

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

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Our Outlook Tower.

FORTUNE THEATRE LEAGUE.

MR. LAURENCE COWEN'S FINE SCHEME.

SIR FRANK BENSON, as we record on another page of the *Gazette*, wandered into the Fortune Theatre for one of the Sunday evening Spiritualist services last month and was given a seat on the platform.

At the end of the service Mr. Laurence Cowen, taking Sir Frank affectionately by the arm and leading him behind the curtains, said, "You have not been sent here by chance. I would like to tell you of a plan I have in mind."

He told him of his plan for keeping the Fortune Theatre for good plays and Sunday evening Spiritualist services, and Sir Frank said, "Magnificent; it is the dream of my life, I will go with you as far as you like to take me."

What this plan is Mr. Cowen announced after the service the following Sunday evening, when Sir Frank Benson was then the chairman. A Fortune Theatre League is to be formed, with an annual subscription of half-a-crown, plus fourpence tax. Members will be entitled to seats for each play for one, two, or three shillings as often as they like to go. There will be a performance every afternoon and evening, Sundays included—for a League, like a club, can do as it pleases on Sundays, so long as seats are bought beforehand and no money is taken at the doors—a performance of what Mr. Cowen said will be "good, clean plays by a first-class good clean company."

The plays will be selected from "the most popular plays ever produced," with certain new plays, the first of which, for performance on Sundays, will be a Spiritualist play by Mr. Brandon Thomas, called "The Glory of the Sun."

Mr. Laurence Cowen's co-directors in this interesting venture will be Sir Frank Benson, Mr. Cecil Barth and Mr. J. Brandon Thomas. Mr. Cowen asked the audience to whom he announced the scheme, and who hailed it with many expressions of pleasure and delight, to act as agents in advance and to ask their friends and their friends' friends to become members. "We want a quarter of a million members," he said, "and we shall get them."

THE WORLD CONGRESS AT THE HAGUE.

THE DAILY PROGRAMME.

THE fourth Triennial Congress, since the International Spiritualists' Federation was established, will be held at The Hague, Holland, from September 4 to 10.

The Organisation and Reception Committee at The Hague, which includes the élite of Dutch Spiritualists and is presided over by Mr. P. Goedhart, has been strenuously making the preparations for many months and they hope this may be the most successful World Congress of Spiritualists that has ever been held.

The meetings will take place in the Pulchri Studios, 15 Lange Voorhout. The first two days will be chiefly taken up by the business meetings of the International Federation, and the President of the Congress (probably Mr. Goedhart) will be elected.

On Saturday afternoon a Psychic Exhibition will be opened by Dr. H. G. Nederburgh, President of the Dutch S.N.U., and in the evening there will be a Public Reception of delegates and members, when Lady Conan Doyle, the President d'Honneur of the Congress, will deliver an address of welcome.

On Sunday there will be public worship at 11 a.m., conducted by the English S.N.U., a visit to the Peace Palace at 4 p.m., and a public meeting at 8 p.m., presided over by Mr. Denis Conan Doyle.

On Monday there will be a United Session at 10 a.m., presided over by Mr. Ernest W. Oaten, and at 2.30 to 4.30 p.m. four sections will meet to discuss Science; Healing; Doctrine, Philosophy, Ethics; and Propaganda, Organisation, Literature. At 8 p.m. reports on the progress of Spiritualism in various countries will be given by delegates.

On Tuesday these sections will resume work at 10 a.m., and at 8 p.m. Mr. J. B. McIndoe, President of the English

S.N.U., will give a lantern lecture on "Psychic Photography."

On Wednesday this programme will be repeated, excepting that a conversazione will be held at 8 p.m., presided over by Miss Mary Conan Doyle.

On Thursday reports will be received from the various sections, and the place of the next Congress will be fixed. In the evening at 7 o'clock there will be a final session at which the President of the Congress will give a farewell address, and at 8.30 p.m. there will be a dinner at the De Twee Steden Hotel, when Baron Taets v. Amerongen v. Woudenberg will preside, and Mr. H. P. van Walt will be Master of Ceremonies.

At several special meetings there will be demonstrations of clairvoyance, psychometry, and healing by various mediums.

A REMARKABLE HUNGARIAN HEALER.

FREE TREATMENTS AT THE CONGRESS.

MR. CHARLES ROTHY, President of the Society for Psychical Research at Budapest, Hungary, has kindly sent us for reproduction the photograph of Mrs. Karoline Wunderlich, a lady possessing remarkable healing power living at Sasholon, near Budapest, who will give free treatments to all sufferers present at the Spiritualists' International Congress at The Hague.



MRS. WUNDERLICH.

Mr. Rothy says Mrs. Wunderlich's healing power is really marvellous, and its effect is mostly immediate, even in quite hopeless cases. She has often given demonstrations in the presence of physicians at the Budapest Psychical Research Society. Last year Mr. Rothy introduced her at Gratz where she cured about 300 sufferers, and at Vienna twice with the same result, before many critical professors of medicine.

"I think the likeness will therefore be interesting," he says, "because people might think she is a shrivelled old woman, whereas she is a very charming lady, with a striking sympathetic appearance, and carries such a harmony around her that everyone feels attached towards her. She is rather well off, and makes no business of her power at all."

J. L.

Major Colley at Grotrian Hall.

MAJOR COLLEY (son of the late Archdeacon Colley) gave the address at one of the Spiritualist Community's attractive Sunday evening services at the Grotrian Hall last month.

The major, who is a fine, well set up and stalwart gentleman, said he had been a medium from the time he was five years old to the present day. He always invited his audiences to look at him thoroughly and see whether he seemed at all mad or peculiar!

He liked to address what people called "the man" (or woman) "in the street," and to bring forward arguments to show that they were all guided and governed by some higher Power, whom religionists called God—and there was no better word—a spiritual Being who influenced their daily lives, and towards whom they should cultivate a receptive attitude.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF A SCEPTIC.

As an illustration of his claim that all persons were mediums, whether they wished to be so or not, the Major narrated the story of an Irish friend with whom he was in Scotland in 1902. This friend had a great objection to his dabbling in ghosts and psychic matters, as he called it, and told him it would be bad for his (the Major's) career. In very forceful language he asked him as a favour not to discuss Spiritualism in his hearing.

One Sunday afternoon he and his friend were invited out to play tennis. Their hosts were deeply interested in Spiritualism and he asked them to be careful not to refer to the subject during their visit. After the tennis, however, a lady who had not been warned, said, "Oh, Major Colley, do tell us some of your Spiritualistic experiences!" That started his friend to rave against the foolishness of Spiritualism, but he had not uttered many sentences when he fell back in his chair in deep trance, as he was saying the two syllables ab-so-!

A voice came through his lips which asked them not to tell their friend he had ever been in trance, for he would

never believe it, and they all promised. Thereupon, their friend went to the piano, and though he did not know a note of music, he played for five minutes the most glorious and entrancing music, evidently under the inspiration of some great master of the art, and when he had finished and opened his eyes he said "—lute rot," thus finishing the words "absolute rot" he had been about to utter when suddenly caught!

THE ARCHDEACON'S SIGNET RING.

Another illustrative story told by the Major referred to an "apport" he had received after his father's death. When he was a young boy in South Africa he took from the library table a signet-ring with which his father sealed his letters, which had been in possession of the family for 200 years. He took it into the garden and amused himself with it making mud pies. While doing so his father called him to go to a school treat, and so he hid the ring in the mud intending to fetch it next morning. When next day he could not find it he told his father what he had done, and had some physical and mental suffering in consequence! As he grew up to manhood the memory of the loss of this valuable ring distressed him and he often talked about it. He agreed with his father that whoever of them passed over first was to search for this ring and hand it to the survivor. His father passed on in September, 1912, and not long afterwards, when he (the Major) was sitting alone in a gas-lit room in Aldershot he was greatly surprised to see the ring drop on the floor at his side. He picked it up but found it so hot that he could scarcely hold it. Thus his father had kept his promise and within a month of being dead showed that he had been very much alive and had gone to South Africa and found the ring and restored it. Now the ring (which the Major showed) belongs to his family and will be passed on to his children.

At the conclusion of the service Mrs. Annie Johnson gave some very convincing descriptions and names of spirits present to members of the congregation who admitted their correctness.

The Late Miss Goodrich-Freer.

APPRECIATION BY PROFESSOR D. B. MACDONALD, M.A., B.D.

WE regret to record that Mrs. A. M. Spoer (better known in Psychical Research and literary circles as "Miss X." and "Miss Goodrich-Freer") died from heart trouble on February 24 last, at St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, U.S.A.

We met Mrs. Spoer on only one occasion, over thirty years ago in *Borderland* office, when as the co-editor with Mr. Stead she accepted a contribution we wrote on "spirits seen accompanying and inspiring famous speakers, preachers and actors," as described by Mrs. Brechley, a well-known London medium of that time. During a long conversation we were vividly impressed by her wonderful radiance, and we used ever afterwards to speak of her as "the lady whose face shone like an angel's."

Our readers will remember her interesting letters in the September and December numbers of the *Gazette*, dealing with the late Lord Balfour's experiments in crystal-gazing as described by Mr. Andrew Lang, and which his sister Mrs. Sidgwick attributed to a "Mr. Leslie." Mrs. Spoer recalled the whole circumstances as told her several times by Mr. Lang, and Mrs. Sidgwick subsequently allowed her *dementi* as to her eminent brother's psychic powers to go by the board, though she never publicly withdrew it.

We are deeply indebted to Professor Duncan B. Macdonald, M.A., B.D., of Hartford University, U.S.A., a valued friend of Mrs. Spoer, for the following brief biographical notice:—

It will be I am certain with deep regret that many of your readers will know that "Miss Goodrich-Freer" (Mrs. H. Henry Spoer since 1905) died on February 24 of this year in New York.

She was connected from her youth with the Highlands and especially with the Bute family. She herself was a friend of all West Highlanders, and knew the history and life of the Isles with a deep and loving sympathy. This was shown most fully in her beautiful book "Outer Isles" (1903), one of the most perfect and understanding records of the last generation there.

The interests of her life were many, and in them all she was significantly productive. She was the "Miss X" of the golden days of the Society for Psychical Research, and her observations and experiments may be said to have put for the first time crystal-gazing on a scientific basis. The records of this are in the Proceedings of that Society—of which in consequence she was an honorary

member—and in various writings of Andrew Lang, a close friend. Similarly scientific and belonging to the same world were her "Essays in Psychical Research" (1899) and "The Alleged Haunting of B— House," co-edited with the Marquess of Bute (1900).

For three years (1896-1899) she was also a co-editor of *Borderland*, with the late W. T. Stead. But though her interest in these researches was deep, and she had herself experienced a wide range of phenomena, she never lost her scientific poise, and never became a so-called Spiritualist.

Another side of her interests lay in folk-lore. In this she was a recognised authority; a member of the Folk-lore Society, and a frequent contributor to its Journal; a member of the Jarla-Cona Viking Club, and a contributor to its Saga Book; and an F.R.S.G.S. How deep was her knowledge appeared in many of her books: "Outer Isles," "Inner Jerusalem" (1904), "In a Syrian Saddle" (1905), "Things seen in Palestine" (second edition, 1927), "Arabs in Tent and Town" (1924) and "Things seen in Constantinople" (1925). She was a contributor also to the *Nineteenth Century and After*, *Blackwoods*, the *Contemporary*, *Temple Bar*, *Occult Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and others.

The war found her and her husband—an American citizen—in Jerusalem, and the direct cause of the heart trouble from which she died lay in the privations and horrors they had to endure in their deportation, by the Turkish Government, first to Damascus and then through Asia Minor to Constantinople.

After the Armistice (1918-20), as Assistant to her husband, Dr. Spoer, District Commander under the Allied High Commissioner, General Haskell, she learned to know Armenia and Azerbaijan, and the new horrors of Soviet Russia, making a hairbreadth escape from the Bolsheviks in Baku. Of these Soviet experiences she told in two articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*. And our troops in Constantinople learned to know her and her thoughtful care for them.

Hers was a wide life, and she put a broad and high heart into it. It was wide geographically; wide in human interests, touching many races; wide in scientific interests; and thorough and deep in them all.

