of a capable worker. We also have received spirit photographs of Jas. Robertson, the grand old man of



Sitter: MR. H. J. OSBORN.  
Extra: MRS. JENNIE WALKER.

the north; E. W. Wallis, the silver-toned orator whose life and energy were expended in the cause of the angels; and David Duguid, whose wonderful mediumship brought conviction to many; but are unable to reproduce these in our present issue.

These are but a few of a noble army, but they are those who have evidenced their interest through the camera.

Through voice phenomena we have been urged forward by Emma Hardinge Britten, James Burns, John Lamont, William Wallace, Alfred Russel Wallace, Rev. Arthur Chambers, Rees Lewis, Stainton Moses, Kate Fox, Gerald Massey, William Denton, and others. Doubtless some of these will present us with their photographs in due course. Clairvoyance has given us evidence of the interest of an innumerable and unnameable company.

Why do they come to us? Their messages do not tell us that their labours have ceased. Rather do they stimulate us to renewed effort with the assurance that they are behind us to help, guide and counsel.

It is the crowning joy of the Spiritualist that when death removes his dear ones from earth those dear ones are not lost. They are still part of the "army of the Lord," striving against materialism, conventionality and indifference, which are quite as harmful in their effects upon the man's spiritual nature as sin, vice and crime. These are our comrades of ours have only left the trenches in order to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.]

# THE GREAT LANCASHIRE NERVE SPECIALIST.

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I am prepared to give **£1,000** to Charities in Blackpool, Southport and Manchester if there is a Doctor in the United Kingdom who has a higher percentage of results than I have, the same to undergo test conditions for the public to decide.

**STOP THAT OPERATION!** In my opinion the majority are unnecessary.

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**20,000**

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THIS POWER OF MAGNETISM IS POSSESSED BY

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**Physicians Advocate Magnetism.**

Remember Mr. WARD possesses this Power.

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### MASSAGE is not MAGNETISM

By the Magnetic Power Mr. WARD can take away Pain without touching the Patient; can create warmth on the coldest day.

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### A Soothing, Painless Treatment.

NOT MESMERISM,  
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CURED PATIENTS are living in BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT, MANCHESTER, etc., to-day.

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### MR. WARD

Has a Cure for Loose Cartilage, Water on the Knee, Tubercular Knees, Arms and Legs, Nervous Breakdown, Wasted Limbs, Infantile Paralysis, Drawn Sinews, Degenerated Muscles, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neurasthenia, Gastritis, Heart Trouble, Spinal Trouble, Seizures, Rheumatoid Arthritis, etc.

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## Is and Is Not !

R. Hylton Gardner.

"For IS and IS NOT, though WITH rule and line,  
And up and down, WITHOUT, I could define ;  
Yet I, in all I ever wished to know,  
Was never deep in anything—but wine !"

THE Seer of Persia, musing upon the secrets of life, in his rose garden, centuries ago, came to the above conclusion. It would be very interesting to know if humanity, in the time that has passed since he lived, has come to any more advanced stage in the solution of the riddle of the universe than he had.

Undeniably we have made great strides during the last few years in our knowledge of chemistry, mathematics, physics and mechanics, but what have we benefited thereby ? These things are but the playthings of children in a spiritual sense. They are the "Montessori System" of the soul. By their help we learn such elementary virtues as concentration, application, industry and exactness, but of what value are they in the aeons of time which lie on the two sides of the little interlude we call our life ?

At no time in the history of the world has there been such a babel of contradictory teaching. There is the Rationalistic school, basing all upon the tangible, ignoring or flatly denying the very existence of anything intangible ; the Christian Science movement at the opposite extreme resolutely refuting the possibility of there being anything tangible at all.

Amongst the orthodox creeds we have Rome steadfastly adhering to the doctrine of the supreme authority of tradition and the infallibility of the chair of St. Peter, which, together with the Greek schism now shattered in fragments and almost overwhelmed by the storm of anarchy in which it is involved, are both holding fast to the ancient cult of the priesthood. The Anglican episcopacy, lukewarm, neither wholly Protestant nor purely ritualistic, endeavouring to balance itself between the traditional teachings of the ancient priesthood and the advance of modern free thought, trying to fill her churches by the expediencies of the moment.

