

# THE Christian Spiritualist

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## Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at Home.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE WORLD'S LEADING SPIRITUALIST.

BY THE REV. JOHN LAMOND, D.D.

The history of Spiritualism contains many startling contrasts. At one period it appears as a conquering force destined to sweep away every opposing barrier, at a subsequent period, it seems to have lost its initial force and to have become merely a memory and a bye-word. Again and again its opponents have rejoiced over its burial, to be startled by its re-appearance more vigorous than ever.

We can well remember the astonishment that was experienced all over the land when Sir A. Conan Doyle declared himself to be a Spiritualist. Men stood and discussed the matter. The creator of Sherlock Holmes a Spiritualist! Then there must be something in Spiritualism after all. The man who had shown himself to be *facile princeps* of all detectives could not surely be deceived. Such was the first impression. This impression was deepened when he took upon himself the mantle of the apostle, and went even to the ends of the earth to proclaim his message. The strange world in which we live is really too busy with bridge and football to listen seriously to his arguments; but the world has a sense of fair-play. Deep within us all is the sentiment of justice; and when a man engages in an enterprise which clearly involves loss and not gain in outward matters, then the verdict is given that Sir Arthur must have serious reasons for his convictions, and must be conscious of some supernatural urge that has constrained him to devote himself to this crusade.

That a bishop should have ten thousand a year, does not prove that Christianity is an imposture. It only proves that, Christianity being the accepted religion of our country, our authorities and representatives have deemed it fitting that a bishop should occupy a social position commensurate with his dignity.

Nor does the fact that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has suffered considerable financial loss in becoming identified with Spiritualism prove that Spiritualism is true. Still, human nature being what it is, a man does not voluntarily seek pecuniary loss unless for some overwhelming reason. And that he should continue to bear his testimony notwithstanding all misrepresentation and

opposition, shows that the cause of Spiritualism is of supreme importance to him. His recent visit to Paris has awakened in the French metropolis a new interest in psychic research, and has caused at least some of the professors of the Sorbonne to reconsider their findings. Not only so, the publicity given to his utterances by the Paris newspapers has directed the attention of other European nations anew to this subject.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle lives at Crowborough in Sussex, one of the most beautiful towns on the Sussex downs, which is saying much. His home is ample and beautiful, with pleasant lawns and gardens around it, and looks out on the vast spaces that stretch away from the Crowborough peak. It forms rather a contrast to his first home at Portsmouth, where he swept his own doorstep.

No one could be more accessible than Sir Arthur. There is a frank heartiness about him that inspires confidence. But he is resolute and brave, and endowed with a certain "pugnacity," as he terms it, that will not brook insincerity or tampering with truth when that truth is as clear to his mind as the noon-day sun. Hence it is that he is impatient with the attitude of the churches—their hesitancy, their attempts to minimise the importance of spiritual facts which he knows to be facts, and the knowledge of which he deems essential for the future welfare of mankind. It is because he has found, in the bed-rock facts of Spiritualism, the solution of many mysteries which otherwise would have remained insoluble that he is ready to spend and be spent in this cause. Indeed, like W. T. Stead, it is the subject of all subjects that lies closest to his heart.

But he has one enormous asset. Lady Doyle and his whole family circle are his willing co-workers; Lady Doyle has marked psychic gifts, and it is to her, in a measure, that he owes his inspiration. "The Three of Them," whose early history he has so deftly written, are already authorities on psychic phenomena. They betoken that era when psychic facts, which seem so startling to many enquirers, will be the merest commonplaces in every household.

One of his recent ventures is the Psychic Bookshop, almost opposite to Westminster Abbey. I visited the Bookshop the other day. To my astonishment there was Sir Arthur amidst his books. What a contrast to the bookshop of James Burns in Southampton Row that we remember in the long, long ago. I came out of that bookshop humbled to the dust. In the presence of such moral and spiritual earnestness on the part of this one man, how puny and insignificant do all our efforts appear. But it is this moral and spiritual earnestness that will prevail in the end.

There is one fact in Sir Arthur's life that is not so well-known as it ought to be. He was born in Edinburgh. If the place of a man's birth denotes his nationality, then Sir Arthur is a Scotsman! True, the name



SIR ARTHUR CONAN AND LADY DOYLE.

"Ye are the light of the world."



is a difficulty. It would need a "Mac" before it to make it acceptable to the Scottish ear. But what's in a name? It was in Edinburgh he discovered Dr. Joseph Bell, who became the prototype of Sherlock Holmes. It was in Edinburgh he sat at the feet of the burly Professor Rutherford—the professor of physiology—who became in his hands the Professor Challenger of "The Lost World," and who has come to life again in the pages of the "Strand Magazine." Home, the greatest medium of the Victorian era, was born in Edinburgh. Dr. Wallace—the name at once indicates the blessed land from which he has strayed. How easy to explain the mystery of many a life when you have the key! Edinburgh has seldom sent forth a braver Knight of the Pen, or a more stalwart witness for the truth than when she gave to the world Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

#### An Appreciation by One who knows him best.

##### LADY DOYLE'S TESTIMONY.

Readers of this week's "Christian Spiritualist" are highly favoured. I was writing to Lady Doyle on another matter, and after responding, Lady Doyle wrote one of the most sacred communications I have ever received from any earthly friend. I read it again and again, for its charm and literary grace, its artistic beauty and elegance, but infinitely more for its spiritual force and the sublimity of its truth—for we all know what she there reveals to be true to the last word. And I dwelt in thought upon this beautiful Spiritualist home, its humanness and its divineness. Truly Spiritualists have much to be proud of in such a character and life as express themselves in its revered leader; and they are proud of it; but only the few privileged ones know the details. And I went on to think of the many who would thank God to have the picture set forth by the one who knows it best, and has done a great deal to make it the beautiful thing that home is, and the credit to Spiritualism that it is. So, in behalf of these many, I did a bold thing.

I asked Lady Doyle if she would kindly allow me to publish this communication, so that other Spiritualists might be gladdened by it, and so that those who know him not, might have everyday life of the Spiritualist type presented to them. I knew that for Lady Doyle to say "Yes" to so intimate a communication would be a very hard thing, and yet I felt that the spirit-world might impress her to this sacrifice, that the world may henceforth have no excuse for misjudging him whom she loves, and whom every fair-minded man admires. So I urged her to this—that the beautiful inner-heart and soul of her beloved husband might be known to the world so as to be an inspiration to others; and I am able to say with gratitude that Lady Doyle has consented to her testimony going forth.

So we send it forth. Let men read it with reverence, and endeavour to copy in their own lives the sterling manliness and nobility set forth in that picture of a man among them and brother of them all. And let the women of Spiritualism learn how to inspire the highest and noblest in the spirit of a man, and to appreciate its worth, as Lady Doyle exemplifies in so charming a manner.

J. W. P.

"Dear Mr. Potter:

"... I want to thank you so much for your kind words about my husband in your paper of September 30th. It was no exaggeration. I would like to tell you a little of him—the real man—the man behind the scenes—as he is in his home and every-day life.

"The outstanding features of my dear

husband's character are the tremendous tenderness of his heart for all Humanity, and for every living thing; and the deep humility of his beautiful soul. Not one grain of conceit or petty pride is there in his mind or soul. He is devoid of every kind of jealousy. No one gives praise more full-heartedly to any fellow-author or dramatist or Spiritualist leader than he does. He loves to see the success of others.