She was born with the charm of literary style, and her pen in all its fluency produced beauty. She was a devout soul too—an earnest old-fashioned Christian, reaching out in sympathy with the gropings of many other faiths.

As true and loyal a nature as ever lived, she rests now beyond the sea, far from her kin and the islands she loved.

September, 1931.
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“Power’s” Prophecy and Signal.

GREAT FORWARD MOVEMENT AND A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

(By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

A GREAT forward movement is contemplated by the “Power” group of Spirit forces under whose guidance Mr. Laurence Cowen (for one must include him as certainly as the

One of the many attractive features of these Sunday services is the careful choice Mr. Laurence Cowen makes of his chairmen. Mrs. Frood-Hyams, on the evening of which we are speaking, carried on the high tradition of the long line of gifted men and women who have preceded



Hleing Morris

[Photo by Vandyk.]

medium) and Mrs. Meurig Morris are working. And a wonderful instrument is foreshadowed for communication between the two worlds—an instrument that will convince even scientists that “the two worlds are one.”

“People are waiting for a signal ‘Power’ is going to give,” was the moving announcement made by Mrs. Dorothea Frood-Hyams, who presided at one of the most impressive of last month’s Sunday Spiritualist Services at the Fortune Theatre. Sir Frank Benson was sitting on the right of the medium at this service; Mr. Laurence Cowen was applying the moral of one of Æsop’s fables to kindly criticism from a member of his congregation; and supporting him were the Rev. Dr. Lamond and Mr. David Gow.

her in the chair. The quiet dignity with which she conducted the service, the obvious sincerity with which she spoke, and her natural grace and charm greatly impressed the audience, who listened with intense interest when she stated that “Power” had promised to give the word “when the moment comes when we shall have the great privilege of banding together to work out in practical life those suggestions he will make to us.”

EVERY FAMILY A POWER STATION.

Meanwhile, she suggested, by way of putting into practice some of the Spiritual lessons to which we listen at these services, that we should try the experiment she has passed on to some of the patients who go to her for healing:

"Go into some quiet chamber of the soul every day before you retire to rest, and send forth the most positive vibrations you can, first to all those who are in your house—vibrations of love—and then to the world at large—peace and goodwill among men."

"If only that were done by your own private families, imagine," she said, "what tremendous centres of power for good each family would be. We should all become a Power station. And only by that method is anything ever done on this earth that is really worth doing."

"We have got to put an end," she went on to say, "to this serious panic in the financial world that is so greatly troubling our own and other nations: Let us remember we make our own economic conditions; according to the desires of the heart so we form conditions good or bad around us."

Friends of hers, she added, have tried the experiment she suggests and even before the seventh day things have changed in themselves spiritually and wonderfully.

SIR FRANK BENSON AND MRS. MORRIS.

With Sir Frank Benson beside her Mrs. Meurig Morris was even more wonderful than usual. Clairvoyants in the audience seemed to see a spiritual light and vibration passing between them; and there can be no doubt that the near presence of this great Shakespearean scholar and fine actor contributed to the success of "Power's" work that evening.

Besides, Sir Frank is something of a medium himself. We all remember how he has told us of his vision of his son at the moment of his death in the great war, and how at that fateful moment the father, lying in a tent in another part of the battle area, not only saw the spirit of his son, but held some conversation with him. "Don't you remember father," the spirit of his son said, "we agreed there was no death?" "Why, of course I do," he replied, realising the confirming evidence.

"Power," then, speaking through Mrs. Meurig Morris, referred to the coming Signal mentioned by Mrs. Frood-Hyams. "We shall call for men and women," he said, speaking in his strong robust voice, "willing to join us in active service for the cause of truth." He spoke of the forward movement that is coming, describing it as "the great revelation that is at hand," and explaining that what they hope to bring about is a policy of spiritual and universal unity to influence and help humanity, to get it out of the chaos and the troubles that prevail to-day, and to make it free from the fear of future wars.

"Don't think this is one of the idle prophecies from the spirit side of life," he said. "I realise the responsibility that rests on you and on me. Not only is this movement coming into the everyday conditions of life to help those who are suffering and struggling, but those who are willing to co-operate will make of it a form of religion which will indeed help this world and lead to the spiritual government of nations. For it is only by government by spiritual power that there will ever be that change of heart that is necessary for the good of humanity."

THE WONDERFUL INVENTION.

From this glimpse into a future in which man and governments are to become more spiritualised, "Power" passed on to speak of a great invention that is coming—an instrument which, without the aid of mediums, is to bring us in touch with the other side of life.

"The great power of the ether," he said, "will then give out its message, and scientists will find that the earth and the other world are not separate but one, and will say 'man is something different from what I thought; all is one.'"

Many now-living will see the fulfilment of this prophecy, and this great forward movement in spiritual power. "And what will be needed then?" "Power" asked. "Ordinary materialist governments will be useless without spiritual ideals and knowledge. It is because I speak of the future you must prepare for that future. This is the beginning of a spiritual age."

SIR FRANK BENSON'S SON AND RAYMOND.

Sir Frank Benson himself presided at the following Sunday evening service and told us he has had many communications with his son since he passed on.

On one occasion, at a seance in Glasgow, when Sir Frank was not present, the sound of soldiers marching was heard, and presently it seemed that they came into the circle singing "It's a long, long way to Tipperary." When their officer gave the word of command to "Stand at ease" the chairman said, "That sounds like Benson's

voice," and another member of the circle said "It is probably his son."

Some months afterwards Sir Frank was sitting with a medium and his son came and said, "You have heard, no doubt, I have been to see friends at Glasgow and taken soldiers with me; the 'boys' so much like to go."

Then Sir Frank said to his son:—

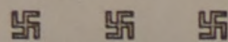
"I hear you see a good deal of Raymond Lodge."

"Yes," was the reply, "and he is here to-day, would you like to speak to him?"

"Yes, I should," Sir Frank answered. And then he spoke to Raymond Lodge.

Raymond asked after his father, and Sir Frank said, "I saw your father the other day and told him you and my boy went about a good deal together on the other side."

"Yes," said Raymond, "I was there when you spoke to my father," and "he gave me," Sir Frank added, "the name of the place where I saw his father, and the hour and the day."



A PREMONITION BY DIRECT VOICE.

By JOHN PETERS.

ON Tuesday morning, February 17, 1931, I was having breakfast alone. The only persons in the house were my wife and self, and my wife not feeling well did not get up so soon. I was in the middle of my breakfast, when in my right ear a clear strong masculine voice said, "If you want to see Joel Foster alive go this morning; he is seriously ill."

I finished my breakfast and then considered the message. At first I hesitated about going to see my friend, but after more serious consideration I decided to go and put the message to the acid test. On arrival at his house, two miles away, I found the message quite correct. He was in bed, very ill, and I had a feeling that he would not get over the illness—it was only a question of time. I felt within myself in two to three months, and he actually passed away on May 17 last.

To give you confidence that this message is genuine, let me say that this Joel Foster has several near relatives in this town whom I know well. I made a point of seeing them a few days after I got the message, and told them all about it, so you see I have witnesses to prove its coming. I also told one of his sons that I could not hold out any hope of his recovery, and I thought the passing would take place in about two or three months.

Now this Joel Foster I had known over thirty years, but I had not seen him, nor had his name been mentioned to me by anyone for the last seven or eight years. I had entirely lost touch with him, for he lived over two miles away from me in a part of the town I had no occasion to go. Another point is that on that morning I was at liberty without putting myself out. I have not had one since entirely free.

AN ANCIENT SPIRIT.

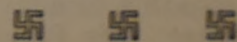
On April 28, 1931, I had lunch late, at 2 p.m. I rose from the table and settled myself for a fifteen minutes' rest in my armchair. Two or three minutes later a voice spoke into me (not into the ear), saying:—

Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us,
Through this world's tempestuous sea,
Safe into the haven guide us,
That all by Thee may truly see!

After that was said, I could feel the presence of an old man on my left, and he said to me in the same way as he gave me the above lines, "I was persecuted, tormented, and put to death by the Romans for the beliefs I held—I am Saint Polycarp."

I was sitting facing the window, and a few minutes after getting the above and about five yards from where I was sitting I could see this old man gradually build up to my sight. He had a mitre on his head, a long robe and a tall staff in his hand, his features were round and plump, and he had whiskers on his face.

I had never heard of any saint of that name, but next day I made it my business to find out, and from books I consulted I found the information given me was correct. He lived in the first century and was put to death in the second.



PROFESSOR J. MILLOTT SEVERN, of Brighton, the most eminent phrenologist in the world, is writing a great work on "The Language of the Mental Faculties," which will take him about two more years to complete.

September, 1931.

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LAST month, Spiritualists M. Pascal F

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Pascal Forthuny Again Attacked by E. W. Oaten.

"I CAN UNDERSTAND M. FORTHUNY'S ANNOYANCE."

LAST month we saw how, at the recent Spiritualists' National Union Conference, M. Pascal Forthuny had been accused of "cowardice" by Mr. E. W. Oaten, President of the Spiritualists' International Federation and of the S.N.U. Parliamentary Committee.

We published M. Forthuny's reply, showing that the charge was utterly unwarranted. Mr. Oaten, instead of apologising for the insult, returns to the attack in the letter printed below. He makes new unworthy suggestions such as that M. Forthuny is annoyed at the denunciation of false mediums (as if he were one himself) and that he had been "removed" (otherwise "sacked") from the *Maison des Spirites*! These suggestions are as uncalled for and venomous as the one about cowardice.

A large part of the letter is taken up with a side issue—a sort of red herring across the trail—namely, the question of whether M. Jean Meyer really did give the *Maison des Spirites* to the Cause of Spiritualism, and afterwards hand it over to Metapsychism. We can only say for ourselves that we were present at the Liège Congress when M. Meyer's offer was made and accepted, and at the Paris Congress where he was praised for his generosity. The fact that M. Meyer had changed his mind and had handed the *Maison* over to the *Société d'Etudes Métapsychiques*, in spite of his previous gift to the Cause of Spiritualism, was first brought to our notice by the President of the Spiritualists' National Union of another Continental country, who wrote us in dismay about this unexpected diversion of the gift. It is also made clear in the sixth paragraph of Mr. Oaten's own letter, which quotes a resolution of the London Congress.

The fact that several Spiritualist concerns continue to have their headquarters there, and that the house still retains its name of *Maison des Spirites*, does not modify in the slightest degree the certainty that the property now belongs not to Spiritualism, as was supposed, but to Metapsychism, which is not Spiritualism. The tenant at will of a house is no longer its owner, though he may have been that formerly. That was M. Forthuny's simple true statement of the case, which Mr. Oaten had the assurance to tell the S.N.U. Conference "was untrue, and the man who made it knew it was untrue!"

We publish M. Forthuny's patient reply to this further attack, and offer him our sincere sympathy in that he, a gentleman and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour of France, should have to suffer such gross and unjust aspersions from any Englishman.

MR. E. W. OATEN'S LETTER.

18 Corporation Street,
Manchester, August 10, 1931.

SIR,—I am sorry to find myself at variance with M. Forthuny, as I have very pleasant memories of my meeting with him in Paris some years ago. My only reason for replying to his letter in your August issue, is to make my position clear.

In the June issue of the *Gazette* M. Forthuny drew attention to the fact that the family of M. Jean Meyer (who are all anti-Spiritualists) are seeking to upset the disposal of his property. Had the matter remained there, I should have had nothing to say, but he made certain other statements concerning the *Maison des Spirites*, which I have reason to believe are untrue.

M. Forthuny says:—"He (M. Meyer) offered it to the World Congress at Liège as a permanent home for International Spiritualism, and the Belgian Congress thanked him for his generosity . . . but before the World Congress in London three years ago, he had taken back his gift from the Spiritualist movement, and handed it over to Metapsychism, with a large endowment."

M. Forthuny adds:—"This transaction was so little understood in London that the new President of the Federation fallaciously announced to the Congress that M. Meyer had just made an endowment of several million francs for the cause of Spiritualism."