Then we have a thousand, more or less important, purely Protestant cults, each differing from the others in minor details of procedure, but all meeting upon the one common platform of a hatred of Rome and all her ways or works.

In the midst of this welter of warring creeds and dogmas there is a haven of occultism, the chief exponents of which are the Theosophist Society, teaching the ancient doctrine of the reincarnation of the ego and the necessity to train the soul to rise to austere heights of self-denial ; and, last but not least, that most ancient and newest of all the creeds, Modern Spiritualism, which has done more in the bare half century of its existence to bring the unseen into evidence before the masses of humanity than all the other cults in the hundreds of years since they were first established.

After writing the above lines I had a vision. The train of thought, inspired by the complexity of the subject, split into a number of different lines, and I paused, undecided which to follow, wavering like a man at cross roads in a strange country. Finally, unable to make up my mind, I laid aside my pen and decided to leave the solution of the problem to the inspiration of another day. I passed into sleep, still turning the matter over in my mind, and during the night it seemed that I was taken, in the spirit, to a far place, into what appeared to be the treasure vaults of some great cathedral. Then I heard the voice of one who stood behind me, clad in a surplice or some such white garment, say, "This is our chief treasure !"

And I noticed that, lying before me, under a crystal case, upon a cushion of dark blue velvet, was what I at first glance took to be a block of wood. "It is fashioned from a fragment of the true cross," the voice continued, and I saw that what I had taken for a log was in reality an extremely ancient musical instrument of the violin type, rather like what one could imagine the instrument might have looked like before the genius of Stradivarius standard-

ised its shape. Instantly the thought came into my mind that there are enough pieces of the true cross extant in various churches to use up all the wood in a forest, but if it DID happen to be a genuine portion of the cross, it would be sure to possess a psychometric value that not even the crystal cover could exclude. Instinctively I laid both my hands upon the case.

Immediately I did so the instrument began to play. Wonderful music of extraordinary purity of tone filled the entire space and echoed through the lofty aisles like the sound of no violin I had ever before heard, and the most curious part of it was not only was the music expressed in terms of sound, but it also appeared in the form of light waves of various colours—emerald green, faint mauve, and a most wonderful shade of delicate rose pink, were, I think, the predominating shades.

Then another voice spoke, addressing me by name, saying, "I did not know you could play the violin," and to my unbounded astonishment I found myself with the instrument in my hands, and every string upon it was broken.

"It is a miracle !" I exclaimed, and immediately found myself in my own bed, sitting up wide awake and in a profound perspiration.

I will leave the full interpretation to wiser heads than mine, but think the meaning of the vision is that the crudely-formed instrument is a symbolical representation of the ancient religions whose chief treasure is their belief in the cross of Christ.

The music I heard was the prayers of their congregations rising to God, and the waves of colour represent the virtues, piety, wisdom, charity and so forth which result from their teachings, and all were blended into perfect harmony before the Lord. The fact that the instrument played, even though the strings were all broken, symbolised the condition of the various churches at the present day, and was intended to show that it is the faith, not the instrument, that counts, divine harmony being dependent neither on the skill of the player nor the instrument upon which he plays.

I may be mistaken in my reading of the symbols, but I offer the vision and the interpretation for what they are worth. The whole character of the building into which I was taken, and the white-robed ministrant to its mysteries, tend to indicate that the vision was sent in connection with the subject matter of this article.

Is it not indeed clearly to be seen that it is not the form of a person's belief nor the manner in which it is expressed that is of real importance ? Is not the supreme test of all true religion the effect it has in raising the souls of its followers from the mire of physical interests into the clear air and sunshine of the spiritual plane of thought ?

No sectional religion, creed or dogma can be wholly correct. Even the collection of books we call the Bible, which took hundreds of years and innumerable lives to compile, is not in itself complete. It covers almost the entire gamut of human activity, and lays bare the heart of man as no other book or books can do, yet so much has been lost in the course of time, mistranslated, forgotten or fraudulently falsified, that its value as an infallible rule of faith has been nullified for all but the simplest minds.

Thus we come again to our beginnings. We can no longer rely upon tradition. We are faced by the necessity to remodel our faith in the light of the newer revelations which have been vouchsafed to us. The world owes much to the rationalistic thinkers of the last century. Their function was to show the rottenness that was sapping the foundations of the ancient temples of belief, and to warn humanity to stand clear lest it should be buried beneath the debris of their fall. Theirs was the trumpet call to arouse men's minds from the lethargy of sleep, but already their notes are waning, and in a few years will be silenced forever.