"He is generous beyond words; giving giving, giving, from one year's end to another, of his worldly goods, of his great mental gifts, of his time and strength. All that he has, all that he is, he gives out to others.

"Never was there a better or more devoted son and brother; and then as a father, one of my sons said the other day to me—'Mummy, I think Daddy is the most wonderful father that ever lived. You know, he always understands everything so. I feel that he is really more of a real pal than any chap of my own age could ever be.' That sums up his character as a father—'He always understands'; he remembers what he felt, as a boy, about things; and so that living understanding goes out to his children with his innate tenderness.

"Many a time I have seen him stop and pick up the poorest-looking tramps, and give them a lift in our car. On one occasion he passed an elderly, tired-looking tramp-woman sitting by the road-side. Well, he gave up a little jaunt he had planned in order to drive that poor tramp-woman to her destination—16 miles out of our way. I call him 'the trace-horse'—always pulling other humans' loads up the hill of life.

"Love is supposed to be blind; but to my mind it is just the reverse. In one's heart one creates a pedestal for one's life's beloved; and always one is critical for fear of the dear one in some way not proving worthy of the height one has placed one's soul's dear one upon. So sweet—so unselfish—so innately kind and tender is my husband, that no pedestal of any creation could reach the height that he is worthy of. Surely the stars must have danced with joy when he was born to shed light and love and happiness into every life that he has ever come into contact with.

"He knows I am sending the photo, but he has not seen this letter. Your kindly words about him touched a chord in my heart, which I had to allow to speak. Sometimes the heart seems not big enough to contain the love that fills it.

"With all kindest wishes for the fine work you are doing, and hoping you are all well,

"Yours sincerely,

"JEAN CONAN DOYLE."

This is the paper that people want. And we happen to know that. That is why we supply it.

Then it is the paper that people read. We know that because they write to us and say so.

This Paper may be obtained at the  
**ÆOLIAN HALL SERVICES,**  
New Bond Street,  
and at the Spiritualist Community Services  
at the  
**GROTRIAN HALL,**  
Wigmore Street,

of all the principal Spiritualist Churches throughout the country, and of 15,000 newsagents in all parts of the Kingdom.

#### NEXT ISSUE.

Stirring Articles by Hannen Swaffer and the Rev. Walter Wynn.

"The Adversaries," by F. Bligh Bond.

"The Abbey House Museum and the Sceptic," by Mrs. Leonora Eyles.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS "DANIEL."

### Important Statement on Spiritualism.

#### The Atonement.

"Remarking on the latter portion of your reading to-night," said "Daniel" one evening, "I would have you note that the whole body of Pauline and Alexandrian philosophy and teaching—for instance, the Atonement—is denied in the benediction of that passage, which was given from the spirit world." The passage was Eph. 1:14-21. "You find God described as Being limited to the conception contained in your finite minds," he went on. "That means that man is limited to his own destiny, and must struggle to attain his own atonement."

#### A Warning to Spiritualists.

On quite another evening, "Daniel" had been asked as to whether man could prove the objectivity of his existence. The question was tentative—not argumentative—but inquiring. He replied:

"The only thing of which you can prove the objective existence is God, because everything else is dependent upon Him, and is so bound up with Him as to be subjective."

It was explained that both philosophy and theology teach that we have to assume God; that He is incapable of being proved.

"Then philosophy is wrong," retorted "Daniel" calmly. "They forget that whilst God is the beginning," he went on, "He is also the end; the highest flight of thought, of our imagination, to which our soul can reach; the greatest thing of which we can conceive, is God. We have made Him in our minds the centre of the universe, the Author of our being—and being the Author, He is the one thing we can prove by our philosophy; otherwise philosophy cannot exist. This is a definite thing in philosophy, and all other things deny one another. But here is one thing provable, and that is God—provable not in terms of human understanding, but as far as it is possible to prove Him! The more exalted an idea of a thing, the more real it becomes. The most exalted thing you can conceive has the greatest effect upon you, upon your psychology, and therefore yourself. And that which is the most real is the most exalted. The Spiritualist is liable to urge—as is every other—that the teaching he holds is the only one to adopt. The Spiritualist is everlastingly teaching one thing—evidence to the world—trying to convince the world. In that teaching he is forgetting that during the time he is teaching he needs sustenance. In three or four years it becomes a creed to him, so that he is very liable to become creed-bound. It has happened to all the Churches, therefore I give you warning. Cut out evidence, and make spiritualism the teaching, and you will do some good to the world. Never forget that the Roman Christians were not genuine Christians—they were Christians by edict. Constantine thought that it would aid his ruling if he adopted the strongest religion in the land, and therefore he made it a law that all should become Christians. And the strongest sect accepted Constantine, and doing so they accepted Popery, with its attendant errors. But you cannot blame people for falling into that trap, can you? They were offered temporal power, and they accepted it. I do not wish to encourage you, but I am pointing out what has happened in the past."

#### CIRCLE GUIDE.

Mon., Oct. 26th.—Hymn 26: Ps.  
Hymn 73.

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# Spiritualism—as Theory, Science and Art.

By CHARLES B. COCKAINE.

The position of Spiritualism is being misrepresented; on the one hand by those who talk about it though they have not even begun to study it; on the other by those, who, since they have begun to study it, talk about nothing else.

Sceptics deride it as "The New Superstition," devotees acclaim it as "The True Faith." Both seem to imagine it originated with Samuel Wesley at Epworth in 1716, and the somewhat unsavoury Foxes at New York in 1848.

Those who practised Chinese, Egyptian, Indian and Hebrew necromancy and the Western mediæval witchcraft which evoked the 1489 Bull of Pope Innocent VIII are regarded by the sceptics as entirely independent imposters, and by devotees as would-be usurpers of a birthright which a Divine Trustee jealously administered until they themselves had come of age. Such prejudiced partisanship has, as ever, strengthened the ranks of those—more helpless than the blind—who cannot see, though they possess sound eyes.

The idea of evolution was familiar to the earliest pedigree men who fancied pedigree dogs, aeronautics was a conception, if not an actuality, to the author of the Indian epic "The Ramagana." Spiritualism is merely the left wing of spiritistic idealism, or the belief in a superhuman Governing Principle which has been opposed to realistic materialism since time began. Darwin, the Wright brothers and the Fox sisters were not pioneer prophets, but extremely practical priests.

Socrates' dictum that "Virtue is the Knowledge of the Good" became a bone of contention when his disciples tried to define the Good in universal terms. Plato identified it with a "World Disposer"; Aristotle defined it as an intermediate between two extremes—as the courage which is neither foolhardiness, nor cowardice, but a virtuous mean.

To the former, succeeded Cynics and Stoics, Idealists; to the latter Hedonists and Epicureans, Realists, prostituting to-day in face of a dire to-morrow, and leaving the Day after To-morrow entirely out of account.

The subsequent idealistic-materialistic controversy took two forms. Firstly, the original Platonic theory, that spirit was eternal and matter temporal, was overthrown when physicists proved the indestructibility of matter. Later, the Cartesian Dualistic hypothesis that Spirit and Matter were mutually independent was undermined by practical experience, which shows that they continually interact.