The result of M. Forthuny's travesty of the real facts was that when I presented the report of the I.S.F. to the Annual Conference of the Spiritualists' National Union, I was definitely asked whether the statement made by M. Forthuny was true, and whether M. Meyer had withdrawn his offer of the *Maison des Spirites* as a home for the International Federation. I had to reply that the statement was untrue. The evidence that it is untrue is that the *Maison des Spirites* is still the headquarters of the International Spiritualist Federation, and the generosity extended to the I.S.F. by M. Meyer is still being continued.

It is untrue to say that, "the new President of the Federation fallaciously announced," etc. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle made the announcement himself, and I subsequently saw him and M. Meyer together. I discussed the full particulars with them, and laid them before the Congress, and the printed record of the Congress shows that the Congress passed a definite resolution expressing

"Its deep appreciation of the gift by M. Jean Meyer to the SOCIÉTÉ D'ÉTUDES MÉTAPHYSIQUES, thus offering facilities for the selection and control of qualified media."

It is, therefore, useless M. Forthuny trying to befog the position.

In his article in your August issue, M. Forthuny talks about M. Meyer "de-baptising" the *Maison des Spirites*, whatever that may mean. The premises are still the *Maison des Spirites*. They are still the headquarters of the *Union Spirite Française* and of the journal *La Revue Spirite*, as well as of the International Federation, and unless a lawsuit upsets M. Meyer's dispositions, he has provided for them still to remain so.

I can understand M. Forthuny's annoyance at the denunciations of fraudulent mediumship, which may have occurred at the *Maison des Spirites*. He may have reason to be sore at being removed from his position there, but that does not justify him in supposing that the scientific examination of psychical phenomena is not perfectly compatible with an intelligent Spiritualism.

There are many points upon which M. Meyer and I differed, and not least over his worship of Kardec, but I always found him a gentleman, a man of his word, and a sincere Spiritualist.

Had I not been questioned at the Annual Conference concerning M. Forthuny's statement, I should have remained silent, and treated it with the contempt it deserves, but when I was asked whether the *Maison des Spirites* was withdrawn as a home for International Spiritualism, I did not hesitate to say that the statement was untrue, and that the man who made it knew it was untrue.

I am still of the opinion that the man who makes misstatements concerning another after his death, when he is not here to reply for himself, is guilty of conduct which deserves harsh words.

There, as far as I am concerned, the matter ends.—
Yours faithfully, ERNEST W. OATEN,

President, International Spiritualists' Federation.

M. PASCAL FORTHUNY'S REPLY.

10 Avenue Frédéric Forthuny,

Soisy-sous-Montmorency, August 13, 1931.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having read the letter Mr. E. W. Oaten has addressed to you, I have no intention to let myself be drawn into a useless controversy whose details would only weary your readers.

It would, however, be wrong if I did not say (for it is a fact) that at the *Maison des Spirites* my mediumship was never doubted, but on the contrary was given a very great publicity, as I shall have occasion to show in my "Personal Recollections."

I ought to say also that when I left the *Maison des Spirites* it was not because I was "removed," for it was I myself who, first of all, in a frank talk with M. Meyer, told him I would not remain an instant longer as his collaborator since he had had the malignity to publish in *La Revue Spirite*, and without warning, a petty article directed against myself entitled "Un Egaré."

Justly indignant at this perfidy I told him freely that it was a betrayal of friendship, and at the same time I let him know that I was highly dissatisfied with his narrow Kardecist Spiritualism, and had carried my studies and beliefs towards a Spiritualism more extensive and enlightened, and had for long freely exercised my right to study questions of an occult character, which he considered wrong, but in which I had discovered some splendid verities.

Again, I have never claimed that the scientific examination of psychic phenomena was to be condemned. On the contrary I had been long sickened, during my functions at the *Maison des Spirites* and in the French Spiritualists' Union, by the foolish simplicity with which Spiritualism was carried on, especially on the experimental plane. There was an almost total absence of the critical spirit in investigations not only in Paris, but also in the provinces, where I addressed audiences obviously badly informed, piteously mystical, and with unlimited credulity.

That in the *Maison des Spirites* there should have been created, laterally, a Society of Metapsychic Studies, was a fact in which I certainly saw no harm, for thus were

introduced within its walls cultured personalities and serious men who had formerly been lacking.

When, in 1925, M. Meyer told me that the *Maison des Spirites* would continue to live materially in security, as he had set aside a large sum for that purpose, he had certainly no thought of making it the headquarters of any Society for Metapsychic Studies. (He had already established his International Metapsychic Institute in Paris.) That, however, came about later, and though the name of *Maison des Spirites* was still preserved it then became the property of the Society for Metapsychic

Studies, which continues to give hospitality to several Spiritualistic organisations as their headquarters, as was doubtless his wish.

If Mr. Oaten should doubt this he need only ask the authorities at the *Maison des Spirites* the one simple question, "To whom does the house now belong?" and he will be no longer "befogged." Perhaps he will do this at once so that he can report the answer to the approaching World Congress of Spiritualists at The Hague.—I am, Yours faithfully,

PASCAL FORTHUNY.

Abduhl Latif on Our Decadent Civilisation.

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

AT a recent sitting with Mrs. Garrett, during which Abduhl Latif manifested, the power, or force, or whatever the vibration generated may be termed, was unusually strong, and after I had cleared my list of patients and obtained Abduhl's diagnoses and treatment, there was still time to spare.

The beneficent work of healing is the very life-blood of our good Physician, but there are times when I have tapped another side of the Persian Philosopher, and it has always been productive of interesting information, revealing incidentally his amazing knowledge of many and varied subjects.

THE CALIGRAPHY OF OLD MANUSCRIPTS.

At a local sale I once bought a few articles, and amongst them was an illuminated MS. written in Persian Arabic characters. It is some four feet by two feet, was written in 1813, and was given to Sir Gore Ouseley, British Minister to Persia, on his return to England. It was addressed to the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV). The Persian Minister in London at that time was Haji Mirza Hassan Khan, and his name appears in the MS.

I do not read Arabic, but my researches into Abduhl Latif's life at the British Museum made me familiar with the beautiful Arabic writing, and I noticed the style on this address was not equal to what I had examined there and elsewhere. I remarked on this to Abduhl—"I have a Persian MS. addressed to an English prince, and I notice the writing is not comparable to the MS. you wrote, and which I handled at the Bodleian Library at Oxford. I thought it —."

Here Abduhl interrupted me—"You thought it should be in keeping with the high dignitaries it originated from and was addressed to, no doubt. In my time (*i.e.*, 1162-1231) we spared neither time nor skill in preparing our manuscripts. Religion, religious edifices, altars and illuminated missals absorbed our time and shekels, and there was time to study. You had similar conditions at one time in your country and in Germany. In the monasteries and castles—men made strongholds of these—room was always found for the skilled writer, who might occupy a day on a page laboriously penned. You had it in your black letter writing, which was copied when printing was first used, and the beauty of the characters then you have never surpassed. So with us in those leisurely times, we embellished and interwove our artistic calligraphy, for we took great pride in the beauty of our script, as did that ancient race, the Jews.

THE DECLINE OF THE ARTS.

"To-day you have neither beauty nor clarity. Humanity seeks to feed its emotions for a few hours through other avenues. In one hundred or two hundred years hence children will ask what sort of people lived in these days, and wonder where in England they can find evidence of the culture, art and beauty of the past. There will be nothing to record, permanently, but the wonders of the artistry of bygone ages, given for money to countries which cannot digest it! East, west, north and south, the treasures of art are being burned up, and marvels of ancient skill are pulled down and transferred to America. What are you getting for it? Froth! People cannot understand or appreciate the gifts which leave them the poorer while throwing out their best. Who have you to show to-day in outstanding ability among poets, artists, architects or philosophers, compared with the giants of the past? Your super-civilisation is a failure, and here we note with sadness your present drift."

"But are we alone in this decadence, Abduhl? What of your own country?" I asked.

"Alas, it is true," replied Abduhl, "we share with Europe the passing from a brilliant age to a mediocre one, as that MS. you possess testifies. But we have left us the God-given gift of golden sunshine to beautify the lives of my countrymen, and your dull leaden skies forbids that to you."

"We have certainly gone through twenty-eight successive days of rain," I said, "but according to an old seer, Dr. Buchan, we should have fine weather soon. Do you know of him?"

"I do," said Abduhl; "he had a knowledge of astronomy, astrology and mathematics, without which his predictions would have no point. He had knowledge of the influence stars and planets had upon earth when passing your planet. Venus passing you causes changes, and the influence of Uranus and Jupiter causes humidity."

ABDUHL'S OWN STUDIES.

"Did you study these matters when on earth?" I asked.

"I studied in my day the body and the soul, in relation to the cosmos and to God; and to understand the chemistry of the make-up of the body, and consequently of the universe, of which it is a part, and of other universes which affect it, I had to give much attention to all these subjects.

"A chemist must have some knowledge of mathematics. We begin to see ourselves in relation to the soul, and we get interested in the body, and have to realise its affiliation and attachment to these planetary influences. Predictions of changes in the weather of your variable climate were based upon the cycles, carefully plotted out from long years of records, providing for the mathematician a curve of fair accuracy.

"You pride yourselves upon your system of education, which in some respects is justified, yet you do not teach your children how to live as we did many centuries ago. You do not teach them the proper actions of the body. Sex is sublimated to this earth. Sex is the inspiration of God—create! create!—and is the first awareness to the living God. Teach cleanliness of the mind to children. Mind can easily be putrified and injure the bodily structure. Anger, for instance, affects the blood; it circulates at an excessive rate, and gets thin. Mind is the mechanical operator, and thinking makes changes, prejudicial or beneficial, according to its bent."

HIS VIEWS OF RELIGION.

"You were a follower of Mahomet, I know; how do you view his religion now?"

"Worship! What does it mean? Are we not all trying to reach the same height? All religions express this to me. We are all sparks of the great God, and a belief that you as part of the living God have been placed here for a time for the soul to learn, is the basis of true religion. The God force is there, be it shown in Christianity, Mahomedanism, or what not. Six painters looking out of the same window will paint six beautiful pictures, each giving a different view. Do what you can; be just to yourself and others. Every man is your brother, help a lame one, be patient with a wayward one, be a living example of tolerance, and the future here is assured you."

As bearing upon Abduhl Latif's strictures on our attitude towards old precious treasures, and the callous contempt of sentiment shown, your readers should get Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Completed Poems," and read the powerful one, "H.M.S. Foudroyant," written on the occasion when our naval authorities sold Nelson's old Flagship, "H.M.S. Foudroyant," to the Germans for £1,000. The poem should have seared the consciences of those responsible for that discreditable exhibition of vandalism. Here is the first verse (the whole poem is in the same key) of the bitter rebuke:—

"Who says the nation's purse is lean,
Who fears for claim or bond or debt,
When all the glories that have been
Are scheduled as a cash asset?
If times are black and trade is slack,
If coal and cotton fail at last,
We've something left to barter yet—
Our glorious past."

The Po

LAOUTZE appeared marked by a political and political. Nebuchadnezzar of Jerusalem and their Hebrew ci on to lower the pr schools of wisdom date also that Prince Buddha, was rejectin in mystic meditation preach his reform Brahminism of his d

LAOUTZE'S ENVI

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Laoutze was born in th situated picturesquely on with the south bank of t the basin of a large tribu capital of the Chow I Government for some ce new capital lower down. learning and ecclesiastica Recording Offices necessa

His family was noble hereditary official function and Rolls. His paternal in a secluded valley of th he used to accompany his in order to learn his h busying himself in formal the shelves where the r stored in order, he said, Sages, of the Golden Anci possessed natural psychom he was idling.

The effect appeared wh left at an early age to ma an eccentric and a crank education in the conventic at the university. He pro train himself in the meth golden age. It was to tu and not outward, and to l seclusion while the seeds which were implanted in e their birth into Time, sho push their fibres and tendrils warm spirit of Tih (Natur scene and every soul in it.