The little stone of Modern Spiritualism has struck the reinforced concrete base of the idol of materialism which humanity has worshipped for so long ; already it is tottering for its fall, and the stone is attaining the dimensions of a mountain so rapidly that soon it will be large enough to lay the foundation for the temple which is yet to be built upon its summit, wherein he who has been elected High

Prayer for humanity will enter into its Holy of Holies and administer its mysteries before the face of the All Father, as has been promised aforetime.

Wherefore let us be up and doing. Let us gather our materials, like David of old, and take them to the appointed place. Then shall our temple rise "without sound of hammers," beautiful before the Lord, and wisdom be justified of her children.

## Some Vital Points.

John G. Wood.

FROM time to time it comes to the mind of the earnest, thoughtful Spiritualist that there are matters of a distinctly vital character that call for the whole-hearted attention of all lovers of the Movement. Incidentally we may remark that this is a good sign. Where there is a divine discontent with things as they are, there must, of necessity, be a recognition of faults—it may be, perhaps, abuses—and with that realisation comes the longing to see things put on a more satisfactory basis. Of course, to some folks, the men or women who are not blissfully contented with things as they actually exist, are a veritable nuisance, "Why can't they let well alone," etc., etc. Still, if they are really out for construction and not merely engaged in the enjoyable occupation of destructive criticism, it may be advisable to at least listen to what they may have to say.

There are at the moment two very important, vital problems engaging the minds and attention of many of our people. These are not new subjects, they have been before us for a rather lengthy period, but for certain obvious reasons, which we will deal with later on, the present time appears to be one when they should be faced and grappled with—perhaps once for all.

One of these things is the question of irregular meetings. There are some very obvious things that may be said on this question, and yet the problem is not so easy of solution as some appear to suppose. One of our organisations, of which I have the honour of being a member, has actually gone so far as to suggest that its E.C. would be quite justified in expelling from membership any one of the members who took the platform at one of these "irregular" places. But one may be led to do this quite innocently—these "irregular" places do not all advertise their true position from the housetops. Some we thought to be of the "irregular" type can show you a list of officials and committee; others whom we thought to be on a proper basis we afterwards find are not so; while I believe there has been at least one instance of an "irregular" place boldly claiming to be the "National" Church of—, a totally unwarranted claim.

I believe that first, every Spiritualist, without exception, should be a member of a properly constituted Spiritualist Church; secondly, every Spiritualist Church should be properly constituted, and as soon as possible after its formation become affiliated to the S.N.U. and its local district committee and council; thirdly, every Spiritualist Church should send its delegate to the meetings of the district committee and to the annual business meetings of the S.N.U., since privileges entail responsibilities. These are plain, fundamental, bedrock principles, and only on such a foundation can a strong, healthy, understandable Spiritualism be built.

Although I know full well that these guiding principles are of vital importance, I also know that it would be possible, if carried to the extreme limit, for the suggested resolution to do injury to the work of our Cause. I do not say that its proposers desire to so regard it or to use it, and I am sure that the workers and leaders of the organisation are earnestly desirous of doing all possible for the furtherance of our work, but a strict undeviating course, having regard to the letter of the rule and not its spirit, might conceivably, if the rule were regarded as part of the constitution, result in injury.

For example, a worker might quite innocently and unknowingly offend; or a man might be disposed to help

forward a new effort until it had become established. Must he be forbidden? We are sometimes called upon to speak where no Society exists; must we, because there is no affiliated church in that town, wait until there is one before we go to speak there?

My own view is that workers should not be penalised for an error if done in ignorance of the real circumstances, that we should be allowed to help forward new efforts till the young becomes strong. If, when properly established, they then refuse to become properly affiliated with the S.N.U., the worker would then be justified in considering that those who were properly constituted had the first claim on his services in future. And in propaganda work in new districts, one would naturally conclude that the fact of there not being properly affiliated churches there is the very good and sufficient reason for our going there.

Another vital question is that which relates to the custom of a second service on Sunday evenings, sometimes called the "After-meeting," sometimes known as "The Eight o'clock." This question is again much to the fore at this time.

