

Gesellschaft für metaphysische Forschung e. V.

R 60



NEWS FROM THE NEXT WORLD

Being an account of the Survival of ANTONIUS STRADIUARIUS, FREDERICK CHOPIN, SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, THE BRONTËS, and of many of the Author's relatives and friends, as proved by their after-death manifestations, photographs and signatures; together with their description of the other-world life, and a discussion of the bearing of these evidences on the present-day religious teaching and practice of the Churches.

BY

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE

ICAR OF WESTON, OTLEY

AUTHOR OF "MAN'S SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH"

"PRESENT DAY SPIRIT PHENOMENA AND THE CHURCHES," ETC. ETC.

Gesellschaft für metaphysische Forschung e. V.



PART II



Special Edition for

THE PSYCHIC BOOK CLUB

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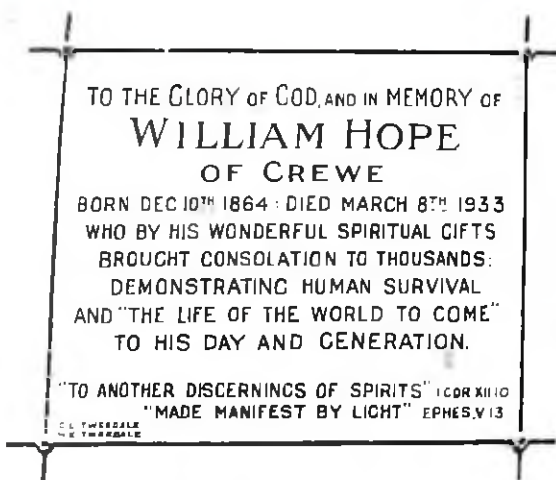
PLATE XXI

- I Original signatures of Antonius Stradiuarius.
- II Stradiuarius' signatures obtained at Weston.



PLATE XXII.

The Rev. C. L. Tweedale sounding the Cavern at Malham Cove.



MEMORIAL BRASS TO WILLIAM HOPE
 IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS,
 WESTON, NR. OTLEY, YORKS. UNVEILED
 BY THE REV. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE,
 VICAR, DECEMBER 10TH, 1933.



PLATE XXIII.

Memorial Tablet in Weston Church.

William Hope of Crewe.



Spirit photograph of
a Hindoo.



PLATE XXIV.
Spirit photograph of a Chinaman,
with Chinese message.



Spirit photograph of
Sir Hiram S. Maxim.



Mrs. Tweedale, Dorothy and
Stradiarius.
Rev. C. L. Tweedale and Stradiarius.



PLATE XXV.
Mrs. Leverson and spirit.
Photo of Major Leverson.



The Chief Constable and spirit photo
of his wife.

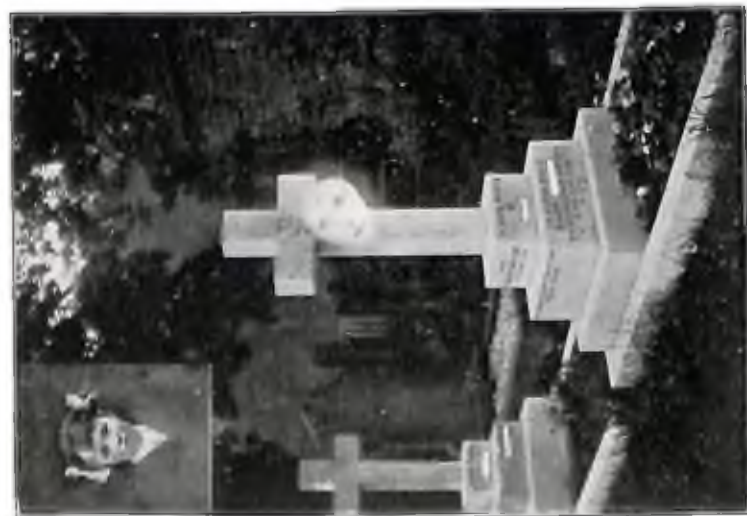


PLATE XXVI.
Spirit photograph taken in Weston Churchyard.
Spirit photograph showing Mrs. Kirby's daughter
and child.



PLATE XXVII.
The spirit photograph of Mr. Frank Burnett.
(Sitters: Rev. C. L. and Mrs. Tweedale.)
The spirit photograph of Lieutenant Naylor.



Spirit photograph of Mrs. M. E. Tweedale's mother and her fiancé.

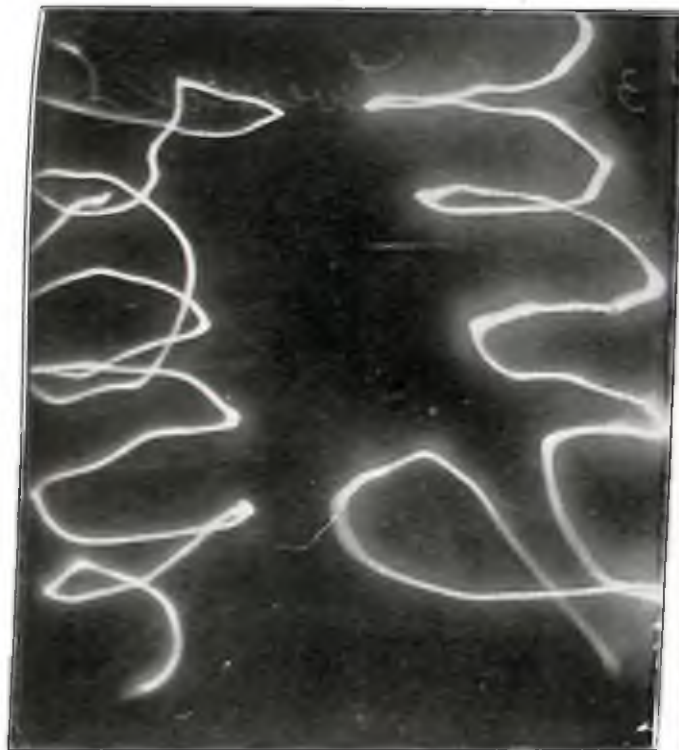


Spirit photograph of Lieut. McKenzie, showing death wound in left temple.

PLATE XXVIII.

Spirit photo writing—"Press on, we love you"—"My Song"

PLATE XXIX.





Mrs. Leverson and spirit photo
of Dr. Clinton Dent.



PLATE XXX.
Margaret and spirit photo of Dr. Clinton Dent.
(Inset, Dr. Clinton Dent.)



Mrs. Leverson and spirit
photo of Margaret.



Mrs. Mary Tweedale.



PLATE XXXI.
Spirit photograph of Mrs. Mary Tweedale.
(Sitters : Mrs. M. E. Tweedale and Dorothy Tweedale.)



PLATE XXXII.

Cardinal Newman.
(By courtesy of Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.)

Edward Bouverie Pusey.
(By Courtesy of J. Lewis May.)

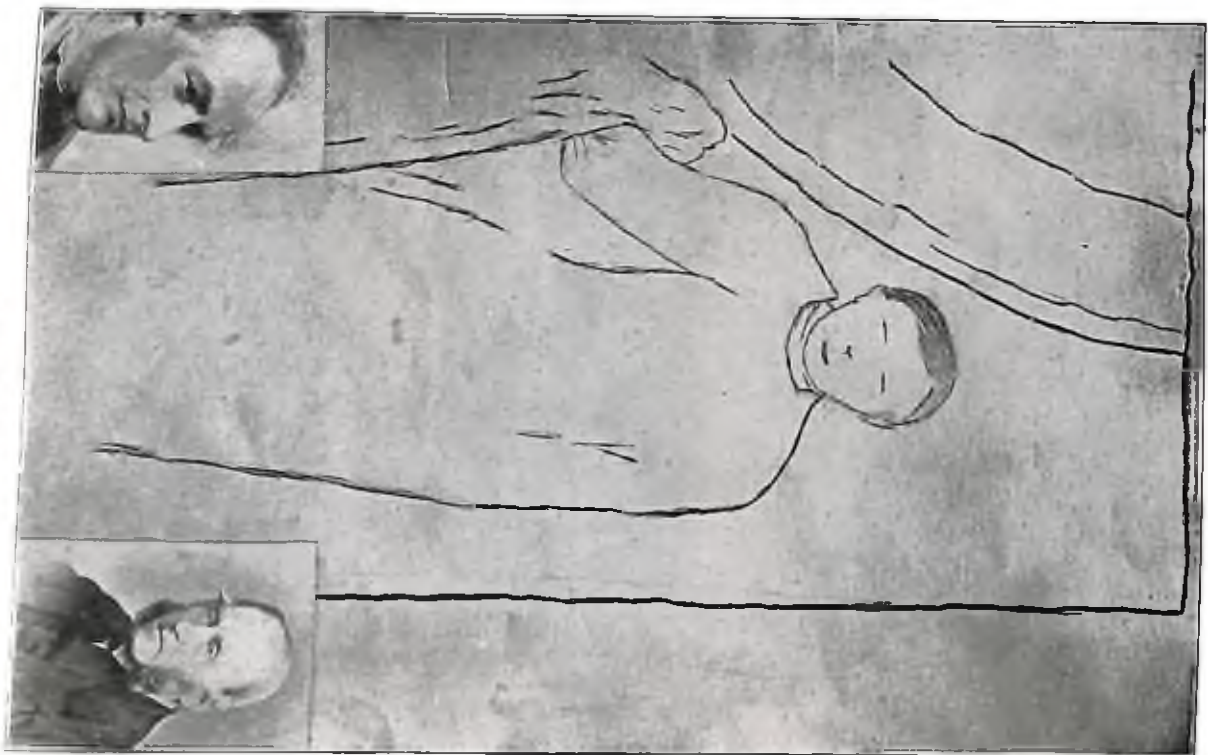


PLATE XXXIII.

Apportion of Dean Liddell at Weston Vicarage.
(Sylvia Tweedale, del.)

I am Emily and I never felt so well.
 he was all here to greet you

Emily Clarke

I am so glad that
 you cannot get well at
 once or may be at one
 time

Emily Bronte

Patrick Bronte
 wants to say

Aug 24th 1931
 at Haworth

Normal Signatures

Emily Bronte

Patrick Bronte,
 P.

at Weston, Thurs Day 1932

Bronte

Not seen until 1935

Emily Bronte

Emily Bronte

Aug 13
 1932
 at
 Weston

PLATE XXXIV.
 Bronte Spirit signatures



Charles Coates,
 engineer and inventor.



PLATE XXXVI.
 Leah Coates,
 whose wonderful return is
 narrated in *Man's Survival*.



Thomas Tweedale, M.D.

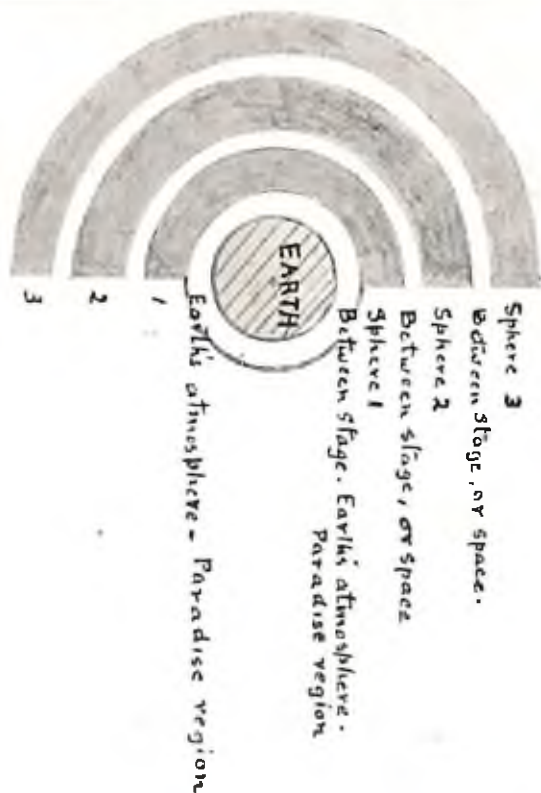


PLATE XXXVII.

Rev. C. L. Tweedale and spirit photograph of Martha Ellen Tweedale.
 Comparison photo on the right.
 The earth and surrounding spirit spheres.

CHAPTER X

MORE PREMONITIONS

We have also a sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place.—2 PETER i. 19.

And now I exhort you be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship.

For there stood by me, this night, an angel of God.

Saying, "Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.—ACTS xxvii. 22-24.

When the word of the prophet shall come to pass, then shall the prophet be known, that the Lord hath truly sent him.—JEREMIAH xxviii. 9.

"It is useless for a Christian to declare that such experiences were confined to the limits of a given period. He must accept what happens to-day, as well as what happened centuries ago, or otherwise throw these Bible narratives over as a tissue of imaginary events."

REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

SATURDAY, August 31st, 1929.—Madge and Dorothy sat. Strad came and said that there would be an accident in the Schneider Cup Race to one of the aeroplanes. Asked to what nation the aeroplane would belong, he replied, "Italy." He also added that "England would win." He also said that there would be a big and disastrous earthquake in three months' time. I sent this forecast of the aeroplane disaster and earthquake to the Editor of our local paper, the *Wharfedale Observer*, also to the Editor of the *Bradford Telegraph and Argus*, and to Mr Oaten, the Editor of the *Two Worlds*.

The race took place on September 8th. At first the Italian machine appeared to be winning, and probably would have done, but suddenly it was seen to swerve and come down, a copper pipe having burst, scalding the pilot badly, and causing him to make a hurried descent. It was a marvel that he escaped being killed, and he spent some time in hospital.

The Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer* in the issue of that paper for September 13th, says:

"On Wednesday, September 4th, four days before the race, the Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer* received a letter from Mr Tweedale, dated September 3rd, saying, 'Last Saturday we got a psychic communication re the Schneider Cup Race, the communicator being an Italian, saying that an accident would happen to the Italian machine and that England would win.'"

Strad also said that there would be a disastrous earthquake within three months.

On October 19th, not quite two months after the prediction, there was a tremendous earthquake under the sea between South America and to Japan, which was felt strongly almost all over the American Continent and which broke nine submarine cables. Thus was the prediction given to us by Stradiarius concerning the aeroplane accident and the earthquake most wonderfully and exactly fulfilled, and this prediction is so evidenced that it is impossible for anyone to deny it.

Saturday, February 22nd, 1930.—After telling us about the date of his birth, Strad said there would soon be a big electrical invention of world-wide use and importance.

March 27th.—To-day the papers are full of the announcement of a big advance in wireless by Signor Marconi, who has perfected long-distance wireless and has actually lit up lamps in Australia by wireless impulses from the cabin of his yacht at Genoa!!

Strad told me of this invention more than a month ago!!

We have had the position of many lost articles shown to us by our Spirit communicators. I have given one or two instances as further evidence of the existence, personality and reality of these entities. They don't know everything and don't suddenly become all wise, as many of the orthodox seem to think they ought to do, but in many ways, owing to their extended powers and freer condition, they know more than we do. They can also forecast the future sometimes with awe-inspiring accuracy, but as Stradiarius said on June 14th, 1930, "We are not *always* able to state time and date exactly, but we can see coming events"; but, as is evident from these records, they *can often* state the time *exactly*. In this they seem absolutely on a par with spirits in Bible times.

Saturday, February 28th, 1931.—Having lost a bunch of small keys two months or more ago, which I had sought for in vain, this afternoon about 3 p.m. in the privacy of my study and with the door shut (the door is a thick, heavy and very substantial one), speaking to myself in a low undertone so that no mortal could possibly hear me, I said, "Will our friends, God permitting, show where the keys are which I have lost?" I did not tell this to any mortal, and I am certain that no mortal save myself heard the whispered request.

At 8 p.m. my wife (Madge) and my daughter Dorothy sat for psychic communion. To their astonishment a drawing was made of the mantelpiece in my study, and this message given, "Tell your father that the keys are down at the back of the papers on the mantelpiece." Sylvia was present in the room, and just before this message came saw a ring of fire in the air in the full light of the lamp. I was in my study at the time, and when I went downstairs they told me of the message and showed me the drawing. I was greatly astonished and impressed, as I knew how

impossible it was for them to have heard what I whispered in the privacy of my study, and I at once returned to my study accompanied by my daughter, Sylvia, and we searched the mantelpiece, which was piled up with dusty papers and manuscript, which had been there many months. We cleared off the greater part of these, and Sylvia said, "I don't think they are here," and I replied, "It certainly does not look like it, but there is still this pile," and saying this, I lifted off the upper part of the pile, which was thick with dust and had not been disturbed for months. Immediately there was a jingling sound and I saw something glitter, and the keys dropped from the mass of dusty papers and fell on to the marble top of the mantelpiece. This was a wonderful piece of evidence in every way, and impressed me greatly. Both my wife and daughter Dorothy declared on oath that they knew nothing about the keys, and I am certain from the dusty condition of the papers that they had not been touched for months. Strad said that "George" had made the drawing. This finding and restoration of lost articles has been a marked characteristic of George's activities, and frequently when we have asked for information of missing articles we have received the reply, "This is a case for George."

During the afternoon it transpired that Marjorie had seen the tall figure of a man, which she thought resembled the figure of Strad she had previously seen. It was in all probability he who overheard my muttered request and engineered the recovery.

Friday, March 6th, 1931.—Strad came again and said that there would be two earthquakes and two shipwrecks during the next month. On the 7th I put this message on record with the Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer* at Otley. He acknowledged this in the issue of his paper for April 10th, as follows:

"The Editor received a letter from Mr Tweedale saying that on the 6th the spirit communicator had said there would be 'two earthquakes and two shipwrecks this month.' On March 12th we received a further letter saying that the second wreck would be that of a steamer with two funnels.

"EDITOR."

March 9th.—In the *Daily Mail* this morning it is stated that an earthquake happened in Yugo-Slavia, by which one hundred and fifty lives have been lost and thousands of houses destroyed. It is also stated that the steamer *Tern* was wrecked in the Humber with the loss of sixteen lives. This is a wonderful fulfilment of part of Strad's prediction given to us last Friday.

March 10th.—Strad came again and said the first earthquake and wreck had happened, and that the second wreck would be that of a steamer with two funnels.

March 23rd, 1931.—The *Daily Mail* of yesterday contains the account of the ship *Montclare* being cast on the rocks in the Firth of Clyde, and

to-day (the 23rd) there is a picture of the ship on the rocks. *It has two funnels.*

As the end of the month drew near we anxiously awaited the second earthquake. On the very last day of the month, March 31st, the city of Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, was destroyed by an earthquake and hundreds of lives lost!! Again Strad's forecast is fulfilled to the day. It is awe-inspiring to have these marvellous evidences.

I come now to another phase of psychic experience:

My devotion to astronomy and the practical work I have done in connection with observation, construction of instruments and building of observatories, appear to have attracted to me the spirit personalities of astronomers, both professional and amateur, who have been able either through my own psychic powers, or those of my wife, to give me forecasts of astronomical events which are probably unique, and certainly the most remarkable on record. The first took place in 1886. I had at that time already constructed telescopes of 6½ inches and 8½ inches aperture, and done much astronomical work with all the enthusiasm of one's early years. (The equatorial clock-driven instrument shown in Plate XVIII was made by me.)

The remarkable and beautiful comet of that year (1886) was seen by very few persons owing to the fact that it rose just before the sun in the early morning sky, and that the weather during its appearance happened to be particularly bad. To the naked eye it presented the appearance of a bright star of the third magnitude, situated, on the morning of December 2nd, 1886, almost midway between the stars β. Serpentis and Arcturus, the tail streaming upwards, and about seven degrees in length. It had a shorter subsidiary tail, both tails being seen well in an opera glass. In the telescope it was a magnificent spectacle, like a gigantic pair of luminous compasses, set pearly white against the black background of the sky. The long tail increased in width as it receded from the head, the shorter tail, on the contrary, tapered rapidly to a point. The outer edges of both tails were sharp and distinct, but the inner edges were nebulous and gradually shaded off into the sky. The sight was magnificent and singularly beautiful. This fine and notable comet was independently discovered by me under the following very remarkable circumstances. I awoke one morning from a very vivid dream of a comet in the morning sky. In my dream I saw the comet as a pearly white circular nebulosity brightening to a centre and looking like the cluster in the constellation Hercules (Messier 13).

I was so impressed by the dream that I at once arose and went out into the crisp frosty air to my observing platform where I had my 8½-inch reflector, one of several whose specula, like William Herschell, I made with my own hands. It was brilliantly fine, and the stars shone like diamonds. I at once got my instrument ready for observation, first searching the sky with an opera glass. No comet was visible in that instrument. In my dream I had no indication of the comet's exact

position (as I have had in recent years), only that it was somewhere in the morning sky, *i.e.* in the East, and rising before the sun I set the instrument at random at an altitude of about 30 degrees and slowly swept it across the eastern sky. Countless stars passed before my view in the telescope. Would the comet appear or was it "merely a dream"? I record it with wonder, knowing then *nothing* of the Communion of Saints or of spirit communication, that at the *first sweep* of the instrument the comet sailed into the field of view (about $\frac{1}{2}$ degree wide)!! The chances against finding a small *telescopic* comet at the *first sweep* are so enormous—many millions to one—as to remove this experience from the domain of chance.

On the morning of December 2nd the spectacle was a splendid one, and brought to mind the Rev. John Webb's fine lines written when the great comet of 1811 was blazing in the sky, and thought to presage Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

"Thou wondrous orb that o'er the northern sky
Hold'st thine unwonted course with awful blaze!
Unlike those planet lamps whose steady light
Has cheered the sons of earth from age to age.
Thou stranger, bursting from the realms of space
In radiant glory, through the silent night
Thy tresses streaming like the golden hair
Of Atalanta or that beauteous maid
Persued by Phæbus, upward shall invite
Many a dull brow unused on heaven to turn
And many a bosom rend with deep alarm.

Where is thy track throughout the vast expanse?
Still onward hast thou urged thy bold career
From that first hour when the Creator's hand
Impelled thy fires along the fields of light,
Nor then had yet arrived within the verge
Of mortal sight, nor drank the distant beams
Of our inferior sun, whose task it was
To guide thee harmless on thy rapid way."

Since this experience a considerable number of astronomical phenomena have been indicated—really revealed—to me, some in dreams, some by direct communication. Several of these I here record.

January 20th, 1929.—Shortly before midnight, we had just couched and put the light out when Madge heard a voice clairaudiently, saying, "Turney Wood, look, look," then more which she could not make out, then "Five forty-five." Then more which was unintelligible, then "t-t-t-twen-declination." We asked what it meant, and got a reply that the communicator was weak. I guessed that it was an astronomical message from my astronomical friend Turney Wood, who passed

over several years ago, giving the Right Ascension and Declination of some object.

In the morning (January 21st), one of the first letters I opened contained an astronomical announcement of the discovery of a comet in Right Ascension 5 hours 40 minutes North Declination Twenty Degrees (t-t-t-twen had evidently been an attempt to pronounce the word "twenty"). *My son took in the letter from the postman only a few minutes before*, and my daughter Marjorie saw the postman give it to him.

A few days later came another circular showing that the comet would remain *within two degrees of the place revealed* for the next five weeks!!

This and the following are on a par with my experience in 1886.
May 4th, 1932.—Awoke dreaming of a comet. A few minutes afterwards the letters were brought to the bedroom door with our morning cup of tea. One was an astronomical bulletin announcing the discovery of a comet!! Evidently Wood or Ball are trying to give me these informations. It is an extraordinary privilege.

Wednesday, July 16th, 1930.—Madge and Dorothy sat. A personality came giving the name of Ball, and saying, "Tell your father there will be two earthquakes in two months." Dorothy came for me and I joined them. I then asked who the communicator was, and to our astonishment the planchette drew the picture of a comet with a long tail. This, coupled with the name, gave me the clue, and I said, "Are you Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer?" "Yes." I was vastly interested, and said, "As you are an astronomer, can you tell me whether the spirit world is in spheres round the earth and the spirit life lived in those spheres, or is it on the earth's surface also?" Answer: "Partly on the earth." Later Strad said that he had brought Ball to give us information about the earthquakes, etc.

Thursday, July 17th.—Sent the above prediction to the *Wharfedale Observer* and the *Daily Despatch*.

Tuesday, October 28th, 1930.—Madge and Dorothy sat at 8 p.m. Stradiarius and Sir Arthur came. Strad said, "The star in the three is bright to-night. This is for your father. Forty-five degrees East." Dorothy said, "What is its name?" He replied, "Aries." Dorothy now came to my study and told me about this star message, and my curiosity being aroused I went down to the front door, which faces south, and looked at the sky. It was clear in the south, but clouds were drifting over in the east. As I came out I found that the constellations Pegasus and Aquarius were southing, the star Alpha Aquarii being close to the meridian. I then looked towards the east and found that the constellation Aries was just 45 degrees east of the meridian. As I looked, the three principal stars which are close together, after being obscured by drifting cloud, at that moment broke through and shone out clearly, the brightest of the three, the second magnitude star Hamal, shining *very noticeably bright*. That this should happen so and verify the words "the star in the three is bright to-night," most strongly impressed on me that Strad could

see the scene and view the sky just as any mortal could, and this answered the question I have often put as to whether they could see things as we see them. I returned to the house, and they continued the sitting, and Strad said to my daughter, "Ask your father whether an 8-inch telescope will show several millions of stars to the twelfth magnitude." Dorothy came again to me with this question, and I joined the sitting and asked why he put the question. He replied, "This man, Professor Ball, says so." I could not answer off-hand exactly as to the power of an 8-inch refractor to reveal twelfth magnitude stars, though I knew that Dawe's 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch refractor showed the smallest stars in the Pulkova catalogue, but I could not remember at the moment the magnitude of these smallest stars. I left the room to verify it, and returning I said that I thought the statement about the magnitudes would be about right, but I was not sure at the moment of the number of stars within the light-grasp of an 8-inch. I did not actually verify this until August 1935, when preparing the MSS. for this book. I then wrote the Astronomer Royal to make sure, and received the following reply:

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH,
August 14th, 1935.

"SIR,—I am requested by the Astronomer Royal to inform you that with an 8-inch refractor it may be possible to see stars to the 12th magnitude, this being dependent on the quality of the telescope and the clearness of the sky. The latest investigation, made at the Mount Wilson Observatory by Seares and Van Rhijn estimates the stars up to the 12th magnitude as numbering approximately 2,270,000.

While I was absent from the room trying to verify the statement, Stradiarius again wrote:

"Behind the clouds these lights of God are ever shining. They ought to teach you mortals to look beyond the dark and cloudy skies to where all is glorious to behold."

Yet, ignorant bigots say that no good thing ever comes in these messages. This beautiful message is a crushing answer to such ignorance and intolerance.

This was a most impressive sitting, and one got the feeling of absolutely talking face to face with a being who could see what we saw and whose action and conversation was as real as that of any mortal.

Thursday, July 24th, 1931.—Papers full of news of great earthquake in Italy, thousands of people killed, and great destruction of property. Sat 8 p.m. Madge and Dorothy. They were late on the appointed time, and at first got very little. Then Sir Arthur came, and said, "There will be great upheavals both in your world and in religion. I knew this before I went." Finally Strad manifested, and said, "The first part of Ball's prediction is fulfilled." This referred to the prediction of July 16th that there would be *two* earthquakes. This was the first of the two.

Friday, July 25th, 1930.—About midnight Madge was most wonderfully entranced by Stradiarius who, among other things, said, "Ah, my country is very sad. Oh, I weep, I weep." I said "Yes, Signor, the earthquake." He replied, "Yes! it is terrible. I weep, I weep." I talked with him, and he continued, "I sent that man Ball to tell you. He is of your country and a very clever man."

That this first earthquake was clearly foretold to us a week before it happened is undeniable. It was a terrible disaster resulting in the loss of more than 16,000 lives according to the accounts to hand. Ball spoke of *two* earthquakes in two months. The first, having come to pass, we kept a sharp look out for the second, the facts of the prophecy being fully published in the press. On September 11th came news of a severe earthquake in the Lipari Isles, by which lives were lost, and an eruption of the volcano Stromboli, both off the coast of Italy. This happened on the 10th, just fifty-six days—eight weeks, two months—after the forecast on July 16th, thus *exactly* fulfilling the second half of the premonition. It is a most wonderful and awe-inspiring affair, and the inevitable conclusion is that if the predictions of these spirit communicators be true, therefore the statements concerning their identity and concerning other matters they tell us will be true likewise. As the Apostle James says, "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?" And the answer, based on general experience is, "Certainly not."

Sunday, November 2nd, 1930.—Madge heard a voice in the night, which said that I must take care, and spoke of a fire. Madge could not understand it, nor could I.

Monday, November 17th.—In the night Madge again heard a voice saying, "Take care of fire in the house." This repeats the experience of November 2nd. We have asked Strad and can get no explanation.

Tuesday, November 18th.—About 11 p.m. I placed a large lamp containing about a quart of oil inside a cast-iron frame heating stove. The lamp did not fit the stove, not being made for it, and, being very ill with 'flu, I forgot this fact, and when I lifted the stove to another part of the room the lamp upset inside the stove frame, and to my horror the burner was wrenched off and the oil poured out in a torrent on the floor. I shouted for help, and Madge, rushing in, with great presence of mind snatched the burning wick from inside the stove in the nick of time before the oil fired. It was a narrow escape, as there was so much oil spilled on the floor and such a lot in the lamp, which was jammed fast inside the stove frame, that had it fired, which it would have inevitably done in a few seconds more, we should have had a big blaze which might easily have fired the house or severely burnt us.

Not until it was all over did we realise how this accident had undoubtedly been foreseen and we had been twice forewarned, first a fortnight ago and then two days ago.

Christmas Day, December 25th, 1930, 9 p.m.—Strad came, and said that he and Chopin could not get through as they wished, there were so many spirits present. Chopin then gave a list: "Charles Coates, James Tweedale (uncle), Sir A. C. Doyle, Ann Coates, Catharine Coates, Mary Tweedale (mother), Catharine Burnett, John Burnett (Madge's uncle)." This was a wonderful list. They then gave us the following:

"Over the hills and far away,
There comes the dawning of the day,
When it dawns ten times o'er,
You will hear from another shore."

The dawning would be the morning of December 26th.

January 5th, 1931.—Got a letter from Italy this morning announcing the fact that Professor Guiseppe Parodi has undertaken the translation of *Man's Survival after Death* into Italian. So most marvellously is fulfilled the premonition of December 25th.

"When it dawns ten times o'er,
You will hear from another shore."

Add ten days to the dawning of the day on December 26th and you get day dawn on January 5th, and "the letter from another shore." The fulfilment is perfect and exact.

It is to be noted that Strad said he could not come owing to the many spirits present who wished to get through to us. We have often had evidence of this and of one manifesting personality being "crowded out" by another, especially when sitting for psychic photography.

Our spirit communicators can not only influence weather conditions, as in the eclipse affair (vide also *Man's Survival*, p. 406), but we have found them frequently accurate when they volunteer information of this kind.

A case in point now follows:

Saturday, April 4th.—Easter Eve. A most wretched day, heavy rain practically all day and the most dismal prospects for Easter Sunday and Monday. The *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*, received this morning, says, "It is almost certain to be an overcoat and umbrella Easter Sunday and Monday, there being no prospect of real holiday conditions."

In the evening in the midst of the downpour we had a sitting. We made no enquiry about the weather, it seemed too settled for wet, and too hopeless, but to our astonishment we were told, "It will be brilliantly fine to-morrow, Sunday and Monday." Humanly speaking it seemed impossible.

Monday, April 6th.—To-day, Easter Monday, and yesterday, Easter Sunday, have been gloriously fine, quite ideal days, and on Sunday I gave a Lantern Sermon on the Resurrection and modern evidences to a crowded Church where the people listened in rapt attention for one-and-three-quarter hours. I had a series of magnificent slides of supreme interest.

But what a miracle about the weather. It is simply glorious, and yet the prediction was given during a steady downpour!!!

Sunday, April 12th, 1931.—Madge and Dorothy sat in the afternoon, and Strad came and said that within one month there would be the death of a Member of Parliament and also of a person of high degree. He particularly emphasized the fact that it was to be a calendar month of thirty-one days and not a lunar month. We duly noted the prediction, and I sent it to the Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer*, and it was publicly acknowledged by him in his paper on May 22nd.

Monday, April 13th.—I had a remarkable dream in the night. I thought we were leaving Weston, and I saw the place which we were going to. It was a two-storeyed house and seemed to have been built some time, though of modern design. We were very busy with the rooms and their furniture. There were three servants, and I wondered who was going to pay their wages, and yet I thought they were *our* servants and it would be all right. Before I related this to Madge and Dorothy, earlier in the day they had sat and Chopin had manifested. They showed me the script. Chopin came, and, unknown to me, Dorothy had asked, "Shall we leave Weston?" Quick as a flash came this reply, written straight off and without a moment's hesitation:

"Something pleasant she does want,
She is thinking that I can't
Tell her what is all agog
A little lizard with a frog.

Some things are big and some are small,
Some want one and some want all.
But I will see that things *do* come
Just when my work is nearly done.

My present work is to hasten the day
When all at Weston shall wish to stay
No more
In the old place by the river shore.

A house with a garden all blooming gay
Will be offered to you one fine day,
And then you will say
Let us hasten away to our own place to stay."

This was indeed extraordinary, for they did *not* know of my dream and I did not know of their sitting.

Thursday, April 17th.—News of the death of the Infanta Isabella of Spain, the aunt of the King of Spain, who died on her flight from the communist rebels when the King and his family had to flee the country.

Saturday, April 25th.—Chopin again came and said that the forecast of the death of a person of high degree within one month had been fulfilled in the person of the aunt of the King of Spain.

May 15th.—The *Daily Mail* to-day contains the account of the death of Sir Beddow Rees, Member of Parliament for Bristol. He was about on Tuesday, the 12th, taken ill in the night and died on Wednesday, the 13th, just one calendar month of thirty-one days after Strad's prediction on the 12th April!! Again these marvellous forecasts have been fulfilled with awe-inspiring accuracy. Strad particularly emphasized the fact that it was to be a calendar month of thirty-one days, and not a lunar month. This is marvellous.

Saturday, April 18th, 1931.—Madge and Dorothy sat, and Chopin came, and referring to the rebellion in Spain—the King and family having been forced to flee the country, and his aunt, the Infanta Isabella, having died on the journey—he gave the following astonishing verses:

"I know Spain and this I know,
That it's King was forced to go.
But ere summer suns sink low,
His people will wish it had not been so."

This appeared in the *Wharfedale Observer*, *Light* and the *Two Worlds*.

This was literally fulfilled during the next few months, and before summer suns sank low there were dreadful scenes of rioting, pillage, burnings of scores of churches, severe street fighting, etc. etc., and this was followed later by two big counter-revolutions, the whole country seething in disorder, bloodshed and unrest.

Continuing, Chopin said that great trouble would come upon Spain. He then wrote rapidly:

"Spain I sigh for thee,
Spain, I grieve for thee,
Night draweth nigh to thee,
Thou stand'st alone.

Hell draweth close to thee,
God hath forsaken thee,
Thou stand'st alone.

A great man will rise for thee,
Then if thou wise be,
Do as he telleth thee;
Rise and atone."

July 13th, 1936.—Sir Arthur manifested, and said, "There will be a proclamation of war in August of this year, and from then your world will go topsy-turvy. Germany, Italy, France will be involved. There

will be war in the air; Italy and Germany will unite. Austria will side with Germany."

Later in the day Stradiarius manifested and confirmed the war message, and said that they had been told this by higher spirit beings. I sent this prediction to my bank in Otley, and have the manager's signed receipt, dated July 17th, 1936.

Not until the first week in August 1936, when civil war suddenly broke out in Spain without a moment's warning—literally a bolt from the blue—did we realise how terribly accurate these two forecasts and warnings were.

The whole of Spain was plunged into an orgie of hideous Communist cruelty, men and women burnt alive, crucified against walls, eyes gouged out, buried alive and put to infamous tortures, women outraged with disgusting refinements of cruelty which would disgrace savages; the whole directed and inspired by the godless and merciless tyrants who have publicly declared an anti-God campaign, engineering world revolution and atheism. How a man arose who led the Spanish patriots to victory and cleansed Spain from this foul brood! How Italy declared that she would not have Bolshevism in the Mediterranean; how Germany solemnly declared against it and united with Italy in putting it down; and how Germany and Austria were united into one great empire, are now matters of history, as is the fact that they were clearly revealed to us and put on record long before they occurred.

July 8th, 1931.—Strad came and spoke of great upheavals in the Eastern Hemisphere. He said there would be great loss of life and destruction of property. I sent this prediction to the *Wharfedale Observer*, which, in the issue of that paper for August 21st, says:

"On July 10th the Editor received from Mr Tweedale a letter, dated July 9th, stating: 'Last night at 8 p.m. our Italian communicator came again, and said, "There will be a great upheaval in the *Eastern Hemisphere*, with great loss of life and damage to property.'"

How accurate was this forecast of Stradiarius—evidenced as it is beyond the possibility of denial—will be seen by the fact that in the third week of August a terrible earthquake, the worst recorded in those parts for many years, shook Mongolia and Thibet, causing immense loss of life and doing incredible damage. *The Times* correspondent says the earthquake caused the bursting of the banks of the great rivers forming "a lake the size of Scotland in the province of Hupeh alone; 8000 drowned in Hankow region alone, and 400,000 houses destroyed and many millions of people destitute."

Such colossal figures baffle our imagination.

Saturday, August 29th, 1931, 8.30 p.m.—Brock came and said that there would be an aeroplane crash at the end of the week, that a man

would be killed, and that it would occur in the south of England and the aeroplane would be a R.A.F. machine.

I sent this forecast to the Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer* on Monday, August 31st. This letter and forecast were acknowledged by him in the issue of the paper for September 18th.

Saturday, September 12th.—To-day a R.A.F. aeroplane crashed in Surrey at Leigh Hill Wood, near Dorking. Captain Baddeley, Lieutenant Graham and Lieutenant Boileau were all killed on the spot, together with a dog they had with them. The noise of the crash was heard three-quarters of a mile away. Farm workers who rushed to the spot had to cut their way through undergrowth and bushes 8 to 10 feet high to reach the wreckage and the bodies. The machine was smashed to matchwood. How marvellous is this prevision, and how awe-inspiring! The miserable protagonists of telepathy, who would explain all psychic happenings and communications by their absurd theories of telepathy between the incarnate, are here reduced to complete helplessness and discredit.

Monday, September 14th.—I awoke in the night while it was yet dark and heard my wife whimpering as she does frequently when the entrancing by Strad, Chopin or Elizabeth Coates begins. She then commenced talking volubly in Italian. I kept quiet, expecting him to address me, but the talking in Italian ceased after lasting for about two minutes, and she continued in deep sleep. In the morning, before I could say anything about it to her, and as soon as she awoke, she began to tell me of a dream she had in the night. In her dream she saw Stradiuarius, and he showed her an open book printed in Italian. She said to him, "But, Signor, I cannot read it." He then held the open book up for her to see and then began to read it to her in Italian. She said, "What is it about?" He replied, "I will tell you in the writing." While she was speaking (neither of us having been out of the bedroom) the morning tea and the letters were brought up to the bedroom door and I took them in. On opening them I found that one contained a pamphlet in Italian, sent to me by Falchi. He gave me the title in English, explained the nature of the book and asked for my opinion. As Strad had told my wife that he would tell her the subject of the book "in the writing," I carefully refrained from showing her the book, though I told her that an Italian book had come, but did *not* tell her the title or the subject. I concealed the letter, package and book from her, and went and *locked it up in my study*. She was much impressed by the fact that she had dreamed of an Italian book, and that one should have arrived.

Wednesday, September 16th, 1931.—About 3.30 p.m. I had just come out of my study and was going along the passage when my wife rushed up the front stairs, saying that she had just seen the black cat in the hall, and that instant followed it up the stairs and seen it go into our bedroom, the door of which was open. She said that it had a bow of *blue ribbon* tied round its neck with ends about four inches long. She and I followed it

into the room, and she shut the door at my request, and together we searched the room, but there was no material cat to be found in the room.

Later in the day we sat at 8 p.m., and Strad came. Madge reminded him of his promise to tell her the title of the book which I did *not* let her see and which, if she had seen, being in Italian, she could not have read. He at once wrote, "It is on the Science of Pre-natal Thought." This was correct, and the book was *bound in a light bluish cover*!!

This is a marvellous affair. The entrancing, the Italian speech, the dream and the apparition of Strad's cat with the blue ribbon round its neck the same colour as the binding, and the final disclosure of the subject by Strad's writing as promised, constitute a series of marvels which *defy* all explanation save the spiritual one. The appearance of the cat with the blue ribbon is evidently on a par with its appearance with a blue ribbon round its neck in the bedroom a short time before the arrival by post of the first copy of the second edition of *Man's Survival* several years ago, as narrated on page 62.

Wednesday, October 14th, 1931.—Self, Dorothy and Madge sat about 3 p.m. Tabitha came, and I asked who would win in the coming election, and she replied, "The Conservatives." She gave the gain as 2000. Then Chopin manifested and rhymed:

"This little lady she do say
That the Labour go away,
But the 'Tives,' they do come,
After Labour's had a run."

Chopin then stated there would be a majority of 13,500 in the "local division."

Thursday, October 15th.—I sent these predictions of Tabitha and Chopin to the Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer*, and they were acknowledged by him in that paper's issue for October 30th, 1931.

Monday, October 26th.—We sat again, and Chopin coming we asked about the number 2000 given by Tabitha on the 14th, as to whether there was not some error in her statement. Quick as a flash, without a moment's hesitation or pause for thought, came the reply:

"Little Tabitha has got wrong
In her noughts, but just by one.
For the one who gave to her
Said just two to Tabitha.

So your 2000 should read
One and one hundred
This I think will prove aright
At the ending of the fight."

Wednesday, October 28th, 1931.—The results of the election were declared. The Conservative gains are 204. Tabitha said 200, and said

it at a time when *there were fears of a Socialist victory* and the Conservative press was anxious and urging every effort. This is the first time she has forecasted, and the result is wonderful. Equally marvellous is the statement that the majority in our local division would be 13,500. When the poll was declared the Conservative majority was 31,500. Now, if you reverse the 13 you get 31, and so 31,500. Such inversions frequently occur. It is perfectly clear that our spirit communicators had a practically accurate knowledge of the results *a fortnight before the actual polling took place*. No one knew what the party majority or the local majority would be, so telepathy is ruled out completely, and as I placed the forecasts on record in the newspaper office a fortnight before the election, the facts cannot be denied and no explanation save the spiritual remains.

Thursday, October 29th.—Got a letter from Falchi in Italy, he rather depressed about the fall of the pound and consequent delay in the publication of *Man's Survival*. I did not show this to my wife or mention it to anyone, but kept it locked up in my study.

Friday, October 30th.—Madge and Dorothy sat. Chopin came and drew a big triangle. They asked what that meant. Answer: "Tell Falchi this from Chopin: All ends will meet." Then he continued as follows:

"Signor Falchi he must do
Just what we spirits tell him to
With this book that he has now
He must let it make its bow
Never minding what folk say
For the spirits will have their way
And when it is safely out
All opponents it will rout."

Now, seeing that I was not present at this sitting, none of this could be put down to telepathy from me. It was a most astonishing proof of the reality of these manifesting personalities, and that they had a close and intimate knowledge of our affairs, for Falchi's letter and forebodings were *entirely unknown to the sitters*.

Saturday, December 12th, 1931.—Madge, Dorothy and self sat at 8 p.m. Stradiarius and Chopin came. Chopin said, "There is a bishop here who calls himself Lightfoot." He then sarcastically commented on the ignorance of clergy and bishops generally on psychic things, and said, "You will lose a bishop by death within two months." Later, he came and said that Lightfoot had given him the message and he had transmitted it to us.

December 14th.—Sent this prediction to Mr Biss, the Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer*, and received his acknowledgment. (This he also published in his paper for February 5th, 1932.)

January 18th, 1932.—News of the death of Bishop Gore, the Bishop of Oxford. This remarkably fulfils the prediction, given by Chopin, as coming from Lightfoot who was present at the time. This is one of the very few cases—in fact, I have only heard of another case—of a bishop manifesting from beyond the grave, even indirectly.

It is a very remarkable affair. Lightfoot, one of the most eminent of the Anglican bishops, knew Gore well, and very evidently knew of his approaching decease. Manifesting here at Weston he was not able to communicate directly (he probably opposed or disbelieved these things in the mortal life), but he was able to tell Chopin, who, being able to communicate, passed the message on to us, which we promptly published so that it is evidenced beyond denial. We thus received a message purporting to come from Lightfoot, who had been "dead" many years, to the effect that an Anglican bishop would die within two months, and in five weeks and two days the most eminent living Anglican bishop, well known to Lightfoot, did die. *Verb sap.*

The next incident which I have to narrate is not a premonition but, as it relates to another bishop who immediately succeeded Gore as Bishop of Oxford, I think it may well come in here.

In September 1931 I wrote to His Majesty the King requesting that I might have the privilege of presenting him with a copy of the fourth edition of my book, *Man's Survival after Death*, and informing His Majesty that the late Queen Alexandra had accepted a copy of the first edition. His Majesty replied to the effect that the book must first be approved by his Chaplain. I found that there were thirty-six clergy who ranked as Chaplains to the King, and I spent considerable time in writing men on this list. None of those I wrote to would undertake the task, and there ensued some delay, but at last I found that the Bishop of Oxford, as Clerk of the Closet, was the head of all the Chaplains, and to him I wrote, and he said that if I sent the book he would examine it.

I sent a copy of the fourth edition on November 14th, and the Bishop acknowledged the receipt in a letter dated the 16th. Several weeks elapsed, and I heard nothing further until I wrote again. After some delay I got a reply on January 17th, 1932, from his Lordship, saying that he had not read *all* the book, but from what he had read, it was not one that he could recommend His Majesty to read, and he, therefore, returned the copy. The usual bigotry, ignorance and prejudice fighting in the last ditch. I expect, after all, that His Majesty *will* read it.

I am afraid that when his Lordship passes to the other side of life, knowing absolutely nothing of the verities of spirit existence and manifestation, or of the real Communion of Saints, and being strongly opposed to the subject, he, like Lightfoot, will be unable personally to communicate with anyone in this mortal life, unless he be so fortunate as to meet someone like Chopin who will pass his message on.

Truly the ignorance concerning spiritual things of the great majority

of those in the Church who, at the present day, are regarded as leaders, and whose whole religious system and belief is founded on the spirit manifestations of a past age, is *appalling*; and one of the most terrible and significant signs of the times.

When one thinks of the Archbishop of York who says he is "convinced that direct proof of survival is not either attainable or desirable" (p. 130), and of the almost universal repudiation and condemnation of modern spirit phenomena and evidences by bishops and dignitaries of the Anglican Church, and by the leaders of the Nonconformist Churches, one is reminded of the question asked by the Christ, as recorded in Luke xviii. 8, "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith in the Earth." I am afraid if he came to-day he would *not* find it in the quarters where one might most reasonably expect it to exist. Perhaps, however, it will prove, as I think it may, that "the darkest hour's before the dawn."

This extraordinary opposition to the fact that is of importance above all others to the Christian, the one on which his faith is based and which alone gives it its vital significance, can only be paralleled by the Church's obstinate adherence to the doctrine that the earth was flat and that the sun ran round the earth. The Pope of those times issued a Bull against the motion of the earth round the sun, and Bellarmine, his great theologian, declared that such an accursed doctrine as one which alleged that the earth went round the sun "invalidated the doctrine of the mass" and imperilled human salvation!! Galileo would probably have been burnt, like Bruno was before him, if he had not publicly recanted before an imposing array of bishops and cardinals in the Square at Florence. Many millions of people continued to believe that the earth was flat and that the sun went round the earth, under this pernicious attempt of the Church to suppress the truth and the facts, and this belief still lingered so late as 1886, in which year I had the privilege of driving the last nails into the "Flat Earth" coffin. In that year a misguided person toured England and spent a lot of good money trying to convince people that the earth really was flat, and that the North Pole was a mountain in the centre of the flat surface, while the South Pole was a chain of mountains round the edge, put there by the Creator in order to prevent people falling off into space. He lectured at Manchester and wrote to the press. I took up the matter with him in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*, and showed the fallacy of his nonsense so conclusively that he finally gave up his campaign.

Persons to-day who oppose modern spirit communication and all that it implies, are just as belated as, but far more reprehensible than, the men who condemned Galileo three hundred years ago.

Mr Robert Blatchford, who devoted nearly a page of the *Sunday Chronicle* to the commendation of my book, *Man's Survival*, has used this fact of the Church's opposition to the discoveries of Galileo, to coin a neat descriptive phrase applicable to all ignorant, belated and self-interested opponents of the spiritual facts and phenomena of to-day.

He terms them "*Spiritual flat-earthers*." A better or more scathing description could not be given.

It was my privilege in the past to give the quietus to flat-earth exponents in the pages of the *Manchester Guardian*, and the day is not far distant when the "Spiritual flat-earthers" will share the same fate.

Another premonition bears witness to the coming dawn.

July 24th, 1930.—My wife and Dorothy sat. Sir Arthur came and said, among other things, "My last message to-day is that Christian Spiritualism will win on its own merits, and before this time next year you will hear of two bishops countenancing it in your own Church." "Next year" was 1931. In the November and December 1931 issues of the *Liverpool Review*, of which the Bishop of Liverpool is the Editor, my book, *Man's Survival after Death*, was recommended for study. In a letter to me, dated January 6th, 1932, he says, "We must now leave the heaven to work." These are very notable words on the part of a bishop of the Church of England.

Before the end of 1931 another bishop expressed himself strongly in favour of consideration and investigation of psychic things.

Thus was Sir Arthur's prediction, "You will hear of two bishops countenancing it in your own Church," exactly fulfilled.

Recently (1938) the Bishop of Bath and Wells after reading *Man's Survival* wrote: "Your book is *very* interesting and an encyclopædia of information on its most important subject."

November 23rd, 1931.—Sat at 8 p.m. Dorothy, Madge and self. Strad came and said, "I am looking to the work. A big change will be made in the religion and outlook of my country." Then Chopin came, and speaking of Falchi's publication of my book and the resulting activities, said:

"This will do a lot of good
And will clear away the mud
From the Romans by the load.
Then friend Falchi he will dance
And will make a great advance
In his trade and his finance.
And his doors he'll open wide
For your folk to walk inside.
The angels will prepare the way
And able will you be to stay
Just as long as you do wish.
I will remind you, then, of this."

Wednesday, 4 p.m., January 20th, 1932.—Strad again came, and said an important letter was coming this afternoon. I had no knowledge of such a letter, but sure enough, half an hour later at 4.30, the postman came

and put into my own hands a totally unexpected letter containing a cheque for nine guineas. It has often been ignorantly said that discarnate spirits cannot see us or have any knowledge of our affairs. We have had *hundreds* of experiences like the above which give the lie direct to such fatuous nonsense, and it is worth pointing out for the nth time that the Old and New Testament experiences do the same.

Thursday, February 18th.—In London for ten days. My wife and I went to the Recording Station of the Gramophone Company to make a record of my voice when speaking part of the last Chapter of my book, *Man's Survival after Death*. We had a very interesting time. We were ushered alone into a large hall with a very high vaulted roof and placed before the microphone, with instructions to listen for the signal of the "buzzer"—a vibratory electric signal, like an electric "bell" without the bell, the hammer vibrating with a burring sound—and that this would be followed by a red light flashing forth high up in the vaulted roof. When this appeared I was to go ahead.

As this light was to appear rather on one side of me and my attention was concentrated on the microphone, my wife undertook to sit behind me and give me a friendly punch in the ribs when the light flashed forth.

In order to give more freedom to my throat I took off my clerical "celluloid" and laid it upon a small table close at hand, then stood at attention. The electric buzzer went off in fine style. I was all expectant. Then my wife smote me in the ribs, and I "started right in" as our transatlantic friends would say. I had not spoken half a dozen sentences before the "celluloid," contracting for lack of the friendly warmth of my throat, gave a spring and fell upon the floor with a noise which seemed quite crashing under the silence of that huge, high vault. Immediately a loud voice sounded from up above, telling us that this had spoiled the attempt and that a fresh wax disc would have to be inserted and a fresh attempt made. We bowed to authority, and prepared to do it over again. Again the "buzzer" buzzed, the red light flashed and my wife smote me in the ribs. This time I got nearly through the recording when an instant's hesitation tangled up a sentence, and again the voice rang out from the upper regions, saying that we should have to try again. The third time all went well, and a very perfect 12-inch record was produced, and within a few minutes I had the unique experience of listening to myself declaiming part of my book. The record proved to be singularly clear and powerful, one of the best speaking records they have made.¹

Later in the day we met and were introduced to the Rev. Dr Lamond, a most charming and remarkable personality. He had on a long Inverness cloak, a flat clerical hat, a muffler round his neck, and fur wristlets. He was delighted to meet us, and walking with us down the street was in a most jovial and genial mood, saying that he had never had a day's illness in his life and that his body had served him well. During our

¹ This 12-inch record can be had from me.

walk, when something particularly humorous touched him, he stopped on the causeway, and snatching off his hat and muffler dashed them down on the pavement, roaring with laughter in the most delightful way. Then linking arms we continued our walk until we finally arrived at the Somerset Hotel, to which he insisted we should go, and where he ordered tea, with fruit and cakes. He had long wished to meet us, he said, and we must all celebrate the occasion. And so we did, and spent two very pleasant hours with this fine cleric and most striking and delightful personality. The next day we came north to my Vicarage in the Dales.

Sunday, February 21st, 1932.—Sat to-night at 9.5 p.m. Sir Arthur came at once, and said, "Tell Lamond that I arranged your meeting and I want him to make a pact with you. Lamond is a strong character and he has not long to be with you." C. L. T.: "Is he going to die?" "Not just yet, but I want him to give you a sealed message to be kept till his decease and be evidence for his return. Lamond is a special soul. It is for evidence in the cause, and for the Church."

Monday, February 22nd.—I wrote to Dr Lamond and asked him to draw up a test message and seal it thoroughly and carefully, telling him that Sir Arthur had been here and suggested it, but I did *not* tell him that Sir Arthur had said he was not long for this world.

March 7th, 1932.—Received the following letter from Dr Lamond:

11 COLEHERNE MANSIONS,
BRETON GARDENS WEST, S.W.5.
March 6th, 1932.

"DEAR MR TWEEDALE,—I was greatly pleased to hear from you and prepared the test message at once, but kept it some days so as to impress the words on my mind. I hope I won't forget them when I cross over. I appreciate all you have so bravely done for the good Cause. I know what your testimony must have cost you. I highly value your writings. I am worn out and going away for a brief rest. I will take your book with me and study it—I know I shall be rewarded. Sealed letter enclosed. With all kind regards to Mrs Tweedale and yourself.—Yours ever faithfully,

JOHN LAMOND."

March 12th.—I wrote him with reference to the keeping of the sealed letter which was securely sealed with several big seals, and to-day received the following:

11 COLEHERNE MANSIONS, S.W.5.
March 11th, 1932.

"I think it is sufficient that the sealed letter should be in your own safe. If you care to inform the Editor of *Light* and other papers regarding this matter, I have no objection. I will probably pass over soon, and it would give more meaning to what we have done if it were publicly known. It was at your suggestion, however, that I did it, and again you were guided from the other side. I leave all future action in your hands—I have

memorised the words so that I may be able to recall them when I have discarded this useful body. It has served me well. May all blessings be on you and your gifted helpmeet.
JOHN LAMOND."

July 7th, 1932.—Sent account of the Lamond test letter to the Editor of *Light*. Got news this morning that Dr Lamond had a bad attack of angina.

July 9th.—Letter from Lethem, Editor of *Light*, saying he was filing my letter *re* Lamond.

July 10th.—Madge got letter, signed by Dr Lamond, acknowledging our letter of condolence, and saying bravely, "Angina is a cruel disease. My trouble is that I *should* have died, but am *still* here!!!" Brave old soul! He could in the light of that spirit manifestation and communion, the real Communion of Saints, which is fundamental to Christianity, not only face death with equanimity, but actually be glad at its approach; like Paul of old who was fortified by the same blessed knowledge and experience.