But, surely, present circumstances warrant a hope that these two struggles were but skirmishes before the citadel of Truth, on which both protagonists were advancing and which both are even now entering, though from different sides.

These perhaps idealistic theories will be exchanged for facts of deeper import than any materialist can adduce. Indeed, the materialistic position is an *imposse*; for consciousness of non-survival would hypothecate consciousness and refute the annihilation which materialists assume.

On the other hand, the establishment of post-death survival of personal consciousness would disprove the theory that consciousness is a fictitious result of those combinations of matter which we know as Body and *ipso facto* ceases when the combination is dissolved.

There, too, the Realists may assimilate fresh facts which will dovetail jig-saw-puzzle-wise into the new-found Spiritualistic data and disclose—or, at any rate, help to complete—a picture of Truth as a harmonious whole.

Recently, undulating chemistry has superseded corpuscular chemistry; elec-

trons and ions, not atoms, are now the ultima thule. Bertrand Russell can compare atoms to "a fisherman's net consisting of holes tied together with string, only the holes would have to be cut away until only the knots were left"; and so the immaterial is found to be the basis, not only of spirit, but also of matter as well.

Spiritualism is not Religion: it bears the same relation to religion as other superstitions do. Spiritualism is not superstition: it bears the same relation to superstition as other religions do. But it is rather a superstitious religion than a religious superstition.

Religion as a pure religion will necessarily remain an abstraction until, at long last, men stand face to face with the Governing Principle of Things. Religions, as now known, are ephemeral concretions, amalgams of pure religion and impure superstition. While religion predominates, the amalgam is a vital force, but as soon as superstition supplants it, the amalgam becomes so burnished with tradition and theology that it can no longer reflect the Divine.

Though sceptical by nature, I, with two colleagues home from India on furlough, and independently of mediums or special facilities for psychic work, have proved to my own satisfaction that personal consciousness survives. Two friends and I have received a lengthy series of identity-establishing messages from two war victims and intimate friends who, on this side, were educationalists in the East. We obtain communications, too, from spirits—e.g., in French from a guillotine victim of the French Revolution, and in English from Lord Northcliffe and soldiers and sailors killed in the Great War, whom we never knew.

In short, we have been in direct communication with the lowest spirit-spheres. It is not merely that we have become Spiritists with a theory that individual consciousness survives: we have become Spiritualists with the knowledge that it does.

Finally: two oft-repeated criticisms of the content of spirit messages invite remark. One, at its worst, is prompted by self-centredness; the other, at its best, is prompted by love.

The bereaved lament the scarcity of details as to the actual conditions in which their dear departed live. But even on this sphere, poets experience "thoughts that do often lie too deep for words."

*A fortiori* how inconsiderably abstract to human beings must be even the most concrete concretions of the spirit-spheres. Even our purest metaphysical concepts derive from actualities and are empiricisms of observation and fact.

Hence, I have been quite content to learn that the spirit people—on the sphere where his friends are at any rate—have the equivalent of houses, roads and flowers or shouses, sroads and sflowers, to use the psychical nomenclature, I, in the interests of clarity, am beginning to adopt.

The materialistic sceptic bewails the lack of marketable information received from those who, they think, must on account of their supernormal faculties, be necessarily "in the know."

Why, they ask, "is not some natural law of stupendous import elucidated, some message of impelling inspiration delivered, some key to the problem of existence vouchsafed?"

Well, the communicating spirits are subject to twofold limitations. Subjectively, though an evolutionary stride ahead of us, they are still immeasurably far off from the Governing Principle of Things, from the Great First Cause—from God. All know-

ledge is not theirs: they merely see further and probe more deeply than men, and have consequently higher standards of ethical valuations than those which obtain on earth.

Objectively, they do give their best. Their diagnosis is not primarily concerned with individual ailments. They see humanity in the grip of a loathsome disease; periodically, as Shaw says in "Back to Methusaleh," erupting in huge boils which have to be pricked by millions of bayonets. As panacea, they stress the Christ spirit of perfectly unselfish love.

Chesterton has told us that Christianity (which is not a synonym of Churchianity) has not been tried and found wanting, but that it has been found difficult and not been tried. To make men visualise, and then work for a world where it is at last being tried, and where war, sweated labour and prostitution are anachronisms because Love is the chief operative in human affairs, is the spirits' present stupendous and all absorbing task.

Spiritistic theory has given place to Spiritualistic science: but the Spirits will neither faint nor grow weary until a practical application of this new science is realised and a new and completely satisfying Art of Life evolved.

No. IX of "The Glastonbury Scripts." "King Arthur and the Quest of the Holy Grail." By Frederick Bligh Bond. Price 1s. net; or in special binding, 1s. 6d.

It is impossible for anyone informed of present-day matters to think of Glastonbury without coupling with the thought the name of Mr. F. Bligh Bond. He seems to have become a permanent feature of Glastonbury, albeit a living rather than an archaeological feature. He has made the dead Glastonbury to live again. He has resuscitated its history to such an extent that its far-distant past seems almost contemporary, but he has not robbed antiquity of its charm in the process, nor diminished the perspective that makes it to stand out so characteristically in our romance and tradition and old-time story, not to say religion. His heart and mind seem continually there, and he seems to share his life and thought with the spirit forms which still love the old spot, and in these latter days have come through to tell the story of its early days in fascinating idiom and style.

"The Glastonbury Scripts" embody some of these communications, and in the particular Number quoted above, the story of King Arthur is vouched for as historical and not mythical, although Mr. Bligh Bond uses the term "According to the myth" in his preface. This avowal on the part of an authority—so far as one can be an authority in these days after so long a time—will be of interest to all our readers in view of what was recently said in our columns upon the subject of the Quest and the Finding of the Holy Grail.

The story is in metrical form, because received partly in that form during 1924, and Mr. Bligh Bond has very skilfully carried out that suggestion. We are of the humble opinion that in this grossly materialistic age, and with such conceptions as pertain in the realms of so-called literature to-day, wherein the poetic is derided mainly owing to its low cash-producing capacity, even by so so-called religious journals, it might have been better to have rendered the story in prose; but that is merely an opinion. We would suggest that inasmuch as Christmas is drawing nigh, this little booklet, tastefully bound, would form an excellent gift-book.



## THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

Editor: the Rev. J. W. POTTER.

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## THIS PAPER IS FOUNDED AND CONTINUED ON PERSONAL SACRIFICE.

The Cost of Printing, Publishing, Distributing, Specimen copies, during its first year of existence, August, 1925, to August, 1926, in addition to estimated income from sales, is

**£468**

Gifts are earnestly requested from sympathizers toward this cost. £ s. d.  
Previously acknowledged ... 115 17 0  
Received this week ... 101 10 0  
Balance needed ... 241 13 0

## Acknowledgments.

G. A. Steane, £1 10s.; S. S. Barber, £100 (first instalment).

'See that YE ABOUND in THIS grace also.'

## CHANGE THE LAW!

Estelle, the "famous Society clairvoyante," as the papers describe her, has been fined £20 and £5 5s. costs at Marylebone for professing to tell fortunes.

After hearing the evidence, Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., M.P., who defended, said he had to plead guilty and admit the defence as laid down by the law in the Stonehouse and Massey case. He had many people in court who could say that Estelle's advice had been of great help to them, particularly in regard to their health. But, under our existing law, as we all know, clairvoyants and mediums of all sorts have no chance whatever.