Now, it should be perfectly obvious that the mere fact of a meeting being held at 8 p.m. on Sunday evening does not necessarily mean that it is on that account less sacred or less useful than one taken at 11 a.m. in the morning, 3 p.m. in the afternoon, or at 6-30 p.m. in the evening. In actual practice such a service is not always wisely conducted. But is there any valid reason why it should not be wisely conducted if it is thought desirable to hold it?

It is, as a rule, given over entirely to phenomenal descriptions, and therein is where criticism steps in. But there are also other meetings given up entirely to phenomena besides the 8 p.m. Sunday meeting. If a meeting given over entirely to descriptions is wrong at one time it must be wrong at any time. "But then, you see, Sundays and week-days are different." Are they? Not so very different after all. Understand this, my friend, right is right and wrong is wrong not because they change their character at any given time, or on any given day, but quite independent of day or time because of their bedrock characteristics. And if you reserve until Monday some questionable thing because to-day happens to be Sunday, then know this, Monday is also Sunday, or a sacred day, to someone else in some other place.

At the beginning of Modern Spiritualism phenomenal happenings were required. They are required now, they will always be required, but it is quite time there was an effort made now that all things should be done "decently and in order." Some appear to imagine the only course possible is to discontinue or discourage the "after-circle," but you do not throw a jug out of the window merely because some milk in it went sour; you don't discard the frying pan or oven or cooking range because of some doubtful food that had been therein. No, you take the sensible course of cleansing them in readiness for something of better worth.

Every church does not need or desire the "second service" on Sunday evenings—well and good. Others feel it to be a necessity, and it is called for. I personally would not say abolish it, but if I had the power to do so I would change its character; I would not continue it as now conducted. I believe it is possible there are families and districts where some can attend at 8 p.m. who could not be present at 6-30 p.m. That which is objected to on Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock should, as I have already hinted, be also objected to on Monday at 3 o'clock. The fact is, neither on Sunday at 8 p.m. nor on any other day at any time should a PUBLIC meeting be conducted for phenomena only. It is done—I have done it, others do it, it is expected of us—but it is wrong. Every public meeting on every occasion should have BOTH philosophy and phenomena. Both aspects of our teachings and our facts should be presented to the public on every occasion. If there is a demand for a meeting on Sunday at 8 o'clock, very well let them have it. But not for a one-sided presentation of Spiritualism. At 6-30 p.m. or 8 p.m. or on any day at any time there should be neither phenomena without philosophy nor philosophy without phenomena. Both should be there at every service, and if people want the one they must have the other, so that they may better



understand each, since each is necessary. I would like to see the door closed at the commencement of the address at each service.

But the addresses should be real addresses, and not rambles amongst the shallows. Real definite spiritual teaching should be given in clearly-expressed expressions that get there, such as may be understood and appreciated. To fit in the two services on Sunday evening (which should be identical in character and conduct) there is the necessity to begin prompt on time, well, it may surprise some to know THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO DO THAT even, and still to live afterwards. The thing can be done in places where it may be necessary by properly organised work, but to begin prompt it will be necessary to have the hymns ready beforehand, the lesson chosen if such is desired, and it is in some places supposed that hymns of six or eight verses are not always necessary at every point.

These and other vital points should be faced at this time because now we are something more than a conglomerate of units without any cohesion (the description is not my own), but a body working from an organised band of people called a church, on to a union of such churches, in connection with a district council, linked up to a National Union of Spiritualists, in sympathy and in association with an International Association of Spiritualists intended to grow and develop into one harmonious and indissoluble whole. There is the ideal, there the point to aim at, hence the necessity of carrying on our work in such a spirit of unity that each is willing to learn, each to be of service, and each to so work that principle and the right doing of that which is right shall be realised as of paramount importance.

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## The Case Against Capital Punishment.

An Automatic Script by the hand of M. Hurst.

I WAS a murderer, and I want to point out to you the miscarriage of justice in hanging a man, for he is not in a position to repent truly and sincerely for his crime. The mere fact that he has only a specified time in which to make his peace with his Maker is enough to make him, so to speak, "run amok" in a mental brain storm. How should hurling a man into Eternity (who has felt like a rat in a trap, doomed to the scaffold since his arrest) make that man a repentant sinner? It is in human nature to put self first. I will try and point out to you what I mean and what a murderer's thoughts and feelings exactly are—what mine were.