July 19th, 1932.—Dr Lamond passed peacefully from this mortal life yesterday, the 18th July, thus fulfilling Sir Arthur's words given to us on February 21st, nearly five months before his passing.

And so, full of years and service, this valiant servant of God passed to his great reward. If anyone wishes to know how a spiritualist meets death or how these great truths upon which Christianity is founded support the heart and mind in that solemn hour, let them ponder this account:

"No coward soul is mine
No trembler in life's troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines brighter,
Arming me 'gainst fear."

One is reminded of the passing of Mr Valiant-for-Truth so beautifully narrated in Bunyan's immortal *Allegory*:

"Then Mr Valiant-for-Truth received his summons. When he understood it he called his friends and told them of it, saying 'I am going. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, my courage and skill to him that can get it. My wounds and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me that I have fought a good fight.' When, therefore, the day was come for him to go hence as he went into the river, he said 'Death, where is thy sting,' and as he went down deeper, he said 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

March 3rd, 1932.—Had a remarkable dream in the night. In my dream I was going down the Church lane on Sunday morning proceeding to Church, and had got past the second turning just above Weston

¹ Emily Bronte.

Hall Gate. I then saw a small *red* closed car with a tapering and rather pointed bonnet at the Church gate, and as I continued to walk down the hill towards it, it suddenly started off, apparently of its own accord, and rushed up the hill towards me at great speed. Just before the car reached me, and I had arrived at a point immediately above the gate leading into Weston Hall grounds which here overlook the churchyard, it suddenly turned sharply in at the gate and then turned round very sharply to the right, and dashing down the steep lawn, dropped on all four wheels into the stable yard, dashed across that, and finally crashed into the wall of the churchyard just opposite to the family vault of Col. Stopham Dawson, the brother of the owner of Weston Hall. I then awoke. The dream was very vivid and impressed me much, and I at once told it to my wife on awaking, and to my family when at breakfast. What it signified I could not imagine, but I felt sure that it was something connected with the Dawsons.

Sunday, June 5th, 1932.—This morning as I entered the gate of the churchyard before service, I felt a sudden impulse to go round to the rear of the Church. I did so, and coming to Colonel Stopham Dawson's vault in which was buried his second wife, who was found dead in her bath some years ago, I paused at the grave for some minutes thinking of the event and surveying the grave and the memorial. After a few minutes I went into the Church and robed for the service. The service over, I toiled up the steep hill on my way to the Vicarage. When within three hundred yards of it, I heard a car draw near to me from behind and slow down, and turning round *found a small red car, with a rather pointed tapering bonnet almost touching me!* The window opened, and Lieut. John Vavasour leaned out of the car and spoke to me. He then drove on and in less than five minutes I arrived home, when I was immediately informed of the death of Colonel Stopham Dawson, the uncle of the man driving the red car, who himself was apparently unaware of the event, as he had not mentioned it to me. A few days later the ashes of Colonel Stopham Dawson were deposited exactly where I stood on the previous Sunday!

Compare the premonitory dream-vision and the event.

In my dream I am at the Church on a Sunday morning, see a small red car with a pointed tapering bonnet come up the hill to me, then turn into the Dawson's grounds and finally dash into the churchyard wall exactly opposite to Colonel Stopham Dawson's vault, which lies on the other side of the wall, and close to it.

Three months afterwards on a Sunday morning I am impressed to view Colonel Stopham Dawson's vault. On going up the hill to my Vicarage a small red car which I had never actually seen before, overtakes me on the rising hill, stops close to me, and the nephew of Colonel Stopham Dawson leans out to speak to me. A few minutes after this I hear of the death of Colonel Stopham Dawson. Three days later his ashes are deposited exactly where I stood!!

The connection between the dream and the event, and the forecast of what was coming to pass *is clear, unmistakable and undeniable.*

May 16th, 1932.—Got a letter to-day from a lady in Hertfordshire, saying that she has just lost her husband, and was in great distress and expecting the birth of their child. She had read my book, *Man's Survival after Death*, and received great comfort from it, and begged us under these special conditions to see if we could get a message of consolation from him. We did so, and got a personal message for her, followed by the statement that the child which was to be born would be a girl and would have blue eyes and fair hair. The latter part of the message was given by Tabitha, who went on to say that she loved the baby, and added, "She will love me, and her mamma will call her 'Tabitha.'" We duly sent this message to the lady, and heard nothing for a month, but at the end of that time I received the following letter:

"DEAR MR TWEEDALE,—You will understand why I have not written before to thank you for your very great favour. The letter was brought to me in hospital. I have no words in which to tell you how much I was comforted by the message I received. The message with its promise was worded exactly as he would have spoken to me—it will also interest you to know that the baby *has* blue eyes and fair hair and *is* a girl, exactly as foretold!!!"

Writing a month later, she says, "We have named baby Tabitha, after the Tabitha who gave the forecast so wonderfully fulfilled."

Years ago my wife and I had a similar experience which will here bear repetition.

In the spring of 1909 we visited Newcastle-on-Tyne, my wife shortly expecting the birth of her child which she was convinced, and had been from the first, would be a boy. We visited a Mr Robinson, a well-known bookseller of the town, who was a good clairvoyant. After giving us some clairvoyant descriptions, he turned to her and said, "The child will be a girl." We both laughed, and my wife strongly combated the idea, I at the same time explaining her strong preconception. He listened attentively, and then calmly said, "Well, when the girl is born you can write and tell me." A month afterwards my youngest daughter was born, and write we did.

This foreknowledge on the part of communicating spirits is so well evidenced and attested that it is impossible for any well-informed and honest man to deny it. Lest the unreasonable critic clad in the hard-shell armour of telepathy should obtusely allege that in each case it was merely the subconscious effect of the statement upon the expectant mother's mind, it may be well to remark that, according to gynaecologists, the sex of the child is determined at or about the fifth month of gestation, so that in both cases the sex *had already been determined by nature before the message was communicated to the mother.*

At the time of making the statement concerning the sex of the child, he went on to say that the nurse who attended my wife would come from Africa, and was a young woman with bright golden hair of such extraordinary length that it fell below her waist. My wife *laughed* at this statement because she had *already engaged* the nurse who had previously attended her and who was over thirty years of age, and had dark-brown hair. About a fortnight before the child was born this nurse suddenly fell ill and could not come, so a hasty advertisement was inserted in a Yorkshire paper. From among a score of applicants one was selected who wrote from Sunderland, my wife's native town. When she arrived we were astounded to see a young woman of about twenty-five with bright golden hair, so long that *she could sit on it*, and still more astounded when she told us that she did not reside in Sunderland, but had only a few days previously landed in England from *South Africa*!! Perhaps the materialistic die-hards and fanatics who work the telepathy ramp to exhaustion will be good enough to explain where it comes in in this case.

Thursday, June 15th, 1932.—Tabitha came in the evening (Madge and Dorothy sitting), and said:

"Crash he comes and crash he goes,
All his woes are round his nose
And the stones are his foes."

Then the picture of an aeroplane was drawn.

June 20th.—Sent this forecast to the Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer*.

Saturday, August 10th, 1932.—The papers this week-end are full of the account of an extraordinary aeroplane disaster. A millionaire manufacturer on the Continent was flying to his great factories in the fog when he crashed at full speed against one of the tall stone mill chimneys of his factory, and his head was smashed against the stones of his own factory at a great height in the air. Tabitha said on June 15th:

"All his woes are round his nose
And the stones are his foes."

and so it came to pass!!

Thursday, August 11th, 1932.—In the afternoon Marjorie in the kitchen saw a delicate hand like a young girl's held out to her. She at once went and told my wife and my daughter Dorothy. They sat. The young girl Tabitha came and said that the hand Marjorie saw was hers, and that the aeroplane disaster was indeed that of the manufacturer whose aeroplane dashed against his factory chimney. How marvellous it all is!!

November 22nd, 1932.—Strad came to-day and said that two of his violins would soon be offered for sale. We have not heard of any approaching sale of Strad violins, but I record it.

December 20th, 1932.—The *Yorkshire Evening Post* to-day contains the following :

" Another chapter will be added to the romance of Strad violins when on January 26th next, two will be offered for sale in London. They are in a collection of stringed instruments formed by the late Mr John Nicholson of Sheffield. One of these two is the ' John Sanders ' Strad, dated 1725. The other is dated 1714 and was the property of Miss Elphinstone. It is many years since two Strads were included in one sale. In the Red Cross sale during the war, a Strad enriched the charity funds by several thousand pounds."

So *Strad's forecast has come true once more*. Curiously enough I know one of these Strads and played upon it years ago when I spent a very pleasant day with Mr Nicholson, who was a most interesting man, and had a large collection of violins by many makers.

Wednesday, February 22nd, 1933.—On this day we did *not get our newspaper or see any newspaper*. At 8 p.m. my wife and Dorothy sat, and Strad came and made the following statements :

- " Great things will happen during the next week in the Far East.
- " There will also be a big shipwreck with loss of life.
- " There will also be an air-mail crash.
- " Both will happen very shortly.
- " England will be in peril within a month.
- " Great progress in spiritual truth is coming soon."

These forecasts I sent to the Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer* and placed them on record.

They were fulfilled as follows :

During the week following February 22nd, the Japanese dramatically withdrew from the Conference at Geneva and declared war on China. In a brief period the Chinese were defeated, Jehol was captured, and the Japanese controlled the province of Manchuria.

On March 16th the Norwegian steamer *Hinnoy* of 4000 tons' burden was wrecked by an explosion, followed by a raging fire. Fifteen men were killed and many injured, and the vessel destroyed.

On Tuesday, March 28th, the British Air Liner *carrying mails* crashed and was totally destroyed, fifteen people being killed. One of the worst air disasters on record.

Within a month from the prediction the Government policy *re* India had reached such a critical stage as to be described in the press of March 21st as " the perilous experiment which may destroy the framework on which the Empire depends," and the Conservative Party was in a state bordering on revolt over this question.

On March 12th Sir Oliver Lodge broadcast his public and significant

testimony to the reality of communication with the departed and the evidence on survival in the spirit world.

Thus all the forecasts of February 22nd were fulfilled *within five weeks*.

Monday, March 13th, 1933, 8 p.m.—Madge and Dorothy sitting. Strad came and said :

- " There are several things of importance to record.
- " A monarchy is to rise.
- " A statesman falls fatally wounded.
- " Your King will have an illness within four days.
- " England will disagree on vital points of Government."

I sent this prediction to the Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer*, and also deposited it in a sealed envelope at my bank and obtained receipts, both of which I hold.

All the above forecasts were wonderfully fulfilled. During the next fortnight Hitler's dramatic rise to power took place—a bloodless revolution which completely altered Germany's position, and practically brought about the rise of a new German nation.

On Monday, March 27th, as reported in the *Daily Mail* for March 28th, Mr Van Sodoroff, leader of the Milhailoff Party in the Bulgarian Chamber, was assassinated in the open street, the shots also killing a passer-by.

Within four days of the prediction the papers *were full* of accounts of our *King's illness*, which, fortunately, did not prove to be serious.

Acute divergence of opinion developed on the Indian question, which continued to increase in danger and difficulty until, in the spring of 1935, it threatened the solidarity of the Empire, led to what was practically a revolt of the Indian princes and threatened the disruption of the Conservative Party.

These last two experiences would alone show the power possessed by our spirit communicators to foretell coming events, but not content with this they continued to pile evidence upon evidence.

The following was one of the most remarkable and awe-inspiring experiences we ever had.

March 2nd, 1933, 8 p.m.—My wife (Madge), Dorothy and self sitting. Strad came and gave us the following extraordinary message which impressed and mystified us not a little :

- " In eventide's sweet dreams
- I see the silver streams
- Flowing with God's good gift,
- Which makes some souls bereft."

I said, " What does this mean, Signor ? "

- " Floods which swallow up people :
- Yet water is God's good gift."

C.L.T. : " Does this mean that there are going to be floods ? "
 Strad : " There *are* floods."
 Then Chopin manifested, and said, " What he means to say is this :

" There are many lying
 In the water dying,
 Many dying
 Others sighing."

C.L.T. : " What does all this mean ? "
 Chopin : " You will hear to-morrow."

This greatly astonished and impressed us.

March 3rd, 1933.—News came on the wireless about 10.15 of a great tidal wave in Japan following on an earthquake. The wave swept in over the land nine times and swept thousands of wooden houses back into the sea, and thousands of people were drowned, while thousands more drifted about clinging to the floating houses and wreckage. The message came to us through Strad and Chopin *before any news of it was received normally in this country and before any announcement was made of it on the wireless!!* How marvellous these spirit messengers are, and what a privilege it is to have this evidence !

Wednesday, August 9th, 1933.—Madge, Dorothy and self sat in the afternoon. Strad, Chopin, Sir Arthur and Tabitha came. After they had manifested, " George " came, and to our great surprise, said, " Look to the pulpit top. It requires attention." This was evidence of good will on " George's " part, and knowing how wonderfully accurate these communications had been in the past I resolved to examine it next Sunday when at Church (distant about one and a third miles).

Sunday, August 13th, 1933.—After Morning Service I obtained a long ladder and rearing it against the south wall of the Church near the pulpit in the presence of my churchwarden I ascended to the top of the heavy oak sounding-board suspended over the pulpit, in view of the warning given to us last Wednesday. Nothing of the condition of the iron bars could be seen from the floor, and I had never before been up to the sounding-board nor had any of my family. It was erected in *Queen Anne's time* and had been untouched for generations (see Frontispiece). When I got up to it I was simply astounded to find that one of the iron bars supporting it was not merely corroded but rusted *clean through*, and on my laying hold of it, it bent up nearly a foot, while the other bar which held it was attached to a part of the heavy structure, which was *completely riddled with worm holes and dry rot*, and the heavy sounding-board, which is made of oak, and is about one foot deep and four feet in diameter, and weighs a hundredweight or more, was on the point of falling, and might have crashed at any moment. Had it done so it would have fallen several feet on to my head and would almost certainly have killed me. The rusted-through portion of the bar and the

rotten worm-eaten wooden attachments were *hidden in the recess* at the top of the heavy structure, and *could not be seen* from below nor from any accessible part of the Church, and all present at the sitting are prepared to swear on oath that they had no knowledge whatsoever of the state of the supports. It was indeed not possible for them to have any such knowledge. As I stood on the ladder and looked at the precarious condition of the heavy structure and realised how many times I had stood under it and how imminent was the peril, I bowed the head and thanked God, and realising yet again the meaning of Ps. xci. 11, " He shall give his angels charge concerning thee to keep thee in all thy ways," for here was the manifest evidence of a definite warning and of just such guidance and protection from the spirit world. On the next day I sent to the smith and carpenter and had a new iron bar put in and the decayed wood removed and sound timber inserted, leaving the old bar, which had rusted through, and which was now bent up and visible, *in situ*, as a silent witness of this narrative.

I digress here for a brief space to say that the spirit " George " who, in this wonderful manner gave me this friendly and timely warning, has in the past been associated with many extraordinary manifestations here. While Strad and others have produced remarkable physical phenomena, his particular *forte*, so we are informed by Strad, Chopin, Sir Arthur, is the production of very strong physical manifestations. With reference to this, Chopin on January 31st, 1933, made this most interesting statement. He informed us that when their work was finished " George " would cease to manifest and that he had been *necessary to them* in order to supply power, as he was of a more material nature and therefore of great use in this respect, that is, to supply power for the stronger physical happenings, the *modus operandi* being something on a par to a brain-worker—a civil engineer—employing a brawny manual worker—a navvy—to do the digging and carry out his plans. Up to the time of writing, " George " has only been definitely seen on one occasion, July 12th, 1911, when he was seen to run through the house *three times* at short intervals. All the bells rang in a violent peal on each occasion. The man ran upstairs and through the passages, and appeared to have an axe in his hand. The servants Ida and Rose and my wife *all* saw him on each occasion, and I heard them screaming, and they were all badly frightened, thinking that some burglar had got in.

Later, May 20th, 1932, Strad confirmed this experience by saying at one of our sittings, " " George " is here with his axe," and on another occasion a visitor, who was psychic, described him as holding the same implement. He appears to have been a farmer. He himself has told us that he died more than a hundred years ago. These experiences in the past have been of the utmost possible value in furnishing evidence of the *objectivity* and *reality* both of these manifestations and of the spirit people who are responsible for them, also of the reality and objectivity of that spirit world of which they are the inhabitants, thus

completely disproving and destroying the subliminal and subjective theories, and all theories of hallucination. At first, and for a considerable time after these manifestations began, they were for the purpose of attracting attention and inducing investigation. Then their object became the above-mentioned proof of reality and objectivity. When these all-important purposes had been accomplished and the facts established to us beyond denial or dispute, then these physical happenings became less frequent, and their place was taken by remarkably evidential communications and teachings, throwing a flood of light on existence and conditions in the spirit world, with frequent evidences, sometimes ocular, at others photographic, of the personal presence of the communicators.

Accounts of many of these wonderful physical manifestations will be found in the pages of my book, *Man's Survival after Death*, to which I refer readers, but four of them are of peculiar interest, and among the most remarkable on record. The first will be found on page 31—the coming of an egg in daylight, on a long cloudband of ectoplasm.

The second incident, narrated on page 32, occurred on Sunday, November 13th, 1910. My mother had sustained severe cuts on the head. The intention behind the manifestation was evident. The ointment was for the wounds, which at that time were bleeding profusely, and to which we promptly applied the ointment.

On scores of occasions articles have mysteriously disappeared, and a few days afterwards have been seen to fall out of the air and so be restored to us. One of the most dramatic of these, constitutes the third instance.

On November 28th, 1910, about noon, mother's keys—which were a heavy bunch—disappeared mysteriously from her pocket, and although we all searched most assiduously for them we could not find them. Six hours afterwards, my mother, my wife and myself were all in the dining-room. The door was shut, the window shut and latched (it cannot be opened from the outside) and no other mortal was in the room but our three selves. We were all together on the hearth-rug—my wife standing in front of the fire, my mother seated in her chair, while I stood facing my wife on mother's right. We were discussing the mysterious disappearance of the keys and wondering where they could be. Suddenly I saw something bright rushing through the air on my right and coming swiftly from high up in the corner at the back of the room, close to the ceiling and five yards away from either door or window! The two walls making the corner are blank walls through which there is *no opening of any kind*. The glittering object whizzed past me and struck my wife violently on the bunch of hair at the back of her head. It came with such force and directness that it bounced from her head in another grand curve to a distance of three and a half yards from where she stood!! She uttered a loud shriek of alarm due to the shock and the surprise, but owing to the thick mass of hair

intercepting the blow, she was not hurt in the least. I instantly ran and picked the object up, when to our wonderful amazement we found that it was the heavy bunch of keys missed since midday from my mother's pocket. There was no visible sign of any presence in the distant corner of the room from which *I saw the keys come*. The corner was empty, but I am as certain that the keys rushed out of it from a point *near the ceiling* as I am of any fact in my life, and am prepared to declare these facts on oath, as is my wife. My mother has since joined the majority.

On another occasion we had missed a leather jewel-case containing a heavy gold brooch and a pair of gold pendant ear-rings. This was lost and missing for fully eighteen months, so that we gave up all hope of ever seeing it again. One day as we were sitting for communication and after one or two messages had come, suddenly something rushed across the room and struck the wall at the other side from where we sat and then fell down on the floor. I rose and went to it, examining it carefully as it lay there. To my very great surprise it was the jewel-case missing for so long. Now the sceptic would cynically say with a sneer, Oh yes, quite simple. Some of you had it in their pocket, or up their sleeve, and to parody Ingoldsby,

“When nobody knew it
Somebody went and popped up and threw it.”

Not so fast, Mr Sceptic! I viewed it most carefully as it lay on the floor and saw that it was covered with thick green mould, but that it did not bear a trace of any finger-marks, and that the coating of mould was smooth and unbroken, though afterwards found to be soft to the touch, showing conclusively *that no mortal had handled it or had it concealed on the person*. What made this all the more certain and evidential was the fact that when I *did* open it, I dropped it instantly and with a shudder, for inside was a most loathsome mass of earwigs piled in a heap on the brooch, scores of them—showing assuredly that the case had *not been* opened, just as the absence of finger-marks in the thick soft mould showed that no mortal had handled or thrown it.

Sunday, January 29th, 1911.—Another incident out of many illustrates not only the power of a spirit over matter, given the requisite psychic conditions, but also the fact that spiritual beings are around us and can not only see what we do, and hear what we say, but actually read our unspoken thoughts and carry our unspoken desires into effect. On the above date I said the usual Morning Service at my Church of All Saints, Weston (Plate XIX).¹ This ancient Saxon and Norman edifice is one of the oldest in the land, dating from the seventh century and being mentioned in the Domesday Book. I had a churchwarden who was

¹ The *Wellingtonia Gigantea* (Californian Big Tree) near the Church gate was planted by the Author.

strongly opposed to psychic things. The Church is situated at the bottom of an extremely steep and dangerous hill and close to that fine old Tudor and Elizabethan mansion, Weston Hall—so close, indeed, that when the poet Gray, author of the immortal *Elegy*, visited this part of Yorkshire, the Church having no spire was mistaken by him for the tithe barn and stables attached to the mansion. I was just leaving the ancient Church when the clerk accosted me and told me that this churchwarden in question, while galloping his horse furiously and recklessly along the edge of a deep ditch, had broken its fetlock or ankle, and that those who arrived on the scene had sent for a sporting gun and shot the poor faithful creature. I was much grieved to hear of it, and said so. As I toiled up the steep hill from the Church leading to the Vicarage, distant over a mile, I pondered on the sorry event, recalling my warden's scepticism and thinking what an interesting thing it would be if the poor beast could manifest itself to him by the sound of its hoofs and the fall of one of its shoes on his table. (For the account of the apparition of a horse killed by its owner, see *Man's Survival*, p. 114.) These were my thoughts, but *I did not speak one word*. I smiled to myself at the quaint conceit, as I breasted the very steep hill, and the idea forthwith passed from my mind. I did not meet or speak to anyone on my way to the Vicarage, distant over a mile, and on arriving there I immediately went upstairs, still without meeting anyone, until I reached my mother's room. Before I could address her or utter a word she said mysteriously, "I have something for you." I said, "What is it?" She then informed me that about a quarter of an hour previously she was lying in bed when she heard a tremendous noise on the flight of stairs above. Something heavy bumped and banged down these stairs, and then bumped along the passage for several yards, just as though it were being jerked along by string attached to it. This continued until it arrived at her door, and then the noise ceased. Wondering what it could be, she opened her door and went out into the passage, seeking the thing that had caused the noise. Almost at once she trod on it, and to use her own words "*almost twisted my ankle*." Concluding, she said, "What do you think it was?" "Nay!" I replied. "We have had so many wonderful things lately I cannot even guess." She held her hand behind her back and enjoyed my mystification a little space, then with a sweep of her arm, said, "This," holding up a big *horseshoe*. I regarded it with unbounded astonishment and a feeling of profound awe. My *unspoken thoughts* had been read and carried into effect by one of those normally invisible beings around. To be particularly noted, are the actual coming of an iron horseshoe and the words "*nearly twisted my ankle*," both so intimately connected with the accident. No one in the house knew or had heard of the accident to the horse and I was the first to tell them. This is one of the *most amazing and evidential experiences* we have ever had, and I am prepared to declare every detail upon oath. I challenge anyone to explain it by any

telepathic or non-spiritual theory. The spirit agent, we have since been told, was "George." If I had no other experience, this would be sufficient to settle my belief for ever, as to the reality of that spirit world and those invisibles which are around us.

The above accounts are sufficiently amazing, but I will add to the wonder of these experiences.

January 29th, 1911.—My wife and I were in our bedroom, when, looking up, I saw an object apparently come through the plaster ceiling, and *slowly* descend about nine feet on to my pillow. It came down just as though it were let down on a string. We were both standing near the foot of the bed, and *both* saw the object descend. The door was shut and no other mortal was in the room. I sprang forward as soon as it touched the pillow and picked it up. It proved to be a dress shoe and the fact that it descended slowly before our eyes proves conclusively that its coming was entirely abnormal and it had not been thrown by any mortal. We have often heard the expression "*matter through matter*," and cases have been cited where this has occurred, as when Zöllener, the famous physicist, testifies in his *Transcendental Physics* to seeing wood pass through wood, and also to the tying of a knot in an endless band of leather, cut in a circle from a flat unbroken sheet. These cases have been vigorously denied, invariably by persons *who were not there to witness the phenomena*, and who have had no experience of the same.

The accounts of the "*apports*" and the coming of articles into closed rooms which I have described in these pages are very notable instances of this type of manifestation, but as if to surpass themselves in wonderful demonstration, the spirit personalities responsible for them gave us the following supreme instance of a peculiarly evidential nature in which opportunity was given to see the process slowly performed.

On November 5th, 1913, my wife's father, Frank Burnett, died and she was very sad at heart at the sudden bereavement. On Tuesday, November 11th, we both went out into the village. Before she went out she retired to the privacy of her bedroom and, all unknown either to me or to any other mortal in the house, she earnestly prayed that some manifestation might be given which would prove, or bear on, her father's survival. On returning in about an hour's time we were met by the children and the servant Mabel, all very excited and telling us a most amazing story of what they had seen. Marjorie was seated on the kitchen table watching the servant Mabel do some knitting with steel needles and learning the stitch. The room was well lighted and the outer door shut. While doing this she chanced to look up and was frightened to see a stick boring its way through the plaster ceiling and coming into the room. She could see the stick right up to the plaster and it came through rather slowly as though it were being pushed through. She cried out in alarm to Mabel, "Oh, look!" Mabel looked

up from her knitting and also saw the stick coming through. When they first saw it, it had come through about a foot. At this moment Dorothy and Sylvia who were in the breakfast-room three yards down the passage, and the door of which was open, having heard Marjorie's startled cry, rushed into the kitchen, Dorothy being first. As she got to the door she saw the stick protruding about eighteen inches through the plaster ceiling. Then it seemed to lurch downward and come quickly, and it fell, striking the table, and rebounded on to the floor. Sylvia behind Dorothy saw and heard it fall. Immediately after it fell, loud heavy footsteps resounded in the room directly above. Thus there were four witnesses of this amazing passage of the stick through the plaster ceiling and the stick was seen right up to the plaster, *and slowly coming through*. I carefully examined the ceiling at the place and found it perfectly sound and solid, and without a trace of any hole or opening whatsoever.

They said the footsteps were those of a heavy man, and exactly reproduced Mr Burnett's walk which was rather unusual. All were deeply impressed when my wife told about her earnest prayer for some evidence of his presence and survival which she made before she went out. The stick was three feet ten inches long, and about $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch in diameter, and the remarkable fact must also be noted, that Mr Burnett in life had been very fond of making walking-sticks and presenting them to his friends. That this manifestation should have come in answer to prayer, of which the witnesses were unaware, is one of the most amazing things on record in the whole history of psychic experiences, either ancient or modern. All the witnesses signed the account of their experience and solemnly asserted its truth on the Testament.

To return now to the premonitions.

Thursday, August 24th, 1933.—Last night I had a most dreadful dream. I saw a man falling between big iron rollers, the rollers about a foot in diameter furnished with long six-inch spikes or teeth. I saw him go *head first* into these dreadful rollers, the teeth of which crunched his head like an egg-shell and dragged his body into their grip. I awoke quite terrified and had difficulty in getting to sleep again. I told it to my wife and daughters.

Saturday, August 26th, 1933.—The *Daily Mail* to-day reports a dreadful accident at Leeds, heading it "Head first into a Crushing Plant," and describing it as follows:

"A workman at the Leeds Corporation Gas Works, New Wortley, stated that shortly before midnight on Wednesday he saw a man named Kerfoot shoot down into the revolving machinery under the hopper head first. He was powerless to save him. Kerfoot was shovelling coal into the hopper from a waggon. The machine had to be taken to pieces to recover Kerfoot's mangled body."

The spikes in the rollers of the plant are to make them to seize upon and draw in the material.

The accident took place just before midnight on Wednesday, and I saw it in the dream in the early a.m. hours of Thursday, not long after it happened!! I sent an account of it to the *Wharfedale Observer*, September 1st.

This experience reminds me of one related in the S.P.R. Proceedings some years ago. The narrator was at dinner with other guests when suddenly he was horrified to see a man before him horribly mangled, and showing the figure of a horse. The vision persisted for some minutes, and he was much agitated. A little time after it was found that a man had been run over about the same time in a street close at hand by a traction engine, which engine bore the *brass figure of a horse* affixed to the front of it!!

The explanation in both these cases is undoubtedly that the spirit of the person who has been killed announces the disaster to the first and nearest person *capable of receiving such spiritual announcement*, the nearest person who has the psychic make up or constitution which constitutes him a receiving unit of a spirit's announcement from the spirit world. Here the spirit manifested personally and showed a picture.

Wednesday, December 27th, 1933.—Midnight. Chopin came and spoke of "Fifty people lying dead, and carried away." Stradivari added to this, "Two with their hands off." Chopin said, "You will soon hear."

Tuesday, January 2nd, 1934.—Went to Leeds in afternoon, and at 4 p.m. saw the evening paper posters out announcing "Fifty people swept away by a cloudburst in California."

Again these wonderful spirit friends of ours are justified. What an amazing thing it is!

January 27th, 1934.—Sat with Dorothy in the afternoon. Sir Arthur came, and as I was corresponding with one of our bishops, the Bishop of B——, on the subject of Objective Spiritual Evidences, I alleging that they were fundamental to Christianity, I asked Sir Arthur whether I must send my book, *Man's Survival*, for him to read. He replied, "He would not read it if you did."

I then said, "Shall I send the letter which I have written?" Answer: "You can if you like, but you might as well try to make the leopard change his spots."

February 13th, 1934.—Sir Arthur was right. A week ago I sent the book, but the bishop returned it *unread*. Like the old Yorkshireman in the story, "He did not know and did not want to know." The attitude of many Church dignitaries seems to be on a par with that of the Scribes and Pharisees, of whom the Lord bitterly said, "Their eyes have they closed and their ears have they stopped lest they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears and be converted and I should heal

them." The Ecclesiastical dignitaries of Galileo's time would not look through his telescope! None so blind as those who *will not* see. With these people, if the facts will not square with their bigotry and prejudice, *so much the worse for the facts*. They are spiritual flat-earthers.

Tuesday, January 30th, 1934.—Last night, shortly after midnight, I was just composing myself to sleep when I heard my wife uttering little whimpering and percussing sounds in her sleep like she does when about to be entranced. I bent over her and listened, but could make nothing of the sounds. These continued some time, she, meanwhile, continuing in deep sleep. Suddenly she began to sing in a strong clear tenor voice like that of a man :

"When the winds sing, soft and low,
When the breezes blow, blow, blow,
Then I come for Delius go."

Nothing further came, and I at once rose and wrote down the words and the music. I did not awaken my wife, and in the morning she remarked how well she had slept and that she had slept all night. Not till then did I tell her of the happening, asking her to say nothing, as I resolved not to mention what had happened to the other members of my family until I saw whether Dorothy, who sleeps in the room over ours, had heard anything of it. As we sat around the breakfast table, Dorothy said, "I heard something in the night. Was mamma entranced? I heard a man's voice, not yours, shortly after going to bed, and I saw a brownish red light on the wardrobe, which flamed out like a big moon and died down again." I was interested at this independent testimony, but before I could reply to her my daughter Marjorie said, "And I heard the piano in my bedroom play several notes loud and distinct in the night, and it frightened me." It is to be noted that Marjorie's room is on the third storey at the other end of the house, far from our room, that there was no cat or dog in the room, nor has a rat ever been seen there, and the small Broadwood piano in the room was not only out of repair at the time, but was *upside down* and all the hammers swung *away* from the strings! ||

I then told them what had happened, and said, "We will sit after breakfast." We sat at 11.15, and Chopin came and said that he it was who had sung, and that he also had sounded the notes on the piano in Marjorie's bedroom. He also said that the reddish brown light seen by Dorothy in her bedroom was a representation of Delius' aura, and that the whole manifestation portended Delius' passing. We asked whether we should send the account to Mrs Black, Delius' sister, and he replied, "Yes, for evidence."

January 31st.—I sent the account to the Editor of the *Wharfedale*

Observer, Otley, and received his acknowledgment, dated February 5th, with a statement that he had filed my letter for reference.

I also wrote Mrs Black, Delius' sister, and received the following from her :

"WHITE GATES, IDLE.

"February 1st, 1934.

"DEAR MR TWEEDALE,—Your letter is *most* interesting. I am keeping it carefully, and am quite prepared to testify if necessary. 'Brownish red' seems an odd colour for an aura. I wonder what it means.—Yours sincerely,

"CLARE ALLAN BLACK."

March 5th, 1934.—Sent the account to Martin's Bank in a sealed envelope and obtained their receipt, dated March 6th, 1934.

Monday, June 11th, 1934.—News of the death of Delius at Grez-sur-Loing, near Paris. The prophecy and forecast so wonderfully given us, three months ago, is fulfilled.

June 14th —Mrs Black writes me under date June 13th, 1934 :

"My brother was interred last night at Grez-sur-Loing. The fulfilment is wonderful.—Always sincerely,

"CLARE ALLAN BLACK (CLAIRE DELIUS)."

A full account of this wonderful experience appeared in the *Bradford Observer* for Wednesday, June 13th, 1934. We sent accounts to the psychic papers. Here is what has often been asked for by unbelievers ; a perfectly clear forecast four months ahead of a coming event witnessed and evidenced beyond the possibility of denial, clearly proving the incursion of the spirit world into our mundane affairs and announcing the passing of a famous man from this world to the next.

I now give some account of how these wonderful forecasts anent the Delius family were further continued and fulfilled.

On June 25th, 1934, a little more than a fortnight after his death, about 12 noon, an apparition which, we have often seen, appeared and vanished through the door of my study, and my wife and I sat, and Chopin, one of our spirit communicators, came and said : "I have a message. I want you to ask the sister of Delius to look up and arrange all the facts about him—*just as men did with me.*"

I wrote to Mrs Black, Delius' sister, telling her of this. She was rather aghast at the magnitude of the task, but a few weeks after she paid us a visit and told us that the book had been begun.

On October 26th, 1934, there appeared in the *Yorkshire Evening Post* the account of an interview with the wife of Delius who had come over to England, from which I take the following :

"Mrs Delius, widow of the distinguished composer, has come to England to find a last resting-place for him in this country.

"Before his death she asked him 'whether he would like to be brought back to his own county of Yorkshire.' 'No,' said Delius, 'it is too cold, too bleak. When I am dead take me to the South of England, where the winds are warm.' 'So,' said Mrs Delius, 'I shall visit several peaceful churchyards in Surrey, and I hope to find one which may be his last resting-place. Then next spring—the season he loved so much—I shall bring him over from Grez, where he lies now.'"

The account of the forecast of Delius' passing was *not* told to Mrs Delius nor published in the papers until *after* his death, but before he died he said to his wife, as she thus testified in the press:

"When I am dead take me to the south of England, *where the winds are warm.*"

How marvellously this agrees with the spirit voice of Chopin at midnight:

"When the winds sing soft and low,
When the breezes blow, blow, blow."

On March 7th, 1935, Mrs Black and her daughter came to see us and informed us that, as was very natural, Mrs Delius contemplated writing the life of her husband. As Chopin had originally started them writing their life of Delius, they were rather at a loss what to do. During the course of the afternoon we sat for psychic communication. Chopin again came, and they asked what course should be taken. Chopin informed them that "the lady across the sea" would die before the book was ready. Mrs Black's daughter said, "Do you mean 'Yelta' (Mrs Delius)?" and Chopin replied, "Yes."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle then manifested, and said "that they must go right ahead with the book."

Toward the end of May, when it was announced that Mrs Delius was shortly bringing the body of her husband to England, recalling this forecast of March 7th last, I sent an account of it to the Editor of the *Yorkshire Observer* on Saturday, May 25th, receipt of which he acknowledged on the 27th.

Two days previously Madame Delius had left France, bringing the body of her husband, to place it "in some quiet churchyard in Surrey," and on Saturday, 25th May, at midnight, the body of Delius was reburied under a great yew tree in Limpsfield churchyard by the light of lanterns.

On May 28th, 1935, about 3 p.m., my daughter Marjorie was in the kitchen. Suddenly she heard sounding from the room above her head a Swiss musical box, given to us by Mrs Levenson, and which plays only one tune, "The Old Bernese March," playing very loud and clear. She at once ran up to the room and found no one in it. She picked up the box and found that it was *not* wound up, and that the stop-catch was in operation to *prevent* the box playing, even if it had been wound up.

Returning along the passage she met my daughter Dorothy coming from the upper storey, who had also heard the box playing "The Bernese March" at the same time, and sounding from the same room, and both girls remarked on how loud and clear it sounded. No one had been in the room where the box was for a considerable time previous. Three hours later, at 6 p.m., we heard the sad news over the wireless that Mrs Delius had contracted pneumonia on her cross-Channel passage, and had been rushed to hospital in London, had listened to a record of the service on her sick-bed, and had passed away shortly before the music was heard here, as foretold on March 7th. None of us knew of Mrs Delius' sudden illness.

To conclude this wonderful and impressive experience. On June 10th we received a letter from Mrs Black, dated June 8th—eleven days after Madame Delius' death—saying that they had just finished the book and had sent it to the Publishers, thus fulfilling for the *n*th time, and with such convincing and awe-inspiring accuracy, the forecast of Chopin speaking from the spirit world.

How marvellous is this foreknowledge which could thus time the event.

The book duly came out at the end of October 1935, and is a substantial and well-written and well-illustrated volume of great interest to all lovers of music and to the general public. That the urge to write this book came from the spirit world is undoubted, and that it proceeded from the spirit of the great composer, Chopin, is clear, as is likewise the fact that without this message from him this book would never have been written at all, as Mrs Black acknowledges both in the book and in a letter to us under date, October 25th, 1935. This case of prediction with its remarkable train of accompanying events is one of the most remarkable on record.

I now come to another experience full of that dramatic interest which has characterised so many of these happenings.

Monday, October 13th, 1933.—This afternoon a big Daimler car drove up to the gate of my Vicarage, and the chauffeur rang the bell and enquired whether the Hon. Mrs C—— might see the Rev. C. L. Tweedale and Mrs Tweedale. We knew nothing about such a person, having never seen or heard of her before. We immediately invited her to enter, which she did, and seated in my dining-room informed us that she was most worried and wished to have the privilege of a sitting with us as she had heard of the remarkable phenomena we had experienced. Dorothy had gone to Ilkley, having left the Vicarage only a short time previously. I, therefore, took her place, and my wife and I sat in an endeavour to get some information for the lady.

Chopin manifested at once, and wrote, "Don't worry, Marie is here and says all is well and there are many changes coming that will make you *know* that this trouble is all for the best." We now asked the lady if she knew who Marie was, and she at once said, "Yes, a relative who

died about eighteen months ago." Chopin then continued, "Who has liver trouble?" This startled our visitor much, and she then informed us that her son Henry had been suffering severely from liver trouble and was at that time ill with it, that he had had to give up his profession for a time and was advised to live an open-air life. Other things in connection with him also worried her. Chopin now wrote, "There is a death coming which I don't like to talk about, within three months." Mrs C—— became very agitated, and cried aloud, "Oh! this is worse than all, you must not leave it at that. Tell me who it is." Chopin answered, "Did I not say that you must not worry?" Mrs C—— then said that her husband was the brother of Viscount C——, and died during the war in 1914. We talked with her and tried to comfort her, and after some time she thanked us and took her leave, and we saw her no more.

Thursday, November 2nd, 1933.—The *Daily Mail* to-day published the following news item:

"Mr Philip Henry Chetwynd, a nephew of Viscount Chetwynd, was killed in front of a tube train at Piccadilly Circus yesterday. He was the son of Capt. the Hon. Louis W. P. Chetwynd, who died in 1914."

At the inquest, reported in the *Daily Mail* for November 4th, 1933, it was said that he had been offered a position in Kenya, but that he had not wished to go there because he had *enlarged liver* very badly. He had been depressed. The driver of the train said that the man jumped on the line in front of his engine. This was a most awe-inspiring experience in which we received the most absolute proof of the power of our spirit messengers to foretell future events.

The fulfilment in this case came nineteen days after the prediction.

The account of the experience appeared in the *Bradford Observer*, and also in *Light* for March 23, 1934.

I have often heard the remark made by materialistically-minded men, "What is the good of all this spiritual stuff. Let your spirits tell us the winner of the Derby and *then* we will believe." It is not pleasant to contemplate the mentality of such persons who can see *no other* use for, or purpose in, a spiritual or psychic communication save to forecast a winner.

This demand for the winner by opponents is made with the confident conviction that it cannot be given, and so they think spiritual existence and communication is discredited. They will probably be surprised to hear that what they demand *has* been given, many times. Two cases have come under my own notice. On May 24th, 1930—a full week before the race—we were sitting. Strad came, and we jocularly asked him if he knew what would win the Derby, as the newspapers were full of the subject.

Instantly, and without a moment's hesitation, came the reply:

"Off he goes the favourite one
All along the course,
Till the other runs him close.
Back! says two, I'm too much for you
I'm the winner of the Derby blue."

This impromptu astonished us greatly, but none of us could make anything of it, having no knowledge of the subject.

After the race its wonderful foreknowledge became manifest.

It appears that the Aga Khan had *two* horses entered for the race "Rustom Pasha" and "Blenheim," the former being the popular favourite. In the actual race "Rustom Pasha" ("the favourite one") led for half the course or more, and then the Aga Khan's *second* horse ("two") forged ahead and came in first, exactly as described and foretold in the verse.

Only so recently as May 30th, 1938, I had another experience showing how these results *could* be forecasted. During the night I had a vivid dream in which I seemed to be holding an oblong tray on which were two very large and splendid flowers like huge roses, one crimson red and the other pure white. I thought in my dream that I approached two horsemen who were mounted on fine horses and were facing each other. When I came up to them I saw that they were French officers. I held up the tray, on which were the two large crimson-red and white flowers, and presented it to them for their acceptance. They smiled and bowed. I awoke from the dream, and after a little while fell asleep, and *again dreamed exactly the same dream*. I had not the slightest notion as to what it could mean, but I duly recorded it in my Journal.

May 31st, 1938.—About half an hour after breakfast, my daughter Marjorie ran up to my study very excited, and saying that she had just read in a paper that there was a *French* horse running in the Derby and that its colours were *maroon and white* (maroon is a reddish crimson). None of us had previously heard of a French horse nor of these colours, and I who had the dream had certainly *no knowledge whatsoever of these facts*. I then heard of them for the first time, and was greatly astonished and impressed. On taking up the matter we found that there *was* a French horse "Bois Rousell" running and that its colours *were* maroon and white. In the actual race this horse, which was *not* a favourite, gave not the slightest indication of winning, being far behind; until at the very end of the race it suddenly rushed up from nowhere, so to speak, passed several of the leading horses in rapid succession, and romped in four lengths ahead, providing one of the most spectacular finishes ever witnessed! Afterwards we were informed that Sir Arthur gave the dream communication, and that some of this information is due to Brock, who in this life was very fond of horses, and had several in his stables.

On another occasion I have been present when the full name of the winner of the Derby has been given *before* the race. I can thus personally vouch for the fact that what opponents demand as proof to them *can be done and has been done*; but on each occasion no one was present who could use the information. This they evidently knew, or otherwise I very much doubt whether it would have been given.

The reason for this is not far to seek.

Obviously, if this information could be obtained by everyone, the sport would be entirely spoiled. For the same reason, information about the selling prices of stocks and shares, etc., is not given to those who wish to make *commercial* use of it for gain. If this were usual, the whole course of trade would be dislocated. Apart from these purely material considerations there is the far higher one that our dealings with the spiritual world must be purely *Spiritual*, and used for the elevation or enlightenment, instruction or advancement, of our fellow-men or ourselves. Any attempt to *commercialise* the privilege of communication with the spirit world, or use it for *commercial traffic* or *personal gain* is frustrated or turned down. If information of this nature is *volunteered*, this is another matter and may be thankfully received, and is on a par with the instance recorded in Matthew xvii. 27, where Jesus is recorded as having by information undoubtedly given from the spirit world, said to Peter, "But that we cause not them offence, go thou to the sea and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth thou shalt find a shekel (stater); that take and give unto them for thee and for me."

This information was undoubtedly given *voluntarily* to the Christ by one of those exalted spiritual beings who so frequently manifested to him.

Tuesday, May 8th, 1934.—About 1 p.m. Madge was just leaving my study, I being seated at my writing-table. Suddenly, she turned and cried out that she saw a black bird with yellow beak and legs fly from my head. (This we were told was a symbol of good fortune.) Madge and Dorothy sat. "George" manifested, and gave this message: "Look afield and get your holiday by the sea after this full moon—June's full moon." Dorothy said, "But we have no money." Answer, "It will be furnished."

June 27th, 1934.—This morning I received a letter from my bank, saying that a cheque, which my wife received totally unexpectedly, had been cashed and awaited her convenience. *To-night is the full moon.* Thus marvellously has the forecast of "George" on May 8th been fulfilled, that the money for our holiday by the sea, which we were told to arrange, would be provided "*next June's full moon*," and here it is from a totally unexpected source exact to the day!! This is marvellous!! and we are filled with wonder at it all, and with great thankfulness. As fore-instructed on May 8th we arranged for a stay at a seaside resort. We had an extremely enjoyable time, being favoured by glorious breeze and sunshine.

Friday, August 31st, 1934.—About 6.30 p.m. Sylvia heard a loud sigh apparently close to her. She told my wife who, with Dorothy, sat in the hall about 8 p.m. A personality manifested giving the initials B. W., who said he had been killed in a street accident in London. He warned me to be careful of motor-cars when coming from the wedding at which I had to officiate on the morrow (Saturday). He said that he would not have come; but a man called Vale Owen had sent him.

Saturday, September 1st.—Drove to the wedding in one of the cars hired for the occasion. Remembering the warning and thinking it might refer to transit down the very steep and dangerous hill leading to the Church, I asked the driver as he approached it to be very careful and go slow. Nothing happened either going down or coming up, and I returned to my Vicarage, from whence I walked on to the house and the wedding festivities.

Returning from them about an hour later, I had arrived at a very awkward bend in the road, where immediately after crossing a bridge it rises on a steep hill and has a steep and high bank on either side. I was just at the worst part of it, when there suddenly rushed round the bend at full speed to breast the steep hill, three motor-cars and a motor-lorry, all following each other so very closely that there was absolutely no space for escape between them. They hugged my side of the road so closely that it was only by hastily throwing myself upon and scrambling up the steep bank that I avoided being knocked down and run over. It was a narrow escape, and I thanked God for yet another warning and deliverance from danger, and another illustration of the reality of those spiritual warnings and guidances of which we have had so many; some too tremendous and too private for publication.

Sunday, October 21st, 1934.—Our Harvest Festival to-day. This morning Madge told us that she awoke in the night and saw a vision close to the bedside, as she has often done in the past, just like a picture or a cinema show. In the picture she saw an aeroplane plunging down from a high mountain into the valley beneath. The plane burst into a great light which increased, and she got the impression that the pilots were killed. The place was among the mountains of Italy. She particularly noticed that the mountains were much higher than those around Weston (here the highest point is 1340 feet). This she told us in the early morning. In the evening about 6 p.m. she also told this account to Mrs Black, the sister of Delius, and to Mrs Black's daughter, who were at the Festival.

Monday, October 22nd.—This evening at 10.15 came over the wireless the account of an aeroplane disaster to-day, by which Messrs Gilman and Baines, the two pilots, were killed. The report said it was somewhere in the mountains of Italy.

Tuesday, October 23rd.—A full account appears in the *Daily Mail* of to-day. The machine, which was flying in the Australian Air Race,

crashed near Palazzo San Gervasio, eighteen miles from Potenza. When the plane was over the Neapolitan Appenine Mountains, shepherds saw it burst into flames, then crash to the ground. The airmen were dead when they reached them. These marvellous premonitory visions of my wife, and these staggering forecasts vouchsafed to us through our spirit messengers, fill one with awe, *and are as wonderful and evidential as anything to be found in Holy Scripture*. As narrated above, this case is wonderful enough in all conscience, but the marvel of it does not end here. I published this account in the *Wharfedale Observer*, the *Bradford Observer*, and in *Light* and other Psychic papers, and it was widely read throughout the country. Now came a most extraordinary sequel.

On November 6th I received the following letter, dated November 5th, from the mother of the fiancée of Lieut. Gilman, one of the pilots killed in the disaster foretold in my wife's vision :

"No doubt you will wonder from whom this letter can be. My object in writing to you concerns a newspaper cutting, which was sent to us by friends, and which relates to a vision seen in the night of October 20th, which has impressed us very much, as you will understand when I tell you that my daughter was engaged to Flying-Officer Gilman, one of the unfortunate pilots who met with disaster in Italy, and that a year ago—when my daughter was staying with friends in Worcestershire—she was persuaded to accompany them on a visit to a psychic, a working man, whom she had never seen or heard of in her life before. Among other things, this man told her that she would receive a message through a lady who had been in the habit of passing through a high gate in a small, very old Church in a village near Otley. He then asked her if she knew of a place called 'Otley.' Neither she nor any of my family had ever heard of a place of that name. This incident occurred on September 29th, 1933—a year before Mrs Tweedale's vision—and we made the acquaintance of Lieut. Gilman on November 10th, 1933."

This is wonder upon wonder, *a premonition of a premonition, a forecast of a forecast, both fulfilled*. The lady passing through the high gate of a small, very old Church near Otley, is clearly my wife, who has passed through this gate for the last thirty-four years, and "the small, very old Church near Otley" is Weston Church, dating from the seventh century.

These most wonderful visions, of which my wife has had many experiences, appear just like a cinema picture, or a painting in natural colour, and generally appear to be about three or four feet away from her. Applying the test which I devised years ago, she has found that they disappear or are shut out on closing her eyes, or on covering them with her hand, thus conclusively proving that the picture is *outside* or *external* to her own brain and eyes, and therefore *objective*, and entirely independent of her own organism and personality. This has been proved scores of times, and only so recently as January 30th, 1937, as this book was preparing for the press, she seeing near midnight on that day, a wonderful and significant vision which disappeared every time she closed or covered her eyes

to reappear again when she opened them, and this continued for quite a long time.

Sunday, December 16th, 1934.—Last night (Saturday) I determined to take a photograph of William Hope's Memorial Tablet recently erected in Weston Church, and before which some beautiful lilies sent by Mrs Hope and daughter had been placed, on December 10th, the anniversary of his birthday and the erection of the tablet. I kept this intention a *profound secret and did not mention it to anyone*. Just before retiring for the night I secretly placed four plates in two dark slides, and slipping them into my breast pockets retired to my bedroom, closing the door, and there alone in my room I carefully hid them under the bedding, between the wool bed and the mattress, directly under my head, and I kept careful watch on them, not leaving the room! My wife came in later and soon fell asleep, having no knowledge of the plates, or of what I had done. About midnight and shortly after I had put out the light, my wife awoke and said to me, "Oh, I am seeing such a funny thing. It is a big blue patch. It is beginning to move. Now, it looks like waves on the sea. It is waves, and there is a little boat. Now, it is getting bigger and it is going through the trough of the sea. Now, it has a light like a lamp on it. Now, there is a big black thing coming up to it and bumping into its side." Then she cried out loudly, "Oh! it's a fish, a big fish, and it has thrown the vessel over on its side. Ah! now it has righted again." Then she cried excitedly, "Now, there is a man on the ship with a barbed spear, and he is striking the fish again and again. Now, there is another man with another spear and he is also striking the fish. It looks like a whale. The whale is twisting and curling itself about." After a minute or two, in which she seemed to be watching the scene intently, she said, "Now, the ship is towing the whale with a chain." She then said, "There is a name on the ship." I asked her what it was. At first she could not make it out, but gradually it seemed to become clear, and at last she said slowly, "It is DAY TAB." I suggested that TAB was wrong. "She said, 'No. It is TAB. I can see the A plain, the two uprights and the cross-stroke.'"

The vision, which appeared at the bedside like a picture, then ceased, and I at once rose, re-lit the lamp, and wrote down the account of the vision, so as not to forget it.

Next day (Sunday) I told the vision at the breakfast table to my family in presence of my wife, but I did *not* tell them, or my wife, of my intention to take the photograph of Hope's Memorial Tablet. I secretly took the camera and two slides down to Church, and after the Morning Service I exposed all four plates on the Memorial on the chance of obtaining some psychic indication on the plate of his presence. In the afternoon I pondered over the vision. It seemed undoubtedly to set forth the approach to and harpooning of a whale, and I was immensely intrigued and puzzled by it. I had only two books about whaling in my library (kept in my study, which, in my absence, is kept constantly

locked, and the special key never leaves my possession). One was the *Cruise of the Cachalot*, describing a cruise in a whaler under a villainous captain and mate, and the other Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *Memories and Adventures*, in which he described two voyages in a whaler to the North and South Polar Seas. *Neither of these whaling accounts had been read by my wife*, and I had not read Sir Arthur's account for a long time. I dismissed the *Cruise of the Cachalot* at once as there was no similarity between DAY TAB and *Cachalot*. It was so long since I had read the account of Sir Arthur's whaling voyages that I could not for the life of me remember the name of the ship in which he sailed, and it was with no little curiosity that I walked across my study to my shelves and took down the book. On turning over the pages I was astounded to find that the name of the whaler was *Hope*!!

It now became evident that DAY TAB was not the name of the ship, but the whole thing was a most extraordinary and wonderful combining of things to reveal and indicate my hidden and secret intention as soon as next DAY came to photograph the TAB-let of *Hope*!! We have had many almost unbelievably wonderful things, but this is among the most ingenious and extraordinary, and among the most evidential. Note the points.

1. My intention to photograph Hope's Memorial, and the presence of the plates under the wool bed were unknown to my wife or any other person save myself.

2. My wife had *not* read the account of Doyle's whaling expeditions.

3. I had not read it for a long time—years. I could not remember the name of the ship, and did not have the subject of whaling in mind. I had *never* previously thought of the word *Day Tab* and laughed at it when mentioned, and I had not the least idea of what the vision could mean until thirty-six hours after.

4. I had no idea as to what the vision indicated or referred to, therefore telepathy from my mind is out of the question, and the thing *never* was in my wife's mind. It is quite evident that some personality outside that of myself and wife saw my preparations, knew what I was going to do, knew about the whaling cruises of the ship *Hope* which my wife had never read, and which I had forgotten, and also knew (what had never entered my mind) *how the two things could be linked up, and then proceeded to link them up* in this wonderful way.

At the time I thought this personality to have been Sir Arthur—who has so often manifested here and triumphantly proved, not only his survival, but his continued interest in affairs—and he has since told us this *was* the case.

Wednesday, May 22nd, 1934, 11.30 a.m.—Marjorie saw the black cat (Strad's pet) on the table in the kitchen about 11.30. Its back was very broad. She stretched out her hand to touch it, but it *melted away on the table* as she looked at it. At about 2.30 p.m. she again saw it at the dining-room door. It again vanished on the spot. She

came and told us, and a little later, about 3.45 p.m., Madge and I sat. (Dorothy joined us after the words "my slot" had come.) Stradiarius manifested, and gave us a most puzzling message as follows: "My slot is too long, hence the wedge inside the fiddle. Your father will know what Strad means." Then addressing me, he said, "Come, Tweedale, why do you not own up what I mean?" Thoroughly puzzled, I asked what he meant by "the slot." He replied, "Where you cut into the fiddle. You know a Strad by that cut, and hence the wedge." He then said, "I was well into my fifties before I was acknowledged." I now asked how he was dressed when at work. He replied, "In a smock with a skull cap." This smock, I expect, would be a long overall to preserve his clothing from varnish stains and wood dust. Neither my wife nor daughter knew anything of these details, as I have most carefully kept my books on Stradiarius locked up in my study, of which the key has always been in my possession.

This statement of his bears out the record that he wore a white wool cap, and we know that he reached the fullness of his powers and the height of his fame about the year 1700, when he would be fifty-six.