The magistrate asked if there were any reason why this woman should have been selected.

We quite agree. All through last year, and this year, fortune-telling has been allowed by the Government at Wembley. Indeed, the rent they paid will save the Government some of its heavy loss.

"Pearson's Weekly," the other day, was advertising some fortune-telling cards as an inducement to increase its sales. Every newspaper prints racing tips and weather forecasts and encourages speculation by advising what shares will go up and down. The only fortune-teller who is prosecuted is the psychic medium; and he or she must always be fined, when accused. Any police woman's evidence is enough, never mind if the police woman knows nothing about the matter or not. And, as such, the medium, as in this case, was submitted to the indignity of an arrest. Estelle does not seem, from the evidence, to have done anything that Mrs. Osborne Leonard does not do, except that she seems to have had a black cat in the room. There are black cats in Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, and Attenborough's. Indeed, there are black cats in every street.

It is time the law was altered.

## PROCLAIM THE TRUTH!

We hope the "Morning Post," in printing Lord Grenfell's reminiscences, will deal fully with the remarkable experiences which made the distinguished Field-Marshal a Spiritualist.

Before we went to press, the Conservative journal had already dealt with one of the strange happenings, that, in which Sir Wallis Budge, the great Egyptologist,

was given a green manuscript by a mysterious supernatural figure, while he was sitting for the examination which decided his career.

It was not until Lord Grenfell's death, that the fact that he had spent twenty years in the Spiritualist ranks was mentioned.

Why does not the distinguished statesman who was convinced two or three months ago come out—now?

## THE MORNING COMETH.

Sounds of awakening are about us on every hand. The watchman of the night has finished his course. The herald-trumpeter of the morning has aroused himself, and waits but for the passing of the minutes. Let us arouse ourselves as new men to a new consciousness, and, above all, a new comprehension and understanding—more evolved, more developed, more spiritual, farther-reaching and wider-embracing. Let us forget our former narrowness, our shibboleths, our little credos, our narrow-heartedness, and go forth as men of great spirit, with all-embracing soul sympathies, and exemplifiers of a more than human strength, so that we appear to others as sons of a king; toying no more with the little trivialities of phenomena, but exercising ourselves unto that greater thing called God-like-ness. We shall then be Spiritualists after the Spirit's own heart, and our face will shine forth His glory. This is an infinitely greater thing than ectoplasm; and this greatness is expected of us. It is not possible for every man to see a materialisation; but it is possible for every man on earth to see that glory in our material countenances, if we will but condition it; and that glory is attainable by all who seek it "sincerely and with the heart."

## WHAT DR. JONES WANTS.

Dr. J. D. Jones is one of the fortunate leaders of Congregationalism. He is located at Bournemouth, and has no worry about things material; he has a magnificent church building, and a body of rich supporters. Hence he is a leader amongst his sect; and he preaches very ably. He has declared himself on the matter of the Primate's exhortation, and agrees with the Archbishop that what the churches need is preaching that is preaching.

There is nothing new in this statement—which is common to both parties; except that the Anglican Church combines the sacramental in its worship, as the Congregationalists claim to possess the grace with less of the ritual. Both assert that the common people are not drawn and held by anything either Church is now doing; and all they can recommend is better preaching. That is how far they see. Dr. Jones is of the opinion that the churches have to make their appeal to the common people; and therefore the "better preaching" idea is enunciated, as if the common people lived by preaching. It is preaching that has driven them away, even as it is preaching that keeps them away. We know; because we have tried it. People do not want preaching at all. If Dr. Jones and the Archbishop want to really know what the people really do want, we recommend both of them to go—covertly, of course, or they would upset "conditions"—to some of the Spiritualist meeting places. There they will see people being turned away for lack of room—particularly when clairvoyance is being given; much as the people crowded to see Jesus Christ.

## THE CALL OF THE SPIRIT.

Dr. Jones goes one better than the Archbishop, for he asserts that he would "give a great deal for a supply of popular preachers." The Archbishop made no such offer. Now we will make our offer; but will preface it with a statement. We have two large churches erected by Congregationalists, in our mind at the

moment, and the only time we have seen them full and packed to suffocation, was when a Spiritualist speaker was announced. We would undertake to fill any Congregational Church and any Anglican Church, if the Archbishop and Dr. Jones will permit us to appoint the preacher for the day. Will they do that? No;—for they do not wish an audience of enquirers, but only an audience that will swallow what was provided many years ago. The people refuse to eat bread that has become stale; and they are not to be blamed.

## WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.

We have found it out in practical life. People want knowledge; they are hungering for it, seeking it from morning till night, from birth till death. The manner of imparting it, whether it is called preaching or otherwise, is of small importance so long as the people can attain to knowledge. But there is knowledge and knowledge, and the churches have too long offered the people the kind of knowledge offered by the schools, fact piled on fact, theory on theory, assertion on assertion. All this appeals but to the mind—when the mind allows it so to appeal. Generally the mind rejects it; and the seats of the students are empty. Intellectual knowledge can never satisfy the soul. The soul needs the knowledge which only comes by contact with spirit—that is spiritual knowledge, the sum of which knowledge is Truth. The ancient sages of China taught this distinction; the churches of to-day are unaware of it in practice as in teaching. They are actually on a lower spiritual plane than Lao-Tzu, Gautama, Pythagoras and Socrates were.

## THE ERA OF THE SPIRITUAL.

People are demanding to "know" in these days, and they are finding out those people who speak what they do "know," and testify that they have seen, and bear witness. Let the Churches but give the people their ancient "faith," and they will crowd the Churches again. But the Churches at present cannot do this because they have degraded "faith," so that it has become but a body of belief, or even only a mental act, instead of that psycho-spiritual something which has made the great story of Hebrews XI actual history. That kind of faith has to become resurrected—it has to be dug up by real labour—before the Churches will live again, and thrill with their old fires of spiritual glory. When that kind of faith again comes to be, then the Churches will teach the people knowledge of the dynamic kind, because it will be no longer mere mental comprehension, it will be spiritual realisation. And any kind of knowledge which is short of realisation is defective. That is the teaching of the Spirit. The metaphysical has had its day; we are now in the era of the spiritual.

10.6.10.6.

Via Lucis. Geo. Lomas.

Ear hath not heard the music of Thy praise  
Who dwell'st in Light sublime;  
Yet Thou hast taught our voice with joy to raise

Its song to Love Divine.

Eye cannot trace the glory of that Heaven  
Which Thou has made Thy Home;  
The veil of things created, yet unripen,  
Hides still Thy glorious throne.

Yet in the face and heart of Brother Man  
Thy face and heart we see;  
And know that Thou abidest, Who dost plan  
Our blest eternity.

Living in Thee, Eternal King of Kings,  
We bow before Thy throne;  
Forget before Thee time and earthly things  
And know but Thee alone.

All Thy creations, one in Thee adore,  
Infinite, Holy Lord,  
Immortal, Light of lights, Invisible,  
Thou Omnipresent God! J. W. Porter

Long into the night, the old Spiritualist to extraordinary experiences of convinced a life beyond the

I had been a member of the Society for Psychical Research, was Dr. B.Sc., a distinguished who has addressed a conference on our audience, was V whose private s have given abund after, evidence w

In the chair of the former Lord Macaulay, Spiritualist Lord known.