Every morning when I awoke I thought with a cold, icy grip round my heart, "My God! one night less, and then—what?" I visualised the death scene, I saw myself standing, with the prison chaplain close by, waiting for the "drop." I saw myself pacing the flags towards the instrument of death, and my whole inner being rose in revolt—I could have screamed in my mental agony. But, you mark this, not a thought for the man I had hurled into the unfathomable abyss of death. All my thoughts were for self, self, SELF.

As night came I thought with fresh agony of mind (for myself); "God! One day less!" and the same chaotic phantasmagoria would have to be gone through, until I thought my brain would give way—I wished it would, for I knew I would be reprieved in that case if they found a dying maniac in the cell in place of a man outwardly calm but inwardly seething, railing, kicking impotently against the inexorable fate overtaking him, the law of the Book, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Yet, I think, I have seen elsewhere something about turning the other cheek, and "Vengeance is mine." However—

The good chaplain came and talked to me and tried to make me see the error of my ways. He was a good chap, that man. He tried hard, too, to make me a repentant sinner—I acquiesced in all he said, and said I was sorry. Who would not have? It is best to take the line of least resistance when a man is getting board and aging at his country's expense. Besides, I was sorry—I was sick and sorry at heart to think I had, through my stupidity and want of forethought, broken the

Eleventh Commandment, and now I was going to pay the penalty. I feel sure, looking back at things, that had I not been found out and had had to go on as usual I would soon have felt bitter regret for having taken a fellow creature's life, but in prison, waiting for my execution, nothing worried me but MYSELF.

And so it happened. In the cold morning light I was taken to the gallows. I had had "no time" to repent for sending a soul into eternity without warning. I was in too agitated a frame of mind, too appalled at the same fate being meted out to me.

Sorry and repentant? Not a bit of it, but wracked with fears and terrors for MYSELF.

Now you will understand why I, who have been through the mill and know what I am talking about, say, "Abolish capital punishment and substitute a life sentence." Two wrongs do not make a right. A long sentence gives time to really repent, and the fear of imprisonment for life would be a bar to many a man's entertaining the idea of murder even, so dear is a man's liberty to him.

During my period in the condemned cell I developed such a hatred and loathing towards my victim, I could scarcely contain myself from shouting aloud my envenomed sentiments regarding him. I did not remember that justice was being served out to me for what I had done to him, my mind was too unbalanced to reason. I felt I was responsible for my fate. Do you grasp what I mean? that he was murdering me. And all these things I had to keep under and to myself. And then the papers said, "The condemned man maintains a calm and tranquil mien!"

My God! how little the warders or the chaplain knew the gusts of raging impotent fury that at times consumed my very soul within those four walls of my cell! And when I walked towards the scaffold I could have screamed, dropped in my tracks, and grovelled—yes, GROVELLED, shouting hysterically, "I don't want to die! I won't die! I'm not ready yet! Let me live a little longer, just a little while in order to repent." But the impulse passed, and I heard the low tones of the chaplain, and that braced me up. In another few minutes I was out of your world and on another sphere, my earth conditions still with me. My heart was filled with hatred, terror, blind vengeance and a feeling akin to outlawry, as if there were still a price upon my head, and every man's hand was against me as mine was against them.

For years I kept at bay every "helper." God forgive me, I would have none of them. And the papers said I had died "repentant"!

## Our Pioneers.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9.]

occupy positions more important and equally valuable in the higher command. They are still part of us, and as the success of the general depends largely upon the loyalty and faithfulness of his army, so their continued success depends upon our co-operation.

The fact that so many of them have given evidence of their presence shows their continued interest. Most of them, too, have appeared upon photographic plates, not merely with old friends, but with those old friends who are actively engaged in carrying on the work.

That is our point! They gather round their natural successors to hearten them in the field of labour. The fact is that our arisen pioneers have not lost their enthusiasm for the success of Spiritualism. They are not resting from their labours. They are engaged with us in winning the world for a Spiritualism broad and full, which stands for divinely human co-operation between the spirit world and this.

They are calling to us in a thousand voices, and in unmistakeable tones, "Carry on, we are with you!" We depend upon you to complete the work we began, and in your every effort we are by your side, closer in thought, stronger in spirit, broader in wisdom than when physical bodies limited our vision."