Thursday, May 23rd, 1934—About 12 noon I was in the passage leading from the hall to the breakfast-room. Madge coming from the kitchen saw the black cat run past me and up the front stairs. We both ran after it, and it turned down the passage and into our bedroom, we following immediately after it. I at once shut the door and searched the room thoroughly, but there was no cat there. We immediately sat, and Stradiarius manifested at once and took up again the extraordinary message about "the slot" as follows: "The slot is at the plate and my wedge is with it. When I cut the slot too long, hence the wedge. This is on my own fiddles, as will be seen on examining them." Completely puzzled, I asked, "Where is the slot?" He replied, "Inside the fiddle. I can say no more, but leave it this time—Study it."

This message altogether nonplussed me at the time. "The slot" I could not understand at all, while "the wedge" was still more incomprehensible. Strad became very impatient with me, as was natural, on my failure at the time to grasp his meaning.

Saturday, November 24th, 1934—Madge and I sat at 8. Stradiarius came, and said, "I want to tell you about my fiddles, about my slot and wedge. You will know a genuine Strad by the slot." This completely puzzled me as I know of no "slot" or "wedge" in a Strad fiddle, and I said, "Signor, I know of no slot or wedge. Where is it?" He answered, "Where you cut into the violin."

The only place where a wedge enters into the construction of a modern violin is the neck, which is cut wedge-shaped and dove-tailed into the top block, but I knew that Stradiarius *never* used this construction as it was not invented in his day, but fastened on the neck with three large-headed nails driven through the block into the neck.

NEWS FROM THE NEXT WORLD

I was completely nonplussed. Stradiuarius seemed very impatient at my stupidity, and said, "Come, Tweedale, own that you know it." I replied, "I am sorry, Signor, but I do not." He uttered an exclamation of great impatience, and then said after a little time, "Well! leave it for the present."

This was an extraordinary message, and puzzled me greatly.

Saturday, December 22nd.—Madge and I sitting. Stradiuarius manifested again, and I said, "I cannot understand the 'slot' you mentioned, Signor. Was it outside or inside the body of the violin?" He answered, "Inside." Question: "Whereabouts?" Answer: "On the edge." For the life of me I could think of no "slot" on the edge of a violin except the groove or slot cut to receive the three strips of wood termed the purfling, and this was *outside* the violin, so I said, "Do you mean the slot for the purfling?" He replied, "No, no, at the edge of the violin." I knew of no other slot at the edge, and was completely baffled.

I did leave it, and for six months paid no further attention to it until the second set of messages in November and December 1934. Then early in January 1935, as I was preparing this book for publication, I again pondered over these messages, and went over the internal construction of the violin. As I have never seen the back or belly taken off a Strad—such experiences being reserved for only very few people during the last century—I was unable to confirm Strad's statement by actual experiment, but there is a plate in Hill's splendid monograph on "Antonio Stradivari" which shows the linings of a Strad and the way they are set in the centre bouts, and here, to my intense interest, I found that this plate illustrated the insertion of the ends of the wood strips in the centre blocks, though the actual "slot" is not shown, nor the word used. *This insertion I had not previously noticed*, it being contrary to the ordinary modern practice in which the strips are *not* inserted but glued on, being pressed into place by small clamps. This monograph had been carefully locked up in my study, and neither my wife nor daughter had access to it, *nor had they ever seen the plate showing the ribs and linings*. So far so good, but this book-plate *did not show any trace of "the wedge" mentioned by Strad*, which so greatly puzzled me, *and did not refer to it in any way*.

Now as I had never used the "slot" I had never had need to lock it up, or to refer to this plate. Thus I had entirely overlooked "the slot," and had no knowledge of it whatsoever, hence my complete and long-continued bewilderment when Strad mentioned it, and his consequent impatience.

Leaving now "the slot" for a moment, let us turn now to the key detail which is peculiarly evidential in this most remarkable communication—the "Wedge."

This wedge is *not* shown in the plate in Hill's book, nor is any mention of it, or reference to it, made; nor had I any knowledge of it whatsoever

at the time that Strad's first communication came (May 22nd, 1934) or for eight months afterwards. *As for my wife and daughter they had no knowledge whatsoever of violin making and had never read or even opened Hill's book, or any other books, on the violin. This they are prepared to declare on oath, and from the care I have taken to lock up the volumes I am certain they had no knowledge of these things.* This sketch (Plate XX) will illustrate the extreme technicality of these slot and wedge details. S is the slot in the centre blocks cut like a mortise on the end surface of the blocks where they support the back and belly of the violin. The lining strips L are glued to the top and bottom of the violin ribs, and the back and belly of the violin are in turn glued to these lining strips.

The lining strips in the case of the upper and lower bouts or curves of a Strad violin are merely glued to the sides or ribs of the violin and are not mortised or "let into" the blocks.

In the *centre* bouts or curves, however, an exception is made and the ends of the strip "lining" L are "let in," a slot or recess S being cut in each centre block and the ends of the strip inserted. The cutting of these strips for these centre bouts or curves to the *exact* length is a difficult matter owing to the varying action of the small clamps by which they are held when glued in position and it frequently happens that they prove to be a shade short. Obviously, when the plan of letting in the linings is followed, and this shortage occurs, the easy and *practical* way to obviate the difficulty and to tighten up the strip would be to insert a small "wedge" of wood at or between the end of the lining strip and the end of the slot as shown in the sketch (Plate XX). This is what Strad says he sometimes did.

January 8th, 1935.—To-day I wrote to Mr Alfred Hill, surviving son of the late W. Ebsworthy Hill, the famous violin dealer of New Bond Street, and joint author of that magnificently illustrated monograph on Stradiuarius published by the firm some years ago, asking him if he had ever seen a small wedge used in the end of the slot in either of the centre blocks of a Strad violin. Personally, I have never seen the back or belly taken off a Strad violin, and *there are very few persons who have*. Even the Hills have not opened up many of these instruments, as such a proceeding is most carefully avoided except to execute some *absolutely necessary* repair, and as the "wedge" is a tiny piece of wood, only about one-sixteenth of an inch square, and is *cut off level* with the surface of the blocks, and as it would be *covered over with glue and splinters of wood, it would not be noticeable to ordinary inspection, and would be entirely overlooked unless attention were especially directed to it and it was carefully sought for*. Even then, in some cases, if driven in tight, it might need the help of a magnifying glass to detect its separate existence from the end of the lining in the slot. I should not, therefore, be the least surprised if it had never been noted or observed in a Strad violin. *The chances are that it never was.*

January 14th, 1935.—Received a letter from Alfred Hill saying that in the Strads he has seen opened he has not noticed any such wedge as I described to him, and that Stradiuarius was such a splendid craftsman that he does not think that he would ever use such a thing, but if the lining strip proved too short he would have cut a fresh one and not tightened up with a wedge.

Tuesday, January 22nd.—Madge and I sat. Stradiuarius came and took up the matter of the wedge and slot again. I drew a diagram of the slot and lining, and pointing with the end of a pen to the several portions of the diagram ascertained the exact position of the wedge in the end of the slot at W (see Plate XX). Question: "Is the slot too long (or the strip too short) at point S?" Answer: "Yes, slot too long at S." Question: "When the slot was too long, or the strip lining too short, at S, did you insert this wedge between the end of the slot and the end of the strip?" Answer: "Yes." Question: "Did you use it on all your instruments?" Answer: "No. Only when I made a mistake." C. L. T.: "Mr Alfred Hill says that he does not think you would do this as you were too fine a craftsman." Answer: "He does not know about it."

Thursday, January 24th, 1935.—Received the following letter from Edward Heron Allen, a well-known authority on the violin, to whom I wrote, making inquiry.

"LARGE ACRES, SELSEA BILL, SUSSEX.

"January 1st, 1935.

"DEAR SIR,—The practice of putting in a small wedge, when the full play of the clamps has not been allowed for, was doubtless used even by so accurate a worker as Stradivari. I have seen several of his violins opened, but cannot distinctly remember, after a lapse of half a century, to have noticed the 'wedge.'—Yours faithfully, EDWARD HERON ALLEN."

He testifies to the fact that even Stradiuarius would be quite certain to use such a *practical* means of overcoming this difficulty. After a lapse of fifty years he does not remember noticing one in those Strads he was so fortunate as to see "opened," but this is not at all surprising, or to be wondered at, seeing that his attention had not then been drawn to the matter and *he was not on the look-out for the wedge*. As I have previously explained, this wedge is so minute and would be so carefully cut off level with the general surface, and so covered with glue and minute splinters of wood that it would rarely, if ever, be seen casually *or without careful search being made for it*.

Friday, January 25th, 1935, 8 p.m.—Sat at 8 p.m. Stradiuarius again came through as follows:

"Slots and wedges, inside edges
Remain the same."

C. L. T.: "Is this about your violins?" "Yes." "Did you use the wedge as a regular thing?" Answer: "No. When I had a misfortune." C. L. T.: "When you made an error in the length of the strip?" Answer: "Yes."

There is no doubt in my mind that Stradiuarius *did* use this wedge occasionally when the length of the strip of lining, having been pressed into place by the small clamps, proved to be a shade short. The obvious and *practical* way out was to insert a small wedge dipped in glue, drive home and cut off level. This would make a tight and secure job. Strad says he used it, and I am sure (having proved the accuracy of his statements on scores of occasions) that he did, and if examination be made on each occasion when back or belly is taken off a Strad, *some* will be found to have been wedged in the manner described. These slot and wedge communications were exceedingly evidential to me and impressed me profoundly.

After Strad's statement about the violin wedge I asked him about the notable premonitions that he had given us in the past, saying, "Signor, did you give the dream premonition to Madge about the aeroplane race around Great Britain?" Answer: "Yes." Question: "You were then the source of the information?" Answer: "Yes." Question: "Did you give the dream forecast to me and also the clairaudience to her about the Total Eclipse in 1927?" Answer: "No." Question: "Who did?" Answer: "Tabitha." Question: "Did she give the dream premonition and other phenomena to me and the clairaudience to Madge?" Answer: "Yes, but the information came from Ball." This was very interesting. Sir Robert Ball was the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, and *was probably the spirit man seen in my dream as standing behind me*.

Saturday, January 26th, 1935.—Madge and I sat at 8.30 p.m. As in all these years that Stradiuarius has been showing himself clairvoyantly and apparitionally and has been writing his wonderful messages, *we have never had his signature*, I determined to ask him to give it. I have made a constant practice of keeping my books on Stradiuarius out of sight, and *very carefully locked up in my study*, no one being allowed to enter, save when I was present and the door being very carefully kept locked with a special lock and special key, the said key never leaving my possession day or night. My wife has never read any of these books, nor have any of the members of my family, they evincing no interest in the subject.

My wife had never seen Strad's cursive pen signature, but only the *printed label* to be seen in modern cheap fiddles, but of this she had no conscious recollection, and even if she had seen this it is totally unlike the *cursive pen signature* of the Master. These cheap printed labels always read "Antonius Stradiuarius," are printed in type, or from a block, and never written. I had seen Strad's pen signature in Hill's book, but I am positive that I had no recollection of it, and had I been

threatened with instant execution I could not have written or produced any of those cursive signatures to save my life, nor could my wife have done so either as she had never seen them. I may also say that when writing Strad's name in full I have always written it Antonius Stradiuarius, adopting the Latinised form of the name as seen on the printed tickets because of its association with the violin. In this book, which I now write, I have generally used this form of the name when referring to the name in full. When, therefore, I asked Stradiuarius for the signature, I was astonished, knowing that my wife knew absolutely nothing about this matter, to see the name written Antonio Stradivari. I watched the coming of these signatures with breathless interest. The signature was written in all seventeen times, three with the top of the pencil held loosely in my wife's fingers and the rest with both her hands on the planchette. There came also five part signatures of the Christian name above. All are practically identical, and they came very rapidly as though the bearer of the name were anxious to get it through and recorded.

It is easily seen that they have emanated from the same source, and are the product of one and the same personality, and that neither my wife's nor mine.

After they had been written I got out Hill's Monograph on Stradiuarius, and carefully compared the planchette script with the original Strad signatures given therein.

I was astonished and delighted to find that for all practical purposes they were identical, and when one considers that they were done with my wife's *two hands* resting on such a *heavy* and *clumsy* article as a planchette, and that she had never seen the original Strad signatures, and that even I who was present *had no recollection of them and could not have written them to have saved my life*, and further when one considers that those signatures were all written *upside down*, and that they were all written and dashed off at high speed and *without a moment's hesitation* (no pausing to reflect or consider), and without any appearance of conscious effort or study, and also after our studying the details of the capital letters and the small ones, the effect produced on me was the irresistible conviction that Stradiuarius had been present and was actually writing.

The reproductions here given (Plate XXI) are: Firstly, four signatures of Antonius Stradiuarius, two appended to actual letters written by him, one his signature on an account, and one his signature on a written label. Secondly, five of the most striking signatures received through my wife's mediumship by the planchette writing. Neither my writing nor my wife's bears the slightest resemblance to the originals, or to the script. This fact and the fact that my wife had never seen the original Strad signatures and that my hands were not on the planchette, conclusively prove that these signatures did *not* originate either in the brain of my wife or myself.

A careful examination made *after* the sitting shows such striking similarity of detail as to make it certain that these signatures obtained

on this occasion were the work of Antonius himself. Referring to Plate XXI, note the capitals, the curious little turn at the beginning of the capital A, the fine, delicate upstroke starting the capital S, the curious way the S lays back with this fine upstroke tilted up like a man holding his chin up, and bending back as far as possible. Then note the form of the "i" following the "d." In the first and fifth signatures it is almost like an elongated "o," similar to that in the first original signature. Again regard the "d." It is the antique form thrown over backwards in all five psychic signatures as in the original signatures. The small "a" which occurs twice in the surname is a curiously loose formation with two loops in it, one forming the back of the "a," the other the front of it, as in those of the second original signature, but more pronounced. The "n" in all five planchette signatures has a curious angularity in the first and fifth, and is practically identical with that in the original signatures. These many similarities place the matter beyond coincidence entirely. This was a most wonderful experience, and impressed us much. I thanked him many times, and expressed the greatest pleasure in having been privileged to receive these evidences of his identity. Immediately after this the planchette began to draw a kind of double whorl of circular pencil marks, like two whirlpools, and immediately the words "liner gone" were written. I said, "Is it in this gale?" Answer: "Yes! You will soon hear." This was a few minutes after 9 p.m. Neither of us had been out of my study since before 9 p.m., and no mortal had given us any information. I was so strongly impressed with this message that I at once scribbled a note giving the message, and addressed it to a Mr John Booth who lives in the village, and took it at once to their house, and I have his signed receipt saying that they received it before 9.30 p.m. I also sent an account of it by messenger to the Editor of the *Wharfedale Observer*, and have his signed receipt of the message.

On returning from the village after delivering the account of the message, I found that the second wireless news (10.5 p.m.) was on, and my daughter Marjorie informed me that she had heard something about "a liner," but, being busy with household affairs, had not taken much notice of it. I was just too late to catch it. This is what she heard, as taken from a letter received by me from Broadcasting House on February 5th, 1935:

Second General News Bulletin, 10.5 p.m., January 26th, 1935.

"A message just received says that bars of gold worth £6000 fell out of an air liner on its way from France to England during the storm. It is thought that the gold dropped into the sea off the coast of Kent and Sussex."

Thus it is proved that we received the message about the wrecking of the liner *before* it was broadcast on the wireless or published in the newspapers. It is also to be specially noted that in this wireless message

nothing is said about the partial wrecking of the air liner, which actually took place. This had been seen by Strad and told to us. Only the falling out of the gold is mentioned in the wireless message. On Monday morning, January 28th, more than thirty-six hours *after* the receipt of Strad's message, I read an account in the *Daily Mail* of the liner being so buffeted by the gale that it was partially wrecked, the bottom falling out, the passengers' luggage and £22,000 of gold falling into space, and the passengers having an extremely narrow escape, only the courage and skill of the pilot averting complete wreck and disaster.

Now, the point I wish to emphasize here is this. On the occasion of this sitting on the night of January 26th, 1935, when the signatures of Antonius Stradiarius were given to us, immediately after the receipt of these and before we had risen from our seats or left the room, information is given us by the same Antonius Stradiarius of an accident to an air liner which is proved to be absolutely correct. Obviously, the spirit communicator who speaks the proved truth about the liner, can be trusted to speak the truth about his signatures, and comparison with his work while yet on earth shows this to be the case, and the signatures to be true.

Stradiarius was last seen standing on the path in September 1934 (p. 59) and last seen in the house on October 4th, 1938. On this occasion he was seen very clearly standing in the passage and looking in upon my wife, Dorothy and her two sisters, who were in the breakfast-room. He seemed to be extremely pleased. They sat, and he came and said, "This is not Chopin's day, it is mine," and expressed the greatest satisfaction, saying that we should visit Italy.

Now for another striking instance of astronomical revelation and forecasting. It occurred while this book was in preparation. On the night of November 22nd, 1938, I had a vivid dream in which I saw a comet, with a short fan-shaped tail, very near to the horizon and close to the place where the sun had set. The impression on this latter point was very strong, as both the comet and the horizon appeared to glow with the reddish after-glow of the set sun. On awaking I at once made a note of the dream and drew a sketch of the comet's appearance.

Remembering former experiences (p. 165) I immediately sent the following telegram to the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich:

"Possibly comet near W. horizon. Letter follows.—Tweeddale, Weston."

I also wrote him a letter asking him to see whether a comet was there, and if not to take note of the forecast, should one be soon discovered in the position described. I also sent him a sketch of the comet as I had seen it in the dream. The Astronomer Royal, under date November 25th, 1938, acknowledged the receipt of the letter and telegram and said that "No report had been received of any comet having been discovered recently." In view of former experiences, I was not discouraged by this reply, but quietly waited events.

In due course telegrams from Copenhagen announced the discovery of a

comet by Peltier on January 20th, and two days earlier by Cosik. Its position on January 19th being Right Ascension XXI hours 19 mins. North Declination $27^{\circ} 53'$. The sun's position on the 19th January was XX hours 2 mins. North Declination $20^{\circ} 27'$.

Thus *the next comet to be discovered* showed itself close to the sun and low down on the West horizon over the set Sun's place, exactly as I had seen it in the dream-vision!! I again wrote the Astronomer Royal reminding him of my dream and of the sketch I had sent him and pointing out that the first comet to be discovered *after my dream* had shown up just where I had seen it, and saying that it would add immensely to the evidential nature of the case if the comet should develop a short fan-shaped tail, as I had seen it and of which I had sent him a sketch. To this he did not reply. I waited a little time and then wrote to the Rev. M. Davidson, vicar of Holy Trinity, Canning Town, London, E., one of the officials of the Cometary Section of the British Astronomical Association, asking whether Comet Cosik-Peltier had shown a short fan-shaped tail, a sketch of which I sent him. He replied at follows:

HOLY TRINITY VICARAGE,
CANNING TOWN, E.16.

February 22nd, 1939.

DEAR MR TWEEDALE,—The comet *has* a short tail about half a degree long, like what you drew on the letter paper. M. DAVIDSON.

Again these wonderful forecasts have been fulfilled to the letter, and so evidenced that it is impossible to deny them.

On this occasion I did not also see the comet through the telescope, as in my first experience, but I did see it in a dream-vision *two months before either Cosik or Peltier set eyes on it!!*

It is difficult to over-estimate the extraordinary interest of these things, and it is to be especially noted that in the experience of January 20th, 1929, *the comet's exact position in Right Ascension and Declination was given!*

In this Chapter I have dealt mainly with premonitions which have been given to us and fulfilled within a few days, weeks or months. These, as the reader will, I think, admit, form a narrative of absolutely unique interest. I propose now to bring this portion of my story to a conclusion by setting forth details of something which lies at present buried in the earth, and which, as far as human knowledge goes, has never yet seen the light of day.

From January 1880 to June 1883, I was at Giggleswick. The school is situated in the limestone district of Craven, a land of mountains, cliffs and waterfalls, which appealed strongly to my love of nature. During the three and a half years of my education there I roamed over the district, climbing the mountains and precipices, exploring the caverns, and photographing the waterfalls and choice scenes of that most delightful countryside. I remember one day in particular—a whole holiday—starting out early, climbing over the heights above Settle *via* Attermire Cliffs and Cave, and over the moors to Malham Cove's stupendous cliff, and on to Gordale's terrific gorge with its 300-feet sides and imposing,

absolutely vertical cliff that stands out like a miniature of "El Capitan" in the Yosemite Valley. Standing at the foot of the vertical wall of rock, 283 feet sheer, at the cove, from the base of which issues a crystal stream of considerable volume, the *direct* source of the Aire, I at once saw that this rushing stream meant a cavern, probably extending for a long distance into the limestone cliff and hill behind. It is perfectly easy to see that the straight-roofed hole at the base of the mighty cliff is the flat top or roof of a water-worn cavern in the rock, and that this cavern mouth has simply been filled up by debris which has accumulated in the course of ages until it is filled up to within about eighteen inches from the top, the mouth being kept open merely by the force of the outrush of waters during flood time. After a long tramp of nearly twenty miles "o'er Mountain, Crag and Fell" we returned footsore and weary, but the impression formed on that occasion never left me, and I resolved to open up that cavern some day. Many years rolled by, and having become Vicar of a parish in the diocese in which Malham and Giggleswick are situated, on August 23rd, 1926, I published in the *Craven Herald* the following letter:

"As an 'old Giggleswick boy' who spent several years among the crags, caverns and glens of the romantic and beautiful Craven district, I wish to set forth a scheme which I have entertained for many years and which I hope yet to see carried through. Most of the inhabitants of the West Riding are familiar—by repute if not by sight—with the stupendous limestone cliff towering to a height of 283 feet and stretching across the valley at Malham. At the base of this vast sheer precipice there is a hole from which issues a considerable stream which forms the *direct* source of the river Aire. It is certain that this stream, by the well-known action of running water on limestone rocks, will, in the course of ages, have excavated a fine cavern in the limestone. Made accessible, this cavern will be added to the marvels of the district. There must be many residents in the West Riding who would be glad to see such a development in the interest and attractiveness of this romantic spot and who would be prepared to forward such a scheme."

This letter excited considerable interest and much correspondence in the papers, but nothing was done at the time.

A year or two later the property in which Malham is situated changed hands, and a Huddersfield gentleman purchased it. I approached him with reference to the scheme, and he was greatly interested, but unfortunately died before anything could be done.

Matters continued in abeyance until the beginning of November 1931, when I approached the Malham Parish Council with a view to opening up the cavern which undoubtedly exists, and from which the stream flows. On November 23rd I received a letter from them inviting me to go over and see them on December 15th, which I agreed to do.

November 24th, 1931.—To-day Mr Wall, Chairman of the Malham Parish Council, called when passing in his car and talked over the scheme

with me. He suggested trying to get into the cave from the side, about half a dozen yards to the right of the opening, where there is a hollow at a lower level from which water comes in flood time. This hollow could be used, but would necessitate some excavation.

November 28th, 1931.—Madge, Dorothy and self. 8 p.m. Chopin manifested, and said that he did not know Malham, but there was a man present who said he did.

A pause and then the writing resumed:

"Round about, in and out,
From the front he wants to go,
Going very, very slow.
Six feet in and six feet more
Then you'll find the cavern's floor."

Question: "Do you know the Cove?" Answer: "There is a man here who knows." "Shall I follow the stream up and not break in from the side?" "You can enter from the side twelve feet, but danger from a rush of water. From the front will be best." (The proposed side entrance is a cavernous hole which appears to be *lower* than the present surface of the stream as it flows from under the cliff face, so the water would rush down on to the excavators in this side entrance.) He then continued, "This man is called Ibbetson. He knew Giggleswick."

Question: "When must we make an entrance into the cave?" Answer: "June." (Then a drawing was made by the planchette indicating the branching nature of the cave, apparently into two main courses.

June—midsummer would probably be a good time owing to the summer heat and decreased flow of water.) Question: "Will it be a big cave?"

Answer: "A cave of wonders, so this man says to me. He is James Ibbetson, and says he was buried at Denton. Question: "When?"

Answer: "1854, buried in the Church."

Tabitha now manifested, and wrote:

"Dropily, dropily, Ho! Ho! Ho!
Into the cave I go
To see what I can see.
A well of water five feet square
Will greet you when you get in there."

Question: "Will the water stop us getting in?" Answer: "Yes, for a short time. God bless you and God bless Tabitha."

As the result of this conversation I wrote to the Vicar of Denton, asking if he had any knowledge of a man named James Ibbetson who died in 1854. He replied by saying that he could not help me.

As the result of this I made no further inquiry at the time.

Saturday, April 27th, 1935.—As I was writing up the Malham incident for the present work, I resolved to investigate the statement about James

Ibbetson, of whom I had never previously heard. After some search his tomb was found, thus confirming the statement. The actual year of his death was 1853, which, in this case, is close enough, and is as near as I have heard many people place the date of their own birth, or that of the death of relatives and friends.

December 16th, 1932.—Returned from Malham where we have had a most interesting and exciting time. At 2 p.m. I met members of the Parish Meeting and accompanied them to the grand cliff of Malham Cove. There I went into the middle of the stream where it issues from the rock at the foot of the cliff, and with a long pointed rod, about eighteen feet in length, I explored the entrance. I could pass the rod down over the great mound of stone and débris blocking the entrance of the cavern, and could see the sides going straight down through the clear water for several feet, and it became perfectly evident, as I have maintained all along, that there was a cavern big enough to walk into, but blocked by débris which had rolled down the slopes or been brought down by the stream when in flood. Press photographers were there, and took several photographs of us at the foot of the cliff where the stream issues, one of which I here append by the courtesy of the *Yorkshire Observer* (Plate XXII). At the meeting I explained the scheme to the residents. After the meeting many came to me who were enthusiastic about the scheme, and explained that the opposition to the scheme in certain quarters was got up by meddlesome outsiders, and did not represent the opinion of the majority of the residents and natives of the district.

The usual crop of ignorant and foolish letters appeared in the Press from interested parties and from sentimental cranks who wished to balk the scheme. To these I replied in the following letter published in the *Bradford Telegraph and Argus* for December 19th, 1931:

"As the author of the Malham Cove Scheme and the proposal to open up the cavern there, may I be allowed to correct some of the foolish and ill-informed statements which have been made concerning it. I have nursed these schemes for forty-five years, and five years ago in 1926 I broached them in the Press. At that time no objection was made to the opening up of the cavern which undoubtedly lies behind the face of the cove. Recently, having ascertained definitely from Government authorities that the decision rested with the members of the Malham Parish Meeting, and not with outsiders, I again brought forward the scheme. The proposal has excited considerable opposition on the part of those who have little or no knowledge of the actual local conditions, or of the principles governing the proposed exploration.

"No man in England has a greater love for the natural beauty of our country than I have, or is more thoroughly opposed to anything which is crude and disfiguring. What I propose to do would not in the slightest degree deface or mar the natural beauty of the scene but would vastly add to the romance and interest thereof.

"A certain Professor, who has apparently been set up to do a little

special pleading in this matter, has stated, as reported in the *Times* and elsewhere, that the existence of the cavern is 'mere supposition based on no scientific knowledge.' My reply to this nonsense is that the cavern is already there, staring one in the face, has been probably for thousands of years, and so far from my 'having no scientific knowledge or evidence of the fact,' I have chemical knowledge and geological knowledge, and the evidence of sight and touch. The charge of 'lack of knowledge' lies at his own door and not at mine.

"I have done what the Professor has not done. Only a few days ago I have brought away and chemically tested water taken at the mouth of the cavern from the stream which issues at the foot of the great cliff at Malham Cove, and I find it to be *heavily* charged with lime, so much so that practically a level teaspoonful of lime powder can be obtained from each ordinary bucket of water. The stream is thus caught in the act of making the cavern. Scores of millions of bucketfuls flow from this opening at the base of the cliff each year, and each bucketful bears away this quantity of lime. Add to this the attrition of stone particles, mud and other débris, and it is only those who have no knowledge, or who deliberately shut their eyes, who can fail to see that this ceaseless solution and attrition, going on for thousands of years, is certain to have excavated in the limestone rock a cavern of considerable extent. In addition to this, I have done what the Professor has not done. Standing in midstream I have felt the roof and plumbed the depth and distinctly seen the side of the cave descending vertically through the crystal clear water. I have thus seen the cavern, felt it, and proved the excavating process to be continuously in operation. Furthermore, I have explored and crawled through long caverns in the same limestone cliffs; one at Attermire, little over a mile away from the cove, being nearly a mile in length. I know the geology of the district well, and can claim to know more about this particular cavern than any other man living. Standing in midstream as I did a few days ago, upon the heap of rubble and boulders filling the mouth of the cavern, and sounding the aperture with my long rod, the situation became perfectly clear. There is a cavernous opening at the base of the cliff. Its roof is flat (such *flat-roofed caves are usually of considerable length*) and its sides go down to the depth of several feet. In the lapse of thousands of years débris has fallen from the cliff and from the surrounding slopes, and also been washed out of the cavern by the floods and so has raised the bed of the stream and blocked up the entrance of the cavern, filling it practically to the roof, the opening only being kept clear by the force of the outrushing water in flood time. Clear this debris away and it will be possible to walk into the cavern, and I believe that within a distance of four or five yards the inner cave will be entered. I am also of the opinion that the cave may fork or be divided into two branches, the one on the left going towards Malham Tarn, the other towards the Old Lead Mills to the right. The ground outside falls away rapidly and *sinks fully five feet in fifty yards*. The clearing of a channel through this accumulated débris would be an easy matter, while, as the water comes from the uplands, it is practically certain that the passage *ascends* within the rock. Such are the plain facts of the case. This scheme

of mine to open up the cavern has aroused great interest in the district, and is certain ultimately to come about."

As the result of these activities there appeared a letter in the *Yorkshire Post* for April 30th, 1932, stating that the new owner of the property on which Malham Cove is situated, and who is now Lady of the Manor, would resist by legal proceedings any excavation at the cove taking place without her consent.

To this I replied in the *Yorkshire Post* for May 1st, 1932, as follows:

"By the Malham Enclosure Award, dated July 12th, 1850, some four acres of land embracing the essential portions of the cove were vested in the representatives of the parish as a place of recreation and resort. These representatives now constitute the Parish Meeting of Malham. It will, therefore, be seen that no Lord or Lady of the Manor, or any private land-owner, has, by law, any jurisdiction in this matter, or any authority to resist the action of the Parish Meeting (the representative body of the parish) taken for the recreation and resort of the parishioners."

May 6th, 1932.—Sitting at 8 p.m., Madge, Dorothy and self. Tabitha came, and we asked about the Cave at Malham Cove.

Question: "Have you been in the cave, Tabitha?" Answer: "Yes." Question: "Shall we be able to walk into it when the rubbish is cleared away?" Answer: "Yes." Question: "How far in from the face of the cliff will the rubbish have to be cleared away?" Answer: "Three lengths of Tabitha." (Probably about five yards.)

When "Tweedale's Cave" is opened up, as it infallibly will be in the days which are coming, then this forecast will be verified, like the many others which I have here recorded.

"A little lizard and a frog," see page 169. This phrase was exceeding evidential of Chopin's presence. Not until three years after, i.e. July 18th, 1934, when we obtained Uminska and Kennedy's account of Chopin's boyhood (page 116), did any of us know that in his boy's newspaper he was constantly chronicling the doings of frogs and reptiles, birds, fowls, dogs, cats, etc. etc. "A little lizard and a frog" was absolutely significant and characteristic of him.

CHAPTER XI

HOPE OF CREWE

"No place of power was his, or high degree,
Humbly he walked among the sons of men,
But better far the gift and power to see
And show departed faces when
From Heaven to Earth they each return again."

To another the discerning of spirits.—I CORINTHIANS XII. 10.

Made manifest by light.—EPHESIANS V. 13.

WILLIAM HOPE OF CREWE enters so deeply into this narrative that it will be fitting if I devote some space to a brief history of this most wonderful man. In his birth certificate, which lies before me as I write, his full Christian name is given as William. He was born at Moor Side, Worsley, near Swinton, in the Manchester district, on December 10th, 1864, and was the son of William and Jane Hope. His father is described on the certificate as a carpenter, but Hope told me that at one time he was a farmer and had two farms. When young he gave no indication of the wonderful powers which he developed later in life save, possibly, on one occasion, when he was five or six years old. On this occasion he saw faces looking at him round the edge of the open door, and was frightened, asking his father to send them away. Apparently, the faces were only seen at the door's edge (the passage beyond probably acting as a sort of cabinet) and not in other parts of the room. His mother died when he was nine years old. He appears to have been just the ordinary high-spirited boy who, as he informed me, often played truant at school, and, once with others, chased the master round the schoolroom, and on another occasion during an altercation with his second stepmother—his father was married thrice—gave her a push which precipitated her into a large churn of milk with disastrous results. Growing up to manhood he obtained employment in Liverpool, and remained there until the works closed down. Then he opened a drapery business near Blackpool, but trade was not to be his forte, and returning to the Manchester district he was employed in a dye works near Pendleton. At this time amateur photography coming to the fore, he was keenly interested, and, as his

son Arthur informs me, he made a camera out of an old box and began to study the art. One Saturday afternoon he photographed one of his fellow-workmen whom he placed against a brick wall as background. When the picture was developed, to his and his friend's astonishment there appeared the figure of a woman along with his friend on the plate. The friend recognised it as his sister and demanded of Hope how he got it there. Hope could only reply that he did not know how it came there. His friend—a Roman Catholic—was frightened at this result.

They then showed it to the foreman, who was amazed at it, and called another employee who was a spiritualist, who said that it was "a spirit photo." The foreman arranged for another photographing experiment the following Saturday, and to their increasing amazement not only did the same woman's form appear, but it was accompanied by that of her dead baby!! Hope said that his friend, when he saw the second result, was terrified. This was the beginning of what was to be one of the most wonderful careers of this or any age. Shortly after this, Hope moved to Crewe, where he lived for the rest of his life. Shortly after his arrival he visited the spiritualists' meeting place there and broached the subject of his photographic results. A Mr Buxton was organist there, and Hope, Mr and Mrs Buxton and a few others formed a circle for the continuation of this spirit photo work. It was arranged to sit on Wednesday evenings, which they did regularly for a considerable time. A message appeared on the first plate exposed. This was in 1905. Mr Hope informed me that at first results were comparatively rare, sometimes weeks would go by and none be obtained. Gradually a series of evidential pictures were obtained which convinced those who doubted, but unfortunately these early negatives were destroyed and only prints retained. Matters continued in this state until July 16th, 1908, when Archdeacon Colley, Rector of Stockton, near Rugby, having heard of Hope's results, visited Crewe, bringing his own quarter-plate Lancaster camera and dark slides. He set up the camera outside Hope's house in the rain, marked the plates with a diamond and developed them himself, and was so impressed with the result that he presented Mr Hope with the camera and slides, and this camera Hope continued to use until within a few weeks of his passing. I have the first slide used with this camera. It is embossed with a shield bearing the initials T. C. Hundreds of the first negatives must have been taken in this slide, which was used until completely worn out. For twenty-eight years after that eventful Saturday afternoon experiment at the dye works, Hope continued to obtain the most astounding results. Thousands of recognised portraits of the dead, often when no normal picture of them was in existence, of marvellous messages in the recognised handwriting of the deceased, messages in Greek and in ancient scripts of which Hope could, by no possibility, have any knowledge and many other marvels, until one result being heaped upon another, there

was left no room for doubt in the minds of all reasonable and honest men.

I myself have scores of these negatives. It would be impossible to do justice to the extraordinary variety and quality of these evidential pictures in anything less than a large volume of several hundred pages, so that I shall have to content myself with those which are more directly concerned with myself and family, and with the manifestations herein recorded, adding a few others of exceptional interest. As the result of personal contact with Hope extending over fifteen years, I am able to say that I ever found him transparently honest and the soul of honour, a man of deeply religious mind and altogether otherworldly, one who set spiritual things *first* and never commercialised his wonderful gift. No prophet of old time had such power to bring permanent and recognisable proof of human survival, and no prophet ever gave his evidence more unselfishly to the world.

Great must be his everlasting reward in that heavenly land, of whose existence and inhabitants he gave such wonderful evidence.

As was to be expected, this evidence aroused the bitter hostility of anti-spiritualists, agnostics and materialists, and several venomous attacks were made upon him, and his enemies did their best to ruin him, but in every case signal discomfiture attended their efforts, and they retired baffled and beaten. I had the honour of completely defeating such an attack made shortly after his passing in a lecture (afterwards published in pamphlet form under the title of *The Vindication of William Hope*) delivered by me in the Mechanics' Hall, Bradford, on April 12th, 1933, where I showed a large number of his results upon the screen, together with explanatory diagrams.

Very many complete evidences of the survival of my relatives and friends and of the existence of the spirit world have I obtained through the ministry of this wonderful man, who in the matter of proving human survival had greater power than any prophet of old, and like the son of another carpenter was charged with a wondrous mission to mankind. I count it an honour to have known him and to have received him into my house.

Passing over these evidences for the moment I dwell on the closing scenes of his most astonishing career.

October 1st, 1932.—My wife and Dorothy sat in the evening and got a message from Strad saying that Hope was coming soon. I rather put it aside as I could not see my way to receive him just at that time.

Saturday, October 15th.—About 9 p.m. to my surprise a Mr Hirst called, and on going to him I found that he had brought a quantity of beautiful flowers, fruit, etc., for the Harvest Festival, which is to-morrow, the 16th. I thanked him profusely, and we talked on various topics, when suddenly he astonished me by saying, "Could you arrange for

Hope to come down. I would like to get a photo. Of course I will defray the expense." I had no previous intimation of this and was very much surprised. I promised to write on Monday and arrange for him to come.

Monday, October 24th.—Shortly after awaking I was sitting up in bed when my wife began to stare at me and stammer rather incoherently, and I looked at her wonderingly, and at last she spoke, and said, "Keep still. There is a white bird on your head about the size of a robin, with a thin black beak and thin grey legs. It also has a black spot on its tail." She said she could see the scales on its legs. It continued visible for about two minutes and then vanished.

We could not surmise what it might signify, as she neither heard nor saw any message connected with it; but of this anon.

Later in the day, as agreed with Mr Hirst, I wrote asking Hope to come here.

Saturday, October 29th, 1932.—To-day Hope arrived about noon, and we had an amazing experience which I have fully described in the Chapter on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (p. 135).

Sunday, October 30th.—Mr Hirst came to my Vicarage in the afternoon to sit with Mr Hope. He was accompanied by a friend who was a good photographer. He brought, at my request, a new and unopened box of Imperial Special Rapid plates, over the flaps of the cover of which he had also at my request firmly pasted a label bearing the following declaration: "We hereby certify that this box of plates has not been opened by us or by anyone else to our knowledge, but is in exactly the same condition as when purchased by us from the dealers." This statement was signed by both of them on the label.

We had a short sitting before proceeding with the photography, during which we sang a hymn, and had a short prayer asking God to give our friend Evidence of Survival. The prayer concluded, Hope suddenly said, "It is not often that I see, but I am doing so now." Turning to Mr Hirst, he said, "There is an elderly woman near you with hair parted in the middle and taken down the sides of the head and over the ears. Has deep lines at each side of nose. There is something on the top of the head. It might be a cap, but it is difficult to see it. This woman was very religious and read her Bible a good deal. Do you recognise her?" Mr Hirst said that he did.

Mr Hirst and his friend now went into my dark room with their packet of plates and Mr Hope's slide, after thoroughly inspecting the camera, lens and slide. *They did not allow Mr Hope to go in with them or to take any part in the photographic process.* They loaded the slide with two plates and signed the plates through the shutter so as to prevent any possibility of substitution. They then carried the slide into my dining-room, where a dark grey rug was slung up for a background.

Mr Hirst sat in a chair before it, and his friend focused him in the

camera, then inserted the slide and made the exposure. *Hope was not allowed to touch the slide or camera to make the exposure, or to approach nearer than four feet, where he stood in an attitude of prayer, having nothing in his hands.*

Mr Hirst's friend then reversed the slide and exposed the other plate, and after this they carried off the slide to my dark room where they developed them both, *Mr Hope not being allowed to go into the darkroom.* Any fraudulent action on Hope's part was impossible.

One of these plates bore the likeness of the elderly lady described a few minutes previously and which proved to be Mr Hirst's grandmother, who died six weeks before he was born. This very deeply impressed Mr Hirst.

A few days afterwards Mr Hirst brought me an old Daguerreotype of his grandmother for comparison. It shows the same face as the spirit extra on the plate, and agrees marvellously with the clairvoyant description given by Hope to Mr Hirst, whom he had never seen until a few minutes before the picture was taken, and of whom he knew nothing. The old lady has a small cap in the Daguerreotype, but it is so thin and slender on the top of the head that it is not readily seen, exactly as Hope described, and to crown the accuracy of the description, she is shown *with a small Bible in her hands!!* To digress for a moment, let me here say that Hope was a good clairvoyant as well as the most wonderful psychic photographer that the world has yet known. I have on several occasions witnessed this phase of his spiritual gifts. The following confirmatory and additional testimony to the splendidly evidential nature both of his spirit photography and his clairvoyance has been given to me by Mrs M. A. Gibbs of Wallington, Surrey, who has declared the same on oath as "true in every detail and particular." Under date November 8th, 1937, she says: "My daughter and I went from London to Crewe to have a photo taken by Mr Hope. We bought our own plates, and my daughter signed the plates, examined the camera, and did the whole of the manipulation, developing, fixing and washing. On one of the plates came a *clearly recognised* extra of my son Harold. While we were sitting at the table, Mr Hope distinctly saw a young man, tall, about six feet, very good-looking, hair brushed back, very white even teeth, age about twenty-four, dressed in officer's uniform, who had passed over. He was leaning with one elbow on the mantelpiece appearing very pleased with what we were doing. By his side was a beautiful young lady with an abundance of fair hair. The young man asked Hope to tell us that they were now together and very happy. The girl held up her hand for him to see how thin she had gone. Hope said that she passed out with some wasting disease about twelve months after the young man. She had on a large white apron, on the bib of which was a large red cross. (She was a hospital nurse.) Mr. Hope's description both of my son and the girl was *perfect* and the age correct.

They had been great friends, and she died about a year after my son. Mr Hope knew only that we came from London, and could by no possibility have had *any* knowledge of these facts, nor did we tell him who we wanted."

To resume. In addition to the recognised extra of Sir Arthur and his recognised handwriting and to this wonderful picture of Mr Hirst's deceased relative obtained on Saturday, before Hope left us on Monday morning he exposed four more plates, two of which bore the pictures of Antonius Stradiuarius shown on Plate XII. Thus three of these spirit pictures are of people who died before Hope was born, and of whom he never saw either picture or photograph.

This recognition of the spirit pictures of the departed in cases where neither they nor their pictures have ever been seen by Mr. Hope completely disposes of all theories of fraud, as well as the contemptible subterfuge which alleges that all these recognitions are mistaken. I have many such pictures, and there are many on record. The further fact that we were *not* thinking of Sir Arthur, *but were expecting someone else to manifest*, disposes of all telepathic theories as do many other of Hope's photographs.

A case, particularly illustrative of this, came under my notice in 1927. A Mr Hollis, resident in Yorkshire, not having seen one of his friends for nearly twenty years, agreed to spend a week with him in the south of England as a re-union and for auld lang syne. The friend had recently lost his wife, and in his loneliness was particularly anxious that Mr Hollis should visit him. Before the visit could take place the friend died suddenly. Mr Hollis hearing of me and now becoming interested, wrote me, and I gave him Hope's address, and he sat with Hope at Crewe, being filled with a great desire to get evidence of the survival of his friend, who had died thus dramatically a few days before the time appointed for re-union; and he had gone to Crewe with his mind *full of memories of his friend* and calculated on getting a picture of him. A particularly fine spirit picture was obtained, the features as well defined as in mortal life, and one of the best I have seen, but to his astonishment it was *not* the picture of his friend, *but of his friend's wife* who had died some time previously, and of whom he was *not* thinking, but the appearance of whom was equally evidential. The evidences contained in these spirit photographs are as truly evidential of human survival as anything that is recorded in the New Testament.

These negatives taken by Hope have a single edge showing that there has been no double exposure, while the conditions under which they were taken and the results obtained made such impossible.

After this wonderful result Mr Hirst took his leave. I went to Church for the Evening Service, and on my return, about 9.30, we all drew round the fire, and there sat for nearly two hours in the firelight discussing the wonderful events of the last two days, which had been

days of triumph from a psychic point of view, and listening to the clairvoyance which came from time to time through Hope and another clairvoyant present.

After sitting thus for half an hour my wife suddenly became clairvoyant, and saw the figure 11 over Mr Hope's head and got the intimation that it meant death. She saw the same figure 11 over his head on the occasion of his visit here two years ago in August 1930. On that occasion she told Hope of the figure 11, but not of the intimation. At that time he seemed rather disconcerted, and said, "What does it mean?" I also was disturbed, and when we then discussed it after the sitting and she mentioned death, I waived it aside, saying, "Oh no! Hope is too valuable a man, and has much work yet to do." On this *second* occasion she again told him of the figure 11 but not of the message. Scarcely had she spoken ere the other clairvoyant said, "I also have a message about you." Hope half rose from his chair, saying, "Come, come, I don't like this. Tell me what it means." My wife did not answer, but the other clairvoyant said, "I dare not tell you. It is something that will be good in one sense, but not in another."

After sitting about an hour chatting and hearing the clairvoyant descriptions as they came, the circle broke up, and my wife and the other clairvoyant went into the hall, where my wife told her of her double impression of approaching death. The other clairvoyant then said, "The message I got was 'death within five months.'" These messages and impressions we carefully withheld from Mr Hope, and we dismissed them from our minds as quickly as possible.

Saturday, January 7th, 1933.—Madge and Dorothy sat, and Strad came with the following message: "Try and get your Monsieur Hope again as I want to come with Doyle and Lamond." Then Doyle said, "I hope to give a longer message soon. I bless all in this house."

Reverting to our wonderful results in October he said that he had asked Lamond to stand aside owing to the importance of the occasion and the message.

He evidently thought of Lamond coming the next time and giving some evidence re the message in the sealed envelope.

I shall always regret that we did not act on this Strad message of January 7th at once, but we were so startled and repelled by the forecast of Hope's passing that we resolutely put it from us and tried not to think of it and to hold it off, otherwise we should have sent for him and so got another sitting with him, and almost certainly obtained Lamond's photo or message. However, it was not to be.

Friday, February 24th, 1933.—Major Brownlow of York called with a friend. Sometime ago, after calling here, he went to Hope's

On September 16th, 1938, we asked Sir Arthur about this sealed message. He said he would give it later, and at a time when it would be important.

house and got a splendid photo of his little son, of whom there is no similar photo in existence—one of the most beautiful child faces I have ever seen—which convinced him on the spot. Coming again to-day I advised him to go again and take his friend with him.

Monday, February 27th.—By the afternoon post got a letter from Brownlow saying that he went to Crewe on Saturday and arrived just after Hope *had been taken away to the hospital for an operation*. We were horrified and greatly distressed. We sat at once to see if any advice could be given. Sir Arthur came, and said, "Hope is beyond your control. He has not taken my advice." I asked, "Does he need an operation?" Answer: "No." Question: "Is he going to have one?" Answer: "He has had all he ever will have." Question: "Has he had it?" Answer: "He has had all he will have. I am sorry." Question: "Will he recover?" Answer: "No, he won't." "You said a short time ago that he would be here in three weeks." "He would have come had you sent for him then." (*They had asked us to send for him.*)

I at once wrote a letter to Mrs Hope and Arthur begging them to have no operation, and sent my son down with it to Otley to catch the evening post.

Friday, March 3rd.—Got a letter from Arthur Hope saying that he had seen his father in the hospital and found him a little better.

Friday, March 10th, 1933.—Got the sad news that Hope passed away on Wednesday the 8th, and that the funeral is on Monday, the 13th.

So the visions of August 3rd, 1930, and of October 30th, 1932, are fulfilled, and also the vision of the white bird on October 24th, 1932. This white bird, seen on the day I had previously arranged to write for Hope, was a sign of his passing, just like the vision of the white dove so wonderfully seen and evidenced before mother's passing (*vide p. 147*).

Saturday, March 11th.—Shortly before midnight my wife, who had fallen into a deep sleep by my side, suddenly was entranced and began to sing *in Hope's low, sweet voice*:

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me."

I listened breathless with awe and amazement, wishing that more would come, but, after singing the verse, she continued in deep slumber, and I did not awaken her, or inform her of what had happened until morning, when she was greatly affected and astonished. How splendid that Hope

should so return in this way on the *third day after death and before he was buried*.¹

Monday, March 13th.—Set off early for Crewe, where I arrived at 12.50, and at once walked down to 50 Oakley Street, Hope's private residence, and found all that was mortal of my old friend looking calm and peaceful in his coffin, but the face drawn and worn with suffering, and oh, how one missed the bright, merry smile. Madge got the message before I set out to get three white Madonna lilies, so, as I passed through the town, I purchased them and they were laid on the coffin. Proceeding to the Buxtons at 144 Market Street I found, on entering, Mrs Buxton with several others seated round a table and busy making some arrangements. After a hasty greeting I at once began to tell them about the wonderful singing of Mr Hope in our room at Weston Vicarage on March 11th, and I sang the verse that Hope sang to me. Astonished, they cried

¹ Be it noted that in this case not only was *the tomb empty*, but burial had not taken place, and yet here was Hope singing clearly and loudly in his own natural voice, which I clearly recognised. Four years later his loud, clear, *direct* voice was heard and his hand seen and the bedclothes not only dragged off, but this was again done after they were replaced; while a month later his materialised form was seen and talked to by several people at York. Another case of empty tomb will be found on page 92, where the tomb of Stradiarius was emptied and cleared out and his bones removed, and yet thirty-nine years after this he repeatedly materialised a solid substantial body here in my vicarage at Weston, and as he said, with delightful humour,

"When the trumpet sounds 'come round,'
Where will Strad's old body be found?"

Cases are on record where persons drowned at sea have fully materialised, and also those cremated, the natural form and substance of whose bodies was destroyed almost immediately after death. These cases show the utter fatuity of those benighted persons who in these days preach the *resurrectio carnis*, the resurrection of the mortal body.

Let us examine this doctrine, absurd in the light of modern knowledge, and let it be clearly understood that the empty tomb *was not the proof* of the resurrection of Jesus. It merely showed that the body *had been removed*; probably by the same angel that rolled away the heavy stone, just as it is related in Deut. xxxiv. 6 that God buried the body of Moses; such removal being necessary, owing to the ignorance of psychic phenomena at the time (*M.S.*, p. 486) and the fact that the Jews would have produced the body to prove he had not risen. Let the advocates of *resurrectio carnis* face the facts. They will have to prove that the material body of flesh and blood which was laid in the tomb *was the same body* as that which vanished away into the air in the inn at Emmaus, and which appeared out of the air in the Upper Room, the doors being shut; that a *material* body of flesh and blood is the same as an *etherial* one. This they cannot do. Absence of psychic knowledge at that period caused the Church to stress the *wrong set of facts*—the empty tomb—and brought about the gross error of the resurrection of the flesh. The proof of the survival and resurrection of Jesus is to be found, not in the empty tomb, but in the nature and method of manifestation of his *etheric or spiritual body*, for, as St Paul says, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God" (1 Cor. xv. 50).

out, "Why, that is the hymn we are talking about now and arranging to sing at the funeral service!" All were much impressed by this incident. Half an hour after, we all sang that hymn around Mr Hope's coffin, and then, proceeding to the cemetery, the burial took place. There were very many splendid wreaths of flowers sent from all quarters. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave, Mrs Hope picked up our three Madonna lilies and, supported by her son, let them drop into the grave on the coffin. These were the only flowers placed on the coffin when in the grave. So passed one of the most wonderfully endowed men that ever lived. The grave was a terribly deep one, so deep I could only dimly discern the plate on the coffin and the flowers at the bottom. Never did the grave look so terrible or unlovely. Had I not known the glorious evidence for survival, that grave would indeed have appeared to have gotten the victory over the brave smiling spirit of my friend, but knowing what I did of the wonderful evidence he had so often given, and *with his own voice still ringing in my ears and sounding from beyond the grave*, I could say with St. Paul:

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory,"

confirming that of the Christ, in our own day.

Now came the finishing touch to the evidence vouchsafed to us. On inquiry, I was informed by the family that Mr Hope died in hospital at 11 o'clock on March 8th, thus exactly fulfilling *the twice repeated vision* of the figure 11 over his head as seen by my wife, and also fulfilling the twice repeated intimation of death given to her, first on August 30th, 1930, and again to her and to the other clairvoyant, as we sat round the fire on Sunday evening, October 30th, 1932.

As in Bunyan's immortal allegory where the messenger gives notice to those about to pass from this mortal life, so the withdrawal of this wonderful man from the scene of his earthly labours was thus foretold to us.

"Out from under the sun in the west,
Came the low call to sleep and rest,
Like setting sun at parting day,
Man must lie down and pass away."

Thousands of evidential spirit photographs were obtained by this remarkable man, who was the most wonderful of this or any other age, in his power to give *permanent* evidence of survival and the life of the world to come. These photographs constitute a *cumulative* body of evidence such as is irresistible and unique in the history of the world. William Hope was a great prophet to this generation, having more power to give permanent objective proof and evidence of survival and the life of the world to come than any of the prophets of Bible times. Had the Orthodox Churches known the day of their visitation they would have made use

of this man and his God-given powers, as I repeatedly endeavoured to induce them to do, and so to prove in their own times those survival facts for which they were supposed to stand, but which, by their present methods, they are so signally powerless to give any present-day evidence.

Determined that so wonderful a man should have a memorial in the Church of which I was Vicar, I designed and had carried into effect a handsome engraved brass plate mounted on a solid oak backing. This was unveiled in Weston Church by me, assisted by Mr Arthur Hope, the son, on December 10th, 1933. The brass plate bears the following inscription:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD, AND IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM HOPE
OF CREWE

BORN DEC. 10TH, 1864: DIED MARCH 8TH, 1933.

WHO BY HIS WONDERFUL SPIRITUAL GIFTS
BROUGHT CONSOLATION TO THOUSANDS:

DEMONSTRATING HUMAN SURVIVAL
AND "THE LIFE OF THE WORLD TO COME"
TO HIS DAY AND GENERATION.

To another discerning of spirits—I COR. xii. 10.

Made manifest by light.—EPHES. v. 13.

C. L. TWEEDALE.
M. E. TWEEDALE.

The service was attended by a large number of people who quite filled the Church and came from all over the country. I preached the sermon, which I felt it a peculiar privilege to do, and set forth some of the facts of this extraordinary man's life.

My wife, Margaret E. Tweedale, and I, also opened a fund for the benefit of his widow, and had the pleasure of handing to her through the Midland Bank, Crewe, a sum amounting in all to £40.

Of no man in modern times could it be more appropriately said:
"They rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

Only those who have made a close study of his work can realise how wonderful it was and how far-reaching the influence and consolation given through him.

Four years elapsed before we were to obtain any further physical manifestation of our friend's survival, and we were to again hear the voice of our friend sounding from beyond the grave.

During these years we often wondered how it was that one who had given such unique evidence of survival to others should not have given further objective evidences of his presence to us. The years sped, and it was not until February 28th, 1937, just four years after his passing, that the silence was broken.