"A POSITIVE STA

His relatives said it wa work he would return hom sit under the garden plu born, play awhile on his go off into a silent still semi nothing, or rather it should For he employed a positiv where no things were allow shape of words or thoughts but only the feelings wer brood as sublimated sensitiv ness. In other words, he backwards down his cereb instead of forwards through in intellectual abstraction a

Like Thoreau he preach returning to the Simple Life and thereby shunning the w life. He even refused to ma in order to be free to preach. It is a shocking sin in Chin to continue service to ancest at the riverside, to pore o'er b all that's made into a green and so to return home with spontaneously possessing hin theories of education are educational reformers on sin

The Practice of Spiritual Development.—III.

By FREDERIC THURSTAN, M.A.

LAOUTZE appeared on this earth in a year marked by critical convulsions, religious and political. In the year 604 B.C. Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon was then storming Jerusalem and carrying off to exile the Jews and their Hebrew civilisation, and then marching on to lower the pride of the ancient Egyptian schools of wisdom and magic. It was at this date also that Prince Siddhartha Gautama, the Buddha, was rejecting his worldly position to sit in mystic meditation under the Bo-tree and preach his reformation of the corrupted Brahminism of his day.

LAOUTZE'S ENVIRONMENT AND HABITS.

Thirty years after Laoutze's birth, another great philosopher and reformer, Pythagoras, appeared on the scene to reform the philosophical and social thought of Hellas by mystic teachings learnt in the Egyptian School of Menes. In China—at that period of her history—there was a similar decadence from the practices of their ancient Golden Age, when the Shoo Dynasty, 2356 B.C., settled in the fertile province of Honan on the Yellow River.

Laoutze was born in the old university city of Lo-yang, situated picturesquely on a hilly range that ran parallel with the south bank of the Yellow River and separated the basin of a large tributary. It had been the original capital of the Chow Dynasty, but the Court and Government for some centuries past had removed to a new capital lower down. It was still the seat of the old learning and ecclesiastical ceremony, and retained the Recording Offices necessary for State Ancestral Worship.

His family was noble but poor, and exercised the hereditary official functions of Keepers of State Records and Rolls. His paternal home was out in the suburbs in a secluded valley of the hills. Every day as a youth he used to accompany his father to his office in the city, in order to learn his hereditary duties. Instead of busying himself in formal work he loved to sit amidst the shelves where the mustiest old documents were stored in order, he said, to imbibe the wisdom of the Sages, of the Golden Ancients, long lost. He evidently possessed natural psychometric gifts. His father thought he was idling.

The effect appeared when he lost his father and was left at an early age to manage for himself. He became an eccentric and a crank. He refused to finish his education in the conventional formal knowledge taught at the university. He proclaimed that he was going to train himself in the method employed in the ancient golden age. It was to turn inward for all information and not outward, and to keep in quiet absorption and seclusion while the seeds of Tao (Spirit Life-energy), which were implanted in each soul by Celestials before their birth into Time, should be allowed to sprout and push their fibres and tendrils spontaneously in the fostering warm spirit of Tih (Nature) which brooded over every scene and every soul in it.

"A POSITIVE STATE OF VACUITY."

His relatives said it was laziness. For after office work he would return home to his fond lonely mother, sit under the garden plum-tree, under which he was born, play awhile on his flute or mandolin, and then go off into a silent still semi-trance for hours, thinking of nothing, or rather it should be written "no-thingness." For he employed a positive state of vacuity of mind, where no things were allowed to pass through, in the shape of words or thoughts or any definition of object, but only the feelings were allowed to permeate and brood as sublimated sensitiveness or psychic instinctiveness. In other words, he turned his inner attention backwards down his cerebellum and spine and plexus instead of forwards through the forehead as is requisite in intellectual abstraction and in objective perception.

Like Thoreau he preached also the advantage of returning to the Simple Life in communings with Nature, and thereby shunning the wear and tear of formal social life. He even refused to marry and chose a life of celibacy in order to be free to preach his new gospel of Naturalism. It is a shocking sin in China not to beget children so as to continue service to ancestors. He loved to sit angling at the riverside, to pore o'er brook and fell and "annihilate all that's made into a green thought in a green shade," and so to return home with new ideas and new energies spontaneously possessing him. Curiously the very latest theories of education are now being promulgated by educational reformers on similar lines.

He used many phrases to describe his system of thought. They were very expressive of those great original ideas which he affirmed had been usual when human souls once were living in an infantile state of celestial serenity in a Golden Age that once on a time expressed the World-Soul. By means of getting back in Time inwardly and dropping the appearances caused by the narrow intellect, and abiding in the Eternal Present, he affirmed we could regain what he called the "Wisdom of the Ancients." Here, of course, he was repeating what Greece and Rome also playfully credited, but never seriously adapted themselves to.

THE SECRET OF SECRETS.

Another phrase of his was regaining the "Secret of Secrets" by the process of a "Nameless Simplicity of Tranquillity." Here we see the Quietist at work using the single-eyed vision, and the discarding of names and distinctions required for the development of spiritual immediate apprehension. Keats' letters show us that he also spent hours commonly in this "lazing," as he styled it; Wordsworth followed and developed the practice and preached it in his poem "The Excursion."

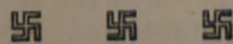
So years went by; his generation passed into middle age and a new generation of students grew up at the University, and the results of Laoutze's eccentric experiment became tested by time.

Despite his want of academical training there never had been a Recorder so marvellously efficient. Any question on points of custom or law, required by the Government, he could decide by finding the documents at a moment's notice. He professed to have lived backwards in time through all history, and to have travelled through the world without leaving his room. Every day he was in radiant health, light-hearted and as full of energy as a boy, while his contemporaries were aged with the worries of Chinese social and domestic formality. So the new generation gave him the nickname of the Old Boy, or the Juvenile Ancient of Days. For the title La-outze bears that signification; his family name was Li-uh.

A deputation of scholars and professors one day paid him a formal visit, and petitioned him to form a class and lecture to them about his Secret of Secrets. He replied, the lark cannot explain to farm-house fowls why he goes up daily into the "blue" and sings while they are content all day to scratch the earth for insects and worms. Each did right according to the nature implanted before birth, and the Secret of Secrets could not be taught by words. For words bring thoughts of things, and the Secret was to be the thinker and not the thing. However, if any of them wanted it by the earnest spontaneous call of nature, let them come of evenings and sit silently with him under his plum-tree, and all he possessed would be shared by them through wordless interpenetration of Tao and Tih, and their specific qualities would show themselves above the soil.

So Laoutze formed what we may call the first Quakers' Meeting of Friends. In this way a large band of followers became developed disciples, who in the course of many years grew round him, and these returning to their homes in various provinces spread his tenets and practices throughout China. The King, hearing this, once sent a deputation to offer him the Governmental post of Director of Laws and Ordinances. They found him angling at the riverside. He replied that he thanked his Majesty for the honour intended, but the Ancient Sages whom he followed taught that Kings should make no laws or ordinances save the one that each citizen should seek to make himself what the Tao in him urged, and allow his neighbours also to obey their own quiet growth. If a King prohibited this or that it only made the citizens greater law-breakers. The wisdom of this discernment the Prohibitionists in America are now, after two thousand five hundred years, just discovering. Britons luckily have been better Tao-ists and have objected to "grandmotherly legislation" which obstructed free independence of individuality.

(To be concluded next month.)



OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Kansas (U.S.A.) Subscriber: "I enjoy the *Gazette* very much for a boy eighty-three years old, soon."

A Lewisham Subscriber: "Please receive subscription for one year's *I.P.G.*—the BEST! not one of the best."

A Gloucester Subscriber:—"I am happy to enclose another year's subscription for your ably edited and interesting *Gazette*, and to wish you and it every success."

THE International Psychic Gazette

The Independent Monthly Organ of
Spiritualism and Psychical Research.

All communications for the Publishing, Editorial, or Advertising Departments should be addressed to—

69, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

The History of The Parliamentary Fund.

The following leading article appeared in our issue of December, 1924, and we reprint it now as it gives just the information many readers and several correspondents are asking for at the present moment.

THE National Spiritualists' Union, at its annual Conference in Glasgow on July 3, 1916, passed the following resolution:—

"That the Council be instructed to open a Fund (£1,000) for the purpose of securing the amendment of the Witchcraft Acts and the Vagrancy Act, adequate protection of mediums, and all necessary machinery."

HOW THE FUND WAS RAISED.

The Fund was at once opened by a successful Public Appeal for subscriptions, which is understood to have yielded at least £1,000. Eight years have however passed without any Bill going before Parliament to amend the antiquated Acts under which Spiritualists and others are being so iniquitously maltreated. Adequate protection of mediums has not been given, or even attempted. And if the "necessary machinery" for Parliamentary action was ever set up it has totally failed to operate. A duly constituted Parliamentary Committee exists, but though consisting of well-intentioned people, widely scattered, it seems powerless.

That is a truly melancholy condition of affairs. The responsible chief councillors of the great Spiritualist movement, with its hundreds of churches throughout the country, have failed in the duty entrusted to them. Why? That is the question every Spiritualist is entitled to ask, and to which every subscriber to the Parliamentary Fund is entitled to an answer.

For the Fund, be it noted, was not the property of the Union, to do with it what it pleased, but a trust reposed in it for a specific purpose by the subscribers.

A BILL NEVER PRESENTED.

The last two years of the war and the first years of the peace may have made an approach to Parliament untimely. But what about the last two years which have seen one Parliament elected with a strong body of members pledged to support our demands, and another Parliament since in power, some of whose Cabinet Ministers were willing to grant them? A short one-clause Bill, admirable for the purpose, prepared by Mr. E. P. Hewitt, K.C., was in the S.N.U. Parliamentary Committee's hands; why was it never presented? Why was such a favourable opportunity missed?

Repeated efforts have been made to stimulate the Parliamentary Committee to action, or at least to be frank with the Movement as to the reason for its inaction. But these efforts were invariably met by a stolid silence. Mr. Tozer, of Australia, wrote in this *Gazette* that Colonial mediums were also suffering from the S.N.U.'s lethargy, and said that if money was the trouble they would help. A London medium protested without avail, and this *Gazette* has also done its best to awake the Committee from its slumber.

OUR REMINDERS APPROVED.

Mrs. Jessie Greenwood, J.P., the honoured President of the S.N.U., in her last annual Presidential Address to the Union said:—

"A good deal of criticism has been levelled at the Council because of the delay in getting this matter through Parliament. The Secretary has power to be in attendance at short notice whenever a chance arises for our short

Bill to be presented. Mr. R. Boddington, too, who is on the spot, has agreed to assist. I am persuaded these reminders from outside the Union are good for us."

MR. BERRY'S EXPLANATIONS.

Mr. George F. Berry, the General Secretary of the S.N.U., has now written an apology for the Council in the *National Spiritualist*, in which he explains that:—

"Rather than squander the whole of the Fund on what appeared a vain attempt to get past the inevitable ecclesiastical and lay opposition behind Parliament, the idea was conceived that our purpose would be best served by a Petition instead of a Bill aiming to amend the law."

A Petition was therefore prepared—seven years ago! He continues:—

"Upwards of 40,000 signatures were secured to this Petition, and only the difficulties of the war years and the post-war problems following, prevented the presentation to Parliament."

"Early in January, 1923, steps were taken to bring the Petition before the House of Commons. But a great disappointment unexpectedly confronted the Parliamentary Committee. After consulting the very highest Parliamentary authority it was made clear to us that the Petition on which we had built our hopes for so many years would do nothing to amend the law, even if accepted by Parliament. 'Only an Act of Parliament can annul or amend existing Acts'—that was the dictum from which there was no escape." [This Petition was ultimately presented in Parliament when it was long out of date. Many of its signatories were dead!]

"A HOUSE OF CARDS."

Thus is exposed for the first time the deplorable fact that the Parliamentary Committee had for over six years been proceeding on a wrong track. It had foolishly swallowed the advice of a windbag introduced to them as "a gentleman of extensive knowledge of the procedure of the House of Commons, who had spent many years within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament, and whose opinions were more valuable than those of lawyers and K.C.'s!" It turned out eventually that he was merely a printer's reader in the city, and then he utterly denied having given the advice attributed to him! This "debacle" was thus described by Mr. Berry himself in an official letter of May, 1923:—

"The cold naked truth is the facts are against us. The structure built by our work from 1918 onwards is proved to be only a house of cards, and at the first puff of the adverse wind it is thrown down and hopelessly wrecked."