Yes, they are with us! Watching us eagerly, anxiously. Let us be true to our trust and worthy of our old pioneers.

## A Paignton Seance.

The writer, with his wife, received a kindly invitation to meet a few others on September 21st for the purpose of holding a private seance. The medium, of whom the Movement will in all probability hear a great deal more, is an obscure, poor, hard-working young man, and one whose life for the last few years has been one of struggle against "fearful odds." I gather from him that he was first attracted towards Spiritualism about three years ago; the psychic faculty, one which was destined to burst forth with such lustre about three months ago, was quite unsuspected by him. Although in very humble circumstances, our friend is totally opposed to accepting any fee for his services; the thought of being instrumental in bringing consolation to those who are temporarily separated from their loved ones is his inspiration. A salutary corrective this to that deadening, narrow, selfishness which is the curse of our natures.

A seance without the word "fraud" being mentioned in some connection or other would be as incomplete as "Hamlet" without his father's ghost, so if it be possible for anyone to imagine a circle composed of hard-working, lowly, unsophisticated people meeting for no other purpose than to play tricks on each other, then that is their affair and not ours.

On entering the seance room we were invited to examine a table that stood in one corner, and upon which rested two sets of fairy bells, a large vase of flowers, two speaking trumpets, a slate and a writing pad. The sitters quickly took up their positions, we being given choice of position. The seance was no sooner opened with a simple though quite effectual prayer, than the medium was under control, when a deep, guttural voice greeted the circle. "Good evening, Red Chief," came from some of the sitters. In quaint, broken English, and with a peculiar accent, each sitter is greeted in turn by name—"lady" being substituted for the usual prefix "Mrs" in each case—with a "How—you might?" "Red Chief," the control, was "Quite well, thank you," in response to the reciprocal enquiries as to his condition.

A sitter is now asked by "Red Chief" to extinguish the gas and wait for spirit lights. These were soon forthcoming. The fairy bells were then very frolicsome, and "Red Chief's" voice was heard. "Mr. Glanville" was to ask the little girl who was ringing the bells to come to his side of the circle, touch him with the bells, then the floor, and afterwards the ceiling, the whole of which was neatly and quickly accomplished. In imagination I saw that little spirit face radiating with amused glee as she approached and administered a playful poke under my left shoulder. A cushion came with considerable animation against myself and the next sitter.

Conversations between the sitters and their spirit friends then became very general; spirit articulation in some instances being very pronounced. "Good-bye, mother," "Good-bye, dad," with two resounding kisses for each being very noticeable. Again we are asked by the control to wait for lights. On this occasion a light came across the circle and remained posted over my wife and my second sitter for quite a minute. This being my first experience of the kind, I became fascinated with the phenomena. In shape it resembled a gas mantle, with the apex pointing forward. Its proportion corresponded to that of a medium-sized egg. Regarding its peculiar luminosity, I know of nothing analogous to it.

We were then warned by "Red Chief" that there would be no more phenomena. The medium was suffering from a slight indisposition, and his control did not want to "hurt my media."

In response to the wish of "Red Chief," another prayer, beautiful in its simplicity, closed the seance. One feels at times he "would not be a philosopher, no, not for worlds." The same sitter was then asked by the control to re-light the gas.

What a transformation! The table that stood in the corner of the room is now, with its accessories, in the middle of the circle, whilst the flowers which were distributed during the seance, having fallen in some cases from the laps of their recipients, were repossessing their feet.

The seance lasted just over the hour, and we were informed that it was much less remarkable phenomenon than some others previously held. This circle has gathered from "Red Chief" that he remembers when the first missionary came to his particular area in Africa, and that his tribe at that time was living in a state of utter barbarity.—J. GLANVILLE.

## A Western-super-Mare Ghost.

J. Jenkinson.

In sending the following for publication the writer considers that the length of time that has elapsed since the incident occurred is sufficiently long to avoid causing fresh grief to the relations and family left behind.

It is about 19 years since the affair I am about to relate happened. The writer at that time was residing at Weston-super-Mare with his wife and family. One of the fiercest gales known at Weston for many years was raging. Folks who know the place and have seen the sea as it usually appears there would have been astonished. On the occasion in question the waves were tremendous, and reminded one of "Land's End" when "rough." They broke over the embankment and sea wall, doing immense damage to pallsades, rockery, etc. Boats were washed on to the promenade, and the streets and roads adjoining the sea resembled rivers, and many people who had ventured out of doors had to be carried indoors again or the backs of the men folks. It was while the gale was at its height that a man was drowned, a prominent tradesman of the town. Nobody knew of the tragedy and no mortal eye was a witness of it.