For nearly a week previously I had been laid up with 'flu, but as I appeared to be better and the weather was mild I had arranged to go out on that day. In the early hours of the morning—about 2.30 a.m.—my wife, who was alone and was occupying the next room owing to my illness, was awakened by a loud rumbling on the floor of her room. She at once turned on an electric lamp standing by the bedside, but could see nothing unusual. The door was locked and bolted, as also was the door of the dressing-room. She put out the light, and immediately the loud rumbling noise was repeated. Before she could flash on the light again, suddenly all the bedclothes were snatched away and thrown completely over the foot of the bed. She scrambled down to the bed's foot, and seizing the bedclothes drew them back again and arranged them in their normal position. Then, rather alarmed, she called out for me. Immediately afterwards the bedclothes were again drawn down and flung over the foot of the bed. Then a white hand appeared in the air between the bed and the wardrobe, turned palm towards her, as though warning her. This remained visible for about half a minute, then a voice, loud, clear and distinct, which she at once recognised as Hope's, said, "Don't be afeared: do as I tell thi." She said, "What do you say?" The voice replied, "Don't be afeared. Do as I tell thi. Tell that mon o' thine not to go out to-day, or he'll be wanted." Then silence. She lay awake for an hour or so, it being still dark, and then got to sleep again. On winding up the blind in the morning she found to her astonishment a totally unexpected and savage winter scene—snow falling heavily, a boisterous gale drifting it from the north, and the whole countryside buried under drifts. Not a trace of this had been apparent when she retired for the night. The cogency of the warning in the night was obvious. They knew of the blizzard which had come evidently in the night, though she did not. My wife and Dorothy sat at 10 a.m., and Chopin then said that the hand and voice were Hope's. Sir Arthur said that it was absolutely necessary to stay indoors, or serious consequences would ensue. The voice was not only recognised as Hope's, but the words were perfectly characteristic of him: "afeared," "thi," and "mon" being characteristic of the Lancashire dialect, and of Hope's speech, when he relapsed into it.

Again on Saturday, July 31st, at 11.30 p.m., my wife saw William Hope by the bedside here at Weston. She particularly noted the colour of his eyes. He remained visible for some time, but did not speak, as he previously had done on February 28th last; but she got the strong impression that he would be seen at York on the occasion of the visit of a well-known materialising psychic. She, therefore, wrote to Mrs Holdgate of Leeds—who had informed her of an invitation to visit York—and told her of this strong impression, and asked her to take particular notice of the happenings, but not to inform any person of the impression she had received.

The sitting duly took place on the evening of August 8th, and Mrs

Holdgate thus describes what happened: "Albert, Mrs Duncan's control, first said that this sitting was going to be an outstanding one. After one or two forms had appeared for others, he called the name 'Holdgate,' and on my replying, said that he was sending a man out to be recognised. Then, wonder of wonders, out walked William Hope, twirling his moustache, with his well-remembered smile, and saying, 'It's Billy.' He then said, without any prompting, 'The Tweedales have had plenty of evidence.'

"This was very wonderful in view of the fact that no one present, save myself, knew of your (Mrs Tweedale's) impression. *I recognised him instantly, and so did several other people who were present.*"

To return again to the subject of this marvellous man's photography. Thousands of pictures of the departed, very many obtained under absolute test conditions and standing up to the acid test of complete and absolute recognition by relations and friends, were obtained by him. I have *hundreds* of his pictures and negatives, and obtained many of the results in my own Vicarage under rigid test conditions, precluding even the possibility of fraud, and I say, without fear of effective contradiction, that no man ever lived who has given such *permanent* proof of survival and the spirit world as did Hope of Crewe.

These photographs show the survival not only of Europeans and Christians, but also of Orientals and non-Christians. This is entirely in accordance with the words of Christ: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold" (John x. 16), and also with the words of Peter: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him" (Acts x. 34-35). I possess spirit photographs taken by Hope in cases where Orientals have called upon him, giving him no time for consideration of their nationality, and yet recognised pictures of their departed relatives have been obtained. Two such I give in Plate XXIV. The first shows the spirit form of a Hindoo, one of the sitters being the wife of Mr Rishi. The other shows the particularly clear and distinct face of a Chinese gentleman. In this case the spirit form is accompanied by a series of Chinese characters arranged in vertical column. These have been translated for me by a missionary who knows and speaks Chinese and has spent a good many years with their nation. He informs me that their meaning is:

"With a napkin round the face
And to be laid in a field
Is the lot of the generations of the world."

The tremendous significance of this in view of the spirits' appearance in the photograph showing triumphant victory over the "napkin wrapping the head, and the grave in the field," will be apparent to all. If there is one thing more certain than another, it is the fact that William

Hope did *not* know Chinese, and this photograph is one of the most evidential that it is possible to imagine.

Some of his experiences had their humorous side, as witness the following: On one occasion a man came to him in a very sceptical mood saying that he would be quite convinced if he could obtain for him the spirit form of his deceased wife upon the plate. He was staggered when the clear likeness of his *two* deceased wives showed up in the photograph. I could fill a big book with accounts of his work and reproductions of his photographs. Obviously, such an extensive record cannot be given in this volume, but only accounts of those more immediately connected with the manifesting personalities, ourselves, our relatives and friends—with a few very notable cases outside these limits—but these are sufficient to prove to the hilt all that I have said concerning him, and reference should be made to them through the course of this work. (Many other accounts will be found in *Man's Survival*.)

It will be apparent that these give cases in which the following conditions are fulfilled:

1. The general condition that the sitter provided his own unopened packet of plates, loaded the slides, signed the plates to prevent substitution, and developed the picture, not allowing Hope to touch the plates or put his hands over them until they were fixed.
2. The spirit forms were unknown to Hope, and he had never seen any photo or picture of the deceased, thus making fraud impossible.
3. The spirit forms were unknown to both Hope and the sitter, neither of whom had heard of or seen either the deceased or any photo or picture of the deceased, again making fraud impossible.
4. The spirit forms are recognised by relatives and friends.
5. The spirit form is recognised by relatives and friends, but there never has been any normal photograph, sketch or painting made of the person, again making fraud impossible.
6. The sitters provided their own plates, loaded the slides, made the exposure, developed the plates and did *the whole photographic process, Hope not being allowed to take any part in the process or to enter the dark room at all*, and merely standing a feet few from the camera when the exposure was made, making fraud impossible.
7. Cases in which *future* events were forecasted which were accurately fulfilled; fraud again impossible.
8. Cases in which manifesting spirits promised to come and show on the plate and did so show themselves, the said promises being entirely unknown to Hope and strictly withheld from him; fraud again impossible. The whole of these proofs should be considered *together*. They are *cumulative*; and this remark applies equally to the other experiences narrated in this book.

Of course the usual hostility was evinced by materialists, atheists and agnostics, who did not like to have what Sir Arthur once described as "their blessed hope of putridity" thus shattered, and sometimes

by members of the Orthodox Churches, who mouthed against him out of the depths of their ignorance and bigotry; but for every fool who thus raised the heel against him, a hundred honest and reasonable witnesses were ready to testify to the impregnable nature of his evidences. One of the last and most bitter attacks it fell to my lot to smash up and completely refute, which I did in a lecture given at the Mechanics' Hall, Bradford, on Wednesday, April 12th, 1933, and entitled "The Vindication of William Hope," afterwards published in pamphlet form; illustrating it with many slides showing convincing specimens of his wonderful work.

Already it is realised that such attacks are out of date, and are on a par with the attacks of the Mediæval Church on Galileo, and like them destined to the condemnation and derision of posterity as the work of ignorance and intolerance.

The instances of Hope's photography which I give during the course of this work and to which I direct the careful attention and inspection of readers, are sufficient to prove his claims to the full, but added to these must be the *many thousands* of photographs which he took, copies of which are held by people all over the world. I have scores of his negatives, and the evidence is complete and overwhelming, such as cannot be denied by any honest man, whose mind is open to the logic of facts. Ignorant and foolish people say that Hope *somehow—how they don't know*—obtained pictures of the relatives of persons, the vast majority of whom he had never seen or heard of before, and managed, *at a few minutes' notice*, to put these images on the plate, even in cases where there was no photograph, sketch or painting of the deceased in existence, and that he did this not once *but thousands of times* in daylight, and often when not allowed to enter the dark room or to take any part in the photographic process, and fooled the people all the time. It is almost incredible that there should exist fools capable of making such a charge, but the charge has been made many a time. Such nonsense answers itself, and could only be uttered by the profoundly ignorant, or by bitter bigots who have made up their minds to deny the thing at whatever cost. One such creature who, by the way, never sat with Hope, said that he *knew* that all his photos were the result of double exposure or were flashed on the plate by an apparatus worn on Hope's hand. Such impudent lying merely exposes the deliberate ignoring of the facts and the venom of an implacable nature in a person wholly contemptible. Others of these inveterate enemies have refused to sign the plates when requested to do so by Hope, *and then had the wickedness to turn on him and accuse him of substituting* previously prepared plates of his own, showing at once their utter dishonesty and complete unfitness for the investigation, and at the same time ignoring the fact that many hundreds of recognized pictures of the departed have been obtained on plates which *have been* signed by the sitters, and that substitution by Hope of previously prepared plates, would not only entail possession of

the photographs of the deceased whom and which he could never have seen, and the manufacture of a positive film, *but also the accurate forgery of the signatures of the sitters, both at a moment's notice and under their very eyes.* No one but a fool would make such allegations. Some of these unscrupulous incompetents have theorized as to how Hope *could* have frauded, *might* have frauded, how they *thought* he frauded, and then have ended by saying that he did fraud!! What a hell awaits such treachery. Others, in their eagerness to damn a man whose shoes they were never worthy to bear, have laid themselves open to grave charges of conspiracy and double dealing. Hope visited my house several times, and I always found him an honest, God-fearing man, the soul of honour and straight dealing, and I count it a privilege to have known him. In my house hang several large oil paintings of my deceased relatives, and Hope was frequently left alone in the room where they hang, but although I got spirit pictures of several of my relations *none were of those relatives whose pictures were thus openly available to him.*

I repeat that the evidence I have had forms complete proof of the reality of psychic photography and of its evidence for survival of man after death.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has given one, among the thousands of testimonies available. He tells how he went to Crewe and there signed a plate and loaded it into the plate holder. The slide or plate holder was then held between Sir Arthur's and Hope's hands, backed by Mrs Buxton's hands. Sir Arthur developed and fixed the plate.

On the plate came a spirit picture of his deceased sister, who died thirty years previously and of whom Hope knew nothing, and this was recognized by himself and by his other two sisters. Under the chin of the spirit picture is a *white* brooch to which two fingers are *pointing*. This he could not understand until his sisters reminded him of a fact which he had forgotten, namely, that his deceased sister had a remarkable *white ivory* brooch which constituted peculiarly telling evidence of identity, apart from the recognition of the face.

As Sir Arthur says, "No alleged sleight-of-hand or substitution of plates could have any bearing on a result like this, and so will say any honest man who is not out to argue a preconceived case like some opposing lawyer who is ready to put up the most impossible and puerile objections, rather than give in and say that the case is proved."

Here are two other extremely evidential experiences. Some years ago there was a ring at my front door-bell at 7 a.m., and the Chief Constable of Sunderland was announced. On going down to the dining-room into which he had been shown, I found that he was accompanied by one of his daughters, and he came to make enquiries about Mr Hope, and proposed motoring on to Crewe and having a sitting with him. He had breakfast with me, and about 8.30 set out in his car for Crewe. Afterwards, he informed me that he arrived about noon, and at once had a sitting with Hope who was not aware of his coming. The Chief

Constable had lost his wife only about ten days previously, she having died of cancer. To his great delight he obtained at this sitting a marvellous spirit photograph of his deceased wife. It was so wonderfully accurate and such a good likeness that he was greatly impressed, but there was apparently one little discrepancy—"one little fly in the ointment," so to speak. That made him hesitate, although the likeness was so perfect; the hair in the spirit photograph was parted on the right side, whereas his wife *invariably* parted her hair on the *left*.

As soon as he got a print from the negative he hurried to the nurse, who had nursed his wife through her terrible illness, and said to her, "Nurse, did you ever see my wife with her hair parted on the right?" The nurse at once replied, "Oh yes, sir, didn't you know? I parted her hair on the right for ten days before she died in order to ease her head on the pillow." That settled it, and was one of the most evidential details that could be imagined, and one that completely destroys the theory of telepathy and the subconscious. On the back of the photograph from which Plate XXV is made, he has written: "This is a perfect likeness of my wife.—F. J. C." It is certainly one of the most evidential spirit photographs ever taken and the most casual inspection shows the difference in the arrangement of the hair, and in other details.

The second very evidential case is shown on the same page, and is that of Mrs Levenson's husband, the late Major H. Levenson. Though told that this spirit picture was that of her husband, and realising the family likeness, there was an uneasy doubt at the back of her mind because she had never seen her husband looking as the spirit photograph depicted him, or any photograph which showed him as there depicted. So matters stood for nearly two years, when some goods belonging to her husband's mother which had been stored away in a "depository" came into her possession, and on unpacking them she found a photograph of her husband at the age of twenty-four which *she had never previously seen, and taken a year before she met him*, which showed him exactly as depicted in the spirit photograph taken by Hope. Here is a case absolutely destructive of the telepathic, subconscious and all other ante-spiritual hypotheses, for the image depicted on the plate *never had been in the mind of either photographer or sitter* (p. 237).

I come now to a case which occurred at Weston Church a few years ago and which created a sensation in my parish.

At his visit in 1930 Hope said to me, "I have never seen your Church (which is situated nearly one and a half miles from the Vicarage and out of sight from the road). I should like to go down to it and take a photograph of it." I said, "Come to the Morning Service and do so." He came, and after service we went into the churchyard, and he took pictures of the Church and churchyard. One of these showed a number of tombstones. In the afternoon I developed these plates, and was astonished to see a face coming up on one of the crosses (Plate XXVI). As soon as I could print off a copy I examined it, and found to my amaze-

ment that it was the face of a girl buried there *seven years before* and whom I had seen pass my Vicarage scores of times looking exactly like she does in the spirit picture. There is no ordinary photograph showing her at the age she appears on the Memorial Cross, but a younger photograph is inset from which the likeness is easily seen, and I have the signed statement of fourteen people, three of them relatives, who knew her intimately, testifying that it is she, in addition to which there is my own definite recognition. The evidence of two persons suffices in a court of law, and fourteen should settle it beyond all doubt. I may add that Hope had never been in the churchyard before and did not know the name of a single person buried there, and even if he had, there is no ordinary photograph in existence showing her as she is seen on the tomb.

This picture gives the lie to thousands of inscriptions to be found all over the country which speak of resurrection at the Last Day, and testifies to that survival after death of which the average church and chapel member has never had proof, and for which he merely *hopes*.

I have a tombstone in my churchyard which says, "Hooping for the Resurrection here lyeth the bodie of —." Almost the entire majority (probably 99 per cent) of Orthodox clergy and laity to-day have not progressed beyond this "hope" and know *naught* of any evidence of certainty. This photograph, with many others which I can show, changes the Church's "blessed hope of everlasting life" into the still more blessed *certainty*.

Well do I remember showing some of Hope's results to a well-known Church Evangelist—familiarily called by us, Tom Smith, a man beloved by all the people and of a singularly gentle, amiable and Christian spirit. He gazed on them for a long time, examining them with the greatest attention, that being the *first time* any evidence of the life of the world to come had ever come to his notice. At last, looking up reverently, he exclaimed, "Thank God for it," and so we parted. Six weeks afterwards he met the great mystery face to face.

Very many, for whom Hope obtained wonderful evidence of the survival of their loved ones or, who like that beloved evangelist, beheld and realised the meaning of it, must, in the hour of death, have blessed him for knowledge which prepared them for that hour.

I will continue to pile up the evidence.

Hundreds of these recognised spirit photographs taken by Hope are in existence. I have very many of them. They form a cumulative mass of proof which is unique, irresistible and irrefutable.

I will continue cases illustrated by these photographs.

The first one (Plate XXVII) shows on the upper half a splendid likeness of my father-in-law taken five years after his death. The persons seated are myself and my wife. The inset shows his ordinary photograph for comparison. There is no photograph in existence which shows him bearded, but without hat, as this spirit photograph does;

which fact makes any mistake or deception *impossible*. Moreover, this spirit photograph is clearly recognised as a splendid likeness by all who knew him, and was taken under rigid test conditions, Mr Hope being *unaware of our intended visit to him* (see p. 366 of *Man's Survival*). I signed the plates, carried the slide and developed the plates, Hope never being allowed to touch them. The lower photographs show the spirit form of Lieutenant Naylor, son of Mr and Mrs E. Naylor, late of Oaklands, Keighley. She came to me in deep grief desiring proof of survival. I had never seen her before. Clergy, to whom she had previously applied, told her that she "must wait until the resurrection at the last day." She asked when that would be, and they said they did not know. I sent her to Hope, and she obtained this photograph within half an hour of entering his house. When this photo was obtained, her name and address *were unknown to him*, precluding the possibility of fraud.

Plate XXVI shows the spirit of the daughter of Mrs C. Kirby, together with that of her daughter's child, which died at the same time as the young mother. This photo was taken in Kensal Rise Cemetery by William Hope, and I personally know two of the ladies shown standing round the grave. This dramatic evidence should appeal to all mothers.

Plate XXVIII shows the spirit form of Lieutenant McKenzie, son of Mr and Mrs Hewat McKenzie, who was killed at Jerusalem. It is clearly recognised by them, and is especially remarkable in that it shows the death wound in the temple, inflicted by the Turkish bullet which killed him. Neither the sitter nor the photographer knew of this wound when the photograph was taken. This is exactly similar, in point of evidence, to the showing of Christ's wounds in hands and side (John xx. 27.)

Plate XXVIII shows the spirit of my wife's mother and also that of the man to whom she was engaged when in her early twenties. This is marvellously evidential, in that Hope by no conceivable possibility could have any information concerning it, the matter going back nearly seventy years in the history of my wife's family. (P. 52.)

Plate XV shows Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, taken on October 29th, 1932, by William Hope. A few minutes later we received on another plate a wonderful message in Sir Arthur's own handwriting taking up the conversation of a few minutes previous and commenting on it. Lady Doyle recognises the photograph, and says of the message, "There is no doubt whatever that it is my husband's own writing on the plate."

The identity in these cases (as in scores of others) is plain to all, and the evidence is of the strongest kind.

Three experiences stand out as especially notable. On Saturday, August 3rd, 1930, we had a sitting in the evening, my wife, self and all my family were present sitting round a rather heavy circular oak table. We placed a plate in one of Hope's slides. The plate was signed by me through the shutter, then carefully tied up with string which was carefully

sealed with my private seal. Hope was not allowed to touch it either in loading or when I developed it. On this occasion we all sat round the above-mentioned oak table. After singing a hymn we all saw a zig-zag flash of fire come down from the ceiling and strike the slide. On developing the plate, which I did myself, the words "My Song" appeared in the large writing of Stradiarius, which he has always used for the script, and *identical* with that of the script. The remarkable and evidential thing about this is that not only had Hope never seen the Stradiarius script, but he did not know that for weeks past *Stradiarius had been dictating a song to my wife and daughter Dorothy* which he referred to as "My Song." The flash of fire from the ceiling, the signed plate, the identity of the writing with that of the script and the words "My Song" unknown to Hope make this experience *absolutely watertight* and blow all anti-spiritual theories to the winds. This negative shows a clear single image of the rebate of the slide (Plate XXIX).

The second instance occurred the following year on September 3rd, 1931. I and my wife loaded the slide after carefully inspecting it. She signed the plate through the shutter. Hope was not allowed to enter the dark room or carry the slide. In my dining-room we held the slide between my wife's hands backed by my hands, my daughter Dorothy's and finally Hope's hands outside the lot. (He had nothing in his hands.) On developing this plate myself in the presence of Hope and my daughter, Hope not being allowed to touch the slide or the plate, or put his hand over the dish, the words "Press on. We love you," in the bold, large script writing of Stradiarius, appeared across the plate. This script writing of Stradiarius *Hope had never seen*. This negative again shows the clear single rebate (Plate XXIX).

I must here pause to explain that the *script* writing of Stradiarius, which has never varied from the first, is much larger than his writing when in the earth-life, which is not only smaller but rather difficult to read. On one occasion we asked him why he did not write the same size as when he lived on earth, and he told us that we should not be able to make it out as well as the larger script writing. That this is the case is easily verified by reference to original letters in Hill's work. That he can now write just as he did in earth-life is conclusively proved by the signatures reproduced in Plate XXI to which readers are referred.

The only possible explanation in face of the facts and of all the evidence and communications that have come from Strad during the many years we have been privileged to receive them, is that both these photographic messages were what they purport to be, definite communications from Stradiarius in the spirit world.

We now come to a case which occurred on the occasion of Hope's visit to us in 1931, which is unique and is of the most awe-inspiring and impressive character.

On September 3rd of that year, Mrs Hortense Leverson, widow of the late Major H. Leverson, an officer on the staff of the War Office, came to us at her own earnest request, having recently lost her husband, and desired a sitting with Hope. We arranged for Hope to come to Weston on September 3rd, which he did. We knew absolutely nothing about Mrs Leverson's family or affairs and had never seen or heard of her before. She soon obtained a spirit photo of her lover, who died thirty-two years previously, a spirit picture of her husband and also one of her sister! Also another photo showing the extra of a bearded man. Her chauffeuse, Margaret Frailey, who had driven her up from London, becoming interested in the photographing, it was suggested that she should sit. She did so, and obtained two extras of the same bearded man that had appeared on one of the plates exposed on her mistress. One of these two extras had the back of his head pressed against the left side of her (Margaret's) head just above the ear, and the other extra is looking intently at the exact same spot. This puzzled both her mistress and herself greatly. (Plate XXX.)

The extra was recognised as that of Dr Clinton Dent, a famous surgeon, who had attended Major and Mrs. Leverson professionally, but who had been dead nearly two years. (Plate XXX, compare the inset photo.)

Hope left Weston the next day, and Mrs Leverson and the chauffeuse returned to London. No one at the moment attached any particular significance to the extra of Clinton Dent which had appeared on Mrs Leverson's and the chauffeuse's plates, thinking that it was the usual manifestation of one departed and signified survival, but why Clinton Dent should manifest on Margaret's plate was a mystery. Alas! it was soon solved. About six weeks afterwards, Margaret Frailey began to complain of serious trouble in her head. Examination by doctors showed that *an abscess in the brain on the left side of the head just above the ear had formed in the exact spot contacted by and gazed upon in the photograph by the extras of the eminent surgeon, three months previously!!* (Plate XXX.)

Poor Margaret went the first time to the operating table, and returned alive and with hopes of a cure. She was soon told that *another operation was necessary—another operation on the brain!—almost always fatal*. She went to it with the courage of a heroine and the constancy of a martyr, and passed from this mortal life into the beyond. Six weeks afterwards she in turn showed herself, smiling and happy, on the photographic plate behind her mistress, recognised by her brother, her friends and the workers at the garage.

"There after many a dreadful bleeding wound
Conducted to her home, and landed safe
On the immortal shore. Her death
Turned to her blessing! Death disarmed."

This case is unique in its photographic *prevision*¹ and in its pathos. I can never think of it without a profound sense of awe and deep feeling. Why was this terrible ordeal ordained?

Perhaps she was destined thus to give wondrous testimony to that life where there is neither pain nor sorrow, nor sighing, and where God wipes off the tears from all faces.

I bring this chapter to a close with this account peculiarly evidential not only of survival, but also of Hope's absolute integrity and honesty. On July 30th, 1920, journeying from London I paid a *surprise* visit to Hope at Crewe. I met him in the street, purchased a new box of plates at a chemists, and he gave me a sitting, obtaining for me the spirit photograph of a woman whom I did not recognise. Four years elapsed during which the spirit photo remained *unrecognised*. Then a picture of my father with his youngest sister, Martha Ellen, of whom I *had never heard and of whose existence I was totally unaware*, was sent to me from America. By it the spirit photograph was at once recognised and the recognition then confirmed by distant relatives. This case is absolutely watertight. Hope by no possibility could have any knowledge of my father's youngest sister, who died fifty years previously, and I at the time had never heard of her, never seen any photograph of her, and did not even know that she had ever existed. (Plate XXXVII.)

Evidence piled upon evidence, testimony on testimony, photograph on photograph, all proclaim with unswerving persistence and unflinching iteration this glorious truth.

"There is no death, what seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the Life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

¹ These cases of the revealing of *future* events (*vide* Chapters IX and X) give the death-blow to the suppositious, subconscious, and telepathic "explanations" of spirit manifestations and messages; and also to the suppositious theory of the "Cosmic Mind," which alleges that there is a record or "reservoir of knowledge" somewhere, of everything that has ever been said, experienced, or done by anyone, and which can be tapped at a moment's notice by the subconscious mind! (Such a preposterous theory would, if true, invalidate all the spirit messages of the Old and New Testaments.) There is, however, not a particle of evidence of the existence of such a "reservoir of knowledge," or of the power of the Subconscious mind to tap such a reservoir even if it did exist; while the fact that *future* events which have not yet happened, have been forecasted, with minute accuracy and many details, shatters this theory completely, and reduces it to absurdity.

CHAPTER XII

OTHER EVIDENTIAL EXPERIENCES, OR MANY INFALLIBLE PROOFS

"He who died in Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.
Friends my body lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow,
And ye say 'Our friend is dead,'
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers
Yet smile I, and whisper this,
'I am not that thing you kiss.
Cease your tears and let it lie,
It once was mine, but is not I.'"

EDWIN ARNOLD.

I will see you again and your joy shall be full and your joy no man taketh from you.—JOHN xvi. 22.

To whom he also showed himself alive by many infallible proofs.—ACTS i. 3.

IN this Chapter I propose to give a few of our very many evidential experiences, proving the reality of the spirit world and survival after death. Some of these cases, while not connected with the group of communicating spirit personalities more especially described in this book, yet by the similarity and force of their evidence confirm the testimony set forth concerning them. Obviously the survival of our own relatives and friends who have died in recent years substantiates the survival of the others, some of whom passed from this mortal life generations ago. It would be easy for one to fill a volume with further most evidential and wonderful experiences. Some, and these among the most wonderful, are of such an *intimately private nature* that they cannot be made public, but those which are set forth in this book will suffice to convince any reasonable man.

I would here like to emphasize what I have previously alluded to, and that is the *spontaneous* character of the marvellous physical psychic phenomena which we have been privileged to receive and witness. As I have remarked, we have very rarely seen any physical manifestations when we have watched for them, and then only *when a series of such*

manifestations have been taking place. Never on any occasion have we been able to start or induce a physical psychic manifestation. Although the phenomena experienced by us have covered practically the whole range of psychic happenings, this spontaneity with regard to the physical has been a constant and most marked feature. Equally so with clairvoyance; the experiences of my wife, of the several members of my family and of myself, have invariably been *spontaneous*. The marvellous happenings—some of them so wonderful as to be almost unbelievable to those who have not been similarly privileged—have generally shown themselves instantly and without warning "going off like the crack of a gun," and leaving us amazed, awed and profoundly impressed.

Only in the case of the very remarkable typtology and automatic writing have we been able to *generally* obtain communication. I say generally, for it has been by no means always, or just when we desired it.

Often—very often—there has not been a sound, a movement or a single word written. Just as the physical phenomena have never been at our call, so the communications and the presence of the manifesting personalities are not controlled or induced by us; but on the contrary they *direct us* and *are always entirely independent of us* showing (as in Bible times) the presence of powerful, independent and decided personalities, whose advice, information and action is often not only completely contrary to our own opinions and desires, but information (often of future events which are verified) is frequently given, of which none of us knew anything.

These facts completely refute the shallow objections of certain agnostics and materialists, who say that the manifestations are mere extensions of human powers, the recipient merely getting from his own subconscious what he expects and desires, and that the theory of "Expectancy" explains all.

With this digression I resume my narrative.

On June 24th, 1913, died my mother, Mary Tweedale, the daughter of Charles Coates, of Crawshawbooth, and sister of Leah (Plate XXXVI) whose dramatic return has been noticed in these pages, and more fully described in my former work. My mother's passing from this world to the next was foretold by a remarkable vision and prophecy, which was accurately fulfilled to the day, hour and minute, as has been duly set forth.

On the morning of the 27th June, when the workmen came to solder up the metal coffin and screw down the oak one containing it, retiring into my study, I locked the door, and determined on a plan which should constitute a test of mother's identity if she should return and manifest to us. A curtain was over the door, the blind was down, and I was the only mortal in the room.

Looking around the study, I lighted upon a dried acorn, one of the previous year's growth, and enclosing this in my left hand, which I plunged deep into my pocket, so that no one could see it, I returned to the

room where lay the mortal remains of my dear mother. I asked the men to retire, and when they had done so, I locked the door and drew the portière curtain carefully over it. The window-blind was down and I was alone with the dead. I now removed the flowers from around the face, and inserting my left hand, still closed, down by the side of her face, I passed it right under the head. Only then did I open my hand and allow the acorn to fall from it. Withdrawing my hand, I rearranged the drapery and flowers, and then, unlocking the door, I admitted the workmen who immediately soldered up the metal coffin and screwed down the oak one. During these operations I stood at the head of the coffin and made sure that they did not remove the flowers or disturb the body in any way. I was therefore *certain* that no other mortal besides myself knew what I had placed under my mother's head. I determined to keep my own counsel and I guarded my secret with the most scrupulous care.

Saturday, July 12th, 1913.—My wife was standing before the dressing-table in the Red Room (mother's room, in which she died), putting on a brooch, when she saw reflected in the mirror a strange object lying upon mother's bed, which occupied the same position as on the day she died.

As observed in the mirror, she thought it was a piece of coloured fabric, and turned round to see, when, to her amazement, she beheld what seemed to be a huge pale brown egg upon the white counterpane. My wife stretched out her hand to touch it when it rolled from her hand and over to the far side of the bed and disappeared. She immediately ran down to my study and told me. The exact *similarity in shape and colour between a dried acorn out of its cup and a brown egg* will be at once apparent. I made a careful note of the event in my record of such happenings, which I always kept locked up in my study, but took good care not to give the slightest hint of the nature of the object I had hidden under my mother's head, either in the record or in conversation. On this point I was extremely careful throughout.

Tuesday, March 20th, 1914.—My wife in the Grey Room opening the drawers of the wardrobe. Suddenly there appeared by her side a woman having a strong resemblance to mother, who seemed to wish to look into the drawers. The figure was quite transparent. This wardrobe had been much used by mother and contained many of her things.

May 2nd, 1914, 7 p.m.—In the garden, when my wife came running to me in great excitement, saying that she had just seen mother going slowly up the front stairs. She was dressed in black and was going slowly up the first flight, swaying her body and bearing heavily on each foot alternately, like people do who are old and feeble, and as she used to do towards the last.

I ran into the house with my wife and we sat for psychic communication. Raps soon came. "Is that mother?" "Yes," came the reply.

We greeted her, and I then said:

"Can you tell me, mother, what it was that I put under your head in your coffin?"—"Yes." I then asked her to do so. Slowly this sentence

was spelled out: "I grow slow." Much surprised, I said, "Is that the answer?"—"Yes."

This answer brought instant conviction to me that the person giving it *knew what I had placed under mother's head*, as the words refer most evidently to the oak tree, which is of proverbially slow growth. This sentence and the fact that my wife had seen and *recognised* mother only a few minutes before produced the conviction that she was present and giving me this information. I then told my children that mother had been seen, and also the message just received, and they signed a statement to that effect, as also did the servant Lily.

June 19th, 1914.—We sat about 2.30 p.m. for psychic communication after my wife had seen a vision clairvoyantly of a plant growing. Present: myself, wife and the servant Lily. To our surprise the name of Leah, mother's sister, was given as present. I asked for the name of her dog, the one seen with her, and this was correctly given. Thomas Tweeddale's name was now given as present. He had previously been seen and recognised in the house on January 12th, 1911, as related elsewhere, and I had also heard him speak to me on two occasions in the house, and had a most convincing conversation with him at Mr Stead's house in Wimbledon in the presence of several witnesses through the psychic power of Mrs Wreidt. I now put a series of questions to him concerning details of his career and events in my boyhood which I knew positively were known only to myself. These were all answered with absolutely convincing accuracy. I now said, "Father, do you know what I placed under mother's head?" He replied, "Yes."

"Please tell me."

In reply "CLUSTER" was spelled out. This was significant. Acorns do often grow in small clusters.

Monday, July 6th, 1914.—About 10.45 a.m. my wife suggested a sitting. *I was much disinclined*, but sat at her request. There was a manifestation almost at once, and the name Mary Tweeddale was given.

"Is that mother?"—"Yes."

"If it be you, can you tell me what I placed under your head in your coffin?"—"Yes."

"Please do so."

Then, to my great astonishment and delight "QUORCUS" was slowly spelled out.

I at once recognised it as intended for the Latin word *quercus*, an oak.

It now became perfectly plain to me that mother *knew* what I had put under her head and she was giving me the answer piecemeal and in such a way as to combat the telepathic theory entirely, for all the replies had been entirely different to what was in my mind on each occasion. Each time I had been thinking of acorn.

As for my wife, the replies entirely puzzled her, and not being in possession of the key of the situation, and not knowing Latin, she could make nothing of them.

Mother went on to inform me that she was happy, and that the new life was all she had pictured it. She also said that the hermetically sealed metal coffin had caused her spirit to linger around the place of interment for a considerable time—probably because the decomposition of the body is retarded. This would seem to be an argument for earth burial.

I now asked her if she could remember what she once hit me with when I was a lad and late for school. She replied, "A coat." (Correct).

"Can you tell me, mother, what was in the coat pocket?" "A knife."

This was further proof of my mother's presence. Late one morning for school she struck me over the head with a coat. Unfortunately there was a heavy jack-knife in the pocket and this, acting like a slung shot, and alighting on my head, gave me a severe blow. No one in the mortal knew this but myself.

June 24th, 1915.—Awoke at 4 a.m., dreaming of mother. I remembered that this was the anniversary of her passing, which took place at five minutes to 3 a.m. I then fell asleep again. Shortly after 8 a.m. the servant, Lydia, brought tea to the bedroom door. She told us that when bringing it up a few minutes previously, as she got to the top of the back stairs, and was just turning down the passage to our bedroom, she saw a tall, white figure of a woman dressed in a long gown with something round the waist. The woman had her hand upon the door knob. As soon as Lydia saw her, the woman stepped back two steps and then faded away. Lydia, frightened, hastily put down the tea-tray on the top step and ran downstairs and told the children what she had seen. My son and two elder daughters confirmed this. I am confident that this was my mother. She was found dead in bed in the adjoining room at 8 a.m. on June 24th, 1913.

July 6th, 1915.—About 10.30 p.m. a figure followed my wife out of the Red Room (mother's bedroom) and then preceded her into our own bedroom, and sat down upon a chair. I could not see it, but it was plain to my wife's clairvoyant vision. She said that the woman's face was like mother, but the face was partly hidden by a cloth bound round it, like mother when she was lying in state. However, what settled her identity, apart from the likeness of the face was the fact that she was wearing a peculiar pair of white knitted woollen boots with red tops *which she wore almost constantly during her illness*. When seated she appeared to be cutting string into lengths of about three inches. This went on for a minute or two in bright lamplight.

I now resolved on an experiment without saying anything to my wife. I made a mental request that if it were mother wishing to communicate with us, she would cut the pieces six inches in length, instead of three. Within fifteen seconds of this mental request my wife cried out, "Oh, she is now cutting longer pieces. They seem to be about five inches!!"

Mother now arranged the pieces of string in the form of an upright with a cross-piece so as to form a capital T, a thing which I had not thought of, and shortly after vanished.

This was a very remarkable and evidential experience. Another remarkable thing was that it was the anniversary of mother's appearance last year, 6th July. *My wife keeps no record or dates of these events*, and mine is carefully locked up in my study and she had not seen it.

July 7th.—Sat for psychic communication again about 1.30 p.m. Mother at once gave her name as present. I now *mentally* requested that if it were she, she would give me a single word proving her identity. To my delight, the word O A K was at once spelled out.

So the proof accumulates. This word, in answer to a *mental* request, was most convincing. My wife, knowing nothing of the request nor the meaning of the Latin word *quercus* previously given, was utterly at a loss to know what it meant, and I did not enlighten her. She hazarded a guess that it referred to mother's *oak coffin*. I made no reply to this.

January 3rd 1917.—Wife and I sat for psychic communication about 3.30. The name Mary Tweedale was given. I greeted her, and then said

"Mother, can you tell me what occupied my attention one beautiful spring afternoon when you took me for a walk to Fall Spring Well at Stainland?" She replied, "Yes! Daisies."

This was correct. It was a glorious spring day, with the lark soaring in the blue. We passed through a big field of spring flowers and I gathered great bunches of daisies. I remember they had very long stems. My wife knew nothing of this—it was one of those little details hidden away in the memories of long ago, bringing absolute conviction of mother's personal presence.

I said, "Correct, mother; now can you give me full particulars of what I put under your head in your coffin?"—"Yes."

"Please spell it."

The letters A E N were at once spelled out.

"Is A right?"—"Yes."

"Is E right?"—"Yes."

"Is N right?"—"Yes."

"Are there any letters missed out?"—"Yes."

"Will you please give the missing letters?"

O and R were spelled out.

"Are RQNEA the letters of the word indicating what I put under your head?"—"Yes."

"How many letters are there in the word?"—"Five."

"When you first gave A E N, was A the first letter?"—"Yes."

"Was N the last letter?"—"Yes."

"Will you please indicate the order of the other letters."

"Yes."

"Where does E come?"—"Second."

"Where does R come?"—"Fourth."

"Where does O come?"—"Third."

"Is the full word AEORN?"—"Yes."

I replied: "Are you sure it is E?"—"Yes."

Now note the remarkable resemblance between C and E, as printed in small type—c, e. On this the only occasion in which the word "acorn" was given (of which I naturally had been thinking all along), the order of the letters was *deliberately altered*, and e substituted for c; all showing the *counter moves of a clever and independent living personality checkmating my own*. The whole of this reply was given in a wonderful way, evidently to show that telepathy was *not* at work. On the occasion of each of these communications I was naturally thinking of the word *acorn*, and had it been telepathy that was at work this word would have come straight through long before, whereas every care was evidently taken on this and on other occasions to give the information in a form quite different to the thought in my own mind, and this is especially noticeable in the former communications, when "I grow slow," "cluster" and "quorcus," were given, words which were entirely absent from my mind and which surprised me very much.

March 16th, 1917.—A Mr S. S. Smith called upon me in the afternoon unexpectedly. Knowing that in the past he had shown clairvoyant powers, as we sat round the fire almost in the dark, I placed in his hand a small piece of my mother's hair, without giving him any information either as to what I wanted, or whose hair it was.

He immediately said: "I feel the mother's influence."

I replied: "Do you get anything else?"

He replied: "I see a very curious thing. Perhaps you will laugh at me, but I give you just what I see."

I said: "What is it?"

He answered: "I see an egg rack, but with only *one* hole in it—that is in the middle of the stand, and in this hole sits a *big egg*."

He seemed to indicate that the egg was of huge dimensions and that it occupied the whole stand or rack. I was very careful not to give any lead or to question him, but to allow him to give his own description, and he was unaware, for years after, of the significance of that vision at which he thought I might laugh. Its confirmation of previous evidence will be apparent when my wife's vision of the *huge egg-like object* on July 12th, 1913, is recalled, and when it is also considered how closely an egg placed in an egg stand or rack resembles an *acorn in its cup*.

Thus, slowly and by degrees, came the evidence for my mother's survival, brought about in such a manner as to be completely convincing.

Years passed. On March 5th, 1926, I was alone in my bedroom, with the door shut, about 11 p.m. It was after a visit of Mr Hope to us, and speaking in an *undertone to myself* I addressed my grandfather in the spirit world, and said that I was sorry that he had not been able to manifest on the plate when Hope came, and I hoped that next time he would be able to do so and bring my mother and her sister (his daughters). No one was above stairs, all being in the breakfast-room on the ground

floor. About fifteen minutes after this my wife came into the bedroom, and her gaze almost at once became fixed on a point near the window curtain. First she saw a ball of light, then it elongated into a streak and rose four feet from the ground and passed partly behind the window curtains. She watched it intently, reporting its appearance to me, as it developed. A hand now formed at the end of the white streak—a woman's hand, the fingers seemed to be working on something in the hand. She then cried out "It's a leaf" and "something like a nut," the thumb and forefinger were together and the nut seemed to form in the hollow between them. "Now," she said, "it is going smaller like a hazel nut." It kept this appearance for a minute, then she suddenly cried aloud, "Oh! it's an oak leaf; and the nut is on the leaf! Oh! it has a cup, it is an acorn! She is now holding up a sprig with a leaf and acorn on it." I cried out in delight, "Then it's mother!" This clairvoyant view persisted for another minute, and then gradually faded away. How splendid this incident was in view of the *acorn* which thirteen years previously I had placed beneath her head as she lay in her coffin. On many occasions since has mother come to us with words of comfort and counsel.

September 25th, 1929.—Three years after the above-recorded incident Madge and Dorothy went to Crewe and sat with Hope and got mother's spirit photograph splendidly clear and evidential. My wife was hoping to get another person and was *not* thinking of mother at all.

November 22nd, 1929.—My birthday. I was lying awake about 7.30 when I heard my name called loudly in my mother's voice. I did *not* mention it to my wife.

November 24th, 1929.—This morning we were both sitting up in bed drinking our morning cup of tea when my wife, looking up from the cup which she was holding, suddenly started violently and screamed, "Oh, your mother!" nearly spilling the tea. She saw mother standing at the foot of the bed. I greeted her, and she smiled most sweetly and bowed to us. Only the face and neck were clearly visible, the rest of the form was misty. She appeared just as she used to do shortly before she passed over, and looked bright, smiling and happy.

December 19th, 1931.—Mother's birthday. Madge, Dorothy and self sat 8 p.m. Mother came, after some time, saying, "Charlie, I am eighty-eight to-day, yet I feel just twenty-one. Do you remember falling downstairs at Auntie's, sliding down the banisters, hurting your arm?" This was extremely evidential and produced absolute conviction of mother's presence for the fact which she recalled—my falling off the banister several feet into the room below—took place when I was only about six or seven years of age, and was one which *I had completely forgotten* for fifty years or more. At that time the back staircase in my grandfather's old house descended directly into one of the lower rooms, and sliding down the mahogany banister I fell several feet into the room and hurt my arm. As the result of this, a partition was erected down the side

of the stairs and the staircase enclosed. My wife, the psychic, never saw the stairs in their open condition, nor had she ever heard of them in that condition, nor of the accident.

I then asked her about conditions in the spirit world which she discussed, and then concluded by saying, "We are never weary or tired. No anxiety. Sweet repose."

"Sweet repose." This was my mother's invariable good-night when I was a child, sometimes in fun, modified to "Tweetyrepose," of which fact the psychics knew nothing, and to me was strongly evidential. I asked her if she remembered the name of the servant we had at Holmfield, and she gave the name of the girl's *sister*, who used to come to the house at times, and of whom I was *not* thinking, and who was never known to my wife. This very cleverly counters any suggestion of telepathy.

The photograph obtained September 25th, 1929, splendidly clear and evidential (Plate XXXI) puts the crown on a long series of evidences completely proving identity. Long years ago, under a tiny portrait of myself as a child, she wrote in her Bible:

"Nor shall I leave thee wholly. I shall be
An evening thought, a morning dream to thee,
A silence in thy life, when through the night
The bell strikes, or the sun with sinking light
Smites all the empty windows: as there sprout
Daisies and dimpling tufts of violets out
Among the grass where some corpse lies asleep,
So round my life, when I lie buried deep
A thousand little tender thoughts shall spring,
A thousand gentle memories wind and cling."

She has indeed "not left me wholly." Through the Communion of Saints¹—that great gift to mankind and fundamental portion of the

¹ To-day we are confronted with the amazing spectacle of men having to fight for the recognition of the phenomena of the spirit world and of human survival in our own times, and in a Christian country!

This is due to that great error of the modern Church which still maintains that biggest lie in history, that communication between mortals and the departed does not take place in these days, but that the departed are "asleep," waiting for "the resurrection in the Last Day." A Church which holds that the departed are "asleep" has evidently no room for a practical belief in the Communion of Saints. The "Communion of Saints" as defined by the Church, includes communion with the angels, with the faithful departed, and with the faithful still on earth in the mortal body. It is evident from the above consideration that the Communion of Saints must consist largely of communion with the "dead." Communion means fellowship, mutual intercourse. There can be no effectual fellowship and mutual intercourse without communication. Psychic phenomena constitute the only effectual and recognizable means of this communion with the dead and with the spirit world. It is idle to deny it, and utterly vain to say that the Communion of

creed—her presence is no mere dream or memory, but a blessed and actual reality. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.

I now come to the evidence of the survival of another member of our family. Since her passing some twenty-five years ago, we have often had evidence of the survival and return of Elizabeth Coates, my mother's sister, and daughter of Charles Coates, who died in 1909. At first when she entranced my wife, she used all the pathetic deficiencies of speech with which she was afflicted immediately after the stroke which doomed her to six years of suffering, and which defects of speech *my wife never heard*, and so could not have reproduced. Then came the wonderful spirit photo obtained under such dramatic and evidential circumstances by Hope (Plate VI). Since then she has often manifested. Here is a characteristic manifestation.

Saturday, April 22, 1933, 1.45 a.m.—My wife was suddenly entranced by Elizabeth Coates, who, after some preliminary messages, began to talk delightfully of old times, and it was just like speaking to my aunt face to face, she giving the most realistic impression of her actual presence.

She opened the conversation by a most evidential statement, saying, "I have just seen fifteen flowers on the vault tied on with a ribbon."

Saints consists only of some mystical or emotional experience "independent of material agency," and lying entirely outside psychic phenomena. How could it ever be proved that such emotional and mystical experiences were not purely *subjective* if they were not evidenced by objective psychic phenomena in some form or other? The Church cannot produce a scrap of evidence in proof of a communion with the departed and with the spirit world which is "independent of material agency" in the sense of being independent of the objective. Emotion has its acknowledged place in religious experience as a phase of the internal witness, but the real communion "with those whose rest is won" must stand, and always has stood, upon the solid basis of evidential experience, as it did in the case of the conscious and mutual communion of the Apostles with their arisen Lord, or the conscious and mutual communion of Christ with Moses and Elias.

The Communion of Saints is indeed a glorious reality, but save for the third part of it—Communion with the faithful on earth—it cannot be obtained or enjoyed in our Church to-day in, or by, the recognized official services. Communion with the angels or with the faithful departed (the Church Triumphant), the *real* Communion of Saints, has for long been *extinct* in the Churches, utterly neglected and unpractised, but how beautifully and perfectly it was demonstrated on the road to Emmaus by Jesus, only three days dead.

" 'Abide with us,' the two disciples said,

As slowly waned for them the evening light;
He brake the bread, and for one moment stayed,
They knew him, and he vanished from their sight.

'Except I see the nail and spear wounds wide,'
Cried doubting Thomas in the upper room.
The Lord appearing showed his hands and side,
In glorious triumph over death and tomb.

Now, two days before, I had instructed a florist in Crawshawbooth to tie with a ribbon a number of narcissi and daffodils on to the railings of her tomb. (This I had done privately, and *neither my wife nor any of my family knew of it.*) She continued, "but you know, Charley, we are not there." I replied, "I know that, Auntie dear, but I did it to show the people that we remember you all." She then continued to chat most delightfully. "I have been to the old house," she said, "but oh! how it is altered. All spoiled. They have got a new staircase and it is all so different, and I don't like those who *have done it*. Leah says she would like to break all their pots!!" (This was extraordinarily characteristic of Leah's utterances and made me laugh heartily. It was extraordinarily evidential.) "Oh well," she continued, "it does not matter *now*. We have a nice house here, beautiful gardens and flowers, all so nice; and the flowers don't get blackened, no long factory chimneys here—no mills. But (continuing) I liked the mills. Don't you remember them all lighting up at five o'clock in the evening and how we used to see the lights from the little back window. And in the early morning, too, we used to see them. Don't you remember how we used to hear the clogs clattering on the causeway in the morning, and how the people carried their tea in cans and their "bate" tied up in a red handkerchief, and when at

'Who art Thou, Lord?' this was the trembling cry
Of Paul struck down on the Damascus road.
'I Jesus am,' was heard in soft reply,
'Tis hard for thee to kick against the goad.'

As the dear Lord in far off days of yore
Met loved disciples at declining day,
So our departed, who have gone before,
Can meet and commune with us in the way.

Therefore our cypress wreaths we lay aside
For flowers and lilies in their sweetest bloom,
For death's dark stream does not from us divide
The souls of those we have laid in the tomb.

Our blest communion with the Saints in light
Joins those who toil on earth to those in heaven,
While the great cloud of witnesses unite
To light and cheer us with their succour given.

Thus, as the ages and the years roll by,
Tidings of joy to men are handed on.
Life Everlasting, Immortality,
Are shown us still, although our Lord is gone."

Easter, 1917.*

C. L. TWEEDALE.

* The above verses can be had in the form of a hymn (words and music by the author), under the title "Blest Communion," together with another hymn, "Hail Fair Land"—words and music also by the author.

the mill they untied the handkerchief and ate the food, and warmed their tea, and then drank it out of the can lid?" She then positively astounded me by saying, "Don't you remember that round thing on the window?" This was a revolving ventilator fixed into one of the glass panes which I had not had in mind for sixty years and had completely forgotten. I constantly answered my aunt as she talked through the sleeping and unconscious form of my wife. The facts discussed were entirely beyond my wife's knowledge. She did *not* know of the flowers on the railings. She did *not* know any of the details given by my aunt. As a child I used to sleep with my aunt in this room with the little window, through which the moon used to come peeping, and from it we used to see the factories lit up, both early in the morning, and also at five in the evening. Hundreds of times have I heard the clatter of the Lancashire clogs on the pavement outside early in the morning as bands of men and women hastened to their work with tin cans filled with tea and their "bate" (I *had quite forgotten this word*) tied up in a handkerchief (generally red in colour). The reminder of the "round thing on the window" was most tremendously evidential and "fairly made me jump," as Lancashire folk say, for I had not had it in mind for full sixty years. My wife *never saw or heard of it*. It had been removed from the window before she was born. Only when thus miraculously reminded of it from the spirit world did I remember that on one of the glass panes of this little window through which the moon peeped in the long, long ago, there was a round ventilator made of some sort of composition with half a dozen holes in it about an inch in diameter which could be closed by revolving the disc. It is easy for the psychically destitute, the agnostic, the materialist, or the atheist, to talk glibly of telepathy. *It is a convenient screen to hide inconvenient facts, or to conceal ignorance and inexperience, or the obstinacy of a closed mind; a convenient handful of dust wherewith to blind the eyes of enquirers*; but the many instances which have come under my experience of facts being given which were *unknown either to the psychic or the sitter* and the many instances that will be found in this book of definite forecasts of *future events* accurately fulfilled shows conclusively that telepathy and the subconscious is *not* the explanation, and the only one that will fit the facts is the one of spirit survival, existence and communication. Yes, my dear old aunt, so good and faithful and kind, still lives and carries on, though her poor crippled body has long since mouldered to dust in the tomb; and many a delightful talk I have had with her. After the communication ceased, my wife continued in *deep* sleep, breathing heavily and did not awaken until morning *when she had no recollection of what had happened*, and would never have known if I had not informed her later in the day.

November 26th, 1932.—On another occasion (November 26th, 1932) my grandmother, Ann Coates, who died in 1878, manifested, writing slowly in a large round hand, as she used to do. (This fact my wife did

not know.) I said, "If this is you, grandma, tell me something not now in my mind." Slowly after a long pause came, "Do you remember falling down the cluff and hurting your leg?" I had *entirely forgotten* this incident which occurred at Pinner Clough, Crawshawbooth about the year 1876—fifty-six years ago—and which I had not had in mind since that time. Moreover, it was not I who was hurt, but my intimate friend of the time, Charley Renshaw. He had a nasty fall of about ten feet down the precipitous side of the ravine or "clough," and his leg was so badly hurt that he limped for many a day. Now, had this come from *my* mind, it would have been stated that Charley Renshaw hurt his leg and not I, and also "cluff" would have been spelt "clough," as I always spelt it.

Friday, July 30th.—The evidence now passes to the other side of the family.

At 8.30 p.m. Marjorie saw a man go down the passage. She ran and told us, and we sat. To our great surprise, Benjamin Tweedale, my grandfather on my father's side, manifested. I said to him, "When did you pass over?" putting this as a test question, because *I did not know it myself, nor did any one present*.

Answer: "Fifty-seven." This was repeated several times, and I thought that it indicated his age when passing.

I said: "Who got your best violin?"

"James Tweedale."

My grandfather, Tweedale, was a very remarkable man. He was a fine violinist and leader of all the concerts and oratorios given in his neighbourhood. He was also fond of astronomy, and had a telescope. Also *he made violins*, and was extremely fond of the sciences and practical arts. I can remember a large number of books of his on scientific subjects, and several large ones on the art of Dialing. He made the sundial now on Saddleworth Church.

After the sitting I went to the bureau where I keep the records of the family affairs, the key never leaving my possession for the last twenty years, and looked up particulars of my grandfather Tweedale. These *I did not know, nor did any members of my family nor any one present at the sitting*. After some search I found them carefully secured in a packet which had not been opened for many years. I found that Benjamin Tweedale died in the year 1857, the answer thus being absolutely correct. There was no other record of this in the house.

January 19th 1914.—On this date after a clairvoyant vision seen by my wife, of a plant growing, we sat, self, wife and the maid. Thomas Tweedale manifested, and when asked what I had placed under mother's head in the coffin, said "Cluster." This was most evidential (see page 242) and was *entirely different* from what I was thinking about. Then a cat was heard mewing though there was none in the room.

"Is that a cat?"

"Yes. Jeck."

"What, your old pet?"

"Yes."

"What was the other name you gave it?"

"Boonjee."

"What was the servant's name who drowned it, and made you so angry?"

"Sarah."

"What was the name of the house in which you first lived at Stainland?"

"Royd House."

"What accident happened to you when a lad?"

"Drowning."

"In the sea?"

"No."

"River?"

"No."

"Canal?"

"Yes."

"Did you fall in?"

"No—thrown."

"Were you thrown in?"

"Yes, by a man."

Every answer was correct. None of these facts were known either to my wife who was the psychic, or to any member of my family. The fact that "cluster" was *not* in my mind but I was intently thinking of "acorn" showed that the result *not* telephatic; while the mewing of poor Jeck, who was cruelly drowned by the servant in a fit of temper, shows that telepathy had no place in this experience.

January 2nd, 1932.—About midnight my wife suddenly saw my father, Thomas Tweedale, standing at the bed foot and gave an accurate description of him as he was in life (see Plate XXXVI). She never saw him before he died, or any coloured picture of him afterwards, he having died long before I knew her. She described him as wearing a ring, with a big carbuncle in it, and a heavy gold watch chain of a twisted link pattern and blue enamel sleeve links. My wife *never saw any of this jewellery, nor is there any photograph showing it.* The next day I opened the safe, always kept carefully locked, and hunted up some old family treasures which I had not seen for thirty years, and found the carbuncle and also the blue enamel sleeve links which I had completely forgotten. The heavy twisted link chain left the family not long after father's death and before I ever saw my wife. All this was fine evidence of my father's presence.

January 19th, 1934.—A few days ago my wife being in a small Yorkshire town about thirty miles away from my Vicarage where she had never been before and was entirely unknown—a stranger among strangers—happening to pass a spiritualistic meeting place, went in and sat at the back, a stranger among the audience. She had not been there many

minutes when a clairvoyant who was addressing the people came to her and said, "You have brought many spirit people with you." She then without more ado began to describe them, and gave a description so accurate of my wife's father and mother and also of her brother, that recognition was instant and undeniable. The clairvoyant then went on to describe my father and mother. The description of mother's dress was minutely accurate, and also two horses which they used to ride. To this also was added a perfectly marvellous description of Holmfild House where they used to live, giving some details of the house which my wife had never seen and of which she knew nothing. The clairvoyant had never seen or heard of any of the things or people which she described. My wife never saw my father nor the said house details described. The singularly evidential nature of this experience turns on the fact that things were described which *neither the clairvoyant nor my wife, the sitter, ever saw or heard of, and which were not recognised until my wife narrated them afterwards to me, and therefore all anti-spiritual objections are ruled out.* With this preamble I continue my story. To-day, June 19th, my wife on entering the dining-room saw a man sitting in one of the arm-chairs. She ran out and called me, and I went in when she began to describe him. I recognised my father from the description, and we sat. He at once signed his name Thomas Tweedale, the signature, although done with the heavy planchette, being evidently my father's. The communication then went on:

"That medium was right. Ma and I came to Madge with Queenie and Bessie—(these were the names of the two horses my father and mother used to ride). Madge did not recognise me as soon as I hoped, so we had to throw Holmfild on the map." I now said, If it is you, father, can you tell me what it was that escaped in the drive at Holmfild.