After the meeting of the extent to solace to a long lives in a beautiful of the city, where Balfour, Mr. distinguished statesman he has discussed nearest to his sense, he lives a widower, me he is so closely that he is con beloved wife is

She lay sick and paralysed, scarcely able to move, the companion of a mediumistic attack brought a sufferings. For her husband's paralysis and strength.

"During the time I told me, 'I had done before, in ministry, and communion had been ill a few had passed was brought name, which since it is a medical disease his high reputation just this name

And Mr. spirit doctor who he was city. All the in the public

"I got a earth. This medium, w by the bed's hand, this attention doctor."

"I shall to health," hope to see death, from being bed

That is but the s that horror knew not doctor at the strick

"The ignorant prescript through had got moved I medium she neve but put hesitation During spirit di



## Why Spiritualists Do Not Mourn.

Long into the night, a few days ago, an old Spiritualist told me of some of his extraordinary experiences during over thirty years of convinced knowledge that there is a life beyond the grave.

I had been addressing the Sheffield Society for Psychical Research. On the platform, was Dr. F. Ballard, D.D., M.A., B.Sc., a distinguished Wesleyan minister, who has addressed his denominational conference on our great subject. In the audience, was William Harrison Barwell, whose private sittings in his own home, have given abundant evidence of the hereafter, evidence which he has published.

In the chair, was Walter Appleyard, a former Lord Mayor of Sheffield, the first Spiritualist Lord Mayor the country has known.

After the meeting, he gave me an idea of the extent to which Spiritualism can bring solace to a lonely man. Mr. Appleyard lives in a beautiful mansion on the outskirts of the city, where he has entertained Lord Balfour, Mr. Massey, all sorts of distinguished statesmen, with some of whom he has discussed, at times, the subject nearest to his heart. Now, in a worldly sense, he lives alone, seventy-five years old, a widower, merely with his servants. But he is so closely in touch with the other world that he is conscious, all the time, that his beloved wife is near him.

She lay sick unto death for three years, paralysed, scarcely able to speak, yet with the companionship of a woman of great mediumistic ability, not a professional, who brought a spirit doctor to lessen her sufferings. For thirty-five years, she and her husband had lived happily; then came paralysis and a complete shattering of her strength.

"During that period," Mr. Appleyard told me, "I began to realise, as I had never done before, the sustaining power of angelic ministry, and the true significance of the communion of saints. When my wife had been ill a few months, a spirit doctor, who had passed over thirty-five years before, was brought to her bedside. He gave a name, which I had casually heard, perhaps, since it is used in connection with a certain medical discovery; but I knew nothing of his high reputation or anything more than just this name."

And Mr. Appleyard told me how this spirit doctor gave him abundant evidence of who he was, and where he lived in a far-off city. All these facts he proved afterwards in the public library.

"I got a photograph of him as he was on earth. This was at once recognised by the medium, who saw him often clairvoyantly by the bedside. He took my wife's case in hand, this, of course in addition to the attention she was receiving from our own doctor."

"I shall not be able to restore your wife to health," said the spirit doctor, "but I hope to save her from a fate worse than death, from becoming demented, and from being bedridden."

That is what Mr. Appleyard had feared, but the spirit doctor saved his wife from that horror. Through the medium, who knew nothing of massage at all, the spirit doctor administered magnetic massage to the stricken parts.

"The medium was in deep trance, and ignorant of the science. After giving us a prescription for ointment, he used this, through the medium. Sometimes, after we had got it made up, when I held the jar, I moved it, as a test, but, although the medium's eyes were always tightly closed, she never paused or sought for the vessel, but put her finger directly into it without hesitation."

During these long ministrations, the spirit doctor told Mr. Appleyard all about

The Wonderful Experience of an Ex-Lord Mayor of Sheffield.

By HANNEN SWAFFER.

himself, displaying a knowledge far beyond the realms of the medium's intelligence, and leaving on Mr. Appleyard's mind no doubt whatever that he was the very man he purported to be. Yet he told him not to tell his son, who was carrying on his father's practice. "He wouldn't believe you," he said.

After recovering partly from the first attack, Mr. Appleyard told me, his wife would often join them in the seance room, and hear her friends beyond the veil speak to her in the direct voice.

"This was a great joy to her," said my host, "especially when she communed with her own son and other members of the family. She knew that her end was inevitable, within a limited time, yet this proximity to the loved ones stimulated her faith in the realities of the life to which she was fast hastening, so that her mind was unperturbed."

This story of an illness, and of miraculous release from suffering is told at length in "Au Revoir, not Good-bye," a remarkable volume which Mr. Appleyard has just published, giving a full record of many of his experiences. Indeed, as he told me the story, he now and then read from the volume.

I shall never forget the way in which my host recalled from his book his description of the final scene, when his poor wife's long-drawn-out agony was coming to a close, and her passing began. His attention was drawn to the vibrations of the bedside on which she was lying, he said. This went on for some time, although the patient was perfectly still; there was no physical disturbance in the room to cause it. Then he told me how the medium, who was watching by the dying woman's bed, described how she actually saw Mrs. Appleyard's spirit-form leaving its body.

"The bed is covered with beautiful flowers," she said, "and there is an angel standing there waiting to receive her. I cannot look! It is too beautiful!" And she covered up her eyes. "Your son is there, and a crowd of friends. The flowers smell so beautifully. The music is so wonderful."

And the medium's soul was so stirred, to its utmost being, in ecstasy and awe, that she nearly fainted.

"Speak to me before you go," she said to Mrs. Appleyard.

The woman was already dead; but the medium felt upon her cheek, she said, a hand. It was a spirit hand!

Mr. Appleyard described, at length, this wonderful passing, not with any memory of grief but, simply, as a Spiritualist does, telling of some beautiful thing that he has seen.

Then, within twenty-four hours, his wife returned to him!

The medium, who was a great friend of the household, had come to Mr. Appleyard's house and, thinking she would "carry on," was repairing some of his underclothes.

A voice exclaimed "Ah," near her. Looking up, she saw Mr. Appleyard's spirit son, standing with his arm round his

mother, who patted the medium on the hand and said, "That's right. Look after him. Be good to him." She was glad to see that her husband was being looked after.

"Mother could not rest until she had been to have a look at you," said the son. After three years of partial paralysis, she was able to speak, at last.

Even the funeral service had its note of joy. The dead woman was seen standing there, close to the catafalque, and she was heard to laugh, glad to see her friends.

A few days later, the spirit doctor who had tended the dying woman returned with the message, "She is perfectly happy now. She is here."

And Mr. Appleyard heard his wife's familiar voice, which he could not mistake, calling his name clearly. "I can see you and I can talk," she said.

By the way of a test, her husband asked if she could repeat the little prayer she so often, so painfully, had tried to say upon retiring to bed.

"As she could scarcely speak, I used to encourage her, at night," said Mr. Appleyard, "by saying, 'Say your prayer, dear.' Then, very slowly, she would repeat it. And, to comfort her, I used to say, 'That's better to-night.' I remembered all this when I asked for this test. My wife responded. She repeated, 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.'"

Mr. Appleyard had been a Spiritualist for many years, of course; but this, in itself, would have been sufficient proof for any mourning man. And, ever since, Mr. Appleyard and his wife have been in constant communication. He showed me, by his bedside, her portrait, with a little vase of flowers, put there in memory.