THE HEWITT BILL.

Mr. Berry proceeds to say:—

"Undaunted but saddened by the setback, instructions were given to a K.C., a Spiritualist, and favourable to our Cause, to draft a Bill to meet our case. The draft Bill was submitted to the S.N.U. Newcastle Conference for approval, and later was returned to the K.C., to redraft, so as to make its provisions applicable to Scotland, equally with England and Wales."

Mr. Berry omits the date at which the Bill was sent back. Perhaps he will now supply it. [The K.C. referred to told us he had never received it back.] The remainder of his apology is taken up with the sad uncertainty of Parliamentary life, which, he says, "is surely a good reason for the exercise of the commonsense which hesitates to spend funds recklessly."

AN ACCOUNT CALLED FOR.

The Council's carefulness not "to spend funds recklessly" or "to squander them in any vain attempt" will be duly appreciated, but we suggest that at the present juncture some details might well be given to the subscribers of the Parliamentary Fund—as to its original amount, how much has been spent, on what objects it has been spent, what interest has accrued, and what is the figure at which it now stands?

THE MONEY MISUSED.

Astounding first-hand information reached us on November 13 that a large part of the Fund was squandered in legal proceedings, carried to the High Courts, to resist the country's call to military service of one of the custodians of the Fund!

Was this expenditure authorised by the Parliamentary Committee? Was it properly within the terms of their threefold remit—(1) to secure an amendment of the old laws, (2) to protect mediums, and (3) to provide the necessary machinery for these objects?

If not, then that large amount should be immediately restored to the Fund, either by (1) the person who escaped the field of battle, or (2) the persons who diverted the Fund, or (3) by the S.N.U., as ultimately responsible. This should be done at once, so that the essential work for which the Parliamentary Fund and Committee were called into being should be no longer paralysed.

J. L.

September, 1931.

OUR
A MONTHLY REVIEW

(This CH)

Person

MY EXPERIMENT

D. R. EUGENE

director of the

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Metapsychique, No.

to my mediumship

public demonstration

By way of introducing

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February 10, 1926, M.

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(NOTE by P. F.—On

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(NOTE by P. F.—In

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question and receiving

compliment very flatter-

Dr. Osty next give

symbolically at the na-

OUR INTERNATIONAL CHRONICLE:

A MONTHLY RECORD OF SPIRITUALISTIC AND PSYCHIC HAPPENINGS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, WITH SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

By MONSIEUR PASCAL FORTHUNY.

(This Chronicle is Written in French, and is Translated into English by the Editor.)

Personal Recollections.

MY EXPERIMENTS AT THE METAPSYCHIC INSTITUTE.

DR. EUGENE OSTY, the distinguished director of the Metapsychic Institute in Paris has been so good as to recall (*Revue Metapsychique*, No. 2, 1931) some facts relative to my mediumship at the time I was giving public demonstrations at the Institute.

By way of introduction he says:—"I have narrated elsewhere how M. Pascal Forthuny caused astonishment, and was himself astonished, when at a meeting of friends he thought he would parody as a joke the mannerisms of clairvoyants. It was then observed that his imagination, instead of constructing mere fancies, was informing him about realities, precise and not commonplace, which related to the possessors of the objects placed in his hands for (pretended) psychometry."

Further on, in his learned article on "How to reveal or unveil the gift of supernormal knowledge," the Doctor says:—

"In a public seance at the Metapsychic Institute on February 10, 1926, M. Forthuny, while walking among the audience, said to two young men, who had come for the first time:—'Cardinal? You are two persons to whom I am obliged to say the word "Cardinal." Do you not manipulate some sort of luminous matter which is explosive? You do not make powder however. And yet you make a terrible powder! Cardinal! Yes, you make powder to blow up Cardinals, the Cardinals of Curie?'"

"The two young men were pupils of Mme. Curie, the illustrious scientist and widow of Monsieur Curie, the discoverer of radium. The notion, arrived at by supernormal perception of the idea of radium and Mme. Curie, had presented itself to the consciousness of the medium under an image almost correct—for the radium, which radiates and is explosive in its atoms, and for Mme. Curie in an allegory suggested by an association of subconscious thoughts—Curie, Cardinal de Curie, Cardinal."

(NOTE by P. F.—One calls Curie, at the Vatican, the whole of the religious personalities who constitute the papal government. In this Curie there figure Cardinals who are called Cardinals de Curie. The young people to whom I spoke worked with Mme. Curie, and were in a sense her Cardinals; so there was here a curious piece of word-play.)

Dr. Osty continues:—"In another seance, in December, 1925, M. Forthuny stopped before a lady who had not been at the Institute before and said:—'Have you not gone up in a balloon? I think so. I think also that the month of July concerns you particularly. This idea of the balloon is purely symbolical. I see you in summer on a height and as if you were staggering from dizziness. At that moment, you were ready to lose consciousness of yourself. You had lost courage and had no longer command of yourself. You were terribly dizzy and said, 'This is the end of my life.'"

The Doctor says that in the previous month of July, Madame C., the lady spoken to, had a very serious attack of pleurisy and at one moment of her illness had such intense dizziness that she said, "If this lasts longer I shall die." The notion of dizziness had come into the consciousness of the medium by the associative image of a balloon.

"In the course of another seance," says the Doctor, "M. Forthuny passing before a gentleman said:—'Cadet! I hear Cadet near my ear. Do you not call yourself Cadet?' 'No,' was the reply, 'I am called Roussel.'"

(NOTE by P. F.—In order to understand this question and reply it is necessary to explain that in France the two names Cadet and Roussel are intimately bound together. In the old popular chansons there is always a comic person called "Cadet-Roussel." He was the type of man foolish and stupid, and so in asking the gentleman this question and receiving his reply I did not pay him a compliment very flattering!)

Dr. Osty next gives the case in which I arrived symbolically at the name of a workman named Ramon

Moreno, but as I have already narrated this story at length in my Recollections I need not repeat it.

The same applies to my experiments in describing in advance unknown persons who would sit in certain marked chairs in a hall when the audience was admitted and seated itself by hazard. These experiments the Doctor says were "a stirring and incontestable success." He adds, "I have published elsewhere an account of these seances, but since this publication there occurred the most remarkable result of all obtained, and I shall speak of that later." I myself, who write these lines, have no knowledge or recollection of the incident referred to, and will look forward to the Doctor's description with lively interest.

THE DENTIST WHO RESEMBLED SCHUBERT!

I received a visit one day from Mdlle. L. M., a young lady from Strasburg, who wished me to throw light on certain sentimental questions affecting her, and also on her health.

When we had finished speaking of the love affairs, I said, "Mademoiselle, your health does not please me at all; you have some very bad teeth." "Not at all," she replied, "they are excellent." "Alas!" I said, "I am very sorry to say that you are about to lose them." "That is impossible, sir," she declared, so I merely added, "Very well, we shall see what happens in the next few months."

When she was about to go, obviously utterly sceptical about my diagnosis, I said, "About this affair of your teeth, you will be obliged to go into a hospital to have them extracted, and there you will see a young man, not handsome, but with a profusion of ruffled hair, which will make him resemble certain portraits of Schubert, the great composer, when he was about twenty-five."

On August 17, 1930, about eight months later, I received a letter from my Strasburg visitor. She wrote:—"As you foresaw I have been obliged to submit myself to serious dental operations, much more serious than I could have believed. Eighteen teeth were extracted, and there were great complications. I had to remain in bed in the hospital for three weeks. And here is a thing most extraordinary. The principal assistant of the surgeon was a young man, twenty-four years of age, with an ugly head covered with bushy hair, who so closely resembles the great German composer you mentioned to me, that his comrades call him 'Schubert'! You had foreseen him well."

Since then I have learnt that Mdlle. L. M. no longer considers me a false prophet, but she has not come to see me again. I think she fears I might say:—"In six months you will lose the remainder of your teeth, and your dentist will resemble Mozart!"

THE PARIS WORLD CONGRESS.

There are some people who, when they call up the past, become sad, because their recollections remind them they are growing old! But how mistaken they are!

Other persons reflect differently. Their years have not passed away as the dead leaves. Just as our dear departed ones live in our memories, and in reality in the other world, so the years of ever so long ago are not quite done with, if we have the sage philosophy to find pleasure in making them live again in memory as if they were still a real part of us. If we do not wish to grow old too quickly, let us with a smile recall the spring and summer of our lives and so soften the rigours of the years which mark our autumn and soon our winter!

It is thus that to-day I see again, as if it were yesterday, the International Congress of Spiritualists in Paris in 1925, reminded of it as I am by the Congress which is about to be held at The Hague in the early part of this month. Some months before that Congress was held Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sent a personal message to M. Jean Meyer, by Mr. John Lewis, and I happened to be present with M. Meyer when it was delivered *viva voce*. It was, "Let us join all our efforts to raise ourselves above national or party prejudices, and let us unite as allies in the combat, which is in reality God's battle!" M. Leon Denis, the Doyen of the Congress, delivered an

admirable fraternal address of welcome on September 6 to the Spiritualists of many nations who had come together, and a few days later I had the honour of presenting Sir Arthur to the people of Paris when he delivered a memorable *exposé* of his Spiritualistic conceptions before an audience numbering some thousands. Then I recall that Gabriel Delanne, another great and loyal Spiritualist, gave a very beautiful discourse, and called upon "The Spirits of Light" to enlighten and inspire the Congress. So far as concerns myself I organised an exhibition of Spiritualist art, gathered from far and near, and was richly compensated for my trouble by its success. Then I wrote and composed a special hymn, which was printed in six different languages, and was thus heartily sung by all present. I am sending some copies of it to The Hague Congress and shall feel honoured should the choristers of the Congress find room for it in their programme. *La Revue Spirite* gave the following counsel, "Brothers of all countries, make known the Spiritualist hymn of Pascal Forthuny, which was sanctified by the International Spiritualist Congress." On September 8, Mme. Madeleine Barjac, of the Comedie Française, gave a great musical festival at the Maison des Spirites, and recited one of my poems. And after the concert I gave a public demonstration of clairvoyance with musical improvisations. It was my pleasure to receive and instruct all the journalists who came to the Congress and as far as possible to make everyone feel at home. And when all was over M. Jean Meyer embraced me and expressed his gratitude! These are recollections that please and amuse me to-day, and they give me the idea of recounting some very curious phenomena that were realised then, before the spirit of jealousy and discord entered into the Maison des Spirites and brought about its decline. I feel sure they would interest my readers.

P. F.

The Chronicle.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE END OF 1931.

ME. FRAYA, one of the most notable clairvoyants in France, has been giving anticipations of mundane events to occur before the end of the year.

For the United States she foresees no immediate amelioration in its affairs, and says the present depression has not yet reached its lowest degree. President Hoover will continue his Presidency till the end of his term, but will become very unpopular at the moment he leaves White House. The commercial situation will not be stable for several years. Bolshevism will continue in Russia and will have an influence on the rest of the world, but that will be the result of an evolution extending over several years. No great events of world importance will happen about the end of this year. England will not emerge immediately from its difficulties. Some people fear there will be a separation of Great Britain from India and other dominions, but soon everything will proceed smoothly. A new political personage is about to appear, a man of exceptional energy, great intellectual culture, and a marvellous organiser. This man will completely reorganise the British Empire and repair the mistakes made by his predecessors, who have been carried away by erroneous humanitarian considerations. England will then have its dictator who will put an end to the want of work. Germany will remain a republic, and will not risk another war because it knows the League of Nations would thwart it. There will shortly be a number of political risings in Central Europe, including a fruitless effort to re-establish the Austrian dynasty. There will be a revolution in Roumania, where a republic will be proclaimed. Poland will go through a period of transformations and revolutions, which will have a great influence on its future. There will also be many changes in Spain, but the monarchy will not be re-established. The end of the year will be difficult for all Europe, but 1932 will be better for everybody. So says this prophetess !

300,000 SPIRITUALISTS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

On July 5, there was inaugurated at Radwanitz, in Eastern Silesia, a Spiritualist headquarters, on the occasion of the Czecho-Slovakian National Spiritualist Congress.

The President read a report giving particulars of the spread of Spiritualism in the country since the war and declared that there were now more than 300,000 Spiritualists organised in groups linked to the National Association.