"Yes, a cow. It broke down the bushes."

I at first thought this was wrong, as I was thinking of an *escape of gas*. I then remembered that a cow did once push its way from the street through the narrow side gate of the main entrance into the drive, where it careered wildly about our grounds and garden, doing dreadful damage and taking a long time to drive out owing to the difficult nature of the ground. This was most extraordinarily evidential to me, for I had entirely forgotten it and not had it in mind for *fully fifty years*, and now recalled it only on this information of my father communication from the spirit world. The "escape" which I did have in my mind and which I asked about was an *escape of gas* which occurred through the fracture of the iron pipe under ground which led up the drive, and which resulted in a bill of twenty pounds being presented to my father, and which he had to pay, for gas which he had never used. Here telepathy is entirely ruled out, for this fact about the cow never had been known to my wife who was the psychic, and had been entirely forgotten by me; while my mind was full at the moment of another kind of "escape" altogether, and reference to this did not appear in the communication.

As a clergyman I have often heard the sorrowful inquiry, "Shall we meet again. Shall we know each other there," so very human and natural in view of the deep and *intimate* affections of our mortal life. Who has not heard the sorrowing plaint of husband or wife separated after long years of devoted love. The evidence of this experience was, therefore, most precious to me, for I well remember how my dear mother sorrowed for many years after my father's passing and would not be comforted. Afterwards I found amongst her most precious possessions this poem clipped from some magazine, which most poignantly expressed her grief:

MIZPAH

"We never used the word while thou and I
Walked close together in life's working way;
There was no need for it, when hand and eye
Might meet, content and faithful, every day.
But now, with anguish from a stricken heart,
Mizpah! I cry; the Lord keep watch between
Thy life and mine that death hath riven apart;
And placed thee now beyond the veil unseen.
Thy lips are dumb, from which I used to hear
Strong words of counsel, tender words of praise;
Poor I must go my ways without the cheer
And sunshine of thy presence all my days.
Till death shall surely lead me to thy side,
Beyond the change and chance of mortal tide."

And now the blessed evidence of her "sorrow turned into joy," and of that reunion for which she had hoped and prayed, was to me a joy beyond the power of words to express. May the record of it bring that joy to other faithful hearts.¹

¹ Before his residence at "Holmfield," Crawshawbroth, my father, Dr Thomas Tweeddale (Plate XXXVI), was in practice at Stainland, near Halifax, where he was also Medical Inspector of Factories for the district. There he resided at a house of singular appearance situated at the junction of two main roads, the only house available until he could secure a larger, named "Crossfield." The house at the junction of the roads was wedge-shaped owing to its situation, and as he was very popular in the district it came to be known (and is to this day) as "Tweeddale's Nook." Now it is often alleged that these psychic manifestations are only experienced by persons of weak nerves (what a libel on prophets, apostles, and the Christ!), but as if to give this the lie, it is a fact that these experiences are often related by medical and military men with whom strong nerves and good health are the rule, as was the case with my father. It was at this house at "Tweeddale's Nook" where a very striking experience befel him. One night he was sleeping alone in the house and in a room over his surgery, which room, at that time, communicated by a flight of very steep stairs with the room below. In the middle of the night he was awakened by the sound of heavy footsteps coming slowly up the stairs. Raising himself in bed he listened to their approach. As they arrived at the top, the door opened and a form clad in white appeared, and slowly

We now come to an apparition manifesting from the Antipodes and in no way connected with either of our families.

In the autumn of 1912 a Mr S. S. Smith called on us one afternoon. He had the psychic gift of clairvoyance, and as he was seated in my dining-room chatting with us he rather startled my wife by saying that there was a black man standing near her who seemed to know her and kept bowing to her and saluting her. He described him as wearing white cotton trousers and a white jacket and as having bare feet and, said he, got David with his name, but this was not his name but some one connected with him. I see him bring glasses on a tray to David.

This was very wonderful, for a gentleman of the name of David brought this black servant to my wife, having first seen him in an hotel, on which occasion he brought a tray with glasses to him. They never could induce him to wear boots, and once, when my wife gave him a pair, he astonished her by appearing with them slung around his neck! All the information undoubtedly came from the "black man," as Smith did *not* know that my wife once had a black servant, and by no possibility *could* have any knowledge of my wife's life in Australia, or of these details.

May 19th, 1913.—My wife saw the apparition of a black arm and hand in the dining-room. It was like that of a negro or dark-skinned Oriental.

Thursday, May 22nd, 1913.—About midnight my wife saw the apparition of a black man at our bed's foot. He was dressed in a white jacket with shirt sleeves and white pants, and had white bushy hair and white beard. She gazed steadily at the apparition for a minute, and then suddenly cried aloud, "*It's Bumbo.*" He continued standing before her for about five minutes.

Friday, May 23rd.—Madge again saw the black man in the dining-room about 2.30 p.m.

Sunday, May 25th.—Madge again saw the black man, whom she now definitely recognizes as her Australian native servant Bumbo, standing at the bed's head. This time he was accompanied by "Tabitha," the girl who died in Australia when about six weeks old.

Thursday, June 1st.—(Anniversary of our wedding day). Madge coming up the front staircase about 11 p.m. I heard her utter a loud cry and she ran to the bedroom very excited. She said that as she was coming up the first flight she suddenly saw a flame like that of a candle at the right hand side of her. Then to her astonishment appeared a jam jar with the flame in the middle of it, and this was followed by a black hand and arm grasping the jar which pressed against her side. This

approached the bed. Then the figure raised its hands and parted a veil which was over its face, and my father saw the face of a young girl who was one of his patients. The figure then sank down through the floor. He sprang out of bed, noted the time, and then searched the house, but there was no one to be found. In the morning he proceeded at once to the girl's residence and found that she had died in the night shortly before the time noted by him.

accompanied her upstairs as though lighting her up!! At the top of the stairs it vanished, and she ran down the passage to our room greatly excited, and told me what she had seen. When calmer, she said, "Oh! now I remember. Bumbo had a light like that. We used to give him the household fat and dripping which he placed in a jam jar and inserted a wick in the middle of the fat, and so used it for his lamp. He called it a 'fat light.'" This unique lamp, his dress, white hair and beard, together with the recognition of his face, *absolutely settled* his identity. He was a native aboriginal, an old man, but very vigorous and hearty, devoted to his mistress, and a remarkable character. Wonderful as it is, this experience was not to end here.

September 25th, 1935.—This afternoon a Salvation Army "Captain," very smartly dressed in red coat, called on me for a subscription. I began to talk to him about the evidences of survival. Like the officials of the Anglican Church he could not (or would not) see the necessity for any such thing, and I vainly pointed out to him the fact that the Jews—Scribes and Pharisees—of Christ's time could likewise see no need for Christ's evidence of survival, and did not believe it. I, however, narrated to him the experience of my wife and others with Bumbo and the wonderful evidence of the extraordinary light which he showed. I pointed out to him that Bumbo *became a member of the Salvation Army*, showing that members of even that body disregarded all the nonsense about resurrection at the Last Day, and came back testifying to the truth, when freed from the fetters of their creed. As he was leaving the house I gave him a subscription, and my wife, who had heard what I had told him about Bumbo, ran out to the front door, crying laughingly, "Here is a sixpence in memory of Bumbo." Our dapper well-spoken and pleasant red-coated friend then jumped on his bicycle and rode off, just as a Dr Martin, who wished to see me on psychic things, drove up in his car at my gate, and saw him depart.

On Saturday, September 28.—Dr Martin had a sitting with us, at which remarkable Doyle evidences (afterwards verified) were obtained, and striking communications and forecasts about the impending Abyssinian war and other matters. Tabitha also manifested, and said, "Bumbo is worried about the war." He says, "One black man same as another black man." She then went on to say, "He knows all about Bumbo and sixpence." At first neither my wife nor I could understand this reference at all until I suddenly remembered the incident of Wednesday the 25th, and the giving of sixpence to the Salvationist in memory of Bumbo, my wife's Australian native servant. Tabitha was Australian born, and we can thus understand their coming *together*.

My wife was much touched by these manifestations and with evidence that the faithful old servant had not forgotten her, but showed himself from beyond death and the grave and across the years.

What forceful emphasis this gives to that Scripture which says "But in every nation he that feareth God and doeth righteousness is accepted

with Him." It is a far cry from Australia to China, but the same facts and the same truth hold good.

Here is the case of the apparition of an Oriental occurring on Sunday, June 3rd, 1930, at Weston Church. At the Evening Service several persons whom I had never seen before walked over from New Scarborough, a few miles away on the other side of the valley. After the service one of them came to me and said that she had seen a most extraordinary thing behind me nearly all the time that I was preaching. I asked what it was, and she hesitated a moment, then said it was so strange that she feared to tell me. I reassured her, and she then said that it appeared to be a *Chinaman* with the most wrinkled face she had ever seen. I asked her whether she felt sure of what she had seen, and she constantly affirmed it and adhered resolutely to her story. As I had never personally known a Chinaman, I could make nothing of it, and beyond recording it, took no more note of the matter. Now, about a week or ten days before this happened, I had been visited by the Rev. J. W. P——, who had just returned from Borneo where he had been working as a missionary for several years. We spent a pleasant afternoon together, and he promised to send me his book on Borneo which he was just publishing. He did so, and on looking it through I found a full-page portrait of a very aged Chinese evangelist, with whom at his missionary station, he had been on very friendly terms. This picture showed a man in Chinese dress with a *very* wrinkled face—most markedly so. I was so impressed by it that I at once sent it to the young lady at New Scarborough asking whether this picture was anything like the man she had seen behind me when she visited my Church. She replied that it *exactly* represented what she had seen.

I at once wrote my missionary friend and told him of the occurrence, and he was greatly impressed by this incident. There is little doubt but that the old man, having passed over, and not being able to manifest *directly* to my friend, but knowing of his association with me took the plan of manifesting behind me when a psychic visited my Church, and then brought about the recognition by the picture in the missionary's book, in this way announcing his passing.

As I have previously recorded, apparitions have frequently been seen standing behind me when I have been preaching, and lest some reader should think that I am romancing, the following account which I came across in September 1935 while preparing this work for the press gives an experience of a Wesleyan minister which confirms the experience I have just narrated, and also the statements frequently made to me by persons attending my Church to the effect that they have seen an ecclesiastic in full canonicals standing behind me in the pulpit when preaching. The minister writes me as follows:

"43 ORCHARD ROAD, ST. ANNES-ON-SEA,
September 17th, 1935.

"DEAR SIR,—My son, the Rev. R. W. Baker, was a Wesleyan missionary in the Bahamas, West Indies. He died of typhoid fever. Some years after

his death he came and stood behind me as I was conducting the service one Sunday morning at Wesley Chapel, Bolton, and remained there the service through. I was not conscious of his presence at the time, but he was seen and recognised by some of the most responsible and intelligent of the laymen present. You are at liberty to use the account of this incident as you wish. I am, dear Sir,—Yours truly,

W. T. BAKER."

This is a very remarkable case as the apparition was seen from various parts of the Chapel by several persons.

The confirmatory instances just narrated will, I think, render credible the statement mentioned a little way back to the effect that on many occasions visitors to my church have seen an ecclesiastic, whom they describe as a priest in full canonicals, apparently a Roman Catholic, standing behind me in the pulpit when preaching; also another cleric with white hair turning up at the ends. Both these have also been seen accompanying me when travelling or visiting in various parts of the country. Now, these accounts unite to form a very extraordinary and impressive narrative, as will be apparent from the following extracts from my journal.

June 3rd, 1912.—At Wimbledon, in the house of the late W. T. Stead, where we had a sitting with the direct voice psychic Mrs Wriedt. About ten of us assembled in Mr Stead's study. We had a marvellous experience, a fuller account of which is given in *Man's Survival after Death*, 4th Edition, page 281. The sitting commenced with our singing "Lead Kindly Light," then a deep and solemn voice, which we were informed was that of Cardinal Newman, gave me his benediction, and water was sprinkled over us. Now ensued a marvellously evidential series of happenings which most profoundly impressed and convinced Mr W. W. Baggally, one of the chief investigators of the Society for Psychical Research, who was present (vide *Man's Survival*) and which dealt with intimately private affairs concerning his deceased father and fiancée. During the course of this wonderful experience a voice announced itself as Frank Woodward and enquired for my wife, and spoke to her. This astounded her, for Frank Woodward was her former music master, of whom she had not heard for seventeen years, and who lived in the extreme north of England. Enquiry afterwards made revealed the fact that he had died a year previously. As this proved to be true, likewise a whole series of marvels given to Mr W. W. Baggally, the S.P.R. investigator, the statement that the solemn voice was that of Cardinal Newman, and that he was present, is likely to be true also.

During this sitting a remarkable incident took place, of which I have a full account in my notebook written at the time, which account was often discussed with our friends. It seemed then to have no particular significance, but has since taken on a singular meaning and importance.

My wife was sitting with her hands in her lap, palms upwards, listening to the voices, when suddenly a very big book fell heavily into her hands.

She uttered a cry and let the book fall on the floor. I was sitting next to her on her left, and I stooped down, and feeling about for the book, picked it up. It was a heavy book, some three inches thick and about quarto size, and after holding it some time I passed it on to my wife who retained it to the end of the sitting. The remarkable thing about the coming of this book was that it came in the dark, without any "fishing" or feeling about, was plumped, heavily and instantaneously, into my wife's open palms. At the end of the sitting it was found to be a heavy volume of Ecclesiastical History and had apparently come from one of the library shelves at the end of the room! The significance of this will be seen anon.

January 27th, 1913.—This afternoon I sat with a Mrs Pearson of Wellclose Street, Leeds, and some members of her family. They were entire strangers to me, and I only obtained their address by enquiries made that afternoon. I did not disclose my name and address to them, and she had no means of knowing who I was. She proved to be a remarkable clairvoyant.

She first saw clairvoyantly an elderly clergyman with me whom she described as rather full fleshed and having a clean, shaven face. His hair, which was white, she described as falling into the neck at the back and having the ends turned up.

She then saw another ecclesiastic who seemed to accompany him, a Roman Catholic priest standing by my side, and said that he was tall, had a rather thin face and very prominent nose, and that his age was about seventy-five. That he wore a coloured cape of rich silk embroidered with gold, and a vestment, which appeared to be purple on the upper part but lower down, became a dark blue, and on his head was a pointed cap. He appeared to be a very earnest man, and said, "Feed my flock." He then held a beautiful light in front of me. She now saw a beautiful little girl, "such a bonnie chubby face, who died of a burning fever and passed away choking" (the psychic clutched at her own throat as she said this). This was a most accurate description of my sister, Kate Annie, and the exact manner and cause of her death. She died of fever and diphtheria. This description of my sister being so correct and minutely accurate it is obvious that the descriptions of the clerical figures are likely to be so too. The clairvoyant not knowing who I was, and never having seen me before, could have no normal knowledge of my sister, and I was not thinking of her at the time. This was exceedingly evidential to me.

April 29th, 1913.—To-day about 12.30 my wife was crossing the hall in my Vicarage, when, to her astonishment, she saw an elderly clergyman coming slowly down the main staircase. He walked slowly past her, she standing and staring at him. He continued his walk up to the front door which was closed and disappeared through the panels. She described him as elderly, bald on the top of the head, with a clean-shaven face and having a thick curl or roll of white hair round the back

of the head, the hair falling into the coat collar and curling up and outwards at the ends. She got a piece of paper and drew this, showing the hair turned up, hookwise, which sketch is in my diary.

Wednesday, April 30th, 1913.—Wife again saw the white-haired cleric, with the hair turned up at the ends. This time he appeared in the larder which is rather dark, as she was getting some things for cooking. He spoke to her in a loud voice, and said: "Did you know Frank Woodward?" and immediately vanished.

Later in the day, about 4 p.m., she was in the hall and saw this same cleric with the turned-up white hair coming down the stairs, this time followed by a tall, thin-faced cleric, with prominent nose. At the foot of the stairs they separated, and one passed on one side of her, the other on the other side, and walked towards the front door and vanished. She noticed that the one with the turned-up hair appeared to have his eyes red as though they were inflamed.

Later, at about 11 p.m., just as we were about to retire, we were talking in our bedroom when my wife said quickly, "Keep still." She again saw the cleric with the turned-up hair standing close by my side. He appeared perfectly distinct and solid to her and remained visible for about *five minutes*, during which time she looked steadily at him. Two lamps were burning in the room. After a time a gold chain appeared across him, with a gold cross suspended to the middle of it. She was then touched twice, and the figure sank down and disappeared.

Sunday, May 4th, 1913.—After the Morning Service a man, who was an entire stranger and whom I had never seen before, came to me and asked whether I knew that there was a priest with me? He said that all the time that I was preaching, a priest stood behind me in full vestments, which appeared to be those of a Roman Catholic. On my arrival home about half an hour afterwards my wife and I sat, and the name "Newman" was spelt out, but no message given.

Friday, May 9th, 1913.—My wife again saw a cleric coming down the main staircase into the hall. We sat at once, and "Cardinal" was spelt out.

Question: Is it Cardinal Newman?

Answer: "Yes."

Sunday, June 22nd, 1913.—Our new servant, Marion Thompson (who has only been with us a fortnight, and *knows nothing of our psychic experiences*) and from whom the apparition of the cleric had been most carefully withheld lest she, a new maid should be frightened and possibly leave), astonished us on her return from Church by saying that she had seen a clergyman standing behind me in the pulpit. She said that the apparition first showed as a white mist, and then the face of the man formed out of it.

August 6th, 1913.—The cleric with white hair again seen on the stairs by my wife.

February 4th, 1914.—To-day I had a sitting with Aaron Wilkinson, a

very good clairvoyant, resident near Bradford. He saw the cleric with the turned-up hair, describing him as follows: "A clergyman comes with you, age about seventy. He has a large gold cross and is dressed in garments much like yours. He also shows an object like a crucifix. Has grey hair which is long and *curls up at the back.*"

October 19th, 1916.—To-day Madame Parker of Bradford, gave the following description of a clergyman as near me and acting as my guide: "An old clergyman in white robe with a red sash. Bald on top of head, hair grey, long in the neck, hair turns up at the end—a good man. One of your guides." I gave her a piece of paper, and she made a drawing of the hair turning upwards and outwards, exactly similar to that drawn by my wife on April 29th, 1913.

May 11th, 1917.—Sitting with Mr Vout Peters in London, he described a clergyman with me, saying, "There is an old clergyman with you passed away at 65-70, bald on top, hair parted at back, more curly than straight, slight whisker. I get a fatherly feeling. He is a lot with you and takes a great interest in you." I now asked Peters if he could draw the hair, and he drew the hair parting at the back with the ends *turned up* exactly like Madame Parker a year since, and like my wife did four years ago.

November 14th, 1918.—Mrs Bailey of Halifax, an excellent clairvoyant, who did not know my name or address, after giving me clairvoyant descriptions and information, said, "I am being told this by an old clergyman who is present. He has grey hair which turns up at the ends at the back."

In addition to the instances here recorded, these clerical apparitions have been described to me by several other clairvoyants in London, Newcastle and elsewhere, so that they are particularly well evidenced. On two occasions, as will be seen by this record, we got the name "Newman," but we could not get any indication of the identity of the white-haired cleric whose hair turned up at the back. From time to time I showed my wife photographs and pictures of all the clergy with whom I had come in contact, who seemed to bear some resemblance to the description, but she said none were like him.

Finally, in October 1935, when preparing this book for the press, following up the clue which seemed to be given by the Newman messages, I obtained pictures and photographs of Newman and other leaders of the Oxford Movement and examined them carefully. First of all I found that the descriptions given of the Roman Catholic priest, especially that by Mrs Pearson of Leeds, would closely describe Newman at one period of his life. I then considered the two totally unexpected messages we had received giving the name of Cardinal Newman and the fact that on April 30th, 1913, my wife had seen a tall ecclesiastic with thin face and a very prominent nose, accompanying the white-haired cleric. As far as it goes this describes Newman. The fact that on this occasion *two* men were seen and also that the two clerics were described by Mrs

Pearson, at once disposes of the supposition that they were apparitions of the same personality. It was evident that *two* clerics were manifesting together, and that they were associated in some way.

About the middle of November 1935, I obtained a copy of J. Lewis May's book, the *Oxford Movement*, published in 1933, and now for the first time got on the track of the "white-haired cleric"; for, on showing my wife the pictures, she at once picked out that of Edward Bouverie Pusey, facing page 158, as the man with the turned-up white hair which she had so often seen. The picture shows him with clean-shaven lips and chin, and so he has always appeared to her, but it will be noted that Vout Peters described him as having a "slight whisker," and this whisker shows up slightly *under the chin* in the picture. His hair at the back is long and white, and is pushed up at the ends by the coat collar into a kind of hook, upwards and outwards. *Neither my wife nor myself had ever previously seen this picture of Pusey, or any similar one of him.* The interest of this picture does not end here for, on inspecting it, I was astonished to find that in it Dr Pusey is shown carrying under his arm a *big heavy book three inches or more in thickness.* As soon as I saw it, my recollection flashed back to the sitting with Mrs Etta Wriedt in Stead's Library at Wimbledon twenty-three years previously, and to the three-inch thick big heavy volume of Ecclesiastical History, which on that occasion was plumped on to my wife's hands, and which I picked up from the floor, and also to the words uttered by the apparition at Weston's on April 30, 1913, "Do you remember Frank Woodward?" and the further fact that "*Frank Woodward manifested in Stead's Library when the thick book fell into her hands.*" Suddenly the whole thing clarified itself, and I clearly perceived the course of events.

Newman was present at the Stead sitting, and we heard him speak. Pusey, who was so intimately associated with him, *had very evidently been there also*, as shown by his later reference to Frank Woodward, and by the coming of the thick, heavy volume at the Stead sitting. This incident of the book is a most evidential one. At the time of the sitting we had never seen or heard of this picture of Dr Pusey carrying the book, and did not do so *until seventeen years afterwards.* This, and the fact that an absolutely similar book was heavily dropped into my wife's hands, so heavily that it broke through her grasp and crashed on the floor, show that Pusey and Newman were there together on that occasion, years before they were seen *together* at Weston, the whole showing a long pre-determined plan. At a later date these two men, so closely associated in their lives, for more than five years frequently manifested their presence with me, both in my Church when preaching, in my Vicarage, and in various parts of England, as proved by the testimony of many persons entirely strange to me, and who had no knowledge whatever of one another's seeings. This series of manifestations is evidence beyond the possibility of denial, and we are prepared to declare their truth on oath. Many questions present themselves to the mind when pondering

over this remarkable series of experiences. Newman and Pusey were the two great leaders of that Anglo-Catholic Movement which began in the early part of last century at Oxford. They were for long years *inseparable* and most *intimate friends.* As is known to all the world, Newman finally went over to the Roman Catholic Church. Now, the question which I have often put to myself is this. Why should these two notable leaders have thus manifested to me and to my family, as they undoubtedly have done? One invariably finds in these psychic experiences that there is some definite fact, or range of facts, standing behind them; and they do not happen for naught, or without cause. It cannot have been owing to any similarity in particular theological belief and ecclesiastical practice, because I have never had any leaning to those beliefs and practices which characterise and distinguish the Roman Catholic Church in particular, and the Anglo-Catholic in a lesser degree, though I have ever maintained a tolerant and open mind, being always ready to recognise that which could be urged as reasonable and useful in other religious systems, remembering the words of Peter: "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." It was, therefore, a matter of wonder to me that these two great Anglo-Catholic leaders should have thus manifested to us. Finally, the conviction was borne in upon me that the explanation might be found in the fact that having passed through the gates of death and entered into the land of spiritual realities in the light of their new and fuller knowledge and experience, they were thus, apart from all considerations or differences of creed, manifesting evidentially to us in the furtherance of the fundamental truths concerning human destiny, man's survival, the Communion of Saints, and the realities and activities of the future life—the realisation of which is the ultimate aim and end of all religion.

Mrs Pearson, it will be remembered, described the Roman Catholic priest as holding a beautiful light in front of me. *There can be little doubt as to its significance.* Men of all shades of religious belief, and of almost every nation, have used Newman's words to express their deepest emotions and their highest aspirations.

"Lead, kindly Light, amidst the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

On August 26th, 1931, two people called on me in the afternoon—a Mr and Mrs Holdgate, whom we had never previously seen or heard of. They had heard of me and had just lost their daughter and came to me for

the ministry of consolation, seeking evidence of her survival. I did not give them the usual clerical or ministerial answer that it was wicked or presumptuous to seek such evidence, or tell them, like the present Archbishop of York, that "direct proof of survival was not either attainable or desirable," but leaving them seated in my room I interviewed my wife, asked her whether she would sit and try and get something for them, as they seemed to be very sorrowful. My wife was very busy and worried, and much disinclined to sit for anybody, but after some persuasion consented to try, but was too busy to see them personally. So returning to them I asked whether they had anything belonging to the girl with them, and they gave me a small brooch which she had worn. This I took to my wife who was in another room far away from our visitors, and there she and my daughter Dorothy sat with the brooch. Chopin and Tabitha came through and gave a number of evidential messages, one of which was "Daddy loves me," my wife saying also that the girl died of something which caused a *raging thirst*, Tabitha also saying that if they went to Hope they would get a photograph of her. These things to the outsider may seem trivial, but when I told them to my visitors they were roused as though they had received an electric shock, for they then explained with tears in their eyes that the girl died of *diabetes* and was consumed for weeks with a *raging thirst* which nothing could quench. Also that it was a characteristic of her to very often run up to her father, grasp him by the coat or by the arm and looking up into his face say "Daddy do you love me?" and he would say "Yes, dear," and she would then say "How much? So much, so much?" gradually extending her hands as though measuring off the amount, and then she would run off, exclaiming delightedly "Daddy loves me. Daddy loves me." Let materialists and unbelievers who have neither hope here nor hereafter, and who would, if they could, consign their fellows to similar hopeless blank negations, smile a superior smile and mock at the words while they writhe. They brought instant conviction to the hearts of the parents, and with grateful thanks they took their leave, promising us that if any results came from the sitting with Hope they would in due time let us know.

Some months after they obtained a photo at a sitting with Hope, as foretold by Tabitha, and marvellous to say this photo showed their daughter with *her eyes closed*. The profound significance of this will be apparent when I narrate that Mr Holdgate then informed us for the first time that his daughter became *blind* some months before her death. This was not known either to us or to Mr Hope until *after* the photo was taken!!

Some time after the photo had been obtained, we were sitting in our drawing-room near to the piano. Suddenly a message was given "from Daddy's little girl," and immediately my wife became clairvoyant and saw seated upon the piano stool and hanging down from it until it touched the floor, what seemed like two bones joined together and like the very thin leg of a cat or dog only of great length reaching to the floor. It

persisted for some time, and though we had a good idea from whom the message came, as the result of our former experience, we could make nothing at all of the extraordinary manifestation at the piano stool.

A few weeks after this in the summer of 1932 Mr and Mrs Holdgate came on from Leeds to the service at Weston Church, and I told them of the message, saying that I thought it would be from their daughter. I then described the manifestation at the piano stool. They were much affected by it, and then informed me that they had bought a piano for the girl and she had learned to play it, but the dread disease increasing she had to give it up and became so wasted that, although fully grown, before her death she only weighed "about *four stone*," and Mr Holdgate assured me that her leg was so emaciated that it appeared *just like two bones covered over with the skin, the thigh not much thicker than his wrist!!* a wondrous confirmation of the clairvoyant vision. All telepathic or subliminal theories are here blown sky high, for these facts *were entirely unknown to any one present, either my wife, daughter, or myself, or to any one in the house*. My wife had absolutely no knowledge whatever of this, and though the apparition brought in one sense painful recollections, yet it filled them with joy owing to the tremendous proof of survival which it gave. Truly the evidence was overwhelming. Some persons—ignorant of the subject—say, "Why are such dreadful things allowed. This is not spiritual." They apparently think that the girl ought to have appeared with a harp and a crown, forgetting, or never really having understood, that when Jesus appeared after death to his disciples he showed the ghastly wounds in his hands and his side.

Thursday, January 16th, 1930.—Yesterday I purchased a new Clerical Directory. On taking it to my study I looked up the names of old University men whom I had known in the long ago. The name of one of these I could not find, so I concluded that he was either dead or had dropped out of the running. I placed the book on my shelves, and no one in the house save myself knew either that I had purchased it or looked up the names.

To-day, all unknown to me, my wife and daughter Dorothy sat at 11 a.m. After Strad had come and given instructions for the fitting up of a room, another personality manifested, and Dorothy left the sitting and ran hastily and in much excitement up to me, as I was seated at my desk busy with other matters, saying that a "Mr Podmore," who knew me at the University, was present. The name on the script was Podmore clear enough. I had known no one called Podmore at the University, and at first thought it might be Podmore, the notorious opponent of spirit manifestation a generation back, and whom I never knew. Joining the sitters, but *not* touching the planchette, I began to question the communicator. At first he would not reply, and I became impatient and showed it. The result was a reply more forcible than polite, and I felt that I should have to humour our communicator. I said, "Come, come, this will never do; who are you?" Slowly the letters of a name—*not*

failure, and before the next Sunday I buried her in the same grave as her son. After the funeral I interviewed the husband and another son who, in reply to my questions, informed me (1) that the coffin was laid on a long white bed; (2) that he and his son were the only two persons in the house; (3) that they two had bent over the coffin, one at each side!! Thus was the vision of the previous Sunday literally fulfilled.

It will be noted that the lady present at my Evening Service saw a kind of picture in a halo of golden light, and the picture in this case did not take the form of a deceased person, but gave a *premonitory* representation of a scene about to come to pass and depicted the bed, coffin and mourners. This was evidently projected or depicted by spirit people (probably the deceased son) who knew what was about to transpire.

Those who are unfamiliar with the wonders of the spirit world and who, if they believe in a spirit world at all, relegate all such happenings to Old and New Testament days, may cry "how can such things be?" Well! How was the horseshoe thrown down the stairs at the moment I was thinking of a horseshoe one and a half miles away (page 190)? How were the many similar things brought about which are recorded in this book? How were the many "apports" and other phenomena recorded in the Old and New Testament effected? The answer is by the agency of spirit beings who, though normally invisible, have power over matter and events in this material world.

In April 1934 a lady requested a sitting so earnestly that we, after some time, granted it. Her husband had been killed by a motor car. In due time she came, we having never seen her before and knowing absolutely nothing about her. At the sitting, Chopin came through and said, "This man was run down by a passing car, the driver of which drove on and left him lying in the road." At this the lady seemed much disappointed, and said that she did not think it could be he. We answered that we could only give her what we got, and she took her leave and departed. In October 1934 we got a letter apologising for her disbelief, and saying that all that Chopin had said had been most wonderfully verified, and a person who saw the accident had been found who had come forward, and there were two soldiers who had carried the dead man from the road to the hedge side, and that it was quite true by their accounts that the car *had driven on* and left the man lying in the road. She again visited us, and we sat and Chopin again came and gave more details, but no message came from the husband direct. After some time she took her leave, and my wife and I continued chatting and drinking a cup of tea together. Twenty minutes after the lady had left, my wife suddenly cried out that she saw a man standing in the room, and of whom she was able to give a most minute description as to personal appearance, clothing, jewellery, etc., which I at once commenced to jot down in my pocket-book. After very long visibility—nearly ten minutes—the

figure vanished. Our impression was that it was the husband of the lady, and we at once wrote to her giving her the description and saying that we thought that it would very probably prove to be her husband, but would she inform us at once whether she recognized it or no. In a day or two we got her letter expressing amazement at the result, but telling us that it was not her husband, but her *uncle* who died before her husband had the accident, and whom she saw in a dream *the night before the accident*, warning her that her husband would be killed the next day!!

This case is completely destructive of telepathic and other anti-spiritual hypotheses, as it includes facts *unknown either to the sitter or the psychic*, and a whole range of facts unknown to the psychic herself, while the apparition to my wife, the psychic, was not seen until the lady was several miles away from my Vicarage.

She brought a legal action against the persons concerned. She was defeated in the first action, which aroused considerable comment. At another sitting which we gave her, she being much distressed, Chopin came and said she was to bring another action, and she would be successful; and that a man connected with the first action "would get years." Though this was a matter of great difficulty, she managed to do it, and as foretold she won her case and was awarded £2000 damages; while the person in question was, in December 1938, sentenced to four years penal servitude.

We have often been asked why we have not shown the value of these psychic evidences by giving information to the police in baffling crimes. The reply to this is, *we have given information*, which we are confident would have brought the criminal to justice, but no notice whatsoever was taken of our information, and the evildoer escaped.¹

¹ There are, however, many instances on record of tragedies being brought to light through information obtained psychically. Quite a number have occurred in modern times; and as popular and legal prejudices disappear, the number is likely to be augmented.

In *Man's Survival after Death* I give a few of the more notable cases and here give what is the classic instance and probably the most remarkable on record. It occurred at Great Lumley in the county of Durham. In the autumn of 1630 a young woman named Anne Walton, acting as servant to her relative Christopher Walker, of Great Lumley, near Durham City, suddenly disappeared after leaving the house in company with a collier named Mark Sharp.

This disappearance did not arouse suspicion at the time, as it was thought that she had gone secretly to some retired place owing to the approaching birth of her child, of which it was commonly reported that Christopher Walker was the father.

Nothing more was heard of her until the night of December 21st, when her spirit appeared to Richard Grame at his mill at Willington; he never having previously seen or heard of any of the persons concerned.

It will be best now to give the sworn statement of Richard Grame, made before the magistrates, which statement I have succeeded in tracing to the Bodleian

Monday, November 7th, 1932.—This morning I got a letter from Cheltenham. I did not read it at once, but I laid it aside in my study, being very busy, and did not read it until about 2.30 p.m. When I did so, I found that it referred to a visit which the writer had made to Oxford, and had there been distressed to find that the wonderful picture of Dean Liddel which had formed on the wall of the cloister there, had been deliberately covered over. The formation of this picture on the wall

Library at Oxford, where, after repeated searches, it was found, *and is now published by me here, and in my Italian and Dutch editions of "Man's Survival," for the first time.*

COMITATU DUNELM :

The information of Richard Grame of Gateshead within this county, Fuller & Dyer, taken upon oath before me, Thomas Liddel, Esq., one of His Majesty's justices of the peace in the said County, this 15th day of April in the seventh year of the reign of our sovereign Lord King Charles, 1631 ;

who saith

that being at his Mill at Willington on the night of St Thomas before last Christmas, the Mill being going, did on a sudden, make a great rush which waked this informant being asleep ; and after he was well awaked, he did see a woman standing on the floor apparelled in a white petticoat, a white quilted bodice and white sleeves and a white kerchief on her head, round faced and pale coloured, who spake to this informant and said : " Hearest thou ; go to Mark Sharp and bid him remember the words which he and I last spake when we were together." And this informant did shake his man-servant who was asleep, but could not wake him and so she vanished out of his sight, but within half an hour came again and said : " Hearest thou ? Go to Mark Sharp and bid him remember, or I will grieve thee." And this informant further said that on Tuesday week before Candlemass (January 26th), Candlemass Day (February 2nd) being on a Wednesday, he and his wife and daughter, being sitting by the fireside in the evening, there appeared a hand to him which on a sudden took him by the face and put him in great fear, but he heard no voice, and further he saith that on the Thursday after Candlemass day last (February 3rd) in the night all the clothes were pulled off the bed and the voice spake to him and said : " Hearest thou ? Thou hast not done the message I bid thee to do, but if thou do it not I will grieve thee worse than ever. Here-upon the informant sent for Mark Sharp, who said that he did never know Anne Walker, which he swore with great oaths.

The informant further says that on the Thursday before Mid Lent, when walking in the garden about noon, the same woman appeared to him in the same clothes in which she did formerly, and this informant calling her to mind, was not afraid but spake to her and said : " I charge thee in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, stand still in thy place, and tell me what thou comest for." Then she said, " Anne Walton is come to do a message to thee." I was called forth from the house by Mark Sharp, and Mark Sharp and Christopher Walker and I did walk away together. Then she said that they promised her that if she would not tell who was the father of the child she was with, Mark Sharp would carry her to a place where she should want neither money nor gold. So Christopher Walker did then go away from them, and she and Mark Sharp did go to the place where he killed her.

This informant being asked whether he did previously know Mark Sharp, Christopher Walker, or the said Anne Walton, said that he never did see Christopher

had caused considerable sensation some years ago, and it was so extraordinary accurate as to produce a conviction that it was psychic in effect and *not* the result of chance or accident.

After reading the letter I handed it to my wife, and she took it down to the breakfast-room and there read it privately. She had just finished reading it over privately to herself, the others in the room being ignorant of its contents, and was in the act of laying it down on the organ, when

Walker, nor Anne Walton whilst she was living ; nor Mark Sharp before he sent for him.

Captum et inratum
Coram me

THOS. LIDDEL.

RICHARD GRAME (Marke)

The said Richard Grame did acknowledge this information to be true upon his oath.
Coram me FRANCIS JAMES.

This first statement was made to the Justices, Thomas Liddel and Francis James, on April 15th, 1631 ; and the next day Richard Grame had a further manifestation from his spirit visitant, which he attested before the same Justices of the Peace on April the 28th, as follows :

Comitatu Dunelm : " The information of Richard Grame of Gateshead in this County, Fuller & Dyer, taken upon oath before us Francis James and Thomas Liddel, Esquires ; two of His Majesties Justices of the Peace in the said County ; on the 28th of April in the seventh year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, King Charles—1631.

The informant saith that on Saturday the 16th day of this instant April about 9 o'clock in the forenoon, his horse being not well, he did go into the stable to see him, and there a sudden fear came upon him, and looking around him he did see a fearful sight in the likeness of a woman who told him that she was Anne Walton who was murdered at Lumley and that she was come to show him her griefs. She had her hair hanging about her ears, all hanging full of blood, her head of a great bigness and her eyes showed very great. She stooped her head and showed him her wounds which were on her head, whereof one was more forward than the crown of the head and one between one of her ears and the hollow of her neck, the other three more towards the hinder part (back) of her head, which wounds seemed all fresh, her hair dripping with blood. And she said, " Now you must swear with a safe conscience that which you have seen." Then she clapped her hands together three times and three times said :

" Fie upon Mark Sharp and Christopher Walker, day without end," and said to this informant, " Declare this to someone that hath authority and I will trouble thee no more," and so she vanished away, and made a noise as though the house should have fallen upon his head.

Captum et inratum
coram nobis

FRANCIS JAMES
THO. LIDDEL.

RICHARD R. GRAME.
(marke).

In addition to the details set forth in this affidavit, the spirit of Anne Walton told Grame, as afterwards came out at the trial, that " Sharp killed me with a pick such as men dig coals with, and gave me these five wounds and after threw my body into a pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank ; and his shoes and stockings

my daughter Sylvia, looking towards the door which was open, the doorway being two-thirds covered by a portière curtain which slides on a brass rod above it, suddenly *saw the curtain drawn aside* by a hand, and immediately a clergyman stood in the doorway looking into the room. For one instant she thought it was me, but the next moment saw that it

being all bloody he endeavoured to wash them, but seeing that the blood would not forth, he hid them there."

The miner's pick accounts for the terrible nature and appearance of the wounds which so horrified Grame.

As the result of these two affidavits before the Justices, they issued orders for a search to be made and the body of poor Anne Walton was found in the pit with the five terrible wounds in the head. The bloodstained pick, shoes and stockings were also discovered hidden under the bank, all exactly as shown and described by the spirit of Anne Walton, and long before anyone even suspected the murder.

Mark Sharp and Christopher Walker were at once arrested and their trial took place in August 1631, at the Durham Assizes, before Judge Davenport. During the trial a Mr Fairbair, foreman of the jury, swore upon oath that he then saw the appearance of a child standing on Walker's shoulder and it was thought that Judge Davenport also saw it, or saw Anne Walton at the same time, as he was greatly agitated at the time.

As the result of the trial both men were condemned and executed. The written testimony of William Lumley of Great Lumley and of James Smart of Durham, who were present at the trial, is recorded by John Webster, a physician and author, who describes it as of undoubted verity, and says that he saw the full account of the affair in a letter sent by the Judge to Sergeant Hutton, and had a copy of the letter. This event is still (1932) remembered in verse and rhyme amongst the people of Great Lumley and the actual scene of the tragedy is pointed out in a ravine called Sharp's and Walker's ghyll.

This affair is mentioned in Surtees' *History of Durham* and in *Saducismus Triumphatus* (The Triumph over Sadducism) by the Rev. Joseph Glanvil (Chaplain to His Majesty, and Fellow of the Royal Society) but none of the accounts give the affidavits.

Realising the tremendous importance of this case I set to work to try and discover them and after five months' search traced them to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The authorities could not at first find them, but renewed searches at last discovered them, and I am now enabled to give them herewith. I believe this is the first time that they have ever been published and they are conclusive proof of the narrative. The importance of this case cannot be overestimated. In its bearing upon survival it is as evidential as the return of the Christ, but has the advantage of occurring in modern times, and of being evidenced by existing legal documents.

In this wonderful case the spirit was felt, seen and heard, the wounds shown by the spiritual body corresponded exactly with those on the mortal body, as in the case of Christ, and the information given is previously unknown and proves to be exact.

If Jesus showed wounds to Thomas, why should not Anne Walton show wounds to Richard Grame? ?

Grame must have been a very powerful psychic, and this fact was evidently

was not, but another man. His hair was brushed down at the sides, and slightly swept back on the right, and he was rather broad in the shoulders. He stood for a few seconds looking at her, she being too astonished to cry out, and then vanished, and *the curtain fell back into its place* as he did so. She at once told the others who were present, but whose attention

taken advantage of by the spirit of Anne Walton and resulted in her wonderful and successful manifestation and the bringing of her cruel murderers to justice.

The psychic power shown in this case gives evidence of a *sustained and determined effort* being made to get through from the spirit world under exceptional favourable conditions.

The appearance of the little child on the shoulder of Walker as sworn by Mr Fairhead, the foreman of the jury, adds a dramatic touch emphasising the guilt of the man who *was the father* of the child and who had procured the murder of the woman he had wronged.

Willington, where the spirit of Anne Walton first appeared, is twenty-two miles from Gateshead and twelve miles from Great Lumley.

From our own experience we are able to confirm the *phenomena* of this case. We have had similar showing of wounds, touchings of the face and body, similar dragging of the bedclothes and curtains, similar loud sounds and crashes seeming to shake the house. Spirit manifestations to-day are exactly similar in kind and degree to those of a past age.

It is evident that we have here a powerful means of getting on the track of the perpetrators of crimes in many instances and ONE WHICH USED WITH DISCRETION and by RESPONSIBLE AUTHORITIES would be of the utmost value. Recently there has been indications, especially on the Continent, of a disposition to make increasing use of them. These experiences clearly point to the survival of human personality and to the fact that the surviving spirit can and does communicate with those in the Earth Life. Those who deny either survival on the one hand or communication on the other often make the demand that in proof of survival such revelations shall be made and justice done. I have therefore dwelt at length on this case, while several other recent ones are given in *Man's Survival* in order to show that what they demand HAS BEEN DONE. There are many such instances on record. The fact that in the above instance details are given which were entirely unknown to the percipient shows conclusively that the appearances and dreams were neither imagined by the percipient nor the product of his own subconscious, whilst the further fact that some of the facts revealed occurred after the death of the victim shows conclusively that the information could not have come telepathically from her while alive in the mortal body, but must have been information obtained by the spirit AFTER DEATH.

Ill advised attempts are frequently made to persuade the public that the Spirit World is adverse to bringing criminals to justice. This perverse nonsense is completely refuted by the fact that the spirits of the departed *have* frequently returned to earth with information *which has brought their cruel murderers to justice*. This fact is unanswerable.

Again it is ignorantly asserted by the same opponents of justice that Christ when He prayed for the men who crucified Him, prayed for His murderers. He did nothing of the kind. He prayed for his soldier *executioners*. These men were Roman soldiers and merely obeyed orders, to refuse to carry out which would have resulted in their own death. Christ *nowhere* condones murderers, as is clearly shown by his words in Matt. xxii. 6, 7 *et al.*

was diverted from the door, what she had seen. My wife and Dorothy at once sat, and Chopin came and said that it was Dean Liddell who had come to say that those who were responsible for the covering up his manifestation on the wall were blameworthy, and that such manifestations should not be hidden or destroyed but efforts should be made to find out what they meant and what the manifesting spirit wanted. They asked if Liddell wanted anything, and the reply was, "Yes." Sylvia had not seen the picture on the wall at Oxford, nor any representation of it, *nor had she seen a portrait of Dean Liddell*, but immediately after the apparition she made two sketches of the man she saw, both showing the same figure and expression (Plate XXXIII). I wrote Dean Williams of Christ Church, Oxford, asking whether the face on the wall had been plastered over or defaced. He replied that what had been done when the Chapel was furnished as a War Memorial was to put the new altar up against it, and that this had covered it up, and that this had been done on the authority of his predecessor the late Dean and the Chapter of that time. It is regrettable that this should have been done, as the face is completely hidden and will probably remain so indefinitely until atmospheric and other changes have spoiled the wonderful likeness which it originally showed.

I now wrote again to Dean Williams, the present Dean of Christ Church, asking if he knew of any front-face picture of Dean Liddell. He replied that he did not, but on July 6th, 1935, he most kindly sent me the *Memoirs of Dean Liddell*, a book which I had never previously seen, containing a frontispiece of Dean Liddell, which, also, I had never previously seen, nor had my daughter Sylvia, nor any of my family. Comparison of this picture and of another photograph kindly sent to me by Mrs Charlotte F. Lewis on August 12th, 1935, with my daughter's sketch leaves no doubt as to the identity.¹ This is a most marvellous case, and shows the endeavour of the Dean to manifest his presence by the picture on the wall had reality behind it. The Dean is not dead, nor has he lost his interest in his beloved Cathedral, nor in the people and scenes of this earth life.

"The old familiar scenes, the loved abode
Cease not to interest men when they are dead.
Just as in earth life, when to manhood grown,
Men love the scenes of happy days long gone."

December 25th, 1930.—Christmas Day being a notable festival both in the Church and in the spirit world, we gathered together *en famille* for a spirit communion in the evening. Very many spirit friends were present at this sitting, so we were informed; and Stradiuarius said he could not manifest for long because of the crowd pressing in. Probably,

¹ Reproduced with acknowledgments to John Murray & Co.

with the courtesy of an old spirit who had manifested often, he gave way to others who wished to get their messages across, some for the first time.

The remarkable premonition which then came through is given on page 168. Towards the end of the sitting the name James Bartle was given, and he said that he was a mechanic and used to make iron pegs for my grandfather, Charles Coates, at Sunnyside. My wife enquired, "Did you know my husband?" And he replied, "Yes, when he was nine or ten. I had a cover over my eye." My grandfather often used to take me with him to the works, which were of vast extent, and constituted one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the country, I being intensely interested in engines and machinery, a taste which I undoubtedly inherited from him, for he was a *notable inventor and engineer* who invented and thought out many master patents for machinery used in the Calico Printing, Stone Cutting and Cotton Weaving industries, and who left his mark on the trade and manufactures of Lancashire. During these perambulations, which took place, as the spirit communicator said, when I was about nine or ten years of age, he frequently took me into a department where men were forging iron pegs from red-hot iron bars, but I did not know the names of these men. In 1934, when I began to write this work, I took steps to endeavour to trace the man, James Bartle. After a good deal of advertising and enquiring among the clergy and old residents, at last, to my delight, I succeeded in tracing a very old man, over eighty, who had left the district and was living in a neighbouring town, and who had known James Bartle and worked with him at Sunnyside. Here, then, was a fact, *unknown both to myself, my wife, or any one present* on that memorable Christmas night, and at last duly verified. *All anti-spiritual theories are ruled out by this experience.*

July 22nd, 1914.—On this day we had a most remarkable and evidential happening. At 1.30 p.m. we were all at lunch, the door and window shut. I began to tell my wife and family the story of the visit of my grandfather, Charles Coates, and the first Lord Crawshaw to Higher Folly Mill, Crawshawbooth, more than fifty years ago, which story ran as follows: My grandfather and Lord Crawshaw, then Thomas Brooks, Esq., of Crawshaw Hall, one bright spring morning drove to Higher Folly Mill to inspect the boiler. Leaving the carriage in charge of the coachman they entered the boiler house and went up the ladder to the top of the big horizontal boiler. Then my grandfather, who was a notable engineer and inventor, inspected it, and decided on certain repairs. After the examination they left the boiler house, re-entered the carriage, and drove away. They had not proceeded more than two hundred yards before there was a terrific explosion and, turning their heads, they were just in time to see the huge boiler burst through the roof in a cloud of steam and, flying through the air, bury itself end-on into the side of the hill. They instantly drove

back and rendered what aid they could. Several people were killed and many injured.

Now, I had only just begun this account, which neither my children nor my wife had heard before, and I had *not* reached the explosion part of the story, when suddenly there sounded from one corner of the room near my arm-chair a loud sound which was *distinctly in the room*. My wife and daughter Dorothy both cried out, asking what that noise was. To my wife it sounded like the loud rushing blast made by the escaping gas when a big soda-water bottle is opened and sounded close to her ear. Dorothy described it as "like something sneezing" (we had no soda-water in the house and no one sneezed). I also distinctly heard a strong rushing sound apparently coming from the corner of the room.

I was puzzled for a moment, then suddenly it flashed across my mind that the sound might have something to do with the story I had begun to tell them. We at once sat, and a personality soon manifested. I asked, "Who is this?"

Answer: "Was hurt there."

Question: "Do you mean at Higher Folly Mill?"

Answer: "Yes."

Question: "What is your name?"

To my great astonishment the reply came, "Dick Frankland."

Question: "Did you work at Higher Folly Mill?"

Answer: "Yes."¹

Question: "Where else?"

Answer: "Print works."²

C.L.T.: "What did you do?"

Answer: "Engine."

C.L.T.: "Did you tend an engine?"

Answer: "No! Worked near engine."³

C.L.T.: "What was your work?"

Answer: "Oil."⁴

C.L.T.: "Did you oil the engine?"

Answer: "No."

¹ This fact was *previously unknown to me, or to any one present*.

² Sunnyside Print Works, Crawshawbooth. (I saw him at work there hundreds of times.)

³ This was exceedingly evidential. He worked in a little den underneath a flight of stone stairs which led up to a great beam engine, one of many in this huge concern. In this den was a furnace urged by the draught from the flue of the big boiler near by.

⁴ Again this was exceedingly evidential and convincing. Part of his work was tempering steel springs in the aforesaid furnace. The characteristic part of this process was throwing the red-hot springs into linseed oil and then arranging them on a big sheet-iron shovel. This was then passed into the mouth of the furnace. The oil immediately took fire and burned in a *great blaze of light* for about two minutes when the flame died down, and the process was finished by throwing the springs into cold oil.

C.L.T.: "What did you use the oil for?"

Answer: "Lighted work."

C.L.T.: "Had you any brothers?"

Answer: "Yes. Two."¹

C.L.T.: "Please give their names."

Answer: "Tom and Robert."

C.L.T.: "Can you tell me anything about Robert?"

Answer: "Yes! He had an accident."

C.L.T.: "What part of his body was injured?"

Answer: "Thumb."²

C.L.T.: "Had you a son?"

Answer: "Yes."

C.L.T.: "Had you a daughter?"

Answer: "Yes, Charles."³

C.L.T.: "What did she die of?"

Answer: "Fever."⁴

C.L.T.: "How old was she?"

Answer: "Seventeen."

C.L.T.: "What did you do after you left our works?"

Answer: "Nowt."⁵

C.L.T.: "Was your throat affected?"

Answer: "Yes."⁶

Not until this sitting was over did I finish the story of the explosion. The loud rushing noise which came from the corner of the room undoubtedly represented the *outrush of steam* as the boiler exploded. Many years ago I heard my aunts describe the disaster and the narrow escape of my grandfather and the future Lord Crawshaw.

This experience was exceedingly impressive and marvellously evidential. The questions were put and the answers given just as though the man were in the room and produced the absolute impression of survival, and of his actual presence. The answers were astonishingly accurate. I am certain that his spirit *was* actually there. I fancy I hear some hardened anti-spiritual unbeliever (among whom, judging by their pronouncements, must apparently be reckoned the present Bishops of London and Winchester, cry "telepathy," but like the case of Hugh and

¹ He had two brothers, Tom and Robert.

² This was again extremely evidential and absolutely beyond any guess work. Robert fell underneath a tramcar and the wheel cut off his *thumb*; the last thing that any one guessing would have thought of.

³ "Yes, Charles." This was absolutely characteristic of him. I have heard him say to me "Yes, Charles" hundreds of times.

⁴ The poor girl died of scarlet fever at the age of seventeen. *I did not know her age*, but enquiries in 1934 proved seventeen to be correct.

⁵ Quite true. He retired to a small farm and ceased to be employed; was independent.

⁶ He died of some throat or lung trouble, probably due to other work, at the dry grindstones and to the extremely irritating fumes of the blazing oil.

Frank Browne (*M.S.*, p. 521) this case is beyond telepathy, because it contains information which was *previously unknown to me, my wife, or any other mortal present*. On coming to investigate it in 1934-5 I found every statement accurate. "Dick" Frankland was very friendly with me when I was a lad, and he always addressed me as "Charles," never Charlie, as others did. Some of the facts were also unknown to me, while none of the facts communicated were known to my wife or to the others present, and they never saw, or communicated with, any of the Frankland brothers or family. I never knew the date of this boiler explosion until this morning, July 11th, 1935, when I received the following post card from the Vicar of Goodshaw, situate about half a mile from the scene of the explosion.

"GOODSHAW VICARAGE, CRAWSHAWBOOTH,
July 10th, 1935.

"DEAR SIR,—From enquiries made I find the explosion at Higher Folly Mill took place on April 25th, 1855. One man among the killed was Edward Mitchell, and he appears to have been buried here at Goodshaw on April 29th, 1855.—Yours faithfully,
JOHN LUND."

Some time ago a person who had become absurd and notorious for his obstinate opposition to all evidence for survival and the spiritual and for silly experiments, gave it out that the only evidence that would be satisfactory was "that the dead person should produce evidence which was unknown to any person living." Note the contemptible nature of such a proposal *which calculated on there being no one to confirm the evidence*. But such fanatics and bigots generally tumble into the pit they have dug for others. There happens to be cases which fulfilled these conditions—(in my own case (p. 113) and in the Browne case, no mortal had previously known)—and Mr Allen George promptly produced another, as follows:

"An experience of my own fully complies with all the conditions laid down by —, with the added advantage that the message has been incontestably proved to be correct.

"At a sitting in 1924 my father announced his presence. He was a master mariner, who passed over at sea in 1875 under unknown circumstances, particulars of which he communicated to me in 1922, saying, 'I always wanted you to know.'

"On this later occasion I asked him a question, *the correct answer to which was unknown to myself or any other person now on earth*. It was the most stringent test of his identity possible to make.

"The question was, 'What was the name of the ship in which you and my uncle sailed to Australia, years before I was born?'"

"He replied *Monsoon*, and then spelt out a name which I could not get clearly, beyond the first two letters, which were 'W—Y.' He then gave the date, '1853.'

"By the courtesy of Lloyd's I consulted their Register for 1858, wherein the following entry appears: '*Monsoon*, Captain Wyamess, 1084 tons, built 1853. Sailing between Liverpool and Australia.

"I have invited Mr — in the press to offer a more reasonable explanation of this incident (which so fully meets his specified conditions) than that of the survival of death of my father and his communication through psychic channels with myself.

"That was some time ago, and Mr — has remained significantly silent. Probably the game having taken a turn which he did not foresee, he is 'not playing,' and unable to combat this staggering proof of survival with any chance of success, retreat is preferable to defeat.

"But why won't psychical researchers face the facts? *Probably because the shock would be fatal to their further activities. It takes a strong constitution to imbibe truth 'neat.'*"

"A hit, a palpable hit."