"My wife knows all about them," he said. "Sometimes when the medium calls me up on the telephone, not having been in the house for days, she tells me that my wife has been to see the flowers and has described them to her and counted them. She is always right. She seems to know everything that is going on."

I have no space, now, to record the details of this wondrous reunion—wondrous, that is, to people outside, but common enough in Spiritualist homes. "Au Revoir, not Good-bye," tells how Mrs. Appleyard has been back and signed her name in her own handwriting, given proof after proof, satisfied test after test.

When it was Mr. Appleyard's turn to be Lord Mayor of Sheffield, they chaffed him.

"Where will you hold the service?" they said, meaning the inaugural service which starts a mayoralty. "Will you ask us to come to a seance?"

"No," said Mr. Appleyard, "your church will do."

There is no bigotry or narrowness about his faith. Although brought up as a Wesleyan, he has left dogma behind, now finding in Spiritualism all the philosophy and ethical teaching that he needs. They held his service in the Cathedral; and, at many other churches in the city, at his suggestion, denominational services were held, for the first time simultaneously. At all of them, they sang hymns which Mr. Appleyard specially wrote for the occasion.

On the anniversary of Mrs. Appleyard's passing, every year, there is a service in the cemetery chapel, to which Mr. Appleyard gave, some years ago, a beautiful organ. Fine singers attend, and they celebrate with music, not with gloom, but with joyousness. Mrs. Appleyard's passing into another more glorious sphere.

Mr. Appleyard has sat, in his time, with Stead; Lodge has been entertained too, where I was his guest; famous mediums of all sorts have held seances in Mr. Appleyard's house. The Appleyard mansion is a

Every Spiritualist should read  
"AU REVOIR, NOT GOOD-BYE."  
By W. APPELYARD, J.P.  
(Hutchinson & Co., 3s. 6d.)  
Or from the Office of this Paper, 4s.,  
post free.



temple of the Great Truth.

Balfour was there, during the war, very reticent when Mr. Appleyard asked him what he thought would happen.

"I wonder if our spirit friends know," said Balfour, whose interest in psychical research is common knowledge. A short time after, Mr. Appleyard asked Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Wriedt's spirit guide.

"Oh, you'll just about win," came the answer. "But your real trouble will come after the war, when there will be such industrial worries that if you are not careful, you will sink to a third rate power."

I do not accept prophecies from the other side; but here is one that came true.

It is a heartening thing for a recent convert to Spiritualism, such as I am, to go North and meet these old Spiritualists, who, for many years, have braved ridicule and scorn, and made it possible for people like me to speak out openly, plainly, without risk.

I met Oaten in Manchester, not many days ago; and now I have met Appleyard. There is a calm cheeriness about their manner which I envy, a stalwart conviction and a placid contentment. They are a lesson to us all, in these worrying times.

Yet the cities in which they live still persecute in small ways. The hall I spoke in in Sheffield was not one that I would have wished. Better halls are still barred to Spiritualism, although rebels can hire some of them. In Manchester, too, there was an argument with the Chief Constable before the Ardwick Picture Palace could be used for the winter meetings which I opened. The Irish Self-Determination League had met there; the Salvation Army had rented the place; and the Wesleyans had been allowed. But, no! The Spiritualists had to fight for it.

When permission was finally granted, the Chief Constable said, "There must be no music."

"What, we cannot sing hymns?" said Oaten. "Is it a crime? Can't we sing God Save the King?"

Finally, permission was forced out of the narrow-minded authorities.

I find around me, on such occasions as those of my Sheffield lecture, men of the highest mental attainments, men whose reputations for honour rank high in their city's pride. But, no! They are Spiritualists—people who believe what St. Paul believed, and Joan of Arc, and Archdeacon Colley and Abraham Lincoln. And, because of that, they are subject to petty persecution.

I wish the Manchester's Chief of Police could visit Mr. Appleyard's home, as Balfour has done. He would see there a living example of the fact that, when Spiritualism is proved to a man of courage and character, it shows in every detail of his life, as a living truth.

"I thank God that I came to hear you to-night," said a woman, as I left the hall in Sheffield. "It is three years next Saturday that my daughter died. I feel I know, after hearing you speak, that it is true what my husband says—that she is always beside me." I could tell you lots of stories of that kind.

If Spiritualism can let a sinner like me be of some service to the world like that, it cannot do much harm, can it?

## PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA AND THE BIBLE.

By the Rev. WALTER WYNN.

### "COMING CATASTROPHES."

I was fearful that I might be called upon for proof of the startling assertions I made in my last article. It would take fifty articles to prove the reality of Biblical prophecy. My main contention was and is that the predictions regarding the world's future history found in the Bible must have been revealed to the Prophets by what are called invisible spirits. If anyone doubts

this, all he has to do is to study this subject. He will find that Biblical prophecy is an exact science, which can be tested by historical fact. There are hundreds of books he can read. The two best books for a beginner are Dr. Grattan Guinness's "Approaching End of the Age," and "Light for the Last Days." If the reader becomes very interested after reading these two books, let him ask for more and we will direct him.

The fact that ridiculous interpretations of these Biblical prophecies have been made must not becloud the student's mind. The "prophet" Baxter was not a prophet. He ran "The Christian Herald." No date is given in the Bible as to Christ's Second Coming, but the period is indicated. Exact dates in the Bible and the Pyramid are given as to European events, and they have never failed.

How do we fix the date and its event? And how do we know that the Pyramid datings are in harmony? Why are we sure that Christ's Second Coming will be a personal one? Why are we convinced that the prophecies indicate a coming world-disaster?

Now, these are great questions, and if we are to answer them to your profit, you must clear your minds of certain fantastic theories in Spiritualistic ranks as to what "the Second Coming" means. Christ Himself is coming again to this world, possibly in His spirit-body, visible to all men. Jews and Christians are at one in expecting their Messiah, and they agree as to the dates. The Jews knew that 1914 would herald the liberation of Jerusalem from being "trodden down of the gentiles." They held a service in London in 1914 to commemorate what took place in 1917. Was it in vain? Were they deluded? Some wise people regard us as "bigoted orthodox fanatics" who study Biblical prophecy and believe in Biblical inspiration. They are quite wrong. We are awfully nice people when you get to know us! To us Biblical prophecy is another form of practical politics. It is not a guess, or an impractical dream. It involves Sir Herbert Samuel and Lord Allenby, the League of Nations, *when and why* a Labour Government was formed in Britain, *what* the British Empire is destined to become, and a few other things of that sort. We know the event. We know its date.

How? In this way: if you will read the Bible with your eye on the prophecies (more than half of the Book is made up of them), you will come across the following words and figures: 70, 490, 2500, 1260,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , 7, and many others. They are veiled at times and in places thus: "seven times," "twelve hundred and sixty days," "times, times, times and a half," "a day," "an hour," "a year," "a year of days," and so on. It all looks very strange, does it not? But when you have got hold of the Jewish key to these strange phrases, they become quite simple. The Higher Mathematics contain, however, no greater wonders than these figures when applied to the world's unfolding history. First, fix the order of Moses in your mind: "Thou shalt count a day as a year." Then remember that a Jewish prophetic year is 360, not 365 days. Hence 360 days become years and it is called "a time." Hence "seven times" = 2,520 years. Half this = 1,260. Hence:

A time = 360  
Times = 720  
Half a time = 180

1,260 = time, times, half a time.