The day following the gale rumour was busy regarding the disappearance of Mr. B., the tradesman referred to, and all sorts of explanations were given as to what had become of him, but no real solution of the mystery was forthcoming.

Some two days after the event, however, my daughter, who was employed in the town, was returning from business making her way along James-street, when she met the ghost. She did not actually see him (her clairvoyance for the time being was dormant), but his presence was unmistakable. On arrival home my daughter passed under control, struck out her arms, and appeared to be swimming.

Presently the control got through, and was asked his business. He said he was Mr. B., that he was drowned in trying to reach Knightstone Pavilion on the evening of the gale (he having gone there for the purpose of attending to the electric lighting, it was supposed), but was caught by the waves and drowned, his body being carried out to sea, where, he said, it would be recovered in due time. Asked why he had attached himself to our daughter, he said he was in James-street and was attracted by the bright light she carried (she was a Spiritualist, I may say, as we all were), and so had accompanied her home and had given to one family at least in Weston the true reason for his disappearance from home.

The reader here, who may be a non-Spiritualist, might ask why the police, the press, the public or the man's family were not informed. "Ah, there's the rub. Supposing the writer had done any of these things, what would have been the result? Ask yourselves, my dear friends, and you will need no answer. When the public are more conversant with the truths of Spiritualism, a future writer of a similar event may, perhaps, do otherwise than I did."

I have only to add that about a fortnight after the ghost (or shall I say the spirit) had called upon us to proclaim the manner of his passing, his body was discovered and picked up by some boatmen in the Channel fully clothed excepting his headgear, his identity being established by the contents of his pockets, his watch having stopped at a time when the spirit said he had been drowned.

In the face of such testimony of the truth of continuity after death, who dare cry "Cui bono," or "What is the good of this Spiritualism?"

We must be truth seekers and follow where truth leads, regardless of consequences.—REV. CHAS. L. DWYDAR.



## Proofs of Survival Obtained Through London Mediums.

J. M. L. Boyd.

ACCORDING to some critics of Spiritualism one would think that mediums resembled those impossibly cute detectives of American cheap fiction who are able to tell from the cut of your coat and your manner of stroking a pipe whether or not you have committed a crime, where you live, and so on. It is annoying to the earnest student of psychical investigation when his sceptical friends blatantly give forth their opinion that all the information obtained at seances has been "found out beforehand," and, determined to eliminate this objection if possible, I made all my appointments with the clairvoyants and trumpet mediums whom I intended visiting from an obscure village in Ayrshire, and not from Glasgow, my native city. I signed my correct name, but as I am quite unknown in London this provided no clue so far as the finding out of data concerning dead relatives was concerned. Further, I altered my handwriting, and on each occasion that I visited mediums I took care to dress in such a manner as would give no indication of my calling.

I had the assistance of a shorthand note-taker, and here let me point out the absolute necessity of recording everything that is said if due justice is to be done to the efforts of our friends on the other side. Fully 60 per cent. of the descriptions and messages I was unable to place at the time, and I have every reason to believe that this was arranged purposely by the spiritual agencies in order to rule out telepathy.

At the very first sitting my father purported to communicate, Mr. J. J. Vango being the medium. A fairly good description of his appearance and passing was followed by a reference to "bales of cloth," which I could not follow. A few days later, at a trumpet seance, mention was again made of this, and I suddenly remembered that my father's father and relatives even further back had been clothiers. My father was apparently referring to earth conditions to help me to identify him.

The second sitting with Mr. Vango was even more successful, accurate descriptions being given of my maternal grandfather, a great-aunt, and a school friend, accompanied by not a few evidential details.

The third Vango seance contained more allusions to my father's life on earth. The medium felt that he got the influence of a professional gentleman, and saw a ship in connection with him (my father was a ship's doctor for a considerable time). There was also a reference to an iron or steel works, which I thought had no meaning, but which subsequently turned out to be very evidential.