A FAMOUS NORWEGIAN MEDIUM.

Madame Ingeborg is well known as a great Norwegian medium and Dr. G. Warther gives new details about her faculties in *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie*.

Married, and thirty-five years of age, madame is never ill, not at all nervous, and perfectly well-balanced. She converted her father, a Judge at Frederickstad, to a belief in Spiritualism and he has published works on the subject since 1920. Many learned Norwegians have been astonished by madame's communications of a prophetic character, received clairvoyantly, which later events proved to be true. She has also produced many messages from the other world, which faithfully reproduced the handwriting of deceased persons she had never known. While she receives these communications, madame usually reads aloud from some book, in order to combat any possible action of her "subconscious." She also receives apports and reads unopened letters. Judge Dahl's book on his daughter's endowments is entitled "*Livet efter Døden i nyt*," and it is published by Aschehøng at Oslo.

MEDIUMISTIC NEGROES.

In the review *East Africa*, Mr. J. Nobel Williams adds to the literature on the mediumship of negroes by an article from which I cull these stories :—

Mr. Williams was one night encamped to the south of Lake Tanganyika when a negro, greatly excited, came to him and said he smelt blood and was convinced that there had been a battle between the whites and Arabs on the shore of Lake Nyanza, a long distance away. When Mr. Williams travelled to this lake he learned, in the town of Karonga, that this battle had in fact taken place at the very time the negro had announced it to him.

On the occasion of a proposed elephant hunt, certain negro hunters were notified to be at a certain point at a certain hour. They did not arrive, and when a negro sorcerer was consulted as to the cause of their absence, he asked for the names of the missing men. Then he lit a fire of malodorous roots, fell into trance and said, "This one is dead of fever, this one killed four elephants, this one has been killed, and the others will come here in three months." All this was found later to be true, though the sorcerer could normally have had no information about what had happened to the party.

A MEDIUM ACQUITTED.

Mr. A. S. Taylor, of Manly, Sydney, writes to the *Harbinger of Light*, as follows:—

A case of considerable interest to local Spiritualists has occurred here. Mrs. Joan Harvey, who holds regular meetings, was summoned recently and charged with fortune-telling. The case lasted the greater part of two days. Mrs. Harvey underwent a gruelling cross-examination for quite four hours. Evidently her answers surprised the Police Magistrate and he inquired where she had received her education. She told him and added that she had also received her degree for psychology which she gained at Edinburgh University. The case was dismissed. The P.M.'s decision was that the police had failed to prove their case. Mrs. Harvey was showered with congratulations.

PREHISTORIC BURIAL CUSTOMS.

A very curious communication has recently been made to the French Academy relative to the burial customs of certain prehistoric races.

Its information is based on the discovery of skeletons found in paleolithic tombs opened at Grimaldi, La Ferrassie, Les Eyzies (Côte d'Azur), and Charente. The skeletons had been painted with a red-ochre colour, showing that they had been completely unfleshed before burial. Why? Because these ancient peoples probably believed that man's life was prolonged, in some different form, in the grave. Therefore they painted the bones with the colour of blood, representing life.

Similarly, skeletons were found decorated with jewels, necklets, and bracelets, and beside them arms, and pieces of flesh intended to nourish them after death.

Though rendering these honours to the dead the prehistoric people were afraid of them and heaped piles of stones on the graves so that their phantoms should not come and frighten the living. For the same reason they tied up the skeletons in many curious ways to prevent them coming forth. The same usages are said to exist to-day among certain primitive tribes. The Thougas, for example, tie up their dead immediately, before the death-rigidity takes place, and even, by an excess of precaution, as soon as the death agony has commenced. Thus they believe they prevent the apparition of ghosts!

September, 1931.

A CURIOUS DIV

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This house was demolished, Georg Schuttelknecht told me, two years ago with his creaking wheels of an inventory. At the same time he heard and the crack of a whip in his ears. Some haunting neighbourhood of the he

A CURIOUS DIVORCE CASE.

A very curious case has just been considered by the Divorce Court in Paris. Here are the facts :—

A certain widower remarried, and two months after this new union he became interested in table-turning and continually invoked the spirit of his first wife. The new wife naturally became jealous of his constant communings with her predecessor, and her conjugal life became unendurable. For every night at midnight her husband leapt out of bed, rushed to the little table, and carried on a conversation in the tenderest terms with his deceased spouse. Sometimes he even went into trance and all the tables in the house would start dancing. And as this sort of thing would go on till dawn, the second wife could get no sleep at all. To add insult to injury the first wife told her through the table :—" You don't take good care of my husband, and you can't even cook ! "

That brought matters to a head. The second wife was so angry that she sought for a divorce at the earliest possible moment. Unhappily the Tribunal said it could not give a decision in so delicate an affair, and declined to grant a decree. So the two unhappy spouses are fated to continue their nocturnal wranglings around the insulting table ! But I think this second wife must be rather a meek and gentle creature, for I have heard of wives who in such circumstances would have smashed every table in the house !

PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTS BY A JOURNAL.

The French Press is becoming more and more interested in supernormal facts, and on July 4 the important Paris newspaper *L'Intrangeant* tried some home experiments.

Two editors of the journal each wrote a sentence on a piece of paper which was then closed with eight folds. The papers were then placed before Hamid Khan, a Hindoo aged 23 years, seated at a table in another room of the office. He looked at them without touching them and then read what had been written on the papers, word for word. The experiment was performed three times with success.

On other papers questions were written and placed folded in front of Hamid Khan. He said to the two questioners, " Hold a pen dipped in ink in your hand, and wait." A few seconds later the papers were opened and correct answers were found on them, in the handwriting of the Hindoo, who had again not even touched them !

The *Intrangeant* says :—" This is prodigious ! Phenomena of clairvoyance and writing at a distance which are exceedingly disconcerting ! "

MARIA SILBERT AND LUMINOUS PHENOMENA.

Maria Silbert, of Gratz, Austria, who was unjustly criticised by an investigator of the London S.P.R., is none the less an admirable medium.

In *Zeitschrift für Metapsychische Forschung* Professor Maximilian Jeller describes some of her phenomena he has witnessed. On June 3, 1930, he was walking beside Madame Silbert when suddenly, in crossing a street, several magnificent flashes, half a yard long, were produced around them. Then Madame Silbert said, " We are surrounded ! " Another light flashed, the medium spoke to her spirit guide, and again a flash responded. When they entered Madame's house, a light so powerful played upon them that she was afraid.

On November 29, 1930, the Professor observed similar phenomena with Mme. Silbert in an avenue. Luminous stars poured forth from a hedge bordering a garden in a suburb of Gratz. Finally on January 29, 1931, he was present when veritable electrical discharges were produced around the face of this astonishing woman.

A HAUNTED SPOT.

In the same review the story is told of a haunted house in Austria where violent poltergeist phenomena were witnessed by police inquirers many years ago.

This house was demolished, but quite near to where it stood, Georg Schüttelkopf, a woodman, was working two years ago with his companions, when he heard the creaking wheels of an invisible vehicle passing beside him. At the same time he heard the phantom horses' footsteps and the crack of a whip so violent that it almost split his ears. Some haunting seems to be still attached to the neighbourhood of the house which was pulled down.

WHERE MATERIALISTIC SCIENCE FAILS.

We borrow the following judgment from *La Revue Spirite Belge* :—

" Materialistic science has cleared the path which leads to Truth. It has shown us how the human body is the last link in the uninterrupted chain of terrestrial animal life. However, it has been grievously wrong in studying only material and biological problems. It has neglected the Spiritualist side of this vast problem. The simple and fundamental principle, the soul and its evolution, has escaped it. By itself, matter would not evolve. It is the creative idea in the soul which fashions the body, the material envelope, the vestment, the instrument, according to the needs of matter and its degree of evolution. Matter is subject to the will of the spirit."

THE HIDDEN MONEY.

The Spiritualist Society of Terehan reports the following occult happening at Kazvine, Persia.

One night at the end of August last, Mr. Mordezah, a local police officer, was perambulating the town when he heard loud and angry cries coming from a house. He immediately entered and questioned the persons present. They were a widow named Farkondé, whose husband had died two weeks before ; another woman named Bala who had a few days ago purchased the house from Mrs. Farkondé, a sub-officer named Reza Khan, and a workman named Gholi, who had just dug a hole under the staircase.

This is what happened. Two or three nights before Mrs. Farkondé had dreamt that her deceased husband had come to tell her how vexed he was that she had sold the house so speedily. He told her to go to Mrs. Bala, the new owner, and ask permission to recover a sum equal to about £16, which he had long ago buried under the staircase. She obeyed, and Mrs. Bala at first refused permission, but when Mrs. Farkondé returned with the sub-officer she yielded. The workman Gholi then dug a hole beneath the staircase and found a box containing a large quantity of coins. When this was revealed the two women disputed the ownership and it was their cries that had attracted the policeman.

The affair came before the Court, but during the proceedings Mrs. Farkondé died. The judges, however, decided that the money was the property of her heirs.

SPIRITUALIST TEACHERS WANTED.

The Minister of Public Instruction of Japan recently issued a circular from which we extract the following significant paragraph :—

" Till now the policy of our Ministry has oriented itself towards Materialism. This attitude conforms to the tendency of our times, but it has led to deplorable results—a veritable decline in public and private morality, the spread of Communism, and even in late years the growth of an Anarchist disposition. Therefore it is necessary that our system of education should be spiritualised. Towards this end the collaboration of Spiritualist instructors appears to us to be necessary, and I ardently desire their help."

A CHINESE MEDIUM IN JAVA.

Dr. A. Fitz has been studying the mediumship of a Chinaman at Java, and writes about him in *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie*.

The seances were held at Pasoeroan, the medium speaking in Chinese and Javanese. He is a man of thirty-six years, little and slender, and is called To Ha San. Curiously, he says he can only evoke the spirits of persons born in Java and buried there during the past ten years. He cannot call a spirit of longer date, or one of a foreign country.

In a room with the window open and the light lessened, To Ha sits at a table covered with a cloth, composes himself, is shaken as by electric shocks, and falls into trance. Then a spirit asked for by a sitter manifests, speaks through the medium's mouth, gives the names of his relatives present and absent, speaks of their health and mode of life, gives advice, and recalls past events in detail which have sometimes been long forgotten. When the spirits are asked to describe the Beyond they say it bears great resemblance to the world of the living. That is a testimony often given through European mediums.

P. F.

NOTE.—Communications for our Continental Editor should be addressed to Monsieur PASCAL FORTHUNY, 10 Avenue Frédéric Forthuny, Soisy-sous-Montmorency, France.

Letters to the Editor.

THE "POWER" GRAMOPHONE RECORD.

63, Prospect Road,
Moseley, Birmingham.

SIR,—I purchased the "Power" record upon the day of issue and was agreeably surprised at its excellent quality.

Apart from its intrinsic interest, its production and public issue mark a memorable advance in the popularising of psychic research in this country.

The record is a unique aid to propaganda and should prove invaluable in arousing interest and breaking down ignorant prejudice.

I trust that all your readers who possess gramophones will make a point of buying:—COLUMBIA D. X. 265, "Mrs. Meurig Morris in a Trance Address" (4/6), and promote its sale by every means in their power. They will thus show, in practical form, their personal appreciation of the Columbia Company's broad-minded and enterprising action in creating a precedent that is bound to produce valuable and far-reaching results, and which, in days to come, the Company will be proud of.—Yours faithfully,

H. ALLEN GEORGE.

THE CONAN DOYLE MEMORIAL FUND.

Rio de Janeiro.

DEAR SIR,—Having read about the above Fund in the *International Psychic Gazette*, I have great pleasure in enclosing £1 as my small contribution towards the same, as I think it should prove not only a proof of esteem to the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, by all those who revered him for the great work he carried on, in face of great criticism and opposition, but it should be a great magnet for bringing those into Spiritualism by centering their attention on this special Home, whilst think of what it will mean to mediums and others interested in this wonderful subject.

Also, being patronised and supervised by such a splendid enthusiast as Lady Conan Doyle, whose heart rings so true for the great Cause, it should be the greatest success not only from the start, but for always, and I look forward with the keenest pleasure and anxiety to seeing this Home established.