Even a greater disproof of the telepathic and subliminal anti-spiritual theories, one utterly defeating and destroying them, is to be found in the many cases of the forecasting of *future* events, accurately fulfilled, of which I give so many proved instances in these pages.

While on the subject of telepathy here is a further remarkable experience on September 26th, 1932, which would give the quietus to the telepathy explanation if that were not dead and interred long ago.

For some days past I had been suffering from pains which I thought might have a rheumatic origin, and on this morning I awoke about 7.30 a.m. My wife lay sound asleep by my side and breathing heavily. I did not speak a word. Suddenly I heard a *deep man's voice* come from her lips, saying in *very guttural German*, "Sal-ammoniac und phenol." This was repeated twice. It startled me very much, it was so very guttural, very loud and very German. My wife does not know and does not speak German, and I did *not* then know that Sal-ammoniac and phenol were used on the Continent for rheumatic pains, nor was this known to her. Evidently some German doctor, or chemist, entrancing her, passed on the information to me.

Ever since I was eighteen I have taken the keenest interest in astronomy, and before I was nineteen I had constructed a reflecting telescope of six and a half inches aperture and great excellence, grinding and figuring the speculum and plane with my own hands, and reading the life history of the great astronomers with reverence and enthusiasm. At this time I could sing with Virgil:

"Give me the ways of wandering stars to know
The depths of heaven above, of earth below;
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed eclipses of the sun;
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main
And in what dark recess they shrink again."

And indeed this love of the wonders in the heavens still enthrals and intrigues me. Much astronomical work came later, and at one time I was in charge of the Durham Observatory during the absence of Carpenter, the Official Observer. Since that time I have done much observational work, discovered one comet, built several Observatories and clock-driven equatorial instruments, and ground and polished many specula up to ten and a half inches in diameter. I had a profound admiration for the work and career of Sir William Herschel, whose life was in some respects much like my own, and when my son was born, I named him after that great astronomer. On the staircase of my Vicarage hangs a picture of Sir William's great forty-foot reflecting telescope, and on a bracket underneath it is an actual piece of that historical instrument obtained at Slough when the mighty tube was at last dismantled and broken up. In spite of these things we had no psychic manifestation linking up with him until September 7th, 1915, *fifteen years after* the commencement of our psychic experiences. On this day we were sitting for an *entirely different purpose* with never a thought either of astronomy or of Sir William Herschel or any of his family, in our minds; telepathy is, therefore, out of the question.

At this sitting, therefore, we were astonished to get the presence of a communicator who knew *nothing* of the matter in hand, and said so, and who was *not* the personality we were expecting. This at once countered the telepathic objection.

Under these circumstances the sitting proceeded as follows :

"Are you able to tell us about — ?"

"No."

"Have you a message for us ?"

"For your son ; Hershel's surname is here."

"Do you mean one of the Herschel's the astronomers ?"

"Yes."

"Spell out your Christian name."

"W-i-l-l-i-a-m."

"Are you Sir William Herschel ?"

"Yes."

This astonished us, as we were *not* sitting for Sir William Herschel or for any astronomical question, and were not thinking of him at all.

"Can you give us proof of your identity ?"

"Yes."

"How many specula had your forty-foot reflector ?"

"Two."

"Two specula of four feet diameter ?"

"Yes."

(This was correct, and I am certain that my wife, the psychic, knew nothing about this.)

"Do you remember an accident to your sister Caroline in the dark ?"

"Yes."

"What was it that hurt her ?"

"De Huk."

This, evidently, was intended for *de huk*—the hook. This was impressive as the fact was that William Herschel's sister Caroline stumbled in the dark when hastening to the call of her brother, the calf of her leg was pierced by an iron hook, and when she cried out in pain, her brother and his assistant ran to her aid, and not knowing what had happened, laid hold on her and *lifted her forcibly up* so that a large lump of flesh was torn out of her calf by the hook. Herschel, being a Hanoverian, would use "de" for "the" and "de huk" would exactly represent his pronunciation of it. This spelling, reproducing the Hanoverian pronunciation of the English words, was very convincing to me, and I am *certain* absolutely beyond my wife's knowledge.

I now said :

"Can you give me a sentence in English proving your identity ?"

"Yes. 'Meridian instruments.'"

This was most convincing, and at once placed the matter beyond the possibility of my wife's knowledge, and showed that it was not obtained from my own mind, as I was not thinking of this in any way, and this phrase or statement of fact *had never occurred to me as an evidence of his identity*. I at once realized a mind totally distinct and apart from my own, or that of any mortal present. It is a fact that all William Herschel's reflecting telescopes were alt-azimuth instruments constructed and mainly used for *sweeping the sky vertically in the meridian*. This was a fact *absolutely beyond my wife's knowledge*, or that of my daughter, as also was the matter of "de huk." After the sitting was concluded I called my son. I went to my study (kept constantly locked when I am out of the room), and hunted up my copy of the *Life of Caroline Herschel*, and in the presence of my son found it on a top shelf *covered thickly on the top with dust*, so thick that it showed that it had not been taken out of its place for years, and on it there was *no trace of any finger-mark*, showing that the psychic had *not* made use of it for the information which had just come to hand.

This was to me very evidential, and in view of the scores of psychic communications we have had which have been proved to the hilt, I am confident that Sir William was present and truly did manifest to us.

It may be objected that, as Sir William was much interested in nebulae and the visible stellar universe, he ought to have recorded some abstruse matter concerning the same. If he had done, such communication might not have been capable of proof for generations. Experience has shown us that these apparently trivial details are often strikingly evidential, and bring conviction where more abstruse matters would not.

The following ranks among the premonitions, but, as it also comprises other evidences, I include it here.

For several years before his death I was on friendly terms with that most notable inventor and most forceful and virile personality, Sir Hiram

Maxim. As is well known, he held strongly agnostic views concerning the spirit world and life after death, maintaining that there was no evidence for either. I never could bring myself to believe that such a clever man and such a powerful personality could really in his heart of hearts be convinced that nothing but annihilation and the blackness of darkness for ever awaited the human soul after death, and, as may be imagined, we had many a battle royal on this subject. After one of these a few years before his death, I said, "Well, Sir Hiram, you are older than I and, in the ordinary course of nature, you will pass over before I do. Now, if you do, I challenge you as an honest man, should you find that you have survived death to come to me and tell me so." His eyes blazed, and he sat back in his chair and said, "Well, Tweedale, this is a remarkable proposition, but I will. I will ring your bell and send up my card." He also added that if he came back "he would shake the room." Then, with a good-natured laugh, he turned the subject. Sir Hiram died in the early morning of November 24th, 1916, aged seventy-seven years. On Thursday, November 30th, my wife and I were sitting privately for psychic communication when a personality began to manifest by very firm and forcible stamps on the floor, absolutely shaking the room. Calling over the alphabet the name of Hiram Maxim was spelt out. I adjured him solemnly to say whether it were really he; he replied that it was none other, and that what I had said as to the survival of the soul was true. Then, to our astonishment, he said that the sum of £1000 was coming to me. I adjured him as to whether this were true, and he replied, "Yes;" then messages were rapped out by most forcible stamps upon the floor.

A week afterwards, on 8th December, we again sat, and on asking the name of the communicator, a most humorous name was given. I then asked the real name, and Hiram was rapped out by most forcible strong stamps upon the floor, while the humorous name given was thoroughly characteristic of Sir Hiram's fondness for a joke. I then asked whether the £1000 were really coming, and he said, "Yes, and at no distant date." I duly recorded this in my Journal.

The end of the year came, and the next year was well advanced, and I had almost forgotten the incident, when one morning, in July 1917, I received a letter from the solicitors of Miss Caroline Spence of Boston Spa, to the effect that she had left the sum of £1000 to me as Vicar for the upkeep of Weston Church, and particulars of the legacy appeared in the *Yorkshire Evening Post* for July 7th, 1917. Miss Spence died in February 1917, nearly three months after the forecast of November 30th, and the legacy came as a complete surprise, none of us having any previous knowledge of it whatsoever. Here is the notification of a *future* event, for the will was not made until after the forecast, and telepathy is entirely ruled out.

Two years afterwards, on January 23rd, 1919, Miss Scatterd, the Editress of the *Asiatic Review*, being in Manchester and interested in psychic photography, paid a flying visit to Crewe to see Mr William

Hope, purchasing a new unopened packet of photographic plates on her way from a Manchester chemist. She kept strict control of the whole process, never allowing Hope to touch the plate, which she signed, or allowing the slide to go out of her sight, also doing the developing and fixing herself. She was hoping to get some of her own relations or friends, but was both amazed and rather disappointed to find a very fine picture of Sir Hiram Maxim upon the plate. This puzzled her greatly, for she never knew Sir Hiram, and was at a loss to understand why he should thus manifest to her, until later when she learned that Major Colley, whom she knew, had spent some time with Sir Hiram just before his death, and Sir Hiram had promised to manifest to him if he could. In my case, my wife being a powerful and remarkable psychic, the means were at hand, and the manifestation took place within a week, but in the other case Sir Hiram had to wait two years until Miss Scatterd, who knew Colley, visited Hope, when the manifestation was put through and the compact fulfilled. (Plate XXV.) These details were communicated to me directly by Miss Scatterd.

After a long silence he again manifested on May 21st, 1924, and at a time when we were not, and had not been, thinking of him in any way, saying, "Tell — that she *must* hear me." I asked what he meant, and he replied "Voice."

"Do you mean that she must go to a voice psychic and you will speak."

"Yes." He then added significantly and with great emphasis. "I have had a gruelling, Tweedale."

"Was this because of your opposition?"

"Yes."

Three years elapsed before anything more came on September 2nd, 1927, wife and Dorothy sitting. The planchette began to write. I said, "Who is this writing?"

Answer: "Hiram."

Question: "What! Hiram Maxim?"

Answer: "Ho! Ho! Yes!"

Question: "Are you happy?"

Answer: "No."

Question: "Have you a message?"

Answer: "Yes, S — *must* hear me. Tell her that I know she knows I am not in the grave."

Another long interval ensued until the early morning of April 26th, 1931. At 6.50 I awoke, my wife being in a deep sleep by my side. I lay quiet for a few minutes thinking over the work for the coming day. My wife now began to whimper and make peculiar noises in her sleep, like she does when about to be entranced. I leaned over her but she was in deep sleep. Then she suddenly, without awakening, began to sing, but

although I tried with the utmost attention to catch the words I could not do so. This singing lasted for about three minutes then ceased, and for a minute there was no sound except my wife's deep breathing. Then suddenly a strong energetic man's voice broke through, speaking quickly and with an intense earnest tone as though having no time to spare, said, "That is my new song. Tweedale! Tweedale! I want you."

I said, "Who is it?"

"Why, Maxim."

"Sir Hiram?" I cried.

"Yes, yes! I did not ring the bell, but I have come" (speaking rapidly and earnestly) "I want you to tell S—— that Hope is coming to London—I must be quick: I cannot stay—and I want her to buy a packet of plates and keep them in my house—my house you know—and then go and sit with him, and I will try and come on the plate." I promised him that I would deliver the message, and the manifestation at once ceased. My wife awoke a little later, and I told her what had happened, at which she was greatly astonished. I at once wrote to S—— and delivered the message, but it was not heeded or acted upon.

Sir Hiram spoke rapidly and with great urgency, saying, "I must be quick; I cannot stay," and intimating that he had only a little time in which to say things. The reference to "ring the bell" was very evidential to me, *they were the very words used to me seventeen years previously at his dining-table at his house in Upper Norwood.*

"Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away,
That crowned the western hills, and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the parting of the day.

"O dreary were this earth, if earth were all
And all of joys now past were their remembrances.
How sad the parting and the funeral pall!
But catch a gleam beyond, "Ah! that is bliss."

KEBLE.

To those who can recall the long-sustained and bitter opposition of certain mid-Victorian scientists to all and everything spiritual, the following experience will be of interest.

January 30th, 1934.—A personality came who said he was Tyndall and wished to help my son Herschel. Knowing how *hostile* he had been to the subject, I asked him if he were now prepared to acknowledge his error, pointing out that this very act of manifesting was proof that he *had been* in error. The old obstinate character manifested itself, and he did not like to be reminded of this, and said, "All that is past and gone. I am not subservient to any priest." I replied, "That may be, but you must be subservient to the facts and the truth."

John Tyndall was a determined and obstinate opponent to these

spiritual truths all his mortal life, like his colleague, Thomas Huxley. Recently the grandson of the latter broadcasted one "pleasant Sunday afternoon" and casually informed the world at large that there was no evidence that man had a spirit or that the spirit of a man survived death. Yet, almost in the same breath, he suggested that men should be helped to live more spiritual lives. (11) Commenting on this in *The Times* for March 23, 1933, I said, "It is interesting to recall the passage in the first volume of John Morley's *Recollections* where a letter of Thomas Huxley's is given, in which he says, 'I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I grow older. It flashes on me with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall know no more than I did in 1800. I'd sooner be in hell.' (12)

Ha ha!

Even hell were better than annihilation.

How poor and shallow a thing is this crude materialism. Even the arch-materialist quailed before his own blank negations.

Come we now to another most interesting premonitory vision which fell to us a few years ago. The account and date are entered in my Journal, but for obvious reasons I withhold the name in this particular case.

One evening my front-door bell rang, and on my son going to see who it was he found two young people at the door. Returning to me he said that they had come to see me about a *funeral*. They had been shown into my dining-room, which opens out from the large entrance hall, in which there is a lamp hanging. I went to them, and was horrified to find that my son had made a mistake (for which I afterwards rated him soundly), and that the young folks had come to put in the *banns of marriage*. This girl had previously been engaged to another young man who was killed in the war, and so the marriage had been frustrated. I was pleased to hear that she was now about to be married, and took all necessary particulars, while I chatted and joked with them pleasantly. These proceedings finished, they rose and went through the hall to the door, passing as they did so under the lamp, which was lighted, and brightly illuminated the hall. After they had gone, my wife, who was in the side passage as they came out of the dining-room, and saw them pass under the lamp, came to me and asked who they were, and I told her. She then said, "Who was *the other man* who followed close behind the young fellow?" I stared at her, and said, "Other man!! What are you talking about? There was only the young fellow and the girl." "Oh yes," she said, "there was. There were *two men*, one following close behind him. I saw both of them plainly as they passed under the lamp." This, and my son's extraordinary error when he showed them into the room, disconcerted me much, but I said nothing at the time. I duly published the banns of marriage at Weston Church, and they were married. Eight days after the wedding the young man was proceeding on his motor bicycle early in the morning to a neighbouring

town on business—the morning being rather foggy—when he collided with a motor bus, was thrown from his machine and killed on the spot!! Her soldier lover who followed behind had known what was coming.

Monday, August 24th, 1931.—To-day we went to Haworth—my wife, self, Dorothy and a Mrs. Levenson—to see the Brontës' Vicarage and Church. None of us had previously been there. In one of the rooms Dorothy was examining the collar of the dog "Keeper," when suddenly some one laid hold of her dress and gave it such a violent tug that it caused her to stagger backwards. She turned instantly to remonstrate, when to her astonishment she found that, save for herself, the room was deserted, and she was alone!!¹ When we came to the "parlour" containing the mahogany table at which the sisters used to write, it suddenly occurred to me to try and get some communication. We had not brought the planchette, so we borrowed a long lead pencil and some scraps of paper, and waiting until other visitors had cleared off, placed the paper on this table at which the Brontës used to write, and my wife, holding the long pencil *by the extreme end*, got Dorothy to place her fingers, also grasping the end, and rested the point on the paper. *No more awkward or difficult position for getting writing or accurate signatures could be imagined.* If any one doubts this let them try it. My wife has never before used a long pencil held vertically and by the extreme end, and never before with another person's hand on hers and also grasping the end. To our surprise and delight the pencil, under these most difficult and apparently impossible conditions, began to write as follows:

"I am Emily and I know all is well."

"We are all here to welcome you. Emily Brontë."

"I am so glad, but you cannot get all at once, so many at our table. Emily Brontë."

Then the writing changed, and we got "Patrick Brontë wants to say——"

Just then there was an inrush of other visitors and we had to desist, but we at once asked the caretaker if we might see the original signatures of Emily and Patrick, *which none of us had ever seen before.* He went to another room, and taking out keys unlocked receptacles and drawers from which he took documents showing signatures practically identical (see Plate XXXIV). It was an extraordinarily interesting experience and absolutely *spontaneous* and done *on the spur of the moment*, the suggestion coming from *me* and not from my wife and daughter. I took no part in the writing. A period of nearly a year now elapses, during which our attention was not directed to Haworth or the Brontës in any way.

August 13th, 1932.—My wife and Dorothy sat, and to their great surprise, got the following message: "When you next go to Haworth,

¹ On returning home we sat and Strad manifested and said that the pulling of the dress was done by Emily.

you must walk round my music stool and play on my piano and say 'Emily Brontë, I love you.'"

D.M.T.: "Was it not Charlotte's piano?"

Answer: "No, *ours*."

The message continued:

"Then you must play Chopin for me,
As I played *étude* No. 3."

"Then upstairs you must go
To see my dress, and ask that you
May be always dressed in blue."

D.M.T.: "Why blue?"

Answer: "Because your health improves in blue."

D.M.T.: "Chopin's music would not be much known in this country in your day."

Answer: "I used to teach his music."¹

Then there was a long pause, and my wife and daughter, thinking the communication ended, talked about the hard life of the Brontë sisters, their trials and difficulties.

Suddenly the writing commenced again, and Emily wrote:

"Little words and little deeds count like diamonds in a crown;
All go to make up a big whole."

Then came the signature in wonderfully small writing considering that it was done by such a heavy and clumsy instrument as a planchette. The name was twice repeated—first in the script, Emily Brontë, and finally the signature, Emily Brontë. Immediately following Emily, *our* Tabitha came and wrote: "Tabitha sees the other Tabitha (Brontë), 69, grey hair, parted in middle, round cap with strings." She then drew a round face, with frilled cap, the strings tied in a bow under the chin. Not until six years *after* did the sitters know Tabitha Aykroyd's age (the other Tabitha). She died in her eighty-fifth year, in February 1855. *She would therefore be sixty-nine* in 1839, in which year her long service with the Brontës came to an end, following a serious accident.

October 3rd, 1932.—Dorothy was running upstairs about 2 p.m., and at the turn above my study door, saw a tall, rather slim girl following her. She had very expressive eyes, a mass of short hair round her head, and a very animated expression of countenance. She was dressed in what appeared to be a bright blue dress. She vanished almost at once, but not before Dorothy recognised her as Emily Brontë from the picture by Branwell. Shortly after, they sat and Strad said it was Emily, and that the Brontës were often here, and took an interest in the house.

When preparing this book for the press I again visited Haworth

¹ At this time neither of the sitters knew that Emily was the musician—her playing is described as "accurate, vivid and full of fire"—and that she used to teach music at Héger's school. They both understood that the piano was Charlotte's.

and the Brontë Parsonage on September 13th, 1935, with the object of obtaining exact facsimiles of the signatures of Emily and Patrick Brontë which, by the kindness of the Council of the Brontë Society, I was permitted to do, and to whom I here make due acknowledgments. Weston is distant twelve miles from Haworth as the crow flies, across the heights of Rumbold's Moor (1250 feet), and the two places have much in common. It was a beautiful day, such as Emily Brontë sang of when roaming her beloved moors:

"Not a vapour stained the breezeless blue,
Not a cloud had dimmed the sun
From the time of morning's earliest dew
Till the summer day was done."

Arriving at the top of that terribly steep hill, which must have sorely tried Emily and Anne when the dread disease began to make its presence felt, I turned up the narrow lane to the Parsonage. Remembering the entry in my Journal on the occasion of the last communication and signatures (August 13th, 1932) in which Emily told my daughter Dorothy that she

"must walk round the music stool and say 'Emily Brontë, I love you,' and on my piano you must play."

"Then upstairs you must go
To see my dress, and ask that you
May be always dressed in blue."

I resolved, although my daughter Dorothy was not with me, to carry out these instructions as far as I could. I, therefore, walked around the music stool, and then sounded as many of the notes of the piano as I could by inserting my fingers underneath the sheet of plate glass by which they are now covered. It was pathetic to hear the reedy quavering notes of the slackened strings, faint and "all jangled out of tune," faint echoes of long ago when Emily swept brilliantly over them. I then said, "Emily, I love you," and immediately proceeded to the room upstairs, as Emily directed, and looked for Emily's blue dress. I could not find such a dress, but only a lavender silk dress belonging to Charlotte—her wedding dress. I then went to the caretaker and asked to see Emily's blue dress. He replied, "I don't think Emily had a blue dress."

I said, "Is there a blue dress in the museum?"

He replied, "There is a blue dress, but we do not know to which of the sisters it belonged, and it is not on view."

I said, "Please let me see it."

He then got out his keys, and proceeding to another room unlocked one of the cupboards there, and took out a dress of a strong fabric closely printed in *bright blue* with a small leaf and floral pattern on a white ground, but the blue so dominating that the general effect was that of a bright blue dress. The upper part was quite perfect with the neckband and

cuffs, but a square piece had been cut out of the skirt. I handled it reverently and with great interest. The museum authorities did not know to which of the sisters it belonged, but I am pretty sure from the communication of August 13th, 1932, that it belonged to Emily and to no other. Some may doubt this, but the fact remains that we got a psychic communication from Emily in which she said that she had a blue dress in the Brontë house, and on investigating this and running the matter down I did find a blue dress in the house. After a most interesting time I signed the visitor's book and took my leave. Discussing this with my wife and my daughter Dorothy on my return to Weston, they both said that they never saw any blue dress of Emily's, nor any *blue* dress at all, when they were there. They saw only Charlotte's wedding dress. They did not see any such blue dress as I unearthed and have here described, nor had they ever heard of one before the sitting. On referring to the catalogue of the museum which I then purchased, I found there was no mention of, or reference to, any such blue dress.

Before coming away from the museum I obtained a facsimile copy of the signature of Emily Brontë and of the Rev. Patrick Brontë. These will be found exactly reproduced on Plate XXXIV. The upper three signatures are the spirit signatures obtained psychically on August 24th, 1931, at Haworth by my wife and daughter.

The centre two signatures and the capital P are the normal signatures of Emily and Patrick Brontë.

The lower signatures are the spirit signatures of Emily Brontë obtained at Weston Vicarage on August 13th, 1932.

Note the extraordinary similarity of the Christian name Emily. It will be obvious to the most casual inspection that the Emily Brontë signatures of August 24th, 1931 and those of August 13th, 1932, are the work of the same personality. That this was *not* either my wife or daughter is certain from the conditions under which I myself saw those of August 24th, 1931, produced, namely, at my suggestion, made *suddenly and without warning to them, they never having previously seen either Emily's or Patrick's signature*; also, when the Emily signatures of August 13th, 1932, were obtained, neither my wife nor daughter had seen the 1931 signatures for nearly a year, and they did *not* have any facsimile or copy of them with them in the room. The impossibility of memorising them so as to produce exactly the same characteristics, after the lapse of a year, will be obvious to all, especially when one remembers that they were done with a heavy and clumsy *planchette* on which were *two pairs of hands*.

The first Emily signature obtained on this visit to Haworth is remarkable for the peculiarity of the B. For a long time we regarded this as a confused overlapping, due to the difficulty of writing with my wife's hand holding the extremity of the pencil, and further hampered by my daughter's fingers surrounding hers. When scrutinising this signature

for the preparation of the block, and examining it with a magnifying glass, I saw that the formation appeared to be deliberate and intentional, and was apparently intended for *two* letters, the whole signature probably signifying her full name, Emily J. Brontë. I should not be surprised if she had used some monogram of this kind in her earlier years. In the second message there is a distinct showing in the original script of an effort to emphasize the down-strokes, as in copperplate writing, and this is characteristic of Emily's writing and signature which, be it remembered, neither my wife nor daughter had ever seen.

The Patrick Brontë signature is equally wonderful, as neither my wife nor daughter had ever seen it, and both his and Emily Brontë's normal signatures were not on view at that time in the museum, and both of them had to be fetched out of the securely locked cupboards or drawers in which they were kept. Neither of these particular signatures have ever been previously published, nor had my wife or daughter ever seen them. Comparison between the Rev. Patrick Brontë's signature and the psychic signature shows it to be practically identical, while there is one point which is peculiarly evidential. It will be noticed that in the capital B of Brontë, the rounded body of the B is made first, and then the upright is put in second in a curious sort of detached way. On examining other of Patrick signatures on my visit to Haworth on September 13, 1935, I found that the capital P of Patrick was formed on this rather curious system, *i.e.* the back of the letter formed first and then the upright inserted afterwards, and curiously separate and detached (see Plate XXXIV). For the Patrick Brontë signature to be produced by my wife holding the extreme end of a long pencil with the hand of another person also grasping it, and when she had never seen the ordinary signature, would be altogether impossible, on any other explanation than the spiritual one. The only explanation that satisfies the observed facts is that given by Emily Brontë when she wrote, "We are all here to welcome you."

The section on the left shows the spirit signature of Charlotte Brontë from the marvellous series of messages on Christmas Day, 1932, and the confirmatory signature not seen by us until September 1935, and then copied from the "Haworth Edition" of Mrs Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*.

Long years ago Emily Brontë wrote :

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in life's troubled sphere,
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines brighter, arming me from fear."

To be present on these occasions when that splendid soul proved the realisation of her trumpet blast to mankind, and manifested from "the kingdom of the heavens," was indeed a privilege for which to thank God, and from which to take courage.

Now for an experience of another kind. On July 4th, 1912, I received a letter from a solicitor who said that he had heard of my violin investigations, and that he would report me to my bishop. I read this letter with indignation, but did *not* mention it to my wife or to any of my family, nor did they know I had received it. Much worried and exhausted by constant work and anxiety and feeling ill, weary and depressed, I went out about 2.30 p.m. and lay down on the lawn under the shadow of a tree. It was a bright sunny day, and the cool grass and breeze refreshed my jaded spirit. My face was towards the Vicarage, and I had not lain long there before I heard the front door open and saw my wife come out quickly and run to the window of my study (then on the ground floor) which was locked, and peer eagerly in through the windows. She had not looked in my direction and had not seen me on the lawn thirty yards away. Wondering what she was doing I called out to her, and turning she saw me, and cried out, "Oh! are you there; we thought you had had a fit in the study, and I was looking to see if I could see you on the floor." Astonished at this, I said, "Why, what is the matter?" She hurriedly told me that when in the hall, at the stairs foot, a few minutes previously she and the children all heard loud thumps, bangs and knockings on my study door *coming from inside*. This went on some time, followed by a loud rustling as of papers. They all stood round the door much frightened and, as the door was locked and they thought I had had a fit, she rushed outside and round to the window to see if I were on the floor. This I had seen her do. Much astonished at this recital I arose from the grass, unlocked the door and entered the study. All was in order. I said, "We had better sit and see what it means." This we did, and got this message :

"Go on your way with it. That man can do no harm."

C. L. T. : "Who is this?"

Answer : "John M'Leod." (Wife's grandfather.)

They gazed at me wonderingly, asking what it meant? I then told them of the letter and the solicitor's threat.

I wrote a letter telling that meddler to mind his own business, and *I never heard another word from him*. If I never had another experience of guardian care but this, it would be sufficient to convince me of the fact that good angels, oft the surviving spirits of the departed, do in the providence of God actually and objectively both warn and defend man from dangers, and support and strengthen him in difficulties. I have had many others, some as extraordinary and dramatic as those in Holy Writ.

I now come to another most dramatic and evidential incident.
July 21st, 1929.—About midnight my wife had just dropped off to sleep, door bolted and lights out, and I was preparing to follow suit, when suddenly I heard a strong voice in the room saying, "Pre-csely !

Pre-cisely! Pre-cisely!" dividing the word into two parts with a strong accent on the first part. I at once sat up and listened attentively, and again came the strong voice and the word "Pre-cisely."

I queried, "Who is it; a man or a woman?"

Voice: "A man of course. Don't you know who Pre-cisely is?"

"I am afraid I don't."

Voice (clacking with the tongue): "Dear! dear! Fancy not knowing who Pre-cisely is!"

"Can you give me the name?"

"Of course I can. George Morris."

"What! George Morris of Harrogate?"

"Pre-cisely!"

I now distinctly recognised the cheery jolly voice of my old time friend whom I had not seen for twenty-eight years. I greeted him heartily, and was most astonished and glad to hear him.

I then said, "Now, Mr Morris, have you a message?"

"Yes," he replied. "I want you to write my wife—Ada, you know—I loved my wife."

I said, "What if she will not believe me? You know, Morris, Christianity has become so emasculated, and so absolutely out of touch with the realities of the spiritual world, that the majority of the orthodox refuse to believe us."

Voice: "I know, but tell her this."

"Where shall I write?"

Voice: "C/o Batley & Morris, Princess Square."

"Do you remember the jolly times we used to have together?"

"Pre-cisely."

The manifestation then ceased, and my wife continued in a profound slumber from which she did not awake until morning. She knew nothing of what had occurred in the night, and was astonished beyond measure when I told her.

I resolved first to go to Harrogate and see some member of the firm, and this I did on July 31st, without giving them any notice of my coming or any information as to what had happened.

When I arrived at the office, they, being house and property agents, thought I had come about a house. The man who received me—Mr Waterhouse—was the new partner whom I had never seen or heard of before. I approached the subject very cautiously. At last, I asked him—talking about their late member of the firm, Mr George Morris—whether he ever used the word "Pre-cisely" with a strong accent on the first syllable. Mr Waterhouse paused, looked at me in surprise, and then a broad smile spread over his features. At last, he said, "I should just think he did. I have heard him use it thousands of times." I said, "Will you testify to that in writing?" He replied, "Certainly I will," and at once wrote out the following, signing it with his name and stamping it with the firm's official stamp.

"BATLEY, MORRIS & WATERHOUSE,

"PRINCESS SQUARE, HARROGATE,

"July 31st, 1929.

"The late Mr G. V. Morris used the word 'Pre-cisely' (accent on the first syllable) thousands of times during the past few years—in fact, on all kinds of occasions where the word might be brought in.

"F. A. WATERHOUSE."

Not until he had done this did I tell him of our experience.

I then wrote Mrs Morris, and I hold her confirmatory letter.

This was a most wonderful and evidential affair, all anti-spiritual theories being entirely ruled out, as neither my wife nor I had seen anything of George Morris for twenty-eight years, nor had we seen, or had any correspondence with, his people or with his friends, or any member of his firm. Also, *we had never heard him use this word "Pre-cisely"* ourselves, he having formed the habit of using it long after we knew him, nor had we ever previously heard of his using it from others, *nor did we know that he was dead!!*

"The river is not lost when o'er the rock
It pours its flood into the abyss below.
Its scattered force regathering from the shock
Then hastens onward with yet fuller flow."

"The star is not extinguished when it sets
Upon the dull horizon; but it goes
To shine in other skies, then reappears
In ours, as bright as when it first arose."

KEBLE.

I must repeat that I recognised Mr Morris's voice, and had the complete sensation of talking with him face to face. This was one of the most evidential experiences I ever had, and alone would suffice to prove survival.

Here is an experience which I believe definitely brought us in contact with a very notable personality, one closely associated with this country's history in the past. In the spring of 1915 the Great War was at its height, and the enemy submarine campaign had reached such a pitch as to threaten very seriously the very existence of our Naval and Mercantile Marine and the safety of this country. Pondering over this problem I took out on June 2nd, 1915, an application for a patent for an *unsinkable ship*, which I thought might help to avert the danger. The full patent for this device was granted to me in the autumn, the number being 8229 of 1915 (*q.v.*). I did this very quietly and secretly, my wife having no knowledge of what I was engaged on.

June 7th, 1915.—About 11 p.m. I had just entered our bedroom when my wife, who was a few paces behind in the passage, rushed in quickly, saying that she had just seen a man in the passage near the sewing-room door. The man followed her, and she now said that she was seeing a man in a naval hat.

Then she began to be confused and somewhat incoherent, and commenced stroking her left arm. She then complained of very severe pain *between the shoulders and at the base of the neck*. She made me rub her *between the shoulder and the upper part of the spine*, high up. I continued rubbing her spine and wondering what it all meant. Suddenly the tone of her voice *changed to that of a man and became very commanding*, and turning to me, she said :

" You ! What is your name ? "

I said " My name is Tweedale. "

The personality, now evidently entrancing her and speaking through her, replied :

" Oh ! that's your name, is it ? "

" I am a high-bred man and have mixed with Lords, Dukes and all the great people. "

I now said : " Who are you ? "

The controlling personality replied :

" Don't you know me ? You should do. "

I answered : I cannot see you and have not heard your name.

He now said in a strong man's voice : " I am Nelson. "

" What ! Lord Nelson who won Trafalgar ? "

" Yes. I will tell you something. "

All this was said brokenly and with great difficulty in a strong man's voice.

Immediately after this communication my wife fell down flat on the floor and remained entranced and unconscious for a considerable time, and when she did recover consciousness, she was much alarmed to find herself on the floor. When she had somewhat recovered, she said that the man wore a cocked hat and knee breeches and had some kind of a light sword at his waist.

None of us had been talking or thinking of Nelson nor had mentioned him in any way. I did not tell her what she had said during the entrancing, or who the personality had declared himself to be until some time *afterwards*, and after I had, in a very casual manner, asked her whether she knew how Nelson was killed at Trafalgar. She looked at me in some surprise—for we were then discussing something *entirely different*—and said " Why, what has that to do with this ? He was shot in the *breast*, wasn't he ? "

My wife has never shown any interest in battles either on land or sea, but a great distaste for the subject ; and this reply makes me certain that at the time of this experience, she knew *nothing* of the actual position and nature of Nelson's wound, and this she declared on oath. Afterwards, I investigated the matter and found that the ball fired from the mizzen-top of the *Redoubtable* hit him on the left shoulder, piercing the epaulette, then slanting downwards to the spine, shattered it.

The extraordinary and evidential significance of my wife's action in stroking her *left arm*—the well-known empty sleeve was on the right—

while complaining of intense pain in the *upper part of the spine* and base of the neck compelling me to massage the upper part of the spine for several minutes, will be apparent to all.

October 20th, 1915.—During the last three months I have been bringing my unsinkable ship patent to the notice of the Admiralty, but without any success. Meanwhile, the toll of ships sunk by the enemy submarines has been a terrible one. To-day we sat at 11 a.m. Connection was soon established, and a personality manifested. I adjured him in the name of the Living God to give us his name correctly. He accepted the adjuration and said that he was " Nelson. "

C. L. T.—Nelson of Trafalgar.

Answer : " Yes. " We greeted him, and said that we were honoured by his coming. Immediately loud knocks resounded on the table and *about the room*, and I then said : May I ask you something about my invention.

C. L. T. : " Is this invention good ? "

Answer : " Yes. "

C. L. T. : " Is it better than that of the Government ? "

Answer : " Yes. Run on with it. "

I see from the papers that ships fitted with the Government's device (blisters) have arrived in the Dardenelles. They are surrounded with a kind of lifebelt, ten feet wide, and extending a few feet below the water-line. This plan, which is extremely clumsy and crude, leaves the *bottom* of the ship undefended, and once pierced by a mine the ship sinks. They are described as " wallowing like a fat goose, steering very badly, looking nearly round, and being slowed to half speed. " This miserable contraption was practically useless, many navy ships *were* sunk, and *it was no use at all* for the mercantile marine. I entered in my Diary at the time : " If this is the best the Government can do, my invention can give them points and beat theirs to fits. "

October 21st, 1915.—Not until to-day did we realise from references in the papers that it was Trafalgar Day, the anniversary of Nelson's victory, 110 years ago. Here we are in the throes of another big war, the greatest and most dangerous to our Empire since that in Nelson's day. One can well understand his interest in these times, in some respects so like those of his own.

Nothing could be more finely adapted to England's need to-day than the prayer which Nelson wrote in Trafalgar Bay and in sight of the enemy on October 21st, 1805 :

" May the God whom I worship grant to my country for the benefit of Europe a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it. May humanity after victory be the predominant feature of the British Fleet. For myself individually I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the great cause which is entrusted to me to defend.—Amen. "

He seemed to have a premonition that he would not survive the battle, just as he had previously in his career recorded his conviction of a great destiny, when he wrote: "One day I will have a long gazette all to myself. I *feel* that such an opportunity will be given to me. I cannot be kept out of sight. Wherever there is anything to be done, there Providence will direct my ships." So just before the battle he made his will, and seemed to think that he would not survive the impending action, refusing to discard his medals which rendered him so conspicuous a mark to the enemy sharpshooters, firing only thirty paces away.

During all the year 1916, the War dragged its weary course and food supplies being severely rationed, and all the nation affected as it had not been for generations.

To give some idea of the terrific nature of this menace to the country, I here give statistics taken from official returns. Our Navy had the following ships sunk:

- 13 Battleships.
- 3 Battle Cruisers.
- 25 Cruisers.
- 6 Monitors.
- 64 Destroyers.
- 10 Torpedo Boats.
- 27 Small Craft.
- 59 Submarines.
- 207 War Vessels.

While a huge number of large ships of the Mercantile Marine, having a total tonnage of 7,830,855 tons—*more than one-third of the total ship tonnage owned by Great Britain*—had been sent to the bottom of the sea!!

I tried again and again to get my plan taken up by Government, and also by builders of merchant vessels. These vessels had been sunk by the hundred, but to my astonishment I found that the *builders* of these vessels, whatever might be said of their attitude *re* passenger ships, had not the slightest interest in an unsinkable cargo ship. Nor had the owners much after the ship had passed its youth. I found, after much correspondence, travelling and enquiry that after a ship had been in existence a comparatively few years and became a little old-fashioned, she was more valuable on the bottom of the ocean than afloat.

I realised the truth of the sarcastic hit by that prince of versifiers, W. S. Gilbert:

"The *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo
And down in fathoms many went, the captain and the crew.
What of the owners, greedy men, whom hope of gain allured?
Oh! dry the starting tear, *they were heavily insured.*"

Even in the case of passenger boats they relied on a very imperfect and primitive system of transverse bulkheads and compartments. In the course of my wanderings I took my model, which demonstrated that my vessel was practically unsinkable, and showed how the hull could be filled two-thirds full of water and still float, to Mr Isherwood (afterwards knighted) the originator of a new system of cheap ship construction which has since come into almost universal use. He examined it long and carefully at his London Office, and in my presence.

At last, he said, "Yes, this design will give a practically unsinkable ship,¹ but you are fifty years before your time. The time *will* come when probably all ships will be built on this plan—there is no other way—but it is not yet. *You can have little idea of the enormous vested interests you are up against.*"

I was beginning to realize the fact, and I soon had to encounter still more evidence of it.

March 14th, 1917.—My wife saw a man in the hall with cocked hat and a sword, dressed in knee-breeches, and with the sleeve of one arm hanging empty. She recognized him as the same person she had seen nearly two years ago—Nelson. It was towards evening, but the light was good. He did not speak.

Wednesday, March 20th, 1917.—A few days ago I wrote to Mr Appleyard, Mayor of Sheffield, telling him of my ship invention, and asking whether he could bring any influence to bear through Cammel Laird & Co., or any of the armour-plate or ship-plate makers in Sheffield. I did *not* mention anything about the apparition of Nelson to Madge. He writes me saying that, after the receipt of my letter, he went into the

¹ The ghastly tragedy of the *Titanic* of which we had such wonderful evidence at Weston (vide *M.S.*, p. 273), and in which 1503 men, women and children were drowned, including that notable champion of things psychic, W. T. Stead, would never have occurred had the vessel been constructed on my plan.

That vessel had the usual transverse bulkheads, with closing doors, which could divide her length into several transverse watertight compartments—a primitive construction used by the Chinese for the last 1000 years—but offering no security against extensive ripping of side by rock, iceberg or mine. But, such as it was, it was vaunted as rendering the ship absolutely safe.

"It practically makes the ship unsinkable." "The *Titanic* could not sink." "The *Titanic* is unsinkable." "Every person on board thought the ship unsinkable," are extracts from the previously published description of the ship, and from survivors' narratives.

The terrible irony of these must have been realized with a pang of despair when the iceberg, ripping across the *ends* of the compartments for half the ship's length, flooded and rendered them useless, and destroyed all the flimsy figment of security in an instant.

Had the *Titanic*—and many another good ship which has gone to the bottom of the ocean during and since the War—been built on my system, she and they, when "holed," would have been really unsinkable, and have been able to reach port at a reduced speed.

town with the letter in his pocket and there he met a person reported to be a clairvoyant, who astonished him by telling him that there was a naval man with him with one arm. This appears to be extraordinary confirmation of my wife's thrice repeated seeing of Nelson's apparition, and of his interest in the ship.

April 20th, 1917.—Being in Halifax I visited a Mrs Bailey who was reputed locally as an excellent clairvoyant. I gave her no notice of my coming, had never corresponded with her, and did not give my name or residence, and she knew absolutely *nothing* about me normally. She said, "I get a long journey by rail for you, hurriedly, when the trees are bare. You will first get a letter, then a telegram after the letter—urgent. It is coming very soon—in May. You will come in contact with two gentlemen, one a very stern man of high position under Government. The other quite the opposite, about fifty, genial, fair complexion, clean-shaven, wears gold glasses. You are *sure* to meet these men."

On April 26th my mother, who died three years ago, informed us that in eight days we should receive an important letter. Eight days is the 4th of May. May 4th came and no letter, but on the morning of May 5th I received a totally unexpected letter requesting me to go up to London and show the model of my unsinkable ship to Admiral Jellicoe at the Admiralty! This letter was posted on the 3rd, and would normally have been delivered on the 4th! Remembering Mrs Bailey's, "first a letter then a telegram," I said to my wife, "Here is the letter, now for the telegram."

Monday, May 7th.—Got a telegram expressing the money for my expenses to London. I go to-morrow. *All the trees are bare and leafless, as Mrs Bailey said.*

On Thursday, May 10th, 1917, I had an interview with Admiral Jellicoe in the morning, and with the genial, fair-haired man in gold spectacles in the evening, *exactly as foretold.* I returned in a few days to find that a burst of hot sunshine had brought out the trees into leaf at Weston.

Thus was the prophetic forecast made seven and a half months before *exactly* fulfilled in all its minute details and all accurately timed. This is as definitely prophetic as any instance in the Bible.

My visit to Admiral Jellicoe was full of interest. I was first shown to what I was informed was his official residence. I was astonished to find that, although the times were so troublous, there was no sentry or other person visibly on guard. After ringing, I was shown up into a very barely furnished room, in one corner of which was leaning a Lee-Metford magazine rifle. In due course I was directed to go to No. — down a long corridor, and soon found myself, together with my model, in presence of the Admiral of the Fleet. He received me affably and examined my model with care. He said the design was undoubtedly good. I then asked him whether anything could be done towards its adoption in view of the menace to our shipping. He replied that the matter was one of extreme difficulty, adding, "Even I cannot get what I want." Then

almost immediately, he said, "You know we have a plan of our own." I said, "You mean 'blisters.' " He paused, and then gave a hesitating "Ye-s-s." I said, "Yes! I know all about 'blisters,' and I know not only that it gives very incomplete protection, but also that it slows the speed of the ship to half." He gave a slight start, and said, "How do you know that?" I did not reveal the fact that one of my friends was an Admiral, but I assured him that I knew it for a fact, and he then admitted it.

At this juncture in came two naval men in blue and gold uniforms, and there and then, as I sat waiting, Admiral Jellicoe arranged a cruiser action, giving orders for certain ships to be sent to intercept German destroyers and light cruisers somewhere north of the Thames estuary, which action duly came off that evening. I now took my leave, the Admiral saying that he would consult with his advisers, and so ended my attempt to serve my country. The irony of the whole thing was that towards the end of November, it was announced that the French Government was constructing more than twenty ships on a plan practically identical with that of my patent. As I had not been able to afford "world patents," and had no patent in France, I could do nothing, nor obtain any compensation.¹

Later, it transpired that the invention of "blisters," the clumsy device on which the Government had expended immense sums, was the idea of a person of influence in one of the Naval Departments, and at the end of the War I read an announcement in the papers to the effect that he had been awarded a sum of nearly £300,000!!

The only award that I got was the experience, surely unique for a country parson, of hearing the Admiral of the Fleet arrange a naval action, and of reading the account of the action in the next day's papers.

Wednesday, February 21st, 1934.—I have previously chronicled the manifestation to us of a Bishop and a Dean; now I record the appearance of an Archdeacon. My wife awoke about 3 a.m. and saw a most wonderful vision. She saw an iron door, square in form, and, as she described it, "like an oven door." This she saw at the bedside, apparently about a yard away. Superimposed on this iron door, which had a big knob, to her amazement there appeared the full face of Archdeacon Howson, the Rector of Guiseley. She particularly noted certain details on his face, and she clearly recognized him. This apparition persisted for several minutes, during which time my wife looked at it steadily. I got up and lit a lamp, and we discussed the vision for some little time, wondering what it could mean. After the lapse of an hour we got to sleep again. About 8 a.m.—five hours after the vision—the letters came up and I began

¹ In another invention of mine (Patent application No. 20723—1938) I have produced stereoscopic effects in a single picture, and that without using a stereoscope or other apparatus!

to open them. One of the very first was a letter from Canon Lowe, Vicar of Otley, announcing the death of Archdeacon Howson, and inviting me to the funeral. We were so astounded that we could do nothing for some time but gaze at one another in amazement. Immediately after breakfast I wrote a letter to Canon Lowe acknowledging his letter and informing him of the vision in the night, five hours before the receipt of his letter. Neither my wife, myself, nor any of my family had heard anything of the Archdeacon's illness, and when I saw him at a meeting a few months previously, he seemed very fit and well. The vision was in the early morning of Wednesday, and, as we *afterwards* learned, his mortal remains were cremated at Lawnswood Crematorium in the afternoon of Wednesday at 3 p.m., twelve hours after the vision in my bedroom at Weston Vicarage. The meaning of "the iron door, like an oven door with a big knob," seen by my wife, with his face projected on it, was now fully explained. It forecasted his cremation. Soon was his mortal countenance to pass through that iron door to the devouring flame. This I reported to Canon Lowe *before* the cremation, and before any of us heard of the intention to cremate. On the occasion of my last seeing Howson he opposed and ridiculed my testimony to spiritual evidences, as he had often done before. Little did he think on that last occasion that the very first thing he would do when he became an inhabitant of the spirit world would be to show himself as a spirit in my Vicarage, and to indicate the manner of the return of his mortal remains to the elements; but so it was ordained, and so it occurred, and so he made expiation.

One frequently hears the statement made by members of the Church, that the mere thought of spirit manifestations terrifies them, and consequently they will have nothing to do with them. What fine supporters and followers of the Christ and His apostles such Christians (?) would have made! Let all such note that "the fearful" (Gk. afraid, cowardly) are classed with "the unbelieving" and other evildoers, in the terrible denunciation of Rev. xxi. 8; the reason being that this attitude of having nothing to do with spiritual evidences cuts off all proof of a spirit world, and so would negative all revelation.

There are very many other experiences which I could narrate, some far more dramatic than anything I have here set down, but the veridical and irrefutable cases set forth in this book, and in my former work, *Man's Survival*, should suffice to arrest the attention of, and convince, any reasonable man. As I look back upon them I thank God for them. They have given me and mine, and many others, glimpses of the eternal verities.

"And, as in a season of clear weather,
Tho' inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of the immortal sea."

CHAPTER XIII

STRAD'S TASK COMPLETED

THE LOST VARNISH REGAINED

"And o'er it all it shall be garmented
With those most rare and precious gums I know.
My varnish, fire of orange, flexible and rich
As royal velvet, shall enclose, protect,
Restrain yet liberate, and glorify."

FREDERICK SMITH.

IN the preceding Chapters I have narrated the wonderful manifestations of Stradiuarius; how he proved his identity to us and gathered around him a band of spirits who aided and supplemented his efforts, and who, by their own evidences of identity and the proved knowledge which they showed of coming events and of things and events about which we had no knowledge whatsoever, established the reality of his and their existence in the spirit world. To their testimony I have added that of others confirming and strengthening their statements. I now come to the completion of the purpose which Stradiuarius during all this time held steadily in view, the re-discovery and restoration of his famous varnish to the world.

Who has not heard of the long-lost varnish of Stradiuarius—that glorious compound with which, in its perfection, he used with choicest discrimination from about 1680–1737, and which, at the master's death, ceased to be either compounded or used, and was lost for 200 years. Every violinist has raved about it at some time, but few have seen it outside the circle of privileged owners and their friends, or the still more limited circle of the few dealers who have sold and re-sold to the privileged few. Volumes have been written about it with infinitesimal results. Charles Reade, a connoisseur and enthusiast, writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 31st, 1872, says, "It comes to this, then, that the varnish of Cremona has an inimitable beauty; and we pay a high price for it in second-class makers, and an enormous price for it in a fine Stradiuarius or Joseph Guarnerius. No wonder, then, that many violin makers have tried hard to discover the secret of this varnish, and many chemists given days and nights of anxious study to it. More than once in my time hopes have run high, but only to fall again. At last despair has succeeded to all that energetic study, and the varnish of Cremona is sullenly given up as a lost art."

Reade then goes on to state the principal theories that have been used about this varnish, saying :

1. "It used to be strictly maintained that the basis was amber, and that the old Italians had the art of fusing amber without impairing its transparency, and that it must be boiled with oil and spirit of turpentine and combined with transparent and lasting colours.

2. "That time does it all, and that the colours were raw, crude things at starting, and the varnish rather opaque.

3. "Two or three had the courage to say that it was a spirit varnish.

4. "The far more prevalent notion was that it was an oil varnish, and they contrasted the miserable hungry appearance of the wood on all old violins known to be spirit-varnished (for instance, Nicholas Gagliano of Naples and Jean Baptiste Guadagnini of Pienza, violin makers contemporary with Joseph del Jesu).

5. "That the secret has been lost by adulteration, and that the Cremonese and Venetians got pure and sovereign gums which have retired from commerce.

"Now, as to theory 1. Surely amber is too dear a gum and too impracticable and hard.

"Till fused by dry heat it is no more soluble in varnish than quartz is ; and who can fuse it ? Copal is inclined to melt but amber to burn, catch fire, do anything but melt. Put the two gums to a lighted candle, you will then appreciate the difference. I have tried more than one chemist at fusing amber, and it came from their hands more burnt than fused. When really fused it is a dark olive green as clear as crystal. Yet, I never knew but one man who could bring it to this, and he nearly burnt down his house at it one day. I believe the whole amber theory is a verbal equivocate, the varnish of the Amati being called "amber" to mark its colour.

"The deep red varnish of Cremona is pure dragon's blood ; not the cake, the stick, the filthy trash which, in this sinful and adulterating generation, is retailed under that name, but the tear of dragon's blood, little fiery lumps deeper in colour than a carbuncle, clear as crystal and fiery as a ruby. The yellow varnish is the unadulterated tear of another gum, gamboge retailed in the cake like dragon's blood and as great a fraud as presented to you in commerce : for the yellow and the red gum grope the city far eastwards. The orange varnish of Peter Guarnerius and Stradiuarius is only a mixture of these two genuine gums."

I read this article of Reade fifty years ago, and it fired my ardour and set me on the quest of the varnish of Stradiuarius. Filled with enthusiasm and attracted by the romance that surrounded the whole subject of the violin and its Italian masters, I sat at the bench, gouge and chisel in hand, and compounded innumerable combinations of dragon's blood and gamboge, "groping the city far eastwards" for my

supplies, and when these failed, trying every conceivable combination along the whole range of gums, colours, oils, alcohols and essences. Many hundreds of days and nights have I spent on this quest, and faced many failures during nearly fifty years. Only the most determined resolution, and the most dogged perseverance prevented me giving up in despair. "What has been can be," I have muttered to myself many and many a time as I bent over my crucible, or applied yet another compounding to a violin. To the uninitiated the problem may appear ludicrously simple. The fact that it defied research for generations is a sufficient answer to any one ignorantly holding such a view. I have said that only the most dogged perseverance and resolute determination prevented me giving up in despair what seemed a hopeless quest, but I must qualify this, for it was a gesture from the spirit world—a manifestation undoubtedly from Strad—that supported my failing resolution.

Friday, June 8th, 1923.—To-day I was busy with my Cremona varnish experiments on which I have now been engaged thirty-seven years. Worn out with the perpetual trying and disappointments and long waitings I was much discouraged and in a mood to give up. In the afternoon I had just made a fresh trial varnishing of a violin, and said to myself, "If this is not the one I will make no more." As I said this I started to cross the room to my roll-top desk which was on the other side, and on which another violin was lying. I had scarcely taken a step towards it when suddenly a bright white object about twice the size of an egg appeared in the broad daylight upon the back of the violin lying on the desk. It slid off the violin, and then went fluttering, making a loud noise, over the papers on the desk just like a young fledgling that could not fly properly. It made straight for the "pigeon-hole" at the end of the desk into which it entered and disappeared. I crossed the intervening space in two strides and instantly plunged my hand into the hole in which the fluttering thing had gone, but found nothing. I at once called my wife, and together we searched the desk but found no trace of the thing I had seen. I was greatly astonished and impressed, and took it as an encouragement and a sign that I should not give up, but carry on with renewed ardour. Not until April 1934, when writing this book, did it occur to me that this fluttering bird-like object might be the remarkable confirmation of the words written in my Journal on May 23rd, 1922, *more than a year before this happened*, in which I say that the secret has for long been "like a bird fluttering under my hand." This exactly describes the loud fluttering, flapping sound made by the thing, just like a young bird in the grass when one is trying to seize it and it escapes from one's grasp. This wonderful happening—evidently a *materialisation*, for I heard and saw it flutter along, disturbing the papers—was received at a time when, worn out and discouraged, I was in the humour to give up the quest, but encouraged by this I determined to continue. Many years were to elapse, thousands more of

weary hours were to be spent and many disappointments to be my lot before success finally crowned my efforts. To the average man, the question of compounding and applying a varnish seems to be one of such simplicity that almost anyone could undertake it out of hand. This might be the case if it were a question of varnishing doors or cheap furniture, but the making of Strad's varnish is a *vastly* different affair. The measure of the difficulty is seen in the fact that it baffled all research for just two hundred years. It is almost impossible to give any idea to the reader of the almost infinite difficulty, the countless experiments and compoundings that had to be undertaken before all of the *many factors* to be considered could be satisfied. The best illustration I can give is the difficulty of opening a six-disc letter lock by repeated trials when the key-word is not known. When to this is added the fact that each varnishing takes a long time to dry out and mature—sometimes many months—it will be seen that the difficulty becomes almost insuperable. This seems also to have been the opinion of others in the spirit world, for once, more than thirty years ago, and long before my investigations were known, I sent an article to be psychomatrised to the solicitor who represented Archdeacon Colley in his well-known and successful case, and he submitted it to a notable London psychic who did not know my identity, and the psychic said, "This man is engaged on a question which is almost insoluble." However, I clung to it with desperate and grim tenacity, and finally, after more than fifty years, by the grace of God and, I am convinced, by the guidance of those who, having departed this life, have been permitted to be the agents in this matter, I have, after incalculable labour and difficulty, finally won through. I base this claim in the first place on careful and reasonable comparisons which have been made with the finest specimens of the work of Antonius Stradiuarius in existence, and secondly on communications which have come from him confirming me in this opinion.

On one occasion the owner of the Cessol Strad—for which he had not long before paid £4000, brought it to my Vicarage and spent the afternoon with me, justly proud of his treasure, which is reckoned to be one of the finest specimens of the great master's handiwork. In Hill's splendid monograph it is described as being coated with varnish "of a rich unapproachable plum colour." A careful comparison was made between this splendid specimen of the great master's work and one of mine, and after many pieces of music had been played by the same person on both instruments, and in exactly the same manner, I had the gratification of hearing its owner say, "Well, Mr Tweedale, I believe my Strad is the more mature, *but there is not much in it.*" So much for comparison trial results. The splendid coloured Plate XXXV shows the Alard Strad¹ and one of my violins, dated 1937, side by side. Readers can judge of the identity of appearance for themselves.

¹ Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs Hill & Sons.