During my visit to the Metropolis I sat with no fewer than five trumpet mediums, the best phenomena being obtained through Mrs. Cooper at the Psychic College. Though a comparative new-comer in the field of mediumship, she has, I am sure, a great future before her, the clearness of the voices and the accuracy of the messages being most convincing.

A sitting with Mrs. Deane also yielded interesting results, though unfortunately none of the "extras" were recognisable.

Through Mrs. Annie Brittain I obtained some remarkable proofs of clairvoyance. This medium possesses the rare gift of being able to give, with surprising regularity, the names of discarnate entities, as well as descriptions and messages of a high evidential order. An army of detectives, specially employed to gather information about my deceased relatives, could not have succeeded in presenting such striking evidence of supernormal perception as did this highly gifted psychic. I will give three examples in brief.

When my father purported to communicate I asked for a definite "test" message, and Mrs. Brittain said, "He seems to be talking about your mother, and is calling out such a funny name, it sounds like 'han,' or 'pam,' or 'mam.' This seemed meaningless, and at the time my mother could not understand it, but some weeks afterwards she suddenly remembered having nick-named my father 'Juan,' pronounced 'Whan,' after he had returned from

a journey in Spain more than 20 years ago. The sceptic may point out that this was not given absolutely correctly, but it is not to be wondered at that a Spanish name transmitted from afar was not picked up with microscopic exactness by the medium.

At another seance Mrs. Brittain named and described a certain relative (of whom I know nothing), stating that he had suddenly disappeared, was connected with South America, had last been heard of abroad, was exceptionally fond of riding, had been in the army, and had had a more than usually exciting career. On inquiring I was able to verify all these facts. Will even the most sceptical assert that guessing and coincidence can account for the above?

In a third case detailed descriptions and names were given of three distant relatives, which I felt sure did not apply to me, but I was able to "place" them all in time, after doing a considerable amount of inquiry in another town 50 miles from where I live.

The importance, therefore, of not judging a seance by what we recognise at the time must be apparent.

I carried out some psychometrical research work with Mrs. Annie Johnson, and was rewarded with fairly good results. I gave her a muffler belonging to a deceased relative, and his name, description and place of residence were given correctly. My father again was alleged to be present, and this time quite another side of his life—his interest in military affairs—was referred to.

The giving of different aspects of a person's life and character through various mediums has been one of the most interesting features of this series of London seances, the whole piecing together and giving such a convincing picture of the deceased that the supramundane source of the communications is unquestionable.

I had numerous other sittings with well-known mediums, but space does not permit me to say more.

To sum up: I received over forty detailed descriptions of relatives and friends who had "passed over," and more than half of them I have been able to recognise. I was scrupulously careful to give no information away, and I shall look back with much pleasure on my tour round the Gates of the Golden City. Yes, the mediums are truly the Gates of the Golden City, through whose portals we can hear in the distance the laughing of the angel children.

HUMAN SURVIVAL.—The pivot upon which Modern Spiritualism turns is the proven fact of Human Survival. Think of the expression, "That is the truly permanent which dies into a higher life." Surely this bears upon the "being" of God, the necessity of many forms and creatures for His being. They must be because He is, so when Hegel says Being—not being, it is merely saying that we cannot conceive it. The truly higher must become spiritually higher, and the very highest awaits us (is open to us) if we have the courage and insight to follow on. Why should he cease to be a creature in becoming Divine? Is not God Creator and Creature? Let us see that no man takes the crown that Psychical Research has placed upon our brows, and let us keep green the laurels of abiding truth.—E. P. PRENTICE.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.—This is a command that is seldom obeyed. Men prefer to walk in nothing so much as the light, but remain in ignorance, which is darkness. Someone has said that men never receive light till they have stumbled often and sometimes fallen in the darkness. Such is the nature of many, but the command, if obeyed, would be a blessing to all. Look where you may, and you will find doorways opened to the ever-loving frivolous ones. Someday they will be closed, because they who frequent such places will walk in the light of a higher knowledge. Keep your eyes open for any rays of light or knowledge that will be a blessing to you. There are many who offer themselves to the goddess of pleasure who would not do so if they only knew the end from the beginning. God will reward all according to what they follow. If good, then good will be their reward; if evil, then evil will follow. We are here putting in other words the saying, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Persevere in your efforts to do good, and God will bless you. Beware of the consequences following actions. No country is exempt from this law.—J. B.

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