I think all Spiritualists owe a great gratitude to Lady Conan Doyle for carrying on the good work with such zeal and such courage.—Yours very truly,

HELEN D. PRIDHAM.

P.S.—I am only a travelling secretary, but I hope to spend some happy hours at this Home one of these days. I used to hear Sir Arthur speak in London, and have not

long since been to South Africa, and met various people who had the pleasure of knowing him. I was also able to read his book *re* his South African Travels.

THE PARLIAMENTARY FUND.

Wigan.

DEAR SIR,—I read with pleasure your reply in this month's *Gazette* to the officials of the Parliamentary Committee in regard to their remarks thrown out at the Conference of the Spiritualists' National Union. There seems to be a moving among the dry bones at last, and we should now get to know how the money was spent that was entrusted to them a good many years ago. But they don't like to give a detailed account for fear we might know too much, and then they would fall into the soup! If there is nothing wrong why have they held back so long? Now is the time to come forward and have things done properly by the Fund. Let them balance up, and let us see where all the money went that was collected, rather than try to cover up their own sins by attacking others.

All honour to the journal that stands for The Right!—Yours faithfully,

OLD SPIRITUALIST.

NOTE.—Mr. G. F. Berry, the General Secretary of the Spiritualists' National Union, has sent us a letter on this subject in terms of the instructions he received on July 4 or 5, which arrived on August 1, after the *Gazette* for the month dealing fully with the matter was already in the hands of our readers! Obviously he was in no great hurry! We have also a letter from Mr. Maurice Barbanell, the Hon. Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee, saying—"I absolutely deny that the funds subscribed for Parliamentary relief have been misused." Our correspondents ask for "details" and "specific instances" of the misuse of the Fund, and for their satisfaction we reprint on page 184 an article which will provide them with all the information they require, and at the same time dispose of Mr. Barbanell's "pointed and emphatic denial" which he has now intensified to an "absolute denial!"

The time has passed for fruitless discussions. As we said last month, "this is not a case for denials or covering up but for rectification and reparation, and for placing the Fund and its administration in other hands, so that the original intentions of the subscribers shall at last be faithfully carried out." In the meantime will Mr. Barbanell publish a comprehensive account of the way in which the money has been spent which was publicly subscribed for the adequate defence of mediums and for the alteration of the law?—ED., I.P.G.

BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

PROFESSOR BOZZANO'S TELEPATHIC CAT.

THE CAT IN THE MYSTERIES OF RELIGION AND MAGIC. By M. Oldfield Howey. Profusely illustrated. Riders. 15/- net.

The emblem of the cat in symbolism is one of the utmost antiquity, having persisted for several millenniums in representing good and evil, light and darkness, Christ and Satan, religion and black magic. The author of this remarkable work says, "The subjects to which the cat symbol introduces us are themselves so tremendous that scarcely one of them could be exhausted by a lifetime's exclusive devotion." And yet how few of us have dreamt of its importance either in religion or magic!

There are thirty-five learned chapters on every occult aspect of the cat, which will delight lovers of cats and curious information. Interesting stories of ghostly cats, by Mrs. Osborne Leonard and others, are quoted from this *Gazette*. There are also stories proving that cats have clairvoyant and telepathic powers. Of the latter category, here is a personal experience narrated by the celebrated Professor Bozzano:—

"There are certain days," he says, "when I tarry at my writing until a late hour, and I was thus absorbed by the subject of my work when I became literally possessed by the idea that my cat had need of me."

"I arose to seek her. After uselessly searching through the house, I went into the garden, and as darkness obscured the scene I called her. At last I heard a feeble mewing in the distance. I repeated my call and the mewing answered me, but the cat did not come."

"I returned to fetch a lantern and walked once more through the kitchen garden towards a field whence it seemed to me the cries arose. After some search I found my cat in a hedge, caught in a trap set for rabbits, with its slipknot encircling its neck. If she had struggled for her liberty she must have been strangled. Happily she had had the intelligence not to stir, but instead to send a message to her master asking for help."

"This action of the cat was not the first instance in which a telepathic communication was established between us."

SPIRITUALISM AND OCCULTISM.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE LIGHT OF OCCULT SCIENCE. By Dion Fortune. Riders. 3/6 net.

Dion Fortune claims that Spiritualism and Occultism throw much light on each other, and in this her latest book she correlates the two schools of thought and counter-checks them by means of psychology.

Among the subjects dealt with are: Spirit-teaching and Reincarnation, the Occultist's attitude towards spirit-intercourse, trance phenomena—spiritual and mental, hypnosis, the nature of vision, and the dawn of the higher consciousness.

GOOD BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

THE ARMS OF GOD: A Book of Simple Teachings for Very Little Children. By John Ure. London: Arthur Stockwell.

"JOHN URE" is the spirit author of this excellent book, and the thirty chapters were written down by the medium, one every day for a month, none taking more than half an hour. They consist of happy "bedtime talks" for children, and "a child's life of Jesus," highly suitable for instructing the young, and old too, in spiritual truths, as understood by someone who has attained to the clearer vision of the other world.

STORIES OLD AND NEW. By Captain A. Pearse, Author of "Merrie England." Exeter: Wheaten & Co., Ltd. Price 1/3 net.

This is a beautifully written and splendidly illustrated work by Captain Pearse, the famous artist, who is also well known as a remarkable psychic. Nothing better could be put in the hands of children to introduce them to the most interesting events in the country's history, in a way that will captivate their attention and remain in their memory.

How Sir

The following Spiritualistic Dean Collins passed into the It originally Oregon, U.S.

SIR AR

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ARRIVA

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How Sir Arthur Passed into the World he Created.

The following article, gem-like in its beauty, is not Spiritualistic, but is an imaginary sketch by Dean Collins of how Sir Arthur Conan Doyle passed into the world of his own immortal creations. It originally appeared in the PORTLAND TELEGRAM, Oregon, U.S.A.

SIR ARTHUR AT THE FERRY.

CHARON did not stir from his place, as the tall stooped figure drew near, but let his oar float idly in the dark and bitter waters of the Styx.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the traveller civilly, "but may I be your fare? I am eager to cross over, for I am anxious to meet Kingsley."

Charon bowed from where he sat, but made no move to untie his boat. "I should be honoured, Sir Arthur," he replied, "but there is a special transport arranged for you, and, I as the ferryman for ordinary souls, must needs bow to the insistence of your friends."

"A special transport! My son is coming to meet me then?"

Charon lifted his white head and listened, cocking his ear toward the endless soft twilight that lay upon the Styx and hid its other shore. "Mayhap he will come to meet you, sir, but not at this point. It is a group of your earlier companions who have arranged this welcome for you. Hark, they are hitherward already, and you may hear their singing."

Strong men's voices, fit to rend the gloom and send it flapping if it had been a material thing, came rolling across the smooth dark waters, drowning in their blast the distant three-fold barking of the great dog.

"What of the bow? the bow made in England,

A long bow, a strong bow, the wood of English bows,

And men who are free love the old yew tree,

And the land where the yew tree grows."

The great gay shade bent forward and listened as Charon listened. "It cannot be, and yet—"

Out of the mists—the grey equivocal mists that brood above the Styx—loomed the high broad bow of a sturdy craft, its prow scarred yellow, its sail bellied out, distorting the figure of St. Mark upon it.

Swept forward—it might be by the gust of the men's singing—the yellow cog loomed toward the pier where Sir Arthur Conan Doyle stood waiting in wonder.

"GIVE YOU GREETING, SIR NIGEL!"

"Fair sir, I trust that we have not kept thee waiting. We turned aside for a certain argument with pirates that sweep these seas, and were delayed. But they proved themselves very courageous and gentle men, and had their hearts not been turned aside to acts of wickedness and cruelty I believe that there are among them many as admirable men as ever drew sword."

Sir Arthur raised his head and his eyebrows in one gesture of amazement. "It cannot be, for you never existed outside the pages of my books, and yet—and yet! Give you greeting, Sir Nigel!"

"And greetings to you, fair sir. Will you come on board and join us on our further adventures?"

And over the shoulder of the little, bald-headed, gentle-eyed Sir Nigel loomed the rubicund face of Hordle John; and Black Simon of Norwich doffed his headpiece and came as near smiling as Black Simon could come; and Aylward shouldered through the press, his yew stave peeping two feet above his shoulder, and—"By my ten finger bones, it is a great moment that allows me to clap eyes upon thee, sir."

And Sir Arthur laid hands upon the rope they flung him, and clambered up the side of the yellow cog, where eager mailed hands reached out to draw him aboard.

And as he climbed the stoop left his shoulders, and his hair turned magically from silver to gold, and stepping upon the deck of the yellow cog he strided, young and magnificent as a blonde Viking, among the bowmen and men at arms of the White Company.

"And now about, and back across this sluggish river!" commanded Sir Nigel. And the sailors turned to handling the sails once more as the yellow cog drew away from the pier.

"Aye," said Sir Arthur, "let us be going, for I am eager to meet Kingsley, my son."

And the men of the White Company looked at him with troubled eye but said nothing.

And on the distant pier Charon rose in his black barge and lifted his black oar in salute, and farewell!

ARRIVAL ON THE OTHER SHORE.

The dark mists that brood above the Styx shredded away before the eternal and unimaginative sunshine of

Elysium, and the three-fold barking of the great dog belled closer and closer as the yellow cog drew nigh the pier.

"There is something familiar—something strangely familiar," puzzled the viking Sir Arthur; "it cannot be, of course, and yet—"

"The Hound of the Baskervilles—black brother to the hound Cerberus; see how he fawns on the pier to greet his master and creator!" And Sir Nigel pointed to where the great fire-flecked hound, ceasing his baying, crouched in eager welcome upon the shore.

"And here are our brethren waiting for us to bring you to them," shouted Aylward.

"The cog swept more closely toward the dock with light noises of tackle as the sailors prepared to land."

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND DR. WATSON.

"It is no miracle at all, my dear Watson—"

Sir Arthur drew a mighty breath as he heard the cool precise voice of the cloth-hatted gentleman who stood on the pier arguing with one who was obviously a professional man, much the quality and build of Sir Arthur himself.

"It is no miracle at all. Go back to earth if you wish, and ask any ten people you meet who is the more real, Hamlet or the present crown prince of Denmark, Dr. Watson or the local head of the health bureau, Sherlock Holmes or Pinkerton, Rodney Stone or Jack Dempsey."

"True," replied Dr. Watson, "and yet—"

"And yet, nothing," retorted Sherlock Holmes; "we owe our lives to this giant of creative imagination who comes now among us. Imagination being a thing not subject to the bounds and restrictions that control material things, we have been given a more enduring existence than any of those poor creatures who have come into the world in the ordinary manner, lived their brief span, accomplished their petty accomplishments and disappeared. We are immortally real because we are not made of the stuff that time and death can prey upon."

"Marvellous! I almost believe you are right."

"Right! Look about you. Who is more real than Brigadier Gerard here? Who has weathered so well the campaign against Monmouth as Micah Clark? Where lives a more gallant knight outside the Table Round than Nigel Loring there?"

THE LAND WHERE THE GREY GOOSE FLEW.

The yellow cog creaked against the pier and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle stepped ashore, to be surrounded by a throng of sturdy men in armour, men in doublets, men in Prince Alberts, men in the uniforms of Napoleon's army—and all marked by a common stamp of adventurous spirit and hardy masculine courage.

Someone pushed a foaming black jack into his hand, and scores of mugs were tossed high in a toast of welcome.

"I thank you," said Sir Arthur, looking about the gallant throng, "and I have no words to voice my full appreciation of this welcome. I wish I might become still better acquainted but—I am expecting to meet my son Kingsley and—"

Sherlock Holmes pointed to a road that curved away among the greenwoods, greenwoods vivid with the colour and the life of Old England. "If you follow that path, sir, you will come at last to the place and the person you seek. But we would that you would tarry with us a while at least."

"No, I must press on. Kingsley will be expecting me. . . . And he started forward along the path, which grew brighter and hazier the further it led.

"But we, too, have expected you; and who lived with you more gallantly and more constantly than we, while you lived?" sighed Sir Nigel.