The following is another appreciation by the owner of another famous Strad, which will bear repetition.

"DEAR MR TWEEDALE,—I am very exacting in my requirements for a violin. I have made a most exhaustive study of violins for the past ten years. Before I purchased my present Strad, which was for many years the concert instrument of Professor — and for which I gave £4000 (four thousand pounds), I tried twenty to thirty Strads in London and Paris. I have heard only two violins which I believe to be equal to mine, one being the Stradivari at present owned by Fritz Kreisler."

After some further correspondence I said that I would try to satisfy him with one of mine. The following report was received in due course.

"DEAR MR TWEEDALE,—The violin arrived in perfect condition. It is already more responsive than my very fine Lupot (dated 1809), but not *quite* so responsive as my Strad. The quality of tone is excellent. It is remarkably even on all strings. It has not yet *quite* the depth and body of tone of my Strad. I do not see how one can expect this in a brand new violin, when comparing it with one dated 1690, but without wishing to compliment you I must say that your violin feels *that it will speedily acquire this depth and body of tone.* In comparing it with mine, one must consider that Mr Hill said of my Strad that of all the Strads he knew of, mine had as fine a tone as any that he ever had, so that what I have to say about your violin is very flattering. I have never played on a violin for which less than two thousand was being asked, which was as gratifying and as responsive as your violin—Sincerely yours."

In all this long weary struggle I never obtained the help of any other mortal, either chemist or maker, and when I had the privilege of communicating psychically with Stradiuarius in the spirit world, *I never, on any occasion, asked him the composition of his varnish or how it was made.* On one occasion only did I enquire whether or no I had too much of one ingredient, and he replied that if he were to tell me anything it would detract from the merit of my discovery. I am confident that the guidance which has come, apart from my own dogged persistence in the investigation, has been produced by impression upon my mind. This seems to be illustrated by the following incident.

Tuesday, April 8th, 1930.—Marjorie again saw Stradiuarius, in pantaloons tight to the ankle, just going through the passage door. Madge and Dorothy sat, and Stradiuarius came and said it was he, and that he had been putting some thoughts into my head concerning the varnish. They had *not* been to my workroom, and did *not* know that I had just been experimenting with the varnish.

Some little time before, in the secrecy of my workroom, I had made a certain alteration in the composition. This was entirely unknown to any other person than myself. A few days after, my wife and daughter

Dorothy were visiting a gentleman residing many miles away. After dinner my wife and daughter were asked to sit for psychic communication.

Among other messages, came one from Stradiarius saying that I had altered the composition of the varnish. The remarkable thing about this is that it occurred in a house *many miles from Weston*, that *neither of the psychics had the slightest inkling of what I had done*, and I had no part in the sitting.

In the autumn of 1937 Strad manifested, and said, "My task is not yet done."

Shortly after this, with infinite labour I narrowed down the possible alternatives of the complex problem, when suddenly there flashed out from the crucible of my compoundings a varnish so reproducing the effects of that of the great master, as to leave no doubt as to its identity. And so the long-drawn-out and marvellous manifestation of the greatest of all Cremona's sons to us here at Weston has fulfilled its purpose within a few weeks of the bi-centenary of his passing from this mortal life;¹ one more illustration of the truth of that Scripture which affirms that,

"Every good and perfect gift is from above
And cometh down from the Father of Lights."

It has taken but a few pages to record the work of nearly fifty years. Obviously, the long wearying monotony of ceaseless experimenting, over many years, cannot be conveyed to paper. Only the leading incidents and the result can be chronicled. Now, at last, the splendid varnish of Antonius is in existence again. (*Vide Plate XXXV.*) Its wonderful beauty and superb power of bringing up the figure of the wood, together with its rich colour, will clothe a new race of violins with:

"That varnish, fire of orange,
Flexible and rich as royal velvet,"

¹ On December 8th, 1937, I sent a letter to Signor Mussolini, together with coloured plate showing the Alard Strad and one of my violins side by side, and asking him to bring the matter before the Stradivari Bi-centenary Celebration Committee to be held at Cremona.

On February 24th, 1938, I received the following message from His Excellency:

"CONSOLATO GENERALE D'ITALIA,
"LIVERPOOL, February 23rd, 1938.

"DEAR SIR,—On December 8th last you wrote His Excellency Signor Mussolini, Head of the Italian Government, stating that as the result of fifty years' experimentation you had been able to reproduce the varnish and tone of Stradivari's violins; you also very kindly offered to send His Excellency a copy of a book you are preparing on the subject. I am now desired by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to thank you and to inform you that the matter has been brought by His Excellency to the attention of the Committee organising the Bi-centenary Celebrations at Cremona.

Ottavio Gloria.
"CONSUL GENERAL."

and of which men may speak in the days to come, even as they have spoken of those put forth by the Great Master.

In the whole history of the world—religious, social, political, scientific, artistic and literary—it is doubtful whether anything approaching in its singular and dramatic interest this return of Stradiarius after well-nigh 200 years in the spirit world, and for the purpose of restoring to earth's inhabitants the glorious substance and artistry, the secret of which he carried with him to the grave, has ever taken place—nor has there ever been recorded a similar combination, association and working together of the discarnate to bring about such a restoration. I regard it as a singular and incomparable privilege that I and my family should have been chosen as the mortal agents of this revelation, and all that it connotes. "*Laus Deo in Nomine Jesu.*"

STRADIVARI

"What voices hast thou heard, what hands obeyed;
What love sustained, what lonely vigils blest,
Of those who now are silent and at rest,
Since thy great master's hand was laid on thee
In far Cremona, and thy fabric made,
Strong, resonant, and of beauty manifest,
In ruddy orange garmented and drest,
A type of perfect art no time can fade.
What memories haunt thee of that glorious hour
When wakened by a master's hand, thy voice
First thrilled with pure and heart compelling power,
Making thy listeners tremble and rejoice
As the rich tide of music swept along
In highest ecstasy of wordless song."¹

¹ Frederick Smith.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AFTER-DEATH LIFE AND THE SPHERES

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours.—REVELATIONS xiv. 13.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.—REVELATIONS xxi. 1.

THE second quotation from the vision and Revelation of St John is usually taken to refer to a state or condition of things in the hereafter in which this earth has ceased to exist as a habitable sphere. A full acquaintance with astronomical and psychic facts makes it quite unnecessary to hold such a concept. St John has a revelation, or gets a glimpse in trance, of the state and place of spirit existence in the spirit spheres. This by no means indicated that the earth and its surroundings had been destroyed, but simply describes the new stage of spirit experience and existence into which men are ushered after the spirit of a man has become discarnate, and is living under wider and more sublimated or etheric conditions. (Vide *Man's Survival after Death*, Chapter VIII.)

Those etheric or spiritual-body conditions in which the spiritual beings with whom St John talked, and from which they manifested to him, do exist, on, near, and around this planet of earth, as is shown to us through their manifestation by sight, speech and touch, and their subsequent vanishing away. That they also exist around other planets we both infer, and are informed by communicating spirits, it being certain that other planets in various stages of rise and progress in habitability, or decline and decay, do exist in the universe (*M.S.*, Chapter II).

Now, when we approach this portion of our subject, we at once encounter the one most difficult for our realization and understanding. Three dimensional people are suddenly faced with the understanding of four dimensional beings and conditions, and of people not subject to the laws of gravitation and physical maintenance, as we are. We, with our five senses, are faced with the comprehension of conditions in which the five senses are so enlarged and extended that they might be described as ten. For instance, the sight possessed by a spirit is equivalent to normal human sight, plus the *penetration* of the X-rays. Discarnate spirits can not merely see things, but see *through* them when they wish to do so. This has often been proved to us by experiment and by psychic experience, and notably by Sir William Crookes, for Lord Rayleigh testifies

in *The Times* of April 12th, 1919, that Sir William Crookes once placed his finger-tip at random upon a copy of *The Times* which was behind his back and which *neither he nor the psychic whom he was testing could see*. On asking what word was covered by his finger-tip the psychic wrote "however." Crookes then turned round and found that this was the identical word covered by his finger-tip. The spirit present had seen through the finger and read the word. How absolutely this pulverises all subliminal and telepathic theories! I have often experienced it.

The senses are practically doubled. Radiography and wireless have enabled us to partly understand these extended powers, but in these spirit experiences we are faced with a new world, a new state of existence, and a doubled extension of the senses and powers. Therefore, when we begin to question the discarnate and try to understand their answers, it is like a little child born blind asking a grown adult, possessed of sight, what his world is like.

When, therefore, they tell us that it is difficult to make us understand the conditions under which they live, we can readily perceive that such a statement is at once logical and reasonable. Recognising this difficulty to the full, and having unique psychic experiences and a full practical knowledge of astronomy, I have made special efforts to obtain from several of our spirit communicators information on these points. They, on their part, realise the position as much as we do, and are faced with very similar difficulties in making us understand, as we are in understanding.

I determined to question our principal communicators of the last few years, Stradiarius, Chopin, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr Brock, my own relatives, Sir Robert Ball and others who have touched on their experiences and present condition, and compare their answers together; and again compare them with the information and replies given by a few others outside our circle of communicators. The result has been very interesting, and the effect on my mind has been to establish a sense of reality and actuality, a sense of location and existence—within certain wide limits—which is assuring and comforting, and gives us some definite information to go upon which is not to be obtained in the sacred Scriptures. Of course, those materialists, and some who call themselves scientists, may scoff; but seeing that they themselves can *give no information at all* concerning human survival or destiny, we need pay little attention to these professors of negation, who, when asked for bread, have nought to give but a stone.

Again, the orthodox leaders of the Churches may scoff likewise, until they are reminded of the fact that Jesus Christ told men *nothing* after his death, either of the location of Paradise or of Heaven, and *practically nothing* of the state or condition of existence there. The only practical piece of information given by the Christ on this head, and this was before his death, being to the effect that in the future life the departed neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in Heaven (Mark xii. 25).

The fact stands out perfectly, clearly and undeniably that this questionnaire gives fifty times more information concerning the state of the departed than is recorded as being given by Jesus after he rose from the dead.

So that, if it be objected that our communicators give little information, it can truly be said that, judging by what is recorded, the Founder of Christianity gave less.

In making the investigation I resolved to commence at the very beginning, and to deal with that change which has been the universal dread of mankind all down the ages—the act of dying.

"Why runnest thou, man, so earnestly?
Because grim death rides after me
And I run on with eager fear
Feeling his loathly presence near:
Mine old enemy!"

"I watched. The man still wildly fled,
And round him, stricken down and dead,
Many fair forms fell away.
While Death pressed on, and nearer drew
To his terror-stricken prey;
Till, where Eternity barred the way,
Death thrust at the man that he dying lay.
Then a smile lit up his fading eyes,
For, with his upturned fleeting look, he knew
That all his treasures in the summer skies
Were gathered far away from Death.
So in sweet peace his parting breath
With patient smile he drew."

This, therefore, was the subject of my first query.

Question: Is the act of dying and passing into the spirit world a terrible or painful experience to be much dreaded?

Stradiuarius: "My feeling in dying was that of being sleepy and dreaming I saw an angel with a staff."

C. L. T.: "Did you actually see him while conscious to this world?"

"Yes, I saw him before I went, and he was afterwards with me for years. He said he belonged to a high order and was sent to help one who had always helped others. He said he must stay with me for a time."

C. L. T.: "Then your dying was not painful?"

"No."

(Stradiuarius died of old age—the natural death all men should die.)

Chopin: "Death is not a painful or fearful thing in itself, but the pain experienced by some *before* death is often terrible, as in my case." (He died of tuberculosis.)

C. L. T.: "Yes, but what of the actual dying?"

"I can only speak for myself. I felt nothing at the last. Nothing but a deep sleep."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "I had the feeling of a great tearing and immediate oblivion. I had been in dreadful agony when the attacks were on." (Angina and heart trouble.)

C. L. T.: "Where did you feel the tearing sensation?"

"It seemed to go right through the body."

C. L. T.: "What do you mean by oblivion?"

"Deep sleep, to wake up on the river bank." (See page 118.)

Sir Arthur speaks of an extraordinary feeling of freedom and well-being (page 119). One is reminded of that passage in Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*:

"I went to sleep and now I am refreshed,
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressible lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before."

Brock: "Well! My actual passing was semi-conscious, and up to an hour before death I could feel *but could not speak*. I had a bad time and was glad to go."

Tabitha (who died when six weeks old): "I cannot tell anything about dying, as I do not remember, nor did I until I was a chair high."

C. L. T.: "So, Tabitha, as far as you can remember, you never have died?"

"Yes, that's it."

At this point I particularly wish to emphasise the fact that each question was read out immediately before the answer was demanded, and my wife was *not* allowed to see it or study it previously. *Yet, at once, the answers were dashed off without the slightest hesitation, and no time was given for preparation.* So with all the questions in this chapter. Sometimes, as with Chopin, the reply was dashed off at such high speed as to tear the paper.

This is a very noteworthy and evidential point especially as the answers were often entirely beyond my wife's knowledge of the subject enquired into. This quick and astounding reply of the communicators to all questions, characterised the whole series as here given, and apart from the matter, was itself most impressive and evidential.

The above testimony as to the painlessness of actual dying confirms a remarkable experience I had personally at a sitting with Mrs Wriedt in Mr Stead's house in Wimbledon on Monday, June 3rd, 1912.

On the morning of September 25th, 1911, I found an old parishioner

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C. L. T.: "Then your dying was not painful?"

"No."

(Stradiuarius died of old age—the natural death all men should die.)

Chopin: "Death is not a painful or fearful thing in itself, but the pain experienced by some *before* death is often terrible, as in my case."
(He died of tuberculosis.)

C. L. T.: "Yes, but what of the actual dying?"

"I can only speak for myself. I felt nothing at the last. Nothing but a deep sleep."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "I had the feeling of a great tearing and immediate oblivion. I had been in dreadful agony when the attacks were on." (Angina and heart trouble.)

C. L. T.: "Where did you feel the tearing sensation?"

"It seemed to go right through the body."

C. L. T.: "What do you mean by oblivion?"

"Deep sleep, to wake up on the river bank." (See page 118.)

Sir Arthur speaks of an extraordinary feeling of freedom and well-being (page 119). One is reminded of that passage in Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*:

"I went to sleep and now I am refreshed,
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressible lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before."

Brock: "Well! My actual passing was semi-conscious, and up to an hour before death I could feel *but could not speak*. I had a bad time and was glad to go."

Tabitha (who died when six weeks old): "I cannot tell anything about dying, as I do not remember, nor did I until I was a chair high."

C. L. T.: "So, Tabitha, as far as you can remember, you never have died?"

"Yes, that's it."

At this point I particularly wish to emphasise the fact that each question was read out immediately before the answer was demanded, and my wife was *not* allowed to see it or study it previously. Yet, *at once, the answers were dashed off without the slightest hesitation, and no time was given for preparation.* So with all the questions in this chapter. Sometimes, as with Chopin, the reply was dashed off at such high speed as to tear the paper.

This is a very noteworthy and evidential point especially as the answers *were often entirely beyond my wife's knowledge* of the subject enquired into. This quick and astounding reply of the communicators to all questions, characterised the whole series as here given, and apart from the matter, was itself most impressive and evidential.

The above testimony as to the painlessness of actual dying confirms a remarkable experience I had personally at a sitting with Mrs Wriedt in Mr Stead's house in Wimbledon on Monday, June 3rd, 1912.

On the morning of September 25th, 1911, I found an old parishioner

of mine—Mrs Wood—dead in her chair by her fireside. On the table by her side were a pot of water and a candlestick, the candle burnt down to the socket.

At the sitting in Wimbledon, nine months afterwards, Mrs Wood manifested most evidentially (vide *Man's Survival*, p. 265). I asked her how she died.

She replied, "I began to be very drowsy, very drowsy. I could not keep my eyes open. I then drank a glass of water, and I remembered no more until I woke up in heaven." This was so pathetic that it caused all present to exclaim.

Another confirmatory instance comes to mind.

When my friend, Admiral Osborne Moore, visited the U.S.A. in 1904, his relative Lola frequently manifested to him, being seen, touched and conversed with in visible form for long periods (vide *Glimpses of the Next State*). On one of these occasions, she said, "I did not know that I was dead until I saw some one cut off a lock of my hair from behind my right ear." The Admiral had never heard of this, being away in India at the time, but on enquiring he found that a lock of hair had been cut off from behind the right ear when she lay dead!!

One often hears questionings and surmises as to the sensations experienced by those who are beheaded or shot, and apparently killed instantly. At the same visit of Mrs Wriedt, Colonel E. R. Johnson had many sittings with her, and a brother officer of his who had been decapitated in battle by a sabre stroke, in answer to questions, said, "I woke up on the third day and saw my own body." Evidently *instant oblivion* and deep sleep occurred in his case, from which he awoke, as he said, on the third day. He made no mention of pain or suffering of any kind.

From the above testimonies it is clear that practically in every case the act of dying is painless, and just as we have no conscious pain in entering into this world, so we have none in actually leaving it.

"As a fond mother when the day is o'er
Leads by the hand her little child to rest
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
So nature deals with us, and in like way,
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go, or stay."

Notes on the above replies:

Death of Stradiarius.—This occurred on December 18th, 1737. The entry in the Register of the Church of San Mateo states that on this day "Signor Antonio Stradivari, aged about ninety-five years, died, fortified by the Holy Sacraments and comforted by prayers for his soul until the moment he expired."

Chopin died as the result of a lingering illness from tuberculosis with

all its attendant horrors and suffering. The pain he experienced was, as he says, *before* death.

Tabitha died at the age of six weeks as the indirect result of a burning fatality. My wife, when in Australia, was in the house of Tabitha's mother who was cooking. Suddenly her dress caught fire at the stove. My wife, picking up a bucket of water which chanced to be near, threw it over her and so put out the flames, but she was so badly burned that she died in hospital, Tabitha following shortly after. She began to appear at Weston in 1912, and made many evidential appearances here, and in London (one at King's Cross Railway Station), being seen by Mrs Wriedt and others, by my wife, myself, my children and our servants (vide *Man's Survival*, for full accounts). Two weeks before Hope's visit here on August 3rd, 1930, she said that she would come on the plate, and *did come* (Plate XVII), Hope knowing nothing of her intention. Tabitha has often been seen at Weston, and once her mother all dripping with water, and this by an entire stranger, a clairvoyant who had never heard of her.

Question: "Is your spirit body in which you now live and function, for all practical purposes a replica of the mortal body you had when on earth, as far as its form, appearance and general adaptability as a vehicle carrying your personality goes? Do you feel to function as naturally and pleasantly as when on earth?"

Stradiarius: "My immaterial body (spirit body) is just as real as your material body. Quite as easily. My etheric body (spiritual body) is visible to all on this side, and mind counts here for more than with you."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "My spiritual body is much more beautiful than my mortal body was when on earth, yet I can come and materialise as I was. I function much better; thank God, I have no pain. My present life was taken up exactly where I laid the old life down."

Chopin:

"My body now is all I want,
Nothing you can call extinct.
My body on earth was foul and bad,
Now it no longer makes me sad."

Brock: "I found my body too real, and at first I had pain which passed as I got through to your world. I left behind a doubt, and I wanted to explain (this apparently refers to his desire to talk and his inability to do so). This body is quite as real as my earth body, but I get many disappointments. I say 'Bring me this, or bring me that,' but when I take it, it is bitter."

Tabitha: "I am like myself. I cannot tell what I was like, but what I can do is this. I can jump through your house and sing and I can be there when you can't see me (vide *Man's Survival* and the accounts there). I have all I want."

Notes on the above replies.—I have personally twice seen Tabitha, whom we have watched *grow up* in the spirit world from a little child to a girl appearing about eighteen. Half a dozen other people have seen her also, and my wife has seen her scores of times. In addition to this we have obtained her spirit photograph. (Plate XVII.) This spirit personality is so interesting that I will digress here to give particulars of her from the volumes of my Journal.

The first occasion on which she was seen by me was on February 23rd, 1911. I was passing the breakfast-room door which was open. The table was laid for tea, and sundry plates of cakes were on it. Looking in I saw a little girl bending over the table and, as I thought, in act of taking one of the cakes. Thinking it was one of my little daughters, I entered the room to check her, but the figure vanished. I at once stooped down to see if she had hidden beneath the table. While stooping, my wife entered, and before I could speak to her, saw the little girl standing close to where I had seen her, and who immediately *vanished*. All my own children were outside the house when we both saw the girl.

March 23rd, 1912.—My wife and the servant Ida were coming downstairs from the nursery, when Ida screamed and pointed to the dining-room door and said she saw a little girl in white. She was frightened. My wife did not see the figure on this occasion. All the children were in bed.

March 30th, 1912.—I heard my wife call out urgently from upstairs to me. I ran up to where she was, and she said she had just entered the bedroom when she saw a beautiful little girl come in at the door, go along the right side of the bed, past the wardrobe and then under the bed, and come out on the other side. The girl then came towards her and vanished at the foot of the bed. She seemed to be about four or five years of age, very pretty, with bright curly, flaxen hair and rosy cheeks. She seemed to be holding up the white material of her dress breast high. That it was *objective* is shown by the fact that my wife *saw the reflection of the girl in the wardrobe mirror*.

March 19th, 1913.—My daughter Marjorie was brushing her hair in the pantry. Suddenly she saw a little girl with very light flaxen hair standing near to her and watching her brush. The hair of the little girl was almost white, while baby Dorothy's is a rich golden. The child vanished after a short time.

April 28th, 1913.—About 11 p.m. my wife was in the hall. I had retired for the night. The children were all in bed. All at once she saw a beautiful little girl apparently about six years of age, clad in a long, white robe like a night gown, and beautiful flaxen curly hair, very pretty. The little girl walked close to her in the hall and accompanied her to the

foot of the back stairs. My wife said, "Who are you? What is your name?" There was no answer, but the child went back along the passage and disappeared round the corner into the recess near the stairs. My wife ran to the corner, but the child had vanished. Baby Dorothy and all the children were in bed. She came and told me, and we sat. Raps came at once.

Question: "Are you the pretty little girl my wife has just seen?"

Answer: "Yes."

Question: "What is your name?"

Answer: "Tab.: Madge's guide."

Question: "Are you a relation of hers?"

Answer: "No."

Question: "Of mine?"

Answer: "No."

Thursday, May 8th, 1913.—My wife has seen the little girl Tab. several times during the last week, both in daylight and at night. On two occasions we were in bed, and the little girl laid a flower on my pillow. Last Tuesday, May 6th, Madge saw her in the kitchen in daylight. She asked the girl to speak. In about a minute she heard the voice very faintly, saying:

"I was born in Australia."

My wife now said, "Are you the little girl with the golden hair?"

Tab. corrected this, saying, "Flaxen hair."

My wife said, "What is your full name?"

The voice said, "Tabitha."

Saturday, March 17th, 1913.—About 11 p.m. my wife saw Tabitha in our bedroom. To her astonishment she was holding out a Bible with very large print, so large that she could easily read it from where she stood. It read Matt. v. 11, 12: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you for righteousness sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Tabitha's figure appeared opaque and hid the things behind it in the room. I did not at the moment remember whether this quotation was in St. Matthew, but later, turning up the place, I found that it was so. Why the quotation should be shown to us in this way, we cannot tell.

April 10th, 1913.—For the last ten days the papers have been full of our affairs and with the accounts of the phenomena in our Vicarage. A few contemptible curs in the neighbourhood confederated together and laid information *re* our spiritual experiences and phenomena and our sittings before the Bishop of Ripon, who has summoned me to appear before him at Leeds. I am going to-morrow, the 11th. This morning Madge was in the bedroom about 11.30. Suddenly the tall man (afterwards proved to be Strad) appeared and walked around the bed. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, "Don't worry, all will be well"!!

April 11th, 1913.—Had an interview with his Lordship, the Bishop of Ripon and the Archdeacon of Craven. His Lordship informed me that a commission was being got together to try me for heresy. I should have to appear before it. The Archdeacon turned his back on me when his Lordship went out. Returned very depressed, but resolved to fight.

We now understand what the warning meant when Tabitha showed the book of large print bearing the quotation from Matt. v. How wonderful this is, for at that time *not the slightest sign or apprehension of this trouble had appeared*. This was a true premonition given by a spirit from the other world, and has been inexpressibly comforting and encouraging in this time of trial.

Friday, April 11th, 1913.—In the night my wife awoke and saw two beautiful white wings at the foot of the bed, apparently just on our feet. They were about eighteen inches in length. She sat up and looked at them, and then leaning forward tried to touch them, when they suddenly sank down and vanished. We sat in the morning, and were told that the wings were a symbol of *protection*, and this message was given:

"Cause of Salvation."

C. L. T.: "Do you mean the spiritual cause we are defending?"

Answer: "Yes."

C. L. T.: "Shall we be protected?"

Answer: "Yes."

C. L. T.: "Shall we be triumphant?"

Answer: "Yes."

I now replied so vigorously and effectively to the charges of heresy, etc., laid against me that the bishop motored over, between services, on the following Sunday to inform me that he had withdrawn the commission!

Seated in my dining-room he told me that it was useless to take any notice of these things. *Revelation was closed*, and such things as I described were due either to hallucination or to fraud.

I replied that Revelation was *not* closed but was a continuous process, and I asked him how he knew, and what proof he could give, that the manifestations to the prophets and to the Christ were not likewise due to hallucination or fraud? He could not answer, but said, "As your father in God I forbid you to preach about these things." I told him that I could give no such undertaking, but like the apostles "I could not but speak of the things what I had seen and heard" (Acts iv. 20).

Then he became angry, and abruptly took his departure.

Six weeks afterwards he wrote me a letter in which he "prayed that God's blessing might attend all my work."

June 16th, 1913.—In London, sitting with Mrs Wriedt, who saw and described a little girl with very light hair close to my wife.

June 18th.—One of the sitters, not present on the 16th, saw a beautiful little girl with very fair hair standing close to my wife.

June 21st, 1913.—As we were in the long underground passage leading from the lower tube station to the upper station at King's Cross, my wife suddenly cried out, "Oh, see the little girl." The apparition appeared just behind the porter, who was carrying our luggage, and after accompanying us about fifty yards vanished at the top of the steps just as she got out into the sunlight.

We caught our train and proceeded north, arriving at Weston in the late afternoon. In the evening I was reading the newspaper in the breakfast room alone, with the door shut. Suddenly I caught a glimpse of some one close to me *peeping over the top of my paper* and then stooping down quickly. It made me start violently. I thought it was one of my children peeping over in play. I at once rose from my seat and looked under the table for the child. Finding no one there, I searched the small room, but there was no mortal other than myself in the room. During this search the door was shut (it has no keyhole), the blind was down, the curtains were drawn, and I did not speak a single word. I was just about to settle down again to the paper, under the impression that I had been mistaken, when the door opened and my wife took a step forward into the room. *Before I could utter a single word*, she screamed, "Oh, Charles! see the little girl." This time the girl did not vanish instantly, but continued visible for several minutes. I now told my wife what I had just seen; she questioned the girl, and she heard her say, *clairaudiently*, that she had just allowed me to get a glimpse of her. She was much amused and laughing. Later at supper she again appeared, and was in a playful mood, laughing a good deal, and appearing to *pinch* my wife several times. On each occasion my wife shrank and cried out, feeling pain. Tabitha then showed a wreath of roses with the symbol of a heart in the centre, previously showing her a large number of coins linked together in a revolving chain. This was a most astounding experience, in which *both I and my wife* had proof of Tabitha's presence under evidential conditions.

October 19th, 1913.—My wife saw Tabitha about noon. The sun was shining brightly in the Red Room window and illuminated her fully. She looked very beautiful, and her robe seemed to *glitter* in the sun. It seemed to consist of something like semi-transparent gauze into which glittering threads were woven, and it glowed with a kind of sheen in the sunlight. She then pulled up one sleeve, *with an audible sound*, and then the dress shortened considerably, so as to show her feet and ankles. My wife then heard her speaking. She said, "I shall be with you this evening." (It was the Harvest Festival at Church.)

In her later appearances she looks about eighteen, and then told us that she has now grown up in the spirit world, and will never grow older in appearance.¹

¹ As I have previously set forth in my work, *Man's Survival after Death*, p. 369, discarnate spiritual beings can not only show themselves directly in *propria persona*, but can exhibit a picture or a model *at the same time*, just as we can in the mortal

October 2nd, 1913.—My wife saw Tabitha about 7 p.m., and she said, "Great troubles are in store for you. You will lose all near and dear to you, but don't be discouraged. It is for the good of the cause."

To what this referred at the time, my wife could not even guess, as all her relatives appeared to be in good health. This forecast was, however, absolutely fulfilled, for, on November 4th, midnight, her father died after a few days' illness, and on Christmas Day her brother dropped dead of heart failure. The wonderful vision that later foretold this is described in *Man's Survival*. This premonition of Tabitha's was a true warning from the spirit world, and these experiences leave no doubt whatsoever as to her existence and ability to manifest to us who are still in this mortal life.

February 14th, 1914.—My wife saw Tabitha about noon. She looked more mature than on any previous occasion. Tabitha told her that I was to write an account of my life at Weston, as it would be necessary for both of us.

On August 3rd, 1930, we obtained through Mr Hope a photograph of Tabitha. (See Plate XVII.)

On another occasion she said that she would be with my wife as

life. The exhibition of the book and revolving chain of coins by Tabitha are cases in point, and also the construction of the letter T by my mother (p. 245). This double form of manifestation we have often observed. It often happens that the picture only is seen and not the spirit who is producing it. On such occasions the pictures frequently convey information and sometimes forecast future events. My wife has observed them on scores of occasions, and almost always found them disappear on closing her eyes, or covering the eyes with her hand, this showing their *objectivity*. Both these forms of objective manifestation—personal and pictorial—show the *presence and operation of spiritual beings*. It is undoubtedly by this combination of personal and pictorial manifestation that such experiences as the Versailles Visions at Le Petit Trianon have been brought about. The combination in that case was evident. There were objective apparitions which walked, ran, gave directions, and answered questions, showing personality, which also was particularly indicated by the testimony of one of the witnesses, who, seeing the Queen sketching [this apparition of Marie Antoinette has been seen by many others], tried to get a glimpse of her sketch, but the apparition with a quick turn of the wrist, turned the paper aside, so that he could not see it. This shows conscious personality on the part of the apparition (*American S.P.R. Journal* for 1916, p. 528). The same conscious personality was shown by the apparition of my mother, who, when I mentally requested her to cease cutting three-inch lengths and to cut six-inch lengths, immediately cut *five-inch*, and then, *as further showing that it was not the operation of my own mind*, proceeded to form them into the letter of my name, for which I had *not* made request, both showing independent action. The added pictorial and scenic effects are shown all through the Trianon narrative, the whole result being much like the proceedings at a theatre with its *personal actors* and its *pictorial* and other effects. The absurd theory that these experiences are the result of impressions recorded by the stones and earth of the place, or of impressions on the ether, is incapable of proof, and does not fit the observed facts.

THE AFTER-DEATH LIFE AND THE SPHERES

long as she lived, and that, although others might go away, she would not. Nor do I think she ever will. Of her it might truly be said:

"Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air.
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Not as a child do we now behold her,
She is no more a child,
But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Do we behold her face."

Now to resume the thread of my narrative and the questioning of our communicators.

Question, C. L. T.: "Do you eat, drink or sleep, or is anything equivalent to these actions necessary to maintain your spiritual or etheric body?"

Stradiarius: "I don't either drink or sleep unless I *wish* to do so. I can do as I wish."

"Then you do not eat, sleep or drink?"

"At times. I can sleep if I will."

Chopin:

"I can sleep, I can drink,
I can do whate'er I think,
I can come, I can go,
Either quick, or just as slow."

"Are you compelled to eat or drink?"

"Not at all. The breath we breathe is sufficient to sustain our etheric body. Nothing more is wanted."

"You do breathe then?"

"Yes."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "There is no need of food or drink, but those who feel they want it can make it their own way. As they progress here they *cease* to want earthly things, therefore they cease to ask for them, and look for something higher."

Brock: "Yes, we have all we want, but it can be denied you too."

"Is it necessary to sustain your etheric body?"

"Yes, but the food is etheric too. I have had to go through many illusions. These, I am told, are punishments. I have been dealt with leniently because I am helping people in your world."

Chopin : " I have meals when I really wish, but only just as I wish."

Tabitha : " I go to anything I want, eat, drink or sleep, but it is not necessary, as we can get all that we want from the air " (ether).

Notes on the above replies.—Although we talk of the " immaterial body," this is but a relative term (vide *Man's Survival*). Matter is of varying degrees of solidity and tenuity, and the spiritual body is itself material, though not with the gross materiality of the physical or earth body. Stradiarius, Sir Arthur and Tabitha talk about living on what they breathe, " their air " (ether). This is probably the case. We know what a large part the air of our planet plays in the matter of the sustention of the mortal body. Brock says that food is needed by them, but the food is " etheric." He seems to need this at *present*, but this, probably, because he is not so spiritually advanced as the others. Sir Arthur says that, as they progress, this desire for the equivalent of, or *simulacrum* of, earthly things, ceases.

Question : " What is your aim and object in the life you now live ? Does anything akin to ambition enter into your life ? "

Stradiarius : " My aim and object now is to progress spiritually, for nothing else matters. We have ambition and can progress in the direction we wish to go, according to our spiritual life here."

Chopin :

" My aim and object is to see
Just what I set out to be,
Round about my spirit fair
Glories rich and glories rare.
At first I thought I'd jump and leap ;
But soon I found I had to creep,
For they said I'd not done all—
Not the great, but just the small."

" My object now is to love all and to do my best to help those tuned in to my Chord."

Brock : " My ambition is to get through to warn some whom I knew on earth, and who (at death) must lose all. I have much I should like to do, and I am told that this is my work. You cannot make up in a day or a year what you have neglected all your life."

" Shall I mention your name ? "

" You are quite at liberty to do so. It is all right."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle : " My aim in this life is to love everybody, and to do as I did when in the mortal. As you know, Tweedale, unless

¹ On two or three occasions Chopin has alluded to prolonged time, of *discipline* to which he was subjected, before he emerged into freedom and happiness.

there was ambition there could be no real joy. So we continue to be ambitious either in one direction or another. As there is no ambition of a worldly nature, such as the financial, there is no need to break any of the Commandments. What is important is our spiritual progress. Our memory survives, and we look back on our earth life, realising what we have done wrong, and if we are ready and willing we set to work to do our best to rectify things. The mind must first be ready, not obstinate, as many often are on passing over. I could write pages on this."

Tabitha : " I want all I missed in your life, and not having before done anything to help others in my short earth life, I try to do so now in your world."

Notes on the above :

Chopin : " Tuned into his own Chord." This is a remarkable statement, and accounts for Chopin's coming into the manifestations here, being attracted, as he said, by my daughter Dorothy's devotion to his music.

The same consideration seems to have influenced Stradiarius to attach himself to me and my surroundings owing to my devotion to the violin, and which has resulted in the re-discovery by me of his famous varnish.

Brock : " You can't make up in a day or a year what you have neglected all your life." This ought to ring in the ears of those whose interests are entirely of this world. He was, so we are told, a kindly, good-hearted, generous man, much liked ; but, like thousands of others, the *spiritual* made little or no appeal to him. Men have to realise that the universe is on a dual basis, material *and* spiritual.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle : " Unless there were ambition there could be no real joy." How true this is.

One finds that those who have survived the change consequent on the death of the mortal body, on emerging from that change, continue to be very human. This is just what one might expect from the nature of the case, and one is glad to find it so. Those superior persons who despise this earth, and " this weary world of sin," as they absurdly term it, forget that it is God's earth and the Creator's handiwork and residence provided for His creatures. They appear to think that, after death, man suddenly acquires the wisdom and condition of an archangel. They are in for a big surprise when their turn comes to pass over. All the testimony that comes from beyond the pass shows that such notions are *entirely wrong*, and neither in accordance with logic, common sense or the testimony of the departed themselves. A man, when he awakens from the sleep of death, is the same individual, and has the same loves, hopes, knowledge and inclinations that he had shortly before death, and only slowly absorbs the new knowledge and the new experiences of his changed state and place. Even when long passed over

and much advanced, *he still remains a human being*, although, when far advanced, he may have the characteristics of "just men made perfect." This is as it ought to be, and let us thank God for it, and rejoice that our beloved friends and relatives still continue human and lovable, and are not transmuted into unrecognisable creatures devoid of the characteristics and feelings of humanity. How should we ever *recognise* them if such had been the case? Often I have listened with admiration to the just, reasoned and restrained utterances of those who, having been long dead, speak as "the spirits of just men made perfect."

Tabitha: "I want all I missed in your life." This is a wonderful sentence, and confirms what has often been told us, that the earth life is of the greatest importance as a *time of preparation and development*, and that children who die young miss this earth experience and feel the need of it, and have to gain it by training or service. Hence the folly of the teaching which professes to despise this life and "this weary world of sin." It is God's world, and we are here for a definite purpose, and placed here by Him.

Question: "Have you a realisation of time? Do you find it necessary to have some measure of time or duration for purposes of record or appointments?"

Stradiarius: "Your time is not like ours. We have an equivalent, but it is solar time and we judge by light variations."

"What causes the variation?"

"Your sun."

Chopin: "Knowing earth life I know just when and how to come:

"For I know just where things are,
Whether they be near or far."

"Have you time?"

"Yes, we have time or we could not
Arrange to meet in one big lot.
And you know as well as I do
That haunting spirits know this too.
For at midnight they come to you."

"In coming to our earth plane you will be able to see our clocks as you see other things. Do you use them for appointments on earth?"

"We use your clocks in our earthly visits, but not here."

Stradiarius says that in the spirit spheres you tell time by light variations in your atmosphere.

"Yes, we are guided by light. My time is up."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "Yes, we have time in our sphere governed by light and not by clocks, though your clocks are also governed by the sun. We know better than you, for our knowledge is extended beyond even your comprehension. We can make appointments with accuracy."

"Do you know our earth time also?"

"Yes. We are certainly near your earth for hundreds of years."

Remarks on the above:

Stradiarius speaks of a solar time in which they judge by the variations of light in their atmosphere, and Chopin and Sir Arthur confirm this. In the Arctic Circle for some weeks at Midsummer the sun never sets, but continues above the horizon all the day. A spirit sphere, which lies at a considerable distance above the surface of the earth, would experience this phenomenon of continuous day to a great extent. The above considerations seem to bear on the state of things described and make them understandable to some extent.

Chopin: "Haunting spirits know this, too." The literature of the subject contains many instances of repeated manifestations on certain days of the year, or certain definite hours of the day or night. We have had many instances of this at Weston extended over many years, but especially during the early years of our residence here, and this manifestation at stated times has often been the subject of remark and wonderment. A remarkably interesting account of a haunting is given by a well-known Church Prebendary in the Proceedings of the S.P.R. for July 1884, in which an extraordinary crash (among other manifestations) occurred always at 2 a.m. on a Sunday morning, fairly shaking the house. He says (the account is confirmed by his wife, visitors and servants who all heard it):

"Suddenly, there broke on the stillness of the night a sound that murdered sleep. It was like the crash of iron bars, falling suddenly to the ground. Moreover, it broke on our sleep with such a peremptory summons, pealed on our senses with so prolonged a crash, seeming to traverse the house in a succession of rattling echoes treading hard on one another's heels. In an instant I was out of bed and noted the time. It was 2.5 a.m. I wish to call particular attention to this. A visitor who heard it later, said, 'What a clatter somebody made. Peering into the darkness I heard the Church clock strike 2 a.m.'"

"This great noise was the least frequent manifestation, but whenever we did hear it, it always occurred at 2 o'clock on a Sunday morning."

There are many similar experiences on record, and we have had many here at Weston.

The narrator, Prebendary —, says in conclusion, "How did they so exactly time the great Sunday crash?" The answer is given by Chopin:

"We have time or we could not
Arrange to meet in one big lot.
And you know as well as I do
That haunting spirits know this too."

Chopin : " We use *your* clocks on our earthly visits."

Sir Arthur : " Yes, we know your earth time."

Though very many of the sittings for communication with Stradiarius, Chopin, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Brock and others, have been spontaneous, not anticipated, but signalled by *some apparition* or other visible or audible sign (as is frequently narrated in these pages), and these have been among the most evidential, yet many have been at dates and hours appointed by them. " Sit at 3 on Monday," " Sit at 8 on Wednesday," they have said scores and scores of times. Occasionally my wife and Dorothy have been ten minutes late through press of household or other affairs. Frequently a curt sentence has been written, " Too late," or " Time past. To-morrow at 7." This has *often* happened to their *great disappointment* when they have been *very anxious* to get information. But the communicators have been adamant, and nothing would come through. Again, there is *no clock* and never has been in a room we frequently used for sittings, and neither my wife nor daughter ever carried a watch at these sittings. For a long period these sittings in this room used to last only half an hour. On scores of occasions Strad or Chopin have said, " Time's up," and on running downstairs the clock (non-striker) has been found to indicate the end of the thirty minutes *exactly*, dead true to the minute or less. I have personally seen this happen many times when neither I nor any one present has had a watch, and again many times when having a watch in my pocket (*not* on the wrist), I have *not* looked at it, until their peremptory " Time's up " has come through, when *I have invariably found it exactly on the half hour ! !*

This proves to us what Chopin says : " We use *your* clocks in our earthly visits," and from the fact that they can see objects more clearly than we can, this is entirely reasonable and credible.¹

We now come to the question next in interest and importance to the fact of a future life. *Where shall we live ?*

All down the centuries men have looked for some blest peace beyond

¹ With regard to time there are occasions *when it is obviously not expedient* that the date should be disclosed, and the following is a case in point. On Saturday, May 12th, 1934, Chopin manifested and said among other things, " There will be another illness for your King, and a son of the King will be ill at the same time. There will also be an earthquake within eight weeks from now." I asked him whether the King's illness would be serious, and he replied emphatically, " Yes." I then asked when it would be, but he gave me an obviously evasive answer. As on a previous occasion (*vide* page 185) Stradiarius had foretold an illness of the King, which forecast was fulfilled to the day, I sent this prediction to the Editor of the *Yorkshire Observer*, and also deposited it with my bankers, and have the acknowledgments from both. The earthquake duly came along on June 11th, 1934, but two and a half years elapsed before King George and his son, the Duke of Gloucester, were both struck down by " flu " at the same time. The Duke recovered, but King George rapidly sank and died on January 20th, 1936, exactly fulfilling the prediction.

the grave when the storms and struggles of life are over, and have cried :

" Where is the land with milk and honey flowing,
The promise of our God, our fancy's theme ?
Here, o'er our shattered walls dark weeds are growing
And blood and fire have run in mingled stream.

" Where is the sweet repose for which our hearts are yearning,
The deep calm sky, the rest place of the soul ?
New Heaven and Earth to which our hopes are turning,
And all the gifts of God to make us whole."

KEBLE.

No more cogent question has ever been asked by mankind. Therefore, it was with the deepest interest that I put it to those whose answers and manifestations had come to us for so many years.

C. L. T. : *Where do you live now ? Where are the spheres ? Is the preliminary stage of the spirit world on the surface of this earth ?* (Feb. 16th, 1934).

Stradiarius : " I am on a planet like yours. I am close to you. We can see you quite well, but you ordinary mortals—with the exception of your supernormal ones (clairvoyants and psychics)—cannot see us. We are on a planet with its own sun, *which is your sun.*"

C. L. T. : " How many spheres are there ? "

" Seven."

Here he drew a central globe E with surrounding circles (Plate XXXVII).

C. L. T. : " Do these spheres surround the earth like the skin of an orange surrounds the actual fruit, or like the atmosphere does ? "

" Yes, but a mortal could not live here. Before your earth was inhabited by man, immortals were there—angels you call them. This explains Genesis ! "

C. L. T. : " Was the earth at that time a place for highly evolved spirits ? "

" Yes, and the first people were materialised spirits left on your planet."

C. L. T. : " How far is your sphere from the surface of the earth ? "

" That I do not know but it seems quite near."

C. L. T. : " Are the spheres separated by anything of the nature of a floor ? "

" By a space."

C. L. T. : " If these spheres are up above the earth's surface, then they must be transparent to our vision, as we can see the stars, sun and planets through them."

" Let me explain. Your mortal vision is restricted to certain rays and what in psychic things is invisible to you is of the spirit. When you pass over at first there is a feeling of strangeness, newness, in all spheres, but when fully awake to feeling, then the land, sea, or verdure, are just as real as yours of earth, but much more beautiful."

C. L. T. : "Are you sure that in such a case you are not on the earth's surface and seeing that?"

"No, not on the earth's surface, but there are two places near you which we pass through quickly."

C. L. T. : "Are the spheres divided into regions like the rooms on one floor or storey of a house?"

"We have a world just as you—houses, land, water and countries."

"Then, as your spheres are above us, they must be transparent to us?"

"Yes. Your vision is limited. Your camera picks up a spirit form when you cannot see it. All things immortal are invisible to you ordinarily."

Chopin :

"I live where I wish to be happy and gay.

Where? What does it matter when wish has its sway?

Here are mansions, and people of whom I can tell,

God is near us and guides us, and so all is well."

C. L. T. : "But *where* are you?"

"Our domain is far from your sphere, outside the circle."

C. L. T. : "What circle? Is our earth the circle you speak of? Are you up in the air from us? Is your sphere definitely off the surface of the earth?"

"We are entirely free from your surface. All those who have lived on your earth as long as they correspond or communicate with you are not very far away."

C. L. T. : "Are you within a circle which could be touched by Mount Everest (29,000 feet)?"

"No."

C. L. T. : "How far does your sphere appear to be from us?"

"About thirty miles, but time and space seem nothing to us when journeying. We just think and go."

C. L. T. : "You have told us that sometimes you go from here (Weston) to Italy. Now tell me which journey appears to take the longest time, to come here from your sphere, or to go from here (Weston) to Italy."

"There is not much in it. You live on a round world, a globe. Space is all outside it. We accommodate millions of spirits in what is space to you. Your eyesight cannot see what we can. What is invisible to you is real to us and *eternal*. Ether is invisible to you and eternal. We can see it. Just as your wireless waves pass through your matter, so the spirit can do the same. I can appear to you through a door. (We have frequently seen them pass through the panels of a door—C. L. T.) Space is real and eternal and greatly bigger than your earth, which is full of the mortal remains of people long since

passed over and their spirits are in the space external to your earth (the spheres). Our houses, estates, flowers, etc., are all solid and real to us, but they are given to the *good* only according to what they have done in their earth existence."

C. L. T. : "Can you construct things and use the substance or matter of your world for your interest or pleasure as we can here?"

"Yes, I can construct things."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle : "This is a difficult question. Well, Tweeddale, if you were to ask people in your parish who lived in different parts of it to describe Weston, would you recognise their different descriptions from your point of view? So it is with the spirits and their differing points of view. From my point of view I realise that I am above you in space."

C. L. T. : "How far are you above the earth's surface? On July 28th, 1930, you said that Paradise was not far from our world."

"As to the distance I cannot say."

C. L. T. : "How long does it take for you to go from Weston to Crowborough?"

"I can go from here to Crowborough in the time you can think."

C. L. T. : "Time, then, does count for you as you have said, or you could not arrange matters or keep appointments?"

"When we come to you we have to conform to your time conditions. Our *sphere* is up and above you in space, separate and distinct from you, while the angels of thousands of years ago have progressed beyond *our* ken."

Tabitha : "We live on an earth, one of the worlds of spirits."

C. L. T. : "Is it our earth?"

"I come through space to a round ball."

Question : "After passing from the mortal life do you use your new-found powers of going about the earth to enable you to see and enjoy the many scenes and objects of beauty and interest which you never saw during your mortal life?"

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (July, 1936) : "I have been to Australia and Canada, but I have not done much of this, being more interested in the affairs of my own home and people."

Chopin (September 3rd, 1936) : "A spirit is quite at liberty to go about as he or she wishes, but for my part I now prefer the scenes of the spirit world, as I have work there which is congenial. When I now visit the earth its surroundings do not charm me as they used to do."

Question : "Did they do so at first?"

Answer : "Not after my friends had passed over. I now come to earth to help others. Some choose other work for their progression."

Brock (September 3rd, 1936): "I had not travelled extensively, so other countries and peoples, which I did not see with my mortal eyes, have had no interest for me. I now enjoy returning to earth and seeing horses, animals and gardens; also improvements and inventions generally. I particularly loved and understood horses. I am a young spirit (*i.e.* not long passed over), but after a time I shall no longer return to earth unless specially requested."

We now asked whether Signor Stradiuarius were present, and if so would he give his testimony. After a little time, Tabitha came, saying, "I here." We put the question to her, and she replied, "Both people and places with you are not so nice as they are here. We have a light like gold which makes all look beautiful. Your world does not please me like this does." She then said, "There is a man here called Puci; he will talk to you soon."

Question: "Is he the man we saw here on the stairs, with hair turned up at the back?"

Answer: "Yes."

September 12th, 1936.—To-day Stradiuarius manifested, and we then put the question to him. He replied:

"Not at first, though I did years after, but I love my spiritual home best. Earth scenes are only of interest to some."

C. L. T.: "But after a time did you not visit other Italian cities?"

Answer: "Yes, many a time; but the interest is in my people (nation)."

It will be apparent from the above statements that the outlook varies with each individual spirit according to their taste and disposition, just as one finds on earth different fancies, likes and dislikes; and that the things that pleased at one period cease to please in the light of fuller and more mature experiences. We are assured, however, that as the range of experiences is unending, *there is never any danger of satiety.*

Question, C. L. T.: "Does the earth's surface and lower atmosphere (the earth being God's world) form the preliminary Paradise stage, or introductory scene, to the spheres?"

Chopin: "Yes, the first stage may be spent on earth; other portions are nearer the first sphere."

C. L. T.: "Is this preliminary stage or awakening place the same as Paradise? Did Christ and the 'thief' go there, and did Christ manifest from there during the 'great forty days'?"

"Yes. He returned from Paradise."

C. L. T.: "Is this place on the earth surface and in the lower atmosphere?"

"Yes, it is a *between-stage* (a preliminary to the spheres). The spheres are in circles with a space also between each."

C. L. T.: "Do people then go first into this introductory or pre-

liminary earth stage—or 'between-stage'—which is in part on the earth's surface and in the lower atmosphere, and then pass on to the spheres?"

"Yes."

C. L. T.: "Do all spirits go to this Paradise or first-stage?"

"We pass over as we are. Then we are brought to another experience. We have to face a judgment which is like the experience felt in drowning when scenes of your life pass before you, as in a dream, or like a picture in your cinemas. You are shown your mistakes and given a chance to alter and atone for wrongs (repentance and amendment). This you must do, or go under."

Brock: "When I arrived here I saw a most beautiful blue—what shall I call it?—Well, it looked like an island, looking blue and very salubrious. I felt lost, and said to the spirit with me, 'Where am I?' He said, 'Between *two spheres* which will soon be quite clear to you. This place is occupied by people who have been *wholly* immersed in business.' I then met a man, who said, 'Don't be alarmed, you are not going to be swamped. You did not make great profession of religion, but *you had a good heart*, and that counts here. Our birth is not *our* fault, so if we are born into a non-religious surrounding, and with that handicap still do deeds of kindness our reward will be all the greater. I mean that those who have not had the opportunities are judged accordingly.' That brings us to a point. It is not creed that will give you rewards, but it is the deeds a man does, as Doyle said. When people in the world realise the full meaning of love your wars will cease."

C. L. T.: "But *where* are you? What is your locality?"

"We are out and away from your earth. Imagine space to be your visible sky and Yorkshire below. Imagine that to represent the depth between us. We appear to be six times that distance off."

C. L. T.: "Will that be sixty miles?"

"I cannot tell the exact distance. You must get that from a man of science."

C. L. T.: "What sphere do you speak of as seeming to be sixty miles above us?"

"That is the third sphere. That 'Blue Place' seems much closer to earth."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (October 19th, 1938): Question: "You informed us when you passed over in 1930 that all spirits came to the Paradise in which you found yourself?"

A. C. D.: "Yes."

C. L. T.: "Then it would appear that both good and bad people go to Paradise when they pass over?"

A. C. D.: "Yes. Christ said to the 'thief' or insurgent (for we read that he had been concerned 'in the insurrection'), 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'"

C. L. T. : " Is this preliminary Paradise, therefore, divided into two parts, one for the good, another for the bad ? "

A. C. D. : " Just as on the earth there are good and bad in the mortal life, and the good may be very happy, while evildoers can be severely punished, so in the Paradise life, the good are happy, but the bad are punished by *being deprived of all that they count as pleasure or happiness*. In addition to this, many are earth-bound to the scene of their crimes. For instance, all deliberate murderers are thus earth-bound.

" No wicked or unrepentant spirit can escape from their state of misery in this first stage of the spirit world, until they have shown sincere repentance and a desire for amendment. Many remain in this state of misery and punishment for a very long time."

[Some communicating spirits have told us of the severe punishment and discipline to which they have been subjected, and many have begged for our prayers.—C. L. T.]

C. L. T. : " What of those who do not repent ? "

A. C. D. : " Most of them do ultimately repent."

C. L. T. : " Yes, but what of those *who do not*. Chopin, an old spirit, says ' some do not ' and he also says ' some go under. ' What does this mean ? "

A. C. D. : " It may mean that they are blotted out."

[This probably refers to " the second death " of Rev. ii. 11, xx. 14, for He who can create can also destroy.—vide M.S., p. 73.—C. L. T.]

These statements bear out what I say in *Man's Survival*, p. 68 (q.v.) : " Paradise may be used to designate not only a place, but the state and condition of life therein."

It will be noted that Colonel Johnson's relative (p. 343) says that when he passed over he had the choice of going to a higher sphere or of remaining for a time among earth conditions (the first stage, or Paradise), and that he chose the latter. Those to whom the idea of the spheres is not attractive can remain among earth scenes in the Paradise life if they wish to do so, and as long as they wish.

On the other hand, we have been informed that some spirits pass quickly through this first or Paradise stage, and proceed to the spheres. This was evidently the case with Jesus, the Christ, who during the " Great Forty Days " showed Himself in His well-remembered earthly guise and then quickly assumed an appearance of great majesty and glory (Acts ix. 3, 17).

From a careful examination of these statements, the following facts emerge concerning the *immediate* life after death.

1. That at death all, good and bad, pass to the first or Paradise stage of the spirit world.

2. That this is on the earth's surface and in the lower atmosphere.

3. That it is a place of great happiness for the good, but a place of misery and suffering for the bad, owing to their being deprived of all that they count as pleasure.

4. That the bad cannot escape from this utter misery, which may last for a very long time—even hundreds of years—until they truly repent and amend.

It is perfectly clear, both from the information given by our communicators and also from that given in the New Testament, that Paradise—the first stage of the spirit world—lies, in part at any rate, on the surface of this earth, and the Paradise life includes, for the good, the enjoyment of the scenes of earth untrammelled by the material body and heightened by the possession of extended powers and faculties, of which we can have but faint conception. This alone opens out a vista of happiness which may well " pass man's understanding." To mortal man these scenes of earth are indeed beautiful, but to man in the spiritual body they may well be a thousand times more fair. It is certain that for some time after death, the spirit remains in touch with the old familiar scenes, and then after a period, more or less extended, the higher delights and privileges of the spirit life are more fully entered into, by the ascent into the spheres ; Paradise thus giving place to Heaven.

Notes on the above answers :

First-earth inhabitants' materialised spirits.—I was much interested in the statement of Signor Stradiuarius that the first inhabitants of the earth were materialised spirits. This confirms what I said years ago in *Man's Survival after Death*, p. 336 : " Seeing that human life must have been introduced to this planet from *outside* and through surrounding space (in that at one time the surface of the planet was *red hot* and there is no proof of spontaneous generation), the process must have consisted in first introducing spiritual bodies on to the earth's surface and then covering them with a material body by a process analogous to materialisation, the effects being rendered permanent for the period of earth life. This is infinitely more reasonable and in accordance with psychic experience than the degrading and disgusting notion that man developed from the amœba up through the ape, which process could never account for man's mind and soul." It is interesting to note that this external place of origin of the human spirit coincides with the position of the spheres outside or external to the earth, which spheres are the scenes of spirit existence and activity.