Now, take these two figures only, by way of illustration, and what happens when you apply them to history? I can scarcely touch the fringe of this vast subject even by tables, but I will give one:

B.C. 602      2,520 Years      A.D. 1919.

What does this table mean? This: the Throne of David fell in B.C. 602. It was predicted that "seven times" should see the restoration of the Holy Land to the Jews. Did it happen?

In the same way, exact tables of the prophecies would show that the end of the Egyptian Bondage, the stay in Babylon, the date of Christ's Birth, the proclamation of the universal Papal power, the fall of it, the French Revolution, the compulsory sheathing of the Turk's persecuting sword, the Great War, its endings and commencement, and the Final End are revealed in the Bible. Strangest fact of all: If you can get information as to the exact day and hour the prophets received their messages from "An Angel," (please note, they are usually most careful in recording *place*, *date*, and *exact time* of day), and then add the predicted period, you can tell to the day and often to the minute what will take place. The man who can treat lightly the Old Testament is to be pitied.

For instance, an unknown student of prophecy, living in Paris in 1869, announced that the temporal power of the Roman Catholic Church would cease on July 18th, 1870. This was too funny for the advanced "thinkers" and higher critics, who always earnestly believe in something they blisfully denominate their reason. Hence, they gave the fool's prediction full space in all the papers of Europe. I would have sworn by "the fool," but the Pope laughed. Why? the temporal power had been in existence untouched for 1,000 years! "The fool!" There was no sign of anything to disturb the calm of the Vatican. The Pope decided to celebrate the day. Pius IX sent out his famous letter summoning the Ecumenical Council on that day! Good! Let's have courage; never mind about the prophecies of doom. Six archbishop princes, 49 cardinals, 11 patriarchs, 680 archbishops and bishops, 28 abbots, 29 generals of orders, 803 spiritual rulers, representing the Church of Rome throughout the world, solemnly decreed from that date Papal Infallibility in faith and morals. Good! Be of good courage, my brave ones! Thou fool, trembling there in Paris that day, hugging Biblical prophecy. How small thou art! Surely God Almighty and the "Angel" have let thee down? Look at this superb ecclesiastical zoological garden. See what is arranged! The glory of the Pope's person is to be reflected at noon this very day, that you—you fool of a Biblical student—said his holiness's fall would occur. The glory is to be accomplished by means of mirrors around St. Peter's as the sun shines upon them. Splendid arrangement! But God Almighty is not a fool. The sun that day did not happen to shine. A violent storm broke over Rome, the sky was darkened by an awful tempest, the voices of the Council were lost in the rolling thunder, 50,000 people darted home like rabbits into holes, the Pope went down among the tombs of his fathers, at 5 p.m. the French soldiers rifled the Pope's palace, took him prisoner, and the temporal power of Rome came to an end *for ever*! Was the man in Paris a fool? I rather think you will find the fools among the discards and critics of the Bible. The fools that day were in Rome.

I write with all love for all the Roman Catholics I know. Biblical prophecy condemns Romanism, and it is locked up in the coming disaster.

I hope I have made clear how we arrive at exact dates. But the Great Pyramid is even more exact. I must take space for another article to describe some of its marvels. No more time! "Good-night all—good night—" as the man says on the wireless. But "Watchman! What of the night!"

October 21

HOW I

By MRS.

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## HOW I MET WITH FEDA.

By MRS. OSBORNE LEONARD.

It is now nearly fifteen years ago, namely 1910, that I first met two friends, who were introduced to me whilst I was visiting. After we had talked for awhile, the conversation verged upon Spiritualism, and I was asked if I was interested. I was, indeed. As a consequence, we decided to sit together for development wherever we could, and at an appointed day and hour each week. What a tedious affair it was at first! Sitting after sitting passed without much being accomplished; but, then, we worked through the table. During one of the sittings—the twenty-seventh, to be exact—one of these two friends became very impatient and left the table. Going to the farther end of the room, she started reading a book.

Then it was that the table began to move as if it thought something must be done to create an impression. Messages came through from several friends, and then came such a long name, which I remember began with F. It was impossible for us to pronounce it. Then it occurred to one of us to ask if we might select some of its letters, and use them as an abbreviated name. This the table consented to. We therefore studied the letters, and eventually picked out F.E.D.A. That was how we christened Feda.

Then came another surprise, for Feda announced that she was my great-great-grand mother, a Hindoo by birth; that she was brought up by a Scottish family until her marriage at the age of thirteen, and that she shortly afterwards died. My mother had told me something about this ancestor and I remembered this at the time.

Then Feda told us that she intended to control me, because she had a work to do through me during a period when something serious was to happen on the Earth-plane, and that she would need my services. Now, I was not pleased at this, for I wanted to develop clairvoyance; but Feda insisted, "No, you must be controlled, because otherwise your own mind would interfere with everything we wish to give through you." How wise her reasons, for I now understand what she meant! Naturally I began to think seriously about it, and yet I did not look forward to being entranced. Our table-sittings continued regularly, and Feda came as regularly, and gave us messages which were both evidential and comforting, not to say helpful.

And so much so that we became quite fond of her. Afterwards we proved many of her messages to be quite true, although at the time they were prophetic; whilst at the time they indicated vision of what was happening at a distance, and which was subsequently found to be true.

Now, this state of things continued yet for three years, and we seemed to make little progress towards what was anticipated; indeed, we began to get rather bored by the proceedings. I did not realise that I had been "trying" and that the trying had hindered my own development. On this particular evening, I gave up trying, and, beginning to feel somewhat tired of what was happening, I seemed to fall asleep for a few moments.

When I awoke I was surprised to see my friends bending over me in great interest. They told me that for an hour and a half I had been entranced, and that Feda had spoken, bringing many messages from friends in the spirit-world.

She had told them that a "dark time" was coming for the Earth, during which she had work to do, and that I would be needed as a medium through whom she would bring assurance of continued life beyond the grave.

After this we had many sittings, during which my health much improved; and

Feda's control developed likewise. She had to train herself for the service. At first it was not easy for her. It took eighteen months before she was proficient; and when that point had been arrived at, she said I must take up the work on a professional basis, so as to give my whole time



MRS. OSBORNE LEONARD.  
Britain's best-known Trance Medium.

to it. About this course I was very diffident and somewhat doubtful, but Feda promised to look after me; so we started holding circles in West London. Then the War broke out; and soon people were coming in to get messages about, or from, those who had passed on. I was then directed to give up my public sittings, because conditions were not always good. Feda said that at a circle on a certain day a boy who had been killed in the War had been most anxious to speak to his mother, and had been prevented owing to the frivolity of two of the visiting sitters. So we gave up the public circles and commenced private sittings. This kept me equally busy—like Feda.

Feda at this time told me that the benefit of her work was twofold. It was a period of service required of her to minister to others, and that while she ministered she made spiritual progress in her own soul; that she had so short a term of earthly life that she needed such work as this to acquire that training and knowledge which can only come from earth-experience; but she insisted, throughout it all, she was "just a messenger." Truly she has been a messenger of love and light and strength to many, and will, I trust, long continue to minister to minds bereaved and hearts disconsolate; during that work she may have all that I am able to offer by way of assistance.

By MRS. A. BULLEN.