Sir Arthur paused and turned back to look at the gallant gathering. "True," he said, "nobody has truly lived companion to me while I was alive, so much as any of those heroes in yonder company. Kingsley will be expecting me. And yet—"

Down below him ale mugs were swung aloft as the heroes sang again. Crashing came the chorus of their voices:—

"What of the shaft? the shaft was cut in England,

A long shaft, a strong shaft, barbed and trimmed and true,

So we'll drink all together to the grey goose feather—

And the land where the grey goose flew."

Tall and golden-haired as a Viking, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle turned full round, and down the hazy path that grew greener and more alive with the colour of the lanes of England he walked back to join those with whom he had lived so staunchly and merrily most of his life, and from whom he could not bear to separate now—even in Paradise.

The Story of Tydfil the Martyr.

By WILL CARLOS.

IN this brief chapter of Tydfil's life-story, Mr. Carlos refers to the Druids' knowledge of spirit-communion, and tells of the recovery of Tonwld from his wounds, his love for Tydfil, and his desire for liberty.

THE DRUIDS AND SPIRITUALISM.

Now the Druids at this time were in a state of flux as to their faith. Of old it had been taught them that some day the Son of the Sun (Ap Haul) should appear among them. A Christian priest attached to the Roman Legions had brought them the story of a visit to Britain of a great teacher, an Apostle of a new faith, called Paul, and had claimed that in Paul they had the literal fulfilment of their expectations. Ap Haul, deprived of the initial letters A and H, was Paul.

The Druids of the South had practically accepted the tenets of Paul but hesitated long before they accepted the new Christian doctrines finding favour in Rome. But the Druids of the West and North still adhered to their ancient faith, while willing to agree that the Pauline assurance of the reappearance of the dead was in accord with the inner teachings of Druidism.

Long had they been aware of the entry of the human soul into Gwnfyd after the physical dissolution. They knew it was possible to hold communion with the souls of the departed, and held such communion, but only among those who became initiated into the Order.

Tydfil had oftentimes been entranced, and had been the medium of such communications, and it was because of that gift she had been elected. Casedyn had advised her to yield to the influence of the spirit world, but only when safe sheltered by the Bardic Circle, and thus she became a vestal virgin. She considered herself, and was considered by the Circle, to be the oracle of the Divine.

And now there was come to her a human love that, try how she would, she could not cast aside. The thought of Tonwld intruded into her very prayers, interrupted her reveries, and was so disturbing an element in her mind, that she could not concentrate on Divine things. Thus she knew that she was fated to love this man, but she strove loyally to crush her love before it mastered her. Long and earnestly she would entreat her spiritual associates to assist her, and at length she found peace in the assurance that she was not destined to become a wife of man. She took no one into her confidence, not even Casedyn, but went through the struggle alone. Casedyn, however, knew that something was amiss, for she avoided private converse with him—a most unusual circumstance—and he shrewdly guessed the reason for it.

TONWLD HELD AS HOSTAGE.

Weeks passed and Brychan sent a message to Douglais informing him of his son's recovery, but claiming to hold him in hostage until Douglais would consent to refrain from incursions on the Welsh coast. Meanwhile Tonwld had regained full health and strength, and was now almost daily taking a share in the competitions among the chiefs and warriors, and his prowess won for him the admiration of the onlookers.

Tydfil duly apprised her father of Tonwld's action and asked that some favour should be shown him, and Brychan, feeling that some concession should be made, asked the young man what favour he desired. Tonwld demanded his liberty, but this Brychan would not consent to, not, at least, until the messenger returned with Douglais' answer.

Brychan eyed the young man searchingly.

"Dost thou tire of our hospitality?" he queried.

"Ask of the caged bird, is he content? Ask the snared hare or wolf entrapped, if they be satisfied? Would'st thou be pleased to stay a captive with an alien race?" returned Tonwld.

Brychan smiled. "Were I a captive in thy sire's hands, loaded with chains, i'd be kept in a dungeon and not allowed full liberty to bask in the sunshine, and to breathe the air of heaven. Did we not nurse thee back to pristine health, give thee attention by our own wise leech, treat thee as guest, not as captive foe?" he demanded.

Tonwld bowed. "All this I grant. I thank thee from my heart, but yet I feel the gall of such restraint, whether the gyves be iron or of silk they're gyves the same."

"If thou wert in my place," Brychan continued, "would'st thou such liberty have afforded me? If thou, to peace inclined, saw thy fair realm oft harassed by marauding foes, and I the leader of such foes had fallen into thy hands, would'st thou thus grant me graceful clemency?"

Tonwld was obliged to admit, "Only for some heavy

price, or submission to my rule, or the rendering of some great service."

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

Brychan replied that he was willing for a price to give him his freedom, but that price would be a solemn pact to refrain from future attacks. "Turn aside thy sire's hatred of us and let us dwell in peace; that would be a worthy task."

Tonwld did not think it possible to do so, for he said, "I conceived that hatred too, perhaps from my mother's milk, but since I have sojourned among you my hatred hath waned, and since I love thy daughter Tydfil none of that hatred remains."

Brychan cried out, "What! thou lovest my daughter! Can the ewe lamb mate with a wolf, the dove with the hawk? pshaw! the thing is impossible! Thou shalt not play the hawk with her!"

Tydfil, rising in alarm at her father's wrath, said, "Sire, I pray thee restrain thy wrath; he is no hawk."

Brychan said sadly, "Ah, child, thou knowest not the deeds attributed to him."

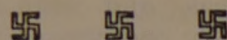
Tydfil was unwilling to believe ill of him without some proof, and Tonwld, on his own behalf, said that he knew that wild tales were told of his doings, but he claimed that most were untrue, for he had never harmed either women or child, the aged or the infirm.

Brychan admitted the strength of that plea, and said he was willing to grant the young man a boon. Tonwld replied that he wished for no boon but liberty, and he was willing for that to fight any of the chiefs in mortal combat.

Brychan asked his chiefs what answer should he give to this challenge. The chiefs agreed it was a fair demand and Brychan asked who of his chiefs would take up the challenge. Ifor, Silvanus, Cynon, and several others stepped out to claim the right, but Caswallon cried, "Hold, all of ye!" Turning to Brychan he said, "O Brychan, by thy grace give me the right to represent our race against this boaster. Two counts I dispute—first his right of liberty, which is not deserved; and the second I speak of with some loth, but not with shame, for I have loved thy daughter long without enkindling in her heart any response, but nevertheless I shall dispute his claim of her."

Brychan at once made it clear that Tydfil should not be the guerdon of the battle: the only issue was the liberty or non-liberty of the challenger. So it was agreed that on the seventh day following the battle was to be fought with swords and bucklers only.

(To be continued.)



CONAN DOYLE MEMORIAL FUND.

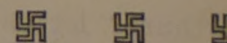
THE Hon. Treasurer of this Fund received the following donations from July 19 to August 18, 1931, inclusive, amounting to £11 15s. 6d., which, with £1,277 2s. 4d. previously acknowledged, brings the total donations to date to £1,288 17s. 10d.

TENTH LIST OF DONATIONS.

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Miss Louise Owen, per Mrs. Bishop Anderson	5	5	0
Broadgate Spiritualist Society, per W. J. Dalton	2	8	0
H. E. Buckley, Esq.	1	1	0
	£8	14	0

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Donations should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. A. C. Grigg, Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 121-125 Oxford Street, London, W.1.



WE regret to note that Messrs. Craig and George Falconer, the young Edinburgh psychic photographers, are having trouble from the police in South Africa. Owing to the exercise of their genuine gifts, they were arrested on a warrant at Johannesburg, taken before a magistrate, and remanded on £100 bail. When the reports of the trial come to hand we shall have something to say, and meantime wish them success in their defence.

September, 1931.

GHOSTLY DISTURBANCE.
ABBOTSFORD was formed from an old mansion, when Sir Walter was at the letter, dated April 30, 1830, describing a part of the building.

"The exposed state of the disturbance. The night by a violent noise, like new part of the house, and thought no more about in the morning."

"Last night, at the same noise occurred. Mr. timbersome, so up I got, under my arm—"

'Bold up And rea

But nothing was out of what occasioned the disturbance.

Lockhart, Sir Walter's morning Mr. Terry received William Erskine was bre chief subject of their conv of George Bullock in Ten had occurred on the same could ascertain at the ver roused from his sleep by th

Mr. Erskine wrote to account of the death of furnishing the new rooms had made himself a great

This made a great impr time, but a week or two referring to the incident in

"Were you not struck w of our nocturnal disturban to you the noise resembl work putting up boards can be more certain than premises at the time. Wit story would figure in Gra in the meantime you r Dubisson's Warnings, as a under your own observati

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THE LEADING
136, Wigmore Street

GHOSTLY DISTURBANCE AT ABBOTSFORD.

ABBOTSFORD was in process of being transformed from an old farmhouse into a stately mansion, when Sir Walter Scott wrote a letter, dated April 30, 1818, to his friend, Daniel Terry, describing a ghostly disturbance there. Sir Walter was at the time living in the older part of the building. He says:—

"The exposed state of my house has led to a mysterious disturbance. The night before last we were awakened by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. That was about two in the morning.

"Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S., as you know, is rather timbersome, so up I got, with Beardie's broad sword under my arm—

'Bold upright,
And ready to fight!'

But nothing was out of order. Neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance."

Lockhart, Sir Walter's biographer, says that on the morning Mr. Terry received this letter in London, Mr. William Erskine was breakfasting with him, and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of George Bullock in Tenterden Street, London, which had occurred on the same night and as nearly as they could ascertain at the very hour when Sir Walter was roused from his sleep by the violent noise.

Mr. Erskine wrote to Scott, giving him a detailed account of the death of Bullock, who had charge of furnishing the new rooms at Abbotsford, and while there had made himself a great favourite with old and young.

This made a great impression on Scott's mind at the time, but a week or two afterwards he wrote to Terry, referring to the incident in lighter vein. He said:—

"Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford? I protest to you the noise resembled half-a-dozen men hard at work putting up boards and furniture; and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time. With a few additional touches the story would figure in Granville or Aubrey's collection! In the meantime you may set it down with poor Dubisson's Warnings, as a remarkable coincidence coming under your own observation."

"*LIFE, THE GREAT ADVENTURE*" is the title of a pamphlet giving a verbatim report of an address by "Power" (Mrs. Meurig Morris's control) delivered in Glasgow on May 7. It is being sold (7d. post free) by the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, 26 Holland Street, Glasgow, C.2, for the benefit of their fund for the extension of buildings.

PALMISTS have hitherto been practically immune from police persecution at Margate, their profession being regarded as a form of innocent amusement for the visitors to that favourite seaside resort. On August 5, however, eleven lady palmists were fined £1 each for their "crime," the police officials having evidently discovered that this is a fine way of getting easy convictions and raking in money for their exchequer! They might well be more profitably employed.

"*POWER*" AT HARROGATE.—Mrs. Meurig Morris and Mr. Laurence Cowen visited Harrogate on Wednesday, August 18, when "Power" gave a stirring address in the Winter Gardens. Notwithstanding the inclement weather there was a large audience gathered from all parts of Yorkshire, in which many clergymen were in evidence. The address lasted fifty-six minutes, and was listened to with intense and reverent attention. Mrs. Boydell, Chairman of the Harrogate Spiritualist Church presided. Her five months old grandson had been christened in the afternoon by "Power," and was given the name of "John," which "Power" said was the most loved of names and was the spiritual synonym of faith.

"It is all very well for you, who have probably never seen any spiritual manifestations, to talk as you do; but had you seen what I have witnessed, you would hold a different opinion."—*Thackeray*.

A wise man should stand as firm as the promontory against which the waves are continually dashing, but which still remains unmoved and resists and composes the rage of the ocean that swells around it.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

All the frictions, all the uncertainties, all the ills, the sufferings, the fears, the forebodings, the perplexities of life come to us, because we are out of harmony with the divine order of things. Rowing against the tide is hard and uncertain. To come into the conscious, vital realisation of our oneness with the Infinite Life and Power is to come into the current of this divine sequence.—*Ralph Waldo Trine*.

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