Wife of the late well-known author,  
Frank T. Bullen.

"Too many of us are starved because we try to live upon natural bread alone. Thus saith the Lord: 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' 'Every word' means every word as need may require or opportunity offer. Now, if you get the required word at the right time, your response is, 'Thy words were found and I did eat them,' and you are nourished. But if instead you continue rebellious, and will not believe, you suffer loss. It is said that one ounce of testimony is worth a ton of argument. I am persuaded that but for prejudice I might have rejoiced in this beautiful truth of spirit-intercourse years ago."

## MY MOST REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

By HORACE LEAF.

In looking back over more than twenty years, crowded with supernormal experiences, I find it difficult to select one that has been more remarkable than some others. Psychic phenomena are not easy to evaluate apart from their setting, including the mental and spiritual state of the recipient at the time of their occurrence. An apparently commonplace experience may be pregnant with meaning to the recipient, while what may seem to be a veritable miracle to the looker-on may leave the recipient unmoved. I remember the profound impression made on my dear mother when a clairvoyant described the spirit of her father, concluding with the remark: "He now stoops and rubs his left knee which is slightly bent." Now, my grandfather had met with an injury to his left knee several years before he died, which caused him to walk with it slightly bent, and he often rubbed it to ease the pain. In appearance he might have passed for someone else, but that bent knee fixed his identity to the admiration and lasting joy of my mother.

In some respects the sitting I had with Mrs. Etta Wriedt, the voice medium, before the war, ranks as most remarkable. It clearly established the survival of various members of my family, and threw considerable light upon the superiority of the spirit-world to this world. But it cannot compare in other ways with the materialisation I witnessed in full daylight one October morning in 1908. This form I was able to hold and talk to and to observe disappear in a flash, actually collapsing into nothingness, as it were, while I gripped his arm. Here was no cabinet, no preparation, and the medium was in full view all the time.

But what shall I say of the remarkable incident that happened to me while I was in Edinburgh and my relations in London? A strong link of affection bound us together, while duty had kept us apart for some time. How did she manage to materialise to me four hundred miles away, letting me hold her hand, look into her face and talk to her for several minutes, before telling me of something I never knew, but which she afterwards confirmed, was known to herself. She had no recollection of that strange appearance of hers. All she knew was during the time it happened she slept the sleep of the just after having thought much about me.

Then there is the case of "Harry Thompson," the control who came to me in London, and who was coldly rebuffed by an over-sensitive medium who thought him no more than a creation of his sub-conscious mind. I have often regretted this error of mine, yet it resulted in as good a piece of evidence of spirit identity as any I know. Seven years after this control had been "frozen out," my eldest brother, who had lived many years in the U.S.A., wrote informing me that he had been investigating Spiritualism, and had had a wonderful sitting with a voice medium in Los Angeles, California, at which the identity of several deceased relatives had been established. The letter ended somewhat like this: "Then a curious thing happened; there came the voice of a spirit giving the name 'Harry Thompson,' who said he knew you, and requested me to send you his kind regards."

The difficulty of recording one's most remarkable psychic experience must now be clear. Each experience may have a most remarkable feature, and it may be so remarkable that one cannot blame the uninitiated for being incredulous. There can be no doubt in some minds that the wonders of psychic phenomena exceed those of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments."



## CHURCHES AND MEETINGS.

Where this Paper is on sale; and times of Sunday Services.

(As soon as compilation is complete it is intended to issue this list as a Supplement, EVERY WEEK, with every copy of the Paper. Only those Churches which place "The Christian Spiritualist" on sale weekly can be included. No charge is made for insertion, and the right is retained to exclude at the Editor's discretion. Secretaries are requested to send exact particulars in the form suggested by the following, and as early as possible, as additions can only be made from time to time, and not weekly.)

- Brixton.—Sp. Br. Ch., 143a, Stockwell Pk. Rd., 11.15; 3, 7.  
 Eltham.—R. A. Co-op. Rooms, Well Hall, at 7.  
 Hendon.—Co-operative Hall, Ravenhurst Avenue, 3; 6.30.  
 Hornsey.—Felix Hall, 29, Felix Av., Crouch End, 7; Th. 8.  
 Kentish Town.—17, Prince of Wales' Cres., 3.30; 7. Th., 8.  
 St. Luke's, Queen's Road, Forest Hill, S.E.; 6.30 p.m.  
 Wood Green, N.—Bourne Hall, Trinity Road, 7.  
 Altrincham.—Moss Lane, 3; 6.30.  
 Bargoed.—4, John Street, 6.30. Thursday at 8.  
 Barking.—Municipal Rest., East Street, Wed., at 8 p.m.  
 Bentley, Doncaster.  
 Birmingham.—Co-op. Rooms, Sparkhill, 3 and 6.30.  
 Birmingham.—Victoria Hall, Albert Road, Handsworth, 6.30.  
 Blackwood, Mon.—Assembly Rooms, High Street, 6.  
 Bootle.—Argos Hall, Stanley Road, 6.30.  
 Brighton.—Old Steine Hall, 52a, Old Steine; 11.0 and 6.30.  
 Bristol.—Temple, 19, Lower Redland Road, 6.30.  
 Carnetown, Abercynon.—2.30; 6.  
 Cheetham Hill.—Halliwell Lane, 2.45; 6.30.  
 Chiswick.—67, Flanders Road, 11; 6.45.  
 Congleton.—Park Road, 3; 6.30.  
 Coventry.—Broadgate Prog. Sp. Soc., I.L.P. Rooms, 6.30.  
 Devonport.—Progressive, Ferry Hall, Ferry Road, 6.30.  
 Gosport.—"Boyne Hall," Forton, 7.  
 Guildford.—The Bow Hall, Upper Room, 6.30.  
 Heckmondwike.—Tower Street, 2; 3; 6.  
 Horwich, Lancs.—Chorley New Rd., 10, 6.15; Mondays, 7.30.  
 Liverpool.—Daulby Hall, Daulby Street, 10.30, 3, 6.30.  
 Luton, Beds.—Sp. Evid. Society, 6.30.  
 Middlesbrough.—11, Garden Street. Every evening at 8.  
 Morecambe.—Milton Rooms, Market Street, 3; 6.30.  
 North Shields.—Temperance Hall, Norfolk Street, 6.30.  
 Norwich.—Sch. Music, Rampant Horse Street, 7.  
 Oldham.—Onward Sp. Church, 20, Barlow Street, 6.30.  
 Pontycymmer.—2.30; 6.  
 Reading.—56, Bartholomew's Road, 6.30.  
 Romford.—Psychic Research Soc., 163, Brentwood Rd., 6.30.  
 Royton.—38, Sandy Lane, 3; 6.30.  
 Southampton.—Oddf. Hall, St. Mary's Street, 11 and 6.30.  
 South Kirby.—Progressive, 6.30.  
 St. Helen's, Lancs.—Mas. Buildings, Hall St., 10.30; 6.30.  
 Swansea.—Spiritual Ev. Ch., 47, rear of Walter Rd., 6.30.  
 Trealaw, Rhondda.—Judge's Hall, 2, 6; Mon. 7, Thurs. 7.  
 Wallsend.—Co-operative Hall, Carville Road, 11; 6.30.  
 Westcliff-on-Sea.—St. Matthew's, Northview Drive, 3; 6.30.

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