Statement re planet.—Sir Arthur's " We are on a planet with its own sun which is your sun " ; and Tabitha's " I come through space to a round ball," seem to tally, and to show that the spirit sphere they each describe is closely associated with the earth. Both statements would be explained by a sphere surrounding the earth, but some distance from its surface. Such would " have its own sun which is your sun," and to come

from it one would have to pass "through a space to a round ball," which would be the earth globe.

Transparency of the spheres.—This is no more strange or impossible than the transparency of the bodies of spirit people, when not etherialised or materialised. The normal invisibility of the spheres is no more impossible or mysterious than the normal invisibility of their spirit inhabitants, or the fact that they are at one moment visible, and the next they vanish into thin air.

We have to face a judgment.—This is an *immediate* judgment, and not a hypothetical judgment "at the last day," the date of which no mortal knows, or ever did know, *not even Christ* (Mark xiii. 32).

Some do not.—This apparently refers to those who are earth-bound and under discipline, and continue earth-bound, confined to the scene of their crimes or confined to regions of discipline and darkness.

Creeds do not count here.—One is reminded of Emily Brontë's:

"Vain are the thousand creeds, unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered weeds
Or idle froth upon the boundless main."

While creeds are valuable as *summarised expressions of belief*, they are, as Emily Brontë says, "worthless as withered weeds" unless translated into action and a living faith.

The nature of the heavenly life.—Some orthodox objectors may protest that the spirit life and activity shown to exist in this book are entirely different to the ideas of harps and crowns and endless praise on golden floors, to which they have been accustomed. This may well be so. Does it not occur to them that harps and crowns and praise are only *phases* of the heavenly life and not a continuous condition. Imagine playing a harp for ever and ever!!! The idea that heaven is nothing but harps and crowns is all wrong. The future life is one of interest, activity and progress.

The occupations of the heavenly life.—Question: When you pass on to the spirit world do you carry with you your interest in your former earth world and activity? Can you still plan and make things, construct things, use things? Does Strad still have the same constructional activity and love of arts and crafts? Chopin the love of music? Sir Arthur, medical work and literature? Brock, flowers, gardens and horses? The reply, which was signed by Strad, Chopin and Doyle, was in the affirmative:

"Yes, we can do all that; we can do anything. But our work is especially to inspire your earth people."

C. L. T.: Did Strad in this way inspire me in the matter of the varnish?"

Answer: "Yes."

These replies and statements seem to be fully borne out by the facts that Stradiuarius has been for many years engaged in impressing my

mind so that I should rediscover the composition and application of his world-famed varnish.

That Chopin should still manifest a love for music and that his hand should have been seen at times over the hand of my daughter Dorothy Mary, and have been felt to literally drag her hand away from a false note. That Sir Arthur should still take a great interest not only in this book, but also in medicine, and be ready to give medical advice when needed, as does my father also from time to time. That Brock should still retain his love for horses. Heaven is no imaginative shadowy dream-land, but as real as sun, earth and planets, and matter of every degree of solidity and tenuity can make it. Those who imagine that in the future life they are going to do nothing for ever and ever, are in for an awakening and for wholesome correction. Heaven is not going to be all prayer and praise as usually pictured by ignorant religionists. Prayers and praise there will be, and that of the most exalted kind, but in that higher life the old Church's motto *Laborare est orare*—to work is to pray—will have its perfect fulfilment. Not only is it a state in which we are purged from the grossness and the weakness of the flesh—a place where God shall wipe away all tears from the faces of those who love Him, and where sorrow and sighing shall flee away, but it will be activity, the joy that comes from success in work which is congenial of which we have a foretaste here below—the pleasure here on earth mingled with the pain—as we realise:

"That the joy is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize."

The Scriptures are full of it. Christ says that we shall be "as the angels of God," and if so "there is activity in store for us. The spirit is allowed to rest after passing over, just as Sir Arthur did, but soon finds that without work and activity there is no interest in existence. Freed from the weakness of the flesh, the disabilities and pains of ill-health, from the carking cares and vexations inseparable from business and the maintenance of those dependent on us, we shall be free to devote ourselves to our ideals, to those larger views and higher aspirations for which the majority have little opportunity during "the changes and chances of this mortal life." To be reunited to those we love, to enjoy the company of the good and the great in heart and mind, to admire and enjoy the wonders and beauties of creation, and take part in the wider work of the world. Oh, the rapture of it! *The best is yet to be.* Bible records testify that much of the world's *inspiration and achievement* is due to the activities of these agents who are normally unseen (cf. Acts xii. 5-II, Isa. xxviii. 24-29, James i. 17, Rev. xxii. 9), many of whom are *human* angels, *i.e.* the surviving spirits of the departed. *Inspiration is not confined to religion*, but comes from those who out of a wide earth experience and by virtue of that experience and of the extended

powers and wider view enjoyed in the discarnate life, are able to impress earth residents with advances both in theory and practice. Strad's undoubted guidance and inspiration in the matter of my rediscovery of his varnish is a case in point. The craftsman still loves his craft, and can construct things if he wishes. The musician still loves his music and can play his themes; the artist form and colour, and can produce his pictures should he so desire. They can also inspire and help those on earth, as the agents of God, fulfilling the words of the prophet:

"Every good and perfect gift is from above,
And cometh down from the Father of Lights."

Bible records and modern spirit communications testify that not only is prayer answered through the agency of those normally unseen beings (Acts xii. 5-11), but that much of the world's inspiration and advancement is due also to the activities of these agents (Isa. xxviii. 24-29), many of whom are *human* angels (Rev. xxii. 9, and Mark xii. 25).

It is very probable that many of those processes which are usually deemed to be purely "operations of Nature" are brought about directly or indirectly by the ministrations of spiritual beings, while interventions and guidance in human affairs form a constant phase of this activity.

Now, let us compare the replies in the preceding six leading questions with the statements made voluntarily on other occasions.

Friday, April 24th, 1926.—At 12.30 a.m. Madge was entranced, and my grandfather, Charles Coates, addressed me through her, crying, "Charlie, Charlie."

C. L. T.: "Who is that?"

Answer: "I built the house. Charles Coates."

C. L. T.: "Do you mean Constable Lea?"

Answer: "Yes, I built Constable Lea. Charles Coates."¹

¹ Charles Coates was a notable engineer and inventor (Plate XXXVI), and left his mark upon the trade and commerce of Lancashire. For more than fifty years he was associated with the first Lord Crawshaw in the management and conduct of the calico printing works at Crawshawbooth in the Rossendale Valley, then the largest in the kingdom, and for more than thirty years was in partnership with him. At one time he had the offer of the management and partnership of what is now the firm of Mather & Platt, engineers, of Salford, Manchester, a firm of world-wide repute. Most of the master patents connected with the machinery of the calico printing trade were the product of his fertile brain and indomitable energy and perseverance, and these inventions continue in use to the present day. It used to be said that there was scarcely a town in Lancashire which was not paved with stone cut by machinery which he invented and patented. He was also one of the first to invent a practical and workable sewing machine, but was anticipated in his patents by only a few months by the American Howe. I well remember the original machine which was treasured by his daughters for many years, and sewed an excellent lock-stitch, while his inventions in the weaving of cotton fabrics connected him with that industry in Russia for more than thirty years. When scarce out of his teens he was entrusted with and undertook the

I greeted him, and asked why he did not come on the plate at Hope's last visit.

He replied: "I was crowded out. I tried to come, but I suppose Madge's mother's case was more important, because of the proof of reunion it gave."

I then asked him how they saw things in our world, and whether their relationship to objects in this world was as real as when they were in the mortal; also whether the statement (frequently made) that they could only see through the eyes of the medium or psychic were true. He replied emphatically.

"No! Absurd! it is not true. I can see and enjoy the earth just the same, only more so. Everything is infinitely better and beyond your imagination."

"Have you anything that will be evidential to tell us?"

"Yes. My coffin is cracked. I was buried in a white shroud with tucks." (Neither of these things were known to us.)

I then asked as to certain things in the future, and he replied: "The angels are with you, and no harm can happen to you."

December 21st, 1929.—Winter solstice. Snow in the night, and very wintery and bleak. About midnight Madge was in deep sleep. Aunt Lizzie entranced her, and I had a long talk with her. The first thing Lizzie said was, "It is nice outside. I have just come down through snow and cloud. We don't feel the cold. You have just been saying it is cold." I now said, "Where do you live, Aunt? On the earth?" "No, up, up. Where you used to talk about?" C. L. T.: "Is it on a star or a planet?" "I don't know." C. L. T.: "Is it in the air?" "I don't quite know, but it is a place, and we have a house and lots and lots of things. Father and Mother are with me now, and Pollie (my mother, her sister) has been lately. Leah has lots of nice songs. *She is not deaf now.*" (She was deaf from the age of seventeen.) Leah came and rattled the knob of Sylvia's room a few days ago (the girls say this did happen) and she came down the stairs and Dorothy saw her. (Dorothy did see a woman on the stairs on the 18th.) C. L. T.: "Can you see us?" "Oh yes, we are often here: not all the time, but often."

December 19th, 1930.—My mother, Mary Tweedale, manifested. My wife, Dorothy and self sitting. I did *not* have my hands on the planchette. She said, "Charlie, I am eighty-eight to-day, and yet I feel just twenty-one."

erection of a huge double beam-engine of immense power, having cylinders nine feet high by three feet in diameter. When the time came for starting the engine, no one on the premises dare turn on the steam fearing that the great engine would wreck itself and involve them in destruction. Alone he entered the engine-house and turned the valve, admitting steam to the cylinders. The engine started at once, and has since run almost continuously for more than a hundred years.

After other information given, I asked her about her life in the spirit world. She replied: "Things are better the higher you get, and one gets on better having had earth experience. The only link with your world is when one loves any one left behind. We are never weary nor tired and have no anxiety. Sweet repose." (This was a constant expression of hers to me when a lad), and in fun she used to vary it into "Tweety-rose," both of which facts were entirely unknown to the psychics.) This script was signed by her, the signature practically identical with that toward the end of her life (Plate XIV).

For the account of her dramatic passing, see *Man's Survival*, p. 199, also p. 147 of the present work.

Wednesday, November 25th, 1931.—Madge, Dorothy and self sitting. I as a spectator, and not having my hands on the planchette. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle manifested:

C. L. T.: "Sir Arthur, are your senses of touch, hearing and sight the same as when on earth?"

"Very much more alert."

"Are you now in this room or at a distance?"

"Just behind your wife." (Who, with Dorothy, was seated with the planchette.)

"Are you as really here as I am?"

"Yes. Just as certainly."

"You are not then sending a message from hundreds or thousands of miles away?"

(Sarcastically), "No, not from Mars."

"Can you see all in this room?"

"Yes, more than you can, our sight is so keen."

"Some say that a spirit can only see through the eyes of a psychic or medium. Is this so?"

"Rubbish! Everything in this world is just as natural to us as it is to you and more so."

"Then you can see a thing with your spirit eyes just as we mortals see it?"

"Yes. More so."

"What is your outlook on life now?"

"We have our interests more than you have, for we can do just what we want without the flesh anxiety. We form our friends, have our ambitions, and what is so fine, none of our friends can show two faces. We can always read them, for they carry their colours with them."

"Do you look ahead with any apprehensions for the future?"

"We attain what we want to be and look forward to higher spheres when, so we are told, we get better and better until we come to the Holy of Holies."

C. L. T.: "That will take a long time?"

"Yes. Ages."

"Does your interest in things wane? Does life become stale or wearisome?"

"My interest is keener than ever; but I have no interest in creeds, but in the lives of people. We are always young, and our interest is always fresh, and there is nothing to stop you learning all you wish to know."

"Will your interest ever grow stale?"

"If you knew everything you could know in your earth, it is just like a grain of sand when you come here.¹ Everything you have on earth we have here, but better. Birds, fishes, trees, animals which are not ferocious, and which can appear to you earth people."

"One thing I would like to say to you. Don't preach Resurrection of the Flesh, Vicarious Sacrifice, Resurrection at the Last Day—errors which your Church has adopted. If any one comes professing to be Doyle, ask for my name to you—"

"I have published your request re the *Psychic Bookshop* and your *Memorial*. Have you seen it?"

"Yes, I am trying to carry it through."

It will be noticed that Sir Arthur says that there are birds, fishes, trees and animals in the spheres, but that the animals are not ferocious. This refers to the carnivorous animals undoubtedly, who no longer have to kill to live. One is reminded of that passage in Isaiah: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and young lion and the fatling together. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain."

November 12th, 1937.—Question: "Do the coloured races mix with the whites in the spirit world?"

Chopin: "Yes, they can mingle all together according to their tastes just as East and West do in your world."

Question: "Yes, but while mingling with all nations, do they also segregate together in a realm of their own?" (A realm is a section of a sphere, like a room might be a portion of a storey.)

Chopin: Yes, they have a country (region) of their own.

Then Chopin remarked sarcastically, "Here it is no Little England," evidently referring to the idea prevalent with some narrow religionists that Heaven was a sort of Anglo-Saxon preserve.

Question: "They have a region or realm of their own?"

Chopin: "Certainly, with their own race or caste."

He then said that this was also the information of Strad, Doyle and Brock. It appears to be perfectly logical and reasonable. Vast civilisations have existed in the past and some do exist at the present time. Egyptian, Indian, Chinese and now that of Japan, which are

¹ The question was repeated nearly seven years later (July 29th, 1938). I then asked, "Does your new life grow wearisome. Does your interest lessen or grow stale. Is there any sense of satiety?" He replied, "Not a jot."

totally distinct from the Anglo-Saxon, and together *outnumber them in population many times*. Judging by the rapid progress made on the Congo since Stanley opened out that mighty waterway, and now that we have opened up Uganda and the great African Lakes, a vast civilisation is destined to arise in the "Dark Continent."¹

I now narrate the account given by Sir Robert Ball, the former Astronomer Royal for Ireland, who, we are told, gave the information which so wonderfully characterised our experience at the Total Eclipse (p. 155), and who first came to us with the following awe-inspiring and tremendously evidential experience.

Monday, July 16th, 1930.—Dorothy and Madge sitting. A personality manifested, giving the name of Ball, and saying, "Tell your father there will be two earthquakes in two months." Dorothy came to me in the study and told me, and I joined them. I asked who it was, and the planchette, to our astonishment, drew the picture of a comet with a long tail. This, coupled with the name, gave me the clue, and I said, "Are you Sir Robert Ball?" "Yes." I was vastly interested, and said, "As you are an astronomer, can you tell me whether the spirit world is in spheres round the earth, or is it on the earth's surface also?" He replied, "Partly on the earth." I sent the prediction of the earthquakes to the *Wharfedale Observer* and to the *Daily Dispatch*. Seven days afterwards came the terrible earthquake in Italy, in which over 16,000 people were killed.

On July 24th, Strad came and said to us, "The first part of Ball's prediction is fulfilled," and on the 26th, he said that it was he who had brought Ball to us to give us the prediction. On the 10th of September, just fifty-six days—eight weeks—two months—after the prediction, came the second earthquake in the Lipari Isles, with an eruption of Stromboli, many lives being lost. A full account of this awe-inspiring fulfilment appeared afterwards in the *Daily Dispatch* and elsewhere. The marvellous information, so accurately fulfilled at the Total Eclipse (p. 155), came also from Sir Robert Ball. With these facts in mind one listens to his description of the spheres with confidence.

Saturday, January 12th, 1935.—I had silvered the speculum of my ten-and-a-half-inch reflecting telescope and placed it in its tube in the hall for adjustment. About 5 p.m. my wife was passing through the hall when she saw a rounded ball of blackness standing up near

¹ In 1916 I wrote to Bonar Law, then Colonial Secretary, pointing out the advisability of acquiring a *locus standi* on the succession of Niagaras capable of developing hundreds of millions of horse-power, by which power the mighty river Congo might be made to dig its own canal, so passing the falls, and be opened up into the heart of this future civilisation. He acknowledged the letter from Downing Street, but the opportunity was lost.

the telescope. She at once ran up the stairs to my study and told me, and together we came into the hall and there sat.

Question: "Who is this?"

"Ball."

C. L. T.: "Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer?"

"Yes."

I then said, "Sir Robert, I wish to ask you about the spheres, as you are an astronomer. Are they near the earth?"

"They are outside your earth, out and about."

"How far are the spheres above the earth?"

"That is a big question. Some are close, say twenty miles, some sixty, some thousands."

C. L. T.: "Are these spheres transparent to our sight?"

"Your sight can only see certain things. These spirit worlds are transparent to your telescopes and your sight."

C. L. T.: "I presume that, like glass, they can have a reality and solidity and yet be transparent?"

"That is a very good illustration."

C. L. T.: "Do the spheres surround each world or planet?"

"Yes. Each star has its worlds or planets, each world or planet its spheres, and each inhabited planet or world its Christ. The spheres hold the spirit world. Ether is the secret."

C. L. T.: "If we could rise twenty miles in the air should we contact the spirit sphere tangibly?"

"That is impossible."

C. L. T.: "Is this spirit sphere, therefore, not only transparent but intangible to us?"

"Yes."

C. L. T.: "Is it etheric in nature?"

"Yes."

C. L. T.: "Is that why you say ether is the secret?"

"Yes."

C. L. T.: "Is this etheric life of yours and this existence in the spheres as real and enjoyable to you as the earth life is to us?"

"Yes. For the good ONLY." (He here twice underlined "only.")

C. L. T.: "You say every planet has its spheres. So there are spheres round all the big planets?"

"Yes."

C. L. T.: "Can an earth spirit visit the spheres round the other planets of our system, such as Venus or Mars?"

"Only when he is a high spirit."

C. L. T.: "Does this limitation apply to the planets around other stars (such as Betelgeuse in the constellation Orion, distant 3,600,000,000,000,000 miles (three thousand six hundred millions of millions)?"

"Yes."

C. L. T. : " Can the ordinary earth spirit visit the actual surface of the other planets of our solar system, such as Mars and Venus ? "

" No. "

C. L. T. : " Can a high spirit do so ? "

" Yes. "

C. L. T. : " So, therefore, it is correct to say that the future life is usually lived in the spheres of that planet on which the mortal life has been passed, and that the spheres around other planets (either those of our own sun, or of some other star) together with the actual surface of such other planets, can only be visited by high spirits ? "

" Yes. "

Ball now added, " This Chapter of your book is a most important one. "

I now said, " Will you please give me your signature ? "

He at once gave it as shown in Plate XIV.

Here I pause for a moment to consider Ball's statement *re* the distant stars.

If only a high spirit can visit the planets around the star Betelgeuse, the light of which travelling at the rate of some 200,000 miles a *second*, takes 600 years to reach us, much more must this be true of the Cepheid variable stars from which light takes, in some cases, 5000 years to come ; or from star clusters, many of which are so distant that light takes 36,000 years to cross the intervening space ! Only a few weeks ago (October 1935) I received particulars from the Astronomer Royal of a star cluster in the Constellation Bootes, the stars of which number thousands of millions and which is plunged in the abysses of space to such appalling depths that light has to journey millions of years before it reaches us !! Only giant telescopes such as the 100-inch on Mount Wilson, or the 72-inch recently erected by the Canadian Government at the Victoria University, can glimpse this distant universe, the distance of which is determined from the absolute luminosity of the Cepheid variables included in the cluster. What will the 200-inch telescope now in preparation—the speculum or mirror of which is 2 feet thick, 16½ feet in diameter and weighs 20 tons—what will this reveal ?

Like the angel in Richter's dream, we can only say :

" End there is none that we ever heard of.

Height is lost in depth unfathomable,

And depth is swallowed up of height insurmountable. "

To resume, I now add a few replies given through Mrs. Wriedt to Colonel Johnson in 1913,¹ as supplementing the description and statement given to us :

¹ Vide Admiral Usborne Moore's *The Voices*. Watts & Co.

The Colonel's relative : " The idea that the lower spheres are uncomfortable is all nonsense. "

Another relative : " When I passed over I had the choice of going to higher spheres or of remaining among earth conditions. I chose the latter (for a time) as I wished to stop among familiar scenery. "

Another relative : " First arrival on the other side is *not* disagreeable. I was astonished and surprised at the interesting surroundings in which I found myself, but I soon found that I was obliged to make my chief happiness in helping others. "

A Brother Officer : " If I had had a home as good as this I should never have wanted to leave it. "

A Military Chaplain : " I was quite wrong. (He was ashamed of his dogmatism.) I found everything very different. "

Another relative in answer to question : " When is the Judgment Day ? "

" Every day. "

A Naval Officer (a schoolfellow) : " There is no re-incarnation. When I rowed my boat over here I did not leave my oars crossed. "

The above replies are from seven different spirit personalities.

Notes on the questions :

Chopin : Question—Does the earth surface and lower atmosphere form the preliminary Paradise stage, or introductory scene, to the spheres ? "

Answer : " Yes. "

Ball : Question—" Is the spirit world on the earth also ? "

Answer : " Partly on the earth. "

Jesus said when on the Cross to the man dying by his side, " This very day shalt thou be with me in Paradise. " Paradise is a Persian word, and means a park, such as was found round the palace of a king (vide *Man's Survival*, p. 67), and as I have shown there, the fair scenes of earth and the lower atmosphere seem to constitute the *preliminary* scenes or stage in the introduction to the new life.

Jesus appears to have inhabited this region for a considerable period, especially during the " Great Forty Days " immediately after His Crucifixion and Death upon the Cross. He flashes in and out of view, coming and returning from this region and manifesting to his disciples, and he did not finally " Ascend into Heaven " and leave this region until forty days after the Resurrection.

It will be noted that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his famous " Paradise " message to me (p. 119), and succeeding messages, in which he describes his state and condition, when asked, " In what sphere are you ? " replied, " *In none yet.* " This is very significant.

Many accounts of the experience of those just passed over describe how they saw their own body, or their own relations with whom they tried to communicate, together with the scenes in the immediate neigh-

bourhood of their earth residence. Again, we have the experiences of those drowned and revived, after being to all intents and purposes dead, and who would *not* have revived again to mortal consciousness without artificial respiration; these testify to having seen fair scenes and beautiful experiences, and there is a remarkable unanimity in their descriptions. These facts all point in the same direction, that is, to the experience of a life condition on the surface of the earth, but rendered more enchanting and wonderful by the livelier state of the spirit or etheric body which has cast off the burden of the flesh and is rejoicing in new and extended powers. Doyle's reply, "In none yet," is exceedingly pregnant in view of these considerations, which, taken all together, show beyond denial that the earth's surface forms the *preliminary stage* of the future life experiences. It is quite certain, also, that the spirit people can, and do, visit this first "between-stage" very frequently. People are apt to forget, especially some fanatical religionists who talk drivel about "this weary world of sin," that this world is one of singular interest and beauty, and that *it is God's world* as much a part of His glorious Universe as Heaven or any other, and that the vast majority of earth's inhabitants have not seen a one-thousandth part of one per cent. of its wonder and beauty, and if it is good enough for spirit beings of a high order to visit and work in, as shown us in Bible records, it is good enough for the average man's spirit until he shall receive the call, "Friend, come up higher." I believe these following answers of Colonel Johnson's relatives to his questions to be accordingly pertinent and absolutely true:

"The idea that the lower spheres are uncomfortable is all nonsense."

"When I passed over I had the choice of going to higher spheres or of remaining among earth conditions. I chose the latter, as I wished to stay among familiar scenery."

"First arrival is not disagreeable. I was astonished at the interesting surroundings in which I found myself."

All lovers of God's wonders so profusely and richly distributed and broadcast through earth's fair scenes will be inclined to elect to linger in the Paradise life when they can rejoice in God's works and in all the wonders which He has revealed and placed in these fair scenes of earth. There is *plenty of time ahead* for the Greater Adventure.

Question, C. L. T.: "What is a between-stage?"

Chopin: "The spheres are like circles with a space between."

C. L. T.: "Are the spheres separated by anything like a floor?"

Stradiuarius: "A space between."

Stradiuarius now drew a series of concentric circles round the centre globe of earth. This is the description of "an old spirit," for Stradiuarius has been in the spirit world now for 200 years. His description is confirmed by the others. The earth's surface and lower atmosphere appear to be the introductory or preliminary stage to the spheres, and rank like the divisions between the concentric spheres as a

"between-stage." Then there is a space between each succeeding sphere (Plate XXXVII).

This sketch seems to represent the idea conveyed and so on for seven spheres.

Concerning these spheres there is a general agreement of statements on the following points:

1. That the earth's surface with the lower atmosphere comprise the *first stage* (not necessarily a sphere) of the spirit's *locus* and experience. This forms a sort of transition or between-stage, or, as Sir Arthur termed it, "a jumping-off place," to which the spirit goes immediately after death, and is apparently the Paradise mentioned by Jesus as he hung upon the Cross.

2. That several spheres exist beyond this preliminary stage.

3. That a space or between-stage divides the spheres one from another.

4. That the occupants of the higher sphere can descend at will to the lower ones, but those in the lower ones cannot ascend at will to the higher.

5. That there are differing regions or realms in the spheres just as there are different rooms in the storey of a house.

6. That these spheres are to be found round all inhabited planets.

7. That only the very highly endowed and advanced spirits can visit other planets or planetary spheres.

8. That the life of the arisen is as real (or more so) to the extended powers then possessed, as this mortal life on which we set such store is to us.

We now come to the consideration as to how far these spheres are from the earth's surface.

Question, C. L. T.: "What is the height of the spheres above the earth's surface?"

Stradiuarius: "It seems quite near. I estimate it several hundred miles."

Ball: "Some are close, say, twenty miles, some sixty, some thousands."

Chopin: "About thirty miles."

Obviously, in the case of these several spheres, the estimate of distance from the earth will depend on *which* sphere the communicator happens to be in at the time.

Strad, who is in a high sphere, estimates the distance of his sphere at hundreds of miles. Brock says the third sphere seems to be about six times as far as the distance from the earth's surface to the visible sky (stratosphere), *i.e.* 90-120 miles, but that the Blue Island seems to be much nearer. This mention of the Blue Island was very interesting, as my wife, the psychic, had *not* read the book of that name nor heard

of the Blue Island. This Blue Island appears to be part of the first stage and close to the earth's surface.

Tabitha says she comes through space to a round ball. This would be the appearance of the earth when seen from one of the surrounding spheres. Though the distance of their respective view-points varies, all are agreed on the existence and reality of these varying scenes of spirit life and experience, and are emphatic about the beauty, freedom and joy of the life there for those who, either here in this world or hereafter, shall *turn to truth and righteousness* and whatsoever things are true and just and of good report.

Question, C. L. T.: "Are these spheres transparent to our sight?"

Ball: "These spirit spheres are transparent to your telescopes and your sight; they are intangible."

Obviously, as the spheres surround the central globe of the earth they must be *transparent* to our mortal vision, or rather we should say (and as our communicators seem to constantly remind us) *invisible*, and because invisible therefore practically transparent, since they have a reality and solidity of their own. The ether is invisible to our normal vision, and only about half of the rays of light of the solar spectrum are visible to our normal sight. This statement about the spheres surrounding the earth may appear to be the wildest nonsense to some, but the discoveries connected with radium and the ether show the existence of the normally invisible and intangible, and a little reflection will make them realise that the existence of these spirit spheres around the earth, invisible and intangible to our normal mortal senses, is no more incredible and wonderful than the existence of the spirits themselves, who can and do appear to us, talk with us and then vanish away before our eyes into absolute invisibility and intangibility, as has been so often proved (*vide* the Chapters on Materialisation in *Man's Survival* and the records in this book).

The existence of a normally invisible spirit sphere is no more unbelievable or wonderful than the proved existence of its spirit inhabitants.

Ball and Chopin speak of a sphere at the height of twenty to thirty miles about the earth's surface, roughly from six to nine times the height of Mount Everest. Recently attempts have been made to reach what is termed the "stratosphere," which is the region which is supposed to determine the blue of the sky, and to represent a height of roughly from ten to fifteen miles above the earth's surface. Heights of from ten to fifteen miles have been reached, and already extraordinary phenomena have been experienced, such as the fierce heat of the sun's rays felt at the same time as the intense zero cold. As far again up, or twice as far, might bring men near to the regions of the first sphere, intangible and invisible to normal sight; but to clairvoyant sight, who shall say what the future may have in store for us, in view of what is seen on and near the earth. I have heard of strange experiences of air pilots which appear to be psychic.

Who shall say that they may not, in these "stratosphere" regions, be drawing near to the first sphere and "the land that is very far off," as *Isaiah* has it.

With reference to the cold of space, which may be hundreds of degrees below zero (such temperatures can be produced), this is a fact of which I have never liked to think and one which has always had a most depressing effect on me. This apprehension must be modified somewhat by the fact that observations of meteors appear to show that the density of the air at great heights is greater than previously supposed, and that automatic registering thermometers sent up by sounding balloons also show that beyond about seven miles the temperature remains constant up to as great heights as have been reached. With reference to this, I had a remarkable experience which touches on these points.

On December 21st, 1919, about midnight, it being very cold, wet, foggy, miserable weather, my Aunt Elizabeth Coates entranced my wife, and after greeting me she said how intensely she had enjoyed coming. She had come down through the sleet and fog and did not feel the cold. I said, "You don't feel it then?" She replied, "We don't feel it at all. It appears delightful." This was very reassuring, and was most evidential to me as it touched on a point which mortals regard with a very natural apprehension. It is evident that the determining factor in this matter is that the finer spiritual body is not ordinarily sensitive to cold as is the mortal.

Coming now to the statement of Colonel Johnson's friend that there is no reincarnation, let me say at once that, as a general statement of what befalls after death, I believe this to represent the facts. As a general principle, and representing what happens to the overwhelming majority of mankind, there is no reincarnation. It may be that the Creator, like the potter at the wheel, in cases of the finally impenitent (those who in the words of Chopin "go under") may, as it were, crush the clay into a formless lump and proceed to make a "new vessel" from the mass—I say "it may be," but of this we have never had any *proof* or evidence, nor do I think mankind ever will have, nor, that it is desirable as a general experience and principle. Proof of survival after death we have in abundance, but absolutely no proof of reincarnation as a general principle. Such proof if it were obtainable would be *the greatest calamity that ever befell mankind*, for at one stroke it would sweep away the continuity of human *individuality*, destroy the anticipation of meeting and recognising loved ones in the future life, reduce survival to a farce and human existence to a travesty. (For full discussion of this subject, see my former work, *Man's Survival after Death*.)

If reincarnation were really true as a general principle and experience, then *who would any man really be?* Would he be John Smith, Julius Cæsar or Nebuchadnezzar. Who would any woman be? Who would any woman's child be? The height of absurdity is reached when it is alleged that in this reincarnation, the *sex* also may be changed, and that

a man may be the reincarnation of his great-great-great- . . . grandmother who lived under a different nationality thousands of years ago !! In fact there is no limit to the absurdities and inconsistencies of this most pernicious and reprehensible reincarnation theory, which strikes at the root of that survival of *conscious individuality* which alone can bring any satisfaction to the mind. Questioned on this subject, Stradiarius and Chopin, who rank as old and experienced spirit messengers, do not countenance it, and say that they have not met instances of it and know nothing of it, and I believe it to be the truth that, as a general principle and experience, reincarnation does *not* apply and *has no existence* in or application to the general scheme of human life (*vide Man's Survival*).

Following on this supremely interesting and important question of the location of the spirit spheres, I now put further questions on Christ's life and mission, human survival and some other points of religious teaching and doctrine.

Question, *June 26th, 1935*.—C. L. T. : "Was Christ's Crucifixion for the proving of his survival by his return from the spirit world, after an openly public and undoubted death?"

Stradiarius : "Yes."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle : "Yes. That is correct."

C. L. T. : "Was this Crucifixion, like the animal sacrifices of the Jews, a sacrifice for sin? Did it save men from sin?"

Answer : "No."

C. L. T. : "Is it, then, the teaching and example of Christ, and not his death upon the Cross, that saves men from sin?"

Answer : "Yes."

Chopin : "It is the *following* of his example and teaching by the pupil (disciple), and the life of works that saves. If salvation and the resurrection of the dead depended on Christ's Crucifixion, *then millions who lived before it would be doomed.*"

This comment of Chopin is unanswerable.

I now put questions concerning doctrine and practice :

Question : "*How is prayer answered?*"

January 22nd, 1937.—Chopin : "I, Chopin, who have been in the spirit world now a long time would like to say that when you make a prayer in the silence of your room, then I, or some kindred spirit like me, who has charge of your spirit (every one has an attendant spirit or guide) takes the message or prayer to a higher spirit or angel. Thus the prayer or petition passes to the higher angels or archangels—like your wireless—until it reaches headquarters, and this is done so quickly that you cannot conceive it. The prayer is then judged, and the reply comes from God through the spirit, by whom the answer is returned.

C. L. T. : "Then is the actual resulting answer and fulfilment, physical or otherwise, brought about by these spirit agents?"

"Answer : "God's mind is all absorbing. He knows all. He commands all He knows as quickly as you receive a wireless message from London to this place."

C. L. T. : "Who, then, brings about the physical or other answer to the actual petition?"

Answer : "Your guardian angel or the spirit in your surroundings who transmitted your petition—angels, spirits of the departed. This spirit may be assisted by others. They are all angels." (*Heb. i. 14.*)

Chopin said that the above statement was confirmed by Stradiarius, Sir Arthur and Brock, and represented their knowledge of the subject from actual experience.

Chopin has been in the spirit world about a hundred years and Stradiarius twice as long, and what is here said is entirely in accordance with Holy Scripture (*vide* Ps. xxxiv. 7, Matt. vi. 6, xxvi. 53, Acts xii. 11). People are apt to think of God as bringing about the answer to their prayers *in person*. This is not the case. The Bible constantly shows Him as employing messenger spirits or angels. Jacob's dream of a ladder reaching from earth to heaven with the angels ascending and descending on it, is a beautiful and substantially accurate illustration of the principle and the facts, and the physical deliverance of Peter out of prison (Acts xii.) is the classic example of the working of that principle in its most dramatic form. I have had many experiences illustrating this answer to prayer; some of them exceedingly impressive. My experiences before and during the Total Eclipse (p. 155) is a case in point, and here is another amongst several taken from my work, *Man's Survival after Death* :

This experience occurred on Sunday, October 12th, 1919. The Bishop of Ripon had intimated to me that he would preach in my Church at 3 p.m. We had made great preparations to receive him, and held high festival. It was therefore a great disappointment to find heavy rain with low drifting clouds and banks of fog, and weather conditions as bad as they could be. As most of the congregation would come from a distance, and the Church is difficult of access, foreseeing total failure should the conditions continue, I went up to the altar after Morning Service, and there alone, like Ezra of old, "I spread forth my hands unto the Lord." It was then 12.35 p.m. I asked that it might be fine by 2 p.m., that we might even see the sun, and that the sun might shine upon the Bishop and illumine the church. Such a request seemed impossible, for the weather conditions were as black as they could be. How the materialist, the worldling and the sceptic would have laughed me to scorn had they seen and heard me there. I left the Church at 1 p.m. in heavy rain, and the prospect seemed *hopeless*.

At 2.10 p.m. the rain ceased.

At 3 p.m. the Church was crowded.

At 3.30 p.m., as the Bishop started to walk down the long chancel to preach the sermon, suddenly the clouds parted for the first time that day, and a long bright ray of sunshine shone through the small west window like a searchlight, brightly illuminating the Bishop from head to foot as he walked slowly in the beam of light down the chancel, and continued to shine upon him during the singing of the hymn. I gazed at this spectacle with mingled awe and delight, realising how literally my prayer was being fulfilled before my eyes. As the hymn ceased, the clouds again covered up the sun, which shone no more that day ! !

As a practical astronomer and meteorologist of many years experience I well know the arguments which are brought forward by those who say that weather conditions cannot be influenced psychically. We leave to them the task of explaining Christ's stilling of the waves and similar Bible instances, and also of calculating what are the chances against all the details being coincidence in the three successive cases which I have given here and in *Man's Survival*.

As I write this, the words spoken to me before the eclipse, "It is the invisible man that counts," ring in my ears, and I am certain that the explanation of the answer to all prayer is God working through His spirit agents.

June 25th, 1932.—Question: "Is the view I expressed in *Man's Survival* to the effect that the Holy Ghost, or Comforter, or Spirit of Truth, is not a Third Person of the Godhead but a term used to indicate the manifestation of God's many and varied messenger spirits, correct?" (Cf. Rev. i. 4: "The seven spirits that are before His throne.")

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "Yes, that is the right view. 'Holy Ghost' is a collective term." This reply was very evidential to me, as the answer went entirely beyond my wife or daughter, and I had never thought of this term before. I was so struck with its aptness that I at once adopted it in the fourth edition of *Man's Survival*, and also in *Present Day Spirit Phenomena and the Churches*.

Owing to a misapprehension of the phenomena, the Church has wrongly regarded the manifestations on the Day of Pentecost as manifestations of a Third Person of the Godhead. That it was no such thing is clearly apparent. As I am probably the only clergyman living who has been present on what must have been a similar occasion and has witnessed identically similar phenomena, I here narrate the account of it:

Some years ago my wife and I journeyed north to a little mining village to sit with a well-known materialising psychic. Arriving at the man's house we found about thirty of his fellow-miners, their wives and friends, gathered together in a fairly large upper room of his house. I made a thorough examination of the room, and then locked the door and put the key in my pocket. We all sat about the room, and then the ordinary light was put out, and the room was illuminated by a ruby light (really deep orange) and sufficiently bright to enable us to see each

other. We began to sing hymns, one of which I remember was sung to that splendid old tune "Confidence":

"Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in His praise."

They sang with the heart as well as with the understanding, and their fine voices blended in beautiful harmony. This had been going on for about ten minutes, when a kind of thrill or vibration passed through the room. (Persons in the room below said that the door rattled and vibrated for quite a long time.)

Then ensued the most amazing scene I have ever witnessed. The whole room was suddenly filled with *hundreds* of flames of fire, much like candle flames in shape, but larger—about two and a half inches long—and more ethereal in appearance. These appeared in hundreds, *high up* near the ceiling beyond the reach of the seated people, also in remote corners, and all around and about us.

They showered down in hundreds, and continually "sat" upon the heads, arms and shoulders of those present. I had many on my own head, so my wife informed me, and I saw many alight and burn on her head, arms and shoulders, as well as upon the other persons present. I saw dozens of them alight on my own arms, and stand burning for a few seconds and then suddenly vanish. I passed my hands through many of them, but felt no heat or sense of burning. These hundreds of flames—literally filling the room—were occasionally mingled with luminous clouds about two feet in diameter.

When this marvellous scene had lasted for about another ten minutes—the people all the time giving utterance to many fervent ejaculations—suddenly several of these present were entranced and began to speak volubly and fluently in a language we could not understand. There was no hesitation in the speech, but they spoke *with the fluency of persons speaking their native tongue*. We could not understand them on this occasion, but it quite evidently was an exactly similar phenomenon to that described in Acts ii. 4, and later in 1 Cor. xiv. 2. This wonderful scene was entirely beyond the powers of these homely people to produce by any non-psychic means. I satisfied myself very speedily on this point by noting that scores of the flames of fire were high above the people's heads close to the ceiling; others in remote corners of the room, entirely *out of reach*; and also by repeatedly observing and covering with my hand the lambent flames which burned upon my left arm and upon the head of my wife who sat next to me. After the power for these lights waned, and the persons came out of trance, we sat for materialisation. I carefully searched the bare corner of the room—hard plaster walls and bare floor boards—shielded by two thin curtains hanging across it, sitting in a good light within one yard of the opening between the curtains, through which I could see the psychic's body all the time.

I saw eight forms, ranging from that of a tall man down to that of a little girl of about four years of age, emerge from the corner !

On the day of Pentecost, the Apostles and their companions were entranced and "spoke with other tongues."

This entrancing of persons and consequent speaking with tongues has been witnessed on many hundreds of occasions during the last eighty years.

We know that this entrancing of the psychic is very often done by the spirits of the departed. I have witnessed such entrancing repeatedly in my Vicarage, and obtained irrefutable evidence of the survival and presence of my departed relatives, and so have many others. Similar phenomena argue similar causes.

There is no proved case on record in modern times of the entrancing of a psychic by a personality of the Godhead. Likewise, there is not a particle of evidence to show that the lights, the rushing wind or the entrancing of the Apostles and those present at Pentecost, were the result of the coming and presence of the Holy Ghost as a Third Person of the Godhead as the Churches allege. It was not the personal manifestation of a personality of God, the Great Spirit, but the presence and manifestation of His angel messengers acting as His agents. Therefore, Acts ii. 4 should *not* read "as the Spirit gave them utterance," but "as the *spirits* gave them utterance," indicating the presence of God's agents.

That this is the true rendering is shown by the fact that each of those who were entranced evidently spoke the language that the particular controlling spirit had spoken when in the earth life: Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Judea, Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Egypt, Libya, Cyrene, Strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians—a pretty long list, which I have known to be matched in its wonder and evidential value on occasions when French, Italian, Serbian, German, English and Hindustani were spoken psychically and recognised by those present. It is perfectly clear to the experienced and unbiased student of these things that the phenomena of the Day of Pentecost were due to God's angels, or messenger spirits," and in this case quite evidently chiefly to human angels—the spirits of the departed (see Matt. xxii. 30)—and most certainly *not* to the objective presence of a Third Person of the Godhead. The same error appears in Acts x. 19, when it is stated that the "Spirit" (note the capital) said to Peter, "Behold three men seek thee." "Spirit" is here explained by the Christian Churches as meaning the Holy Ghost as a Third Person.

So far from meaning any such thing, it is clear from the words "I have sent them" (cf. verse 20) that it was the angel mentioned in verses 3 and 5 who appeared to Cornelius, and not the "Holy Ghost" as a "Third Person."

Exactly the same error is seen in Acts viii. 29, where it is stated that the Spirit, explained by the Churches to mean the "Holy Ghost" or

"Third Person," said to Philip, "Join thyself to this chariot." It is plain from the account that it is the angel of verse 26 who is speaking, and who then told Philip to make the journey. Similarly, other manifestations ascribed to the Holy Ghost and "the Spirit" are the work of God's messenger spirits, angels and spirits of the departed, acting as His agents, and not of a "Third Person" of the Godhead. Such Third Person has no existence in fact, but is a theological figment devised to cover a range of facts and phenomena, then imperfectly understood. The term "Holy Ghost" is a *Collective* term, as Sir Arthur says, and embraces and covers the many instances of these manifestations, while the phrase "Fellowship of the Holy Ghost" includes the association with, and the assistance and help of, good spirit messengers (angels and spirits of the departed—human angels) under the permission and guidance of God the Great Spirit. This association and assistance is as true to-day as ever it was in the days of Christ.

As good John Wesley truly said, "God has in all ages used the ministry of angels. They assist us in our search after truth, resolve many doubts and difficulties, throw light upon what was before dark and obscure, and confirm us in the truth that is after Godliness."

(For the full discussion of this subject, see Note to Chapter V in the Appendix of *Man's Survival*.)

It was very interesting to note Chopin's emphasis from "teaching and example" to "following the teaching and example." Of course this "following" was implied in my question, but it was most interesting to note his emphasis. The *Christian life has to be lived*.

I have heard both bishops and clergy when opposing the modern evidence say that "It is not so much a question as to whether man survives death and continues to exist, but in what state he will continue." This is merely an attempt to confuse the issue and evade the point. The state of a man, after death, is mainly determined by conduct here; *Jesus* manifesting from the Spirit world *tells us so* (Rev. ii. 23, and compare xx. 12, 13, also Matt. xxv. 14-46). (The most convincing evidence as to the state of a person surviving death is that given by the one surviving.

Jesus returned after death and gave evidence of His blessed and happy condition, and so did Samuel, Moses, and Elias. Similarly, hundreds of men and women in our own times (many of them non-Christian) have survived and returned, and given evidence of their blessed and happy state. The modern evidence is of exactly the same nature as the ancient, and equally worthy of belief.

Survival of bodily death is not dependent on any creed or religious belief whatsoever. It is a property inherent in human nature as the results of God's creative act. This is proved by the evidences of the return of the spirits of the departed of *all nationalities, of varying religious beliefs, and of no religious beliefs at all*. Christ does *not* confer survival and eternal life (Matt. xix. 17); men have that naturally. Millions have survived—many proving their survival—who never heard his name, and

untold millions have survived—many proving their survival, who lived before Christ was born. Christ does *not* enable men to obtain survival *per se*, but he does *enable them to obtain happiness and well-being in survival, and the full enjoyment of the life of the ages*. While it is certain that human survival *per se* is entirely independent of creed or moral or religious belief, it is equally certain that the happiness of all human beings who have attained such an age or condition as to be responsible for their own actions is largely dependent on conduct which is in accordance with certain fundamental religious and moral principles. *This is where religion and morality come into the case*. In short, survival or immediate life after death is not dependent on either religion or morality (for the wicked survive and are punished—Matt. xxv. 46) but *happiness and well-being in that life are*.¹

¹ In a desperate attempt to discredit the modern evidence for Survival and to maintain the absolutely untenable position that Christ is the only one who has yet risen from the dead, many leaders and writers in the Christian Churches have put forth the utterly fallacious statement that survival of bodily death and existence in the future life which has been so abundantly (and, as Lodge says, scientifically) proved in these modern times, is different from the future life which Christ demonstrated in his own person after his Crucifixion, and to which he often referred during his ministry (p. 104) as ζωὴν αἰώνιον—The life of the ages—eternal life. Such a reckless and ignorant statement is not only incapable of proof, but is also contrary to observed facts. *No survival, no eternal life*. The evidence for the survival of persons of probity and good life in these modern days (many of them good Christian folk) is as conclusive as that advanced for the survival of Moses and Elias, of Samuel, or of Jesus the Christ; and of *exactly the same nature*; and the survival of good men to-day is as much a manifestation of eternal life as ever was that of Moses, Elias, or Jesus, while in point of time it frequently covers more than one hundred years (p. 6). From this it will be seen that the attempt of objectors and obscurantists to describe survival as ephemeral and as having no connection with eternal life is not only futile, but positively dishonest. Even Christ had to survive before he could enter on eternal life. *No survival, no eternal life, is axiomatic*.

Just as human survival was proved to the apostles and the Early Church by the after-death appearances of Jesus, so survival has been proved up to the hilt, over and over again, by the apparitions and spirit manifestations of these modern times. The evidence I offer in my book, *Man's Survival after Death*, and also in this work, will prove this conclusively to any reasonable man whose mind is open to the logic of facts. To endeavour to deny or ignore this evidence, as the Church now does, is a futile closing of the eyes and stopping of the ears. Unless this attitude be speedily changed and the Churches assimilate these facts and make them their own, the result will be disastrous. They will suffer a loss of prestige, influence, and authority, more or less complete, and be unable to stem the materialism of the age.

In vain are all anti-spiritual theories and objections. *This modern knowledge of spiritual verities has come to stay, and the Church is face to face with a whole range of facts which can no longer be successfully ignored or denied, and which will exert a profound influence on the religion of the future*.

At the present time, owing to vested interests, ignorance or deliberate ignoring of the facts, combined with age-long prejudice, teaching and practice, the Church makes no attempt to meet the situation, or to satisfy the demands and enquiries

Judgment to come.

Chopin and Brock both touch on this judgment as coming about, after passing, in a perfectly natural and almost automatic manner. Just as there is no "Resurrection at the Last Day," so there is no "Judgment of the people concerning these things. She stands aloof; or her leaders—who so far have shown themselves devoid of any practical knowledge or experience in these things—denounce or deny (as witness the recent report on Church Doctrine) what they dislike or fear. It cannot be too clearly understood that, whether the Church likes it or not, she has got to face these things and make them her own, or suffer a more or less complete loss of prestige and influence.

At present, realising that all is not well with her, with feverish energy she vainly endeavours, by multiplying her organisations, by mechanical routine and ceremonial, by concentrating on social work, on games, entertainments, sports services, and other non-spiritual forms of "serving of tables" (Acts vi. 2), to make up for her lack of spiritual power and knowledge, due to the absence of actual and conscious contact with the spirit world.

Let her face the facts bravely and honestly. *Let her fit her theology to the facts*, instead of fruitlessly endeavouring to compel the facts to conform to her theology. She has little to lose and much to gain. There is nothing greater than truth. Why should she fear the truth? Let the truth prevail. She has, and will retain, the essentials, but will be *compelled* to modify the details, and under the pressure of advancing knowledge, to let fall away as erroneous, things which she has cherished as true.

This has happened before, and the gain has been great every time. Revelation is a continuous process, and is not confined to any one age of the world's history.

Why should the external witness to the great truths of the spirit world, of Man's Survival after Death, and of the Communion of Saints, come entirely from outside the official Church, and, with a few exceptions, entirely from outside the ministry of the Church, as it does to-day? Why should not the modern Church add psychic evidences and experiences—which constitute the *evidential side of Christianity*—to personal religion and the worship of God—seeing that they confirm and strengthen the same—as did the Church in the Apostolic age? Why should not these modern evidences and their records be used along with the psalms, hymns, music and sculpture, the pictorial art and literature, of the Christian Church of to-day; along with the reverence and worship of God, the devotion to the Christ, the practical and personal piety, the anticipations of heaven and all the consolation and encouragement which the Christian religion can give, *to confirm and strengthen the same, as they did in the Church of the Apostolic age?*

I can personally testify from experiences of hundreds of cases, how powerful is their effect in producing conviction of spiritual things and breaking down materialism. To many they have been the power of God unto salvation. Why should the Church not add the facts of materialisation, clairvoyance and clair-audience, the direct voice, and the marvellous and convincing evidence of psychic photography to her armoury? Why should there not be demonstrations of psychic experience and communion—the practical Communion of Saints—to the demonstration of survival and the spirit world and the great solace and comfort of those present? Why should there not be such a service for psychic experience and communion, as that described in 1 Cor. xiv. 23-33 very evidently was? St Paul, there, speaking of the evidential nature of this service, and its convincing effect on those present, says (verse 25): "And thus are the secrets of his heart made

at the Last Day." Judgment, like resurrection, follows on the death of the mortal body, and practically at once.

manifest, and falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is among you of a truth." I can personally testify to the most impressive, uplifting, evidential and convincing nature of such a service—for which we have not only apostolic warrant but also that of the Early Church Father, Tertullian (A.D. 190). He says: "We have a right to expect the continuance of spiritual gifts. There is a sister among us who, during the religious services, falls into a trance, holding communion with angels and reading the hearts of some persons present." We need to re-establish this evidential practice. What is imperative is to get into touch with the realities of the spiritual world. Let the Church take her courage in both hands and claim her ancient gifts. Why should she not cultivate and encourage the psychic gifts? Why should there not be, as in days of old, an "angel"—psychic—in every Church? (Rev. ii. 1). Her urgent need is to re-establish the Communion of Saints—the actual and objective communication with the departed and with the spirit world—as a practice in the Church, and to receive and use the objective evidence of our own times. Her clergy would then be able to do something more than merely talk about the spirit world. They would also have the power to demonstrate it—the power and vision of Primitive Christianity—and a vista of a new life and usefulness would open out before her.

The Church possesses a vast and effective organisation, rooted in the past, combined with long ages of training in the spirit of worship and reverence, but under her present régime is totally unable to demonstrate the facts of the existence of the spirit world or of human survival to any seeker. She can no more suppress these facts, or prevent the knowledge of them spreading, than she can prevent the rising of to-morrow's sun. Her duty is to assimilate and practise her ancient spiritual gifts (a Bishop's cloven mitre symbolises the Pentecostal cloven tongues as of fire), then a new era of life, influence and usefulness will open out before her.

A great crisis, a great opportunity, is at hand. Once more, as in days of old, she is called upon to look Truth in the face and pronounce judgment. Three hundred years ago the Church—Roman, Lutheran, Calvinist—denounced the Copernican system as contrary to Scripture. The Roman ecclesiastical dignitaries of that day actually *refused to look through the telescope* which would bring conviction, just as up to the present modern representatives of the Churches have refused to countenance the modern evidences. Galileo complains bitterly in a letter to Kepler—the famed discoverer of the laws of planetary motion—saying, "What thinkest thou, Kepler? They will not look through my telescope!" To which Kepler, in a noble letter, replies, "Courage, Galileo! I predict that within ten years every university in Europe will know that thou hast stated the facts—so great is the power of truth"; a prophecy which duly came to pass. Meanwhile, Galileo was brought before the Inquisition. This grand old man, the greatest scientist of his day, and one of the greatest of all time, who had proclaimed the living truth to the world, was compelled, under fear of the Inquisition, to pronounce publicly on his knees the following recantation: "I, Galileo, being in my seventieth year, being a prisoner and on my knees, and before your Eminences, having before my eyes the Holy Gospel which I touch with my hands, adjure, curse and detest the error and heresy of the movement of the earth." And so the Church denied the Truth, and forced the great astronomer and physicist to perjure his soul. Shall this tragedy be repeated in our own day, and will she again shrink from the Truth; or will she, looking Truth in the face, take her proffered hand, and march with her to fresh conquests?

Chopin says that opportunity is given for repentance and amendment. Those who are wise take it and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Then, and then only, can they enter into the joys and privileges of the after-life. Those who refuse or neglect "go under." (The second death, Rev. xxi. 8.)

It will be noticed that Chopin says that some *do* neglect it even there. How important, therefore, is the *opportunity of this earth life!*

"Let's then the important now employ
And live as those who never die."

Brock's statement is of deep interest, and his words and warning bear out a notable saying of the Christ.

It is clear from these communicators that while opportunity for repentance and amendment are not absolutely confined to this life, yet *deliberate neglect* of this life's chances is a matter at once so serious and fraught with such long and bitter consequences, that no warning is too grave to utter on this point. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Whatever a man soweth (*deliberately and wickedly*) that shall he also reap."

In these hectic modern times, when the vast advances of science place enormous powers in men's hands which may be, and increasingly are, used for the mere production of evil, so that men, to use the Bible expression, "sin with a cart-rope," we may well think of the fate of the gangster, the paid assassin, the man who makes a trade of murder; the white slaver, the dope trafficker; who destroy body and soul. Of such men dying in their wickedness, it may well be said, in the words of the Christ, "It were well for them if they had never been born."

If, however, a man neglect the voice of religion and the voice of conscience, it is generally his own fault. It is not the will of God that any should perish; therefore, there are those appointed to show men their errors and bid them heartily repent of their misdoings, not only here in this mortal life, but hereafter.

"I think Heaven will not shut for ever more
Without a watcher standing at the door,
Lest some belated wanderer should come
Heartbroken, asking just to die at home:
So that the Father should at last forgive
And looking on His face that soul shall live.
I think there will be watchmen through the night
Lest any afar off turn them to the light,
That He who loved us into life must be
A Father infinitely fatherly.
And groping for Him these shall find their way
From outer dark, through twilight, into day."¹

¹ Gerald Massey.

And so they may enter—*though tardily and with much pain and loss*—into the way of salvation.

Our communicators do not, however, leave us under any illusions as to men easily escaping the due rewards of deliberate cruelty and deliberate wickedness. They bear steady testimony to the necessity for repentance, atoning for misdeeds, and endeavouring to make amends, and one finds *no support at all* for the notion that a death-bed repentance, or a perfunctory repentance in the spirit world, will enable deliberately cruel and wicked evil-doers to escape the just reward of their evil deeds, and rank the same as men of goodwill and service, and of righteous life before God and man. The laws of the universe will have to be considerably altered before such a thing can take place. Again and again the importance of right living and the acknowledgment of God is emphasised, and the more one studies these words from that other world beyond the grave, the more does one realise the *imperative necessity* for duty towards God and one's neighbour, as outlined in the supreme teaching of the Christ.

"When is the Day of Judgment?" "Every day."

True! for every day scores of thousands pass into the spirit world, and "after death the Judgment."

This is no vast spectacular display at the "Last Day"—*the date of which even Christ did not know* (Mark xiii. 32), but a *continuous* process dependent on the continuous passing of men and women into the beyond, the survival of which passing is now scientifically proven, and, like resurrection, this judgment is practically immediate, and followed at once by its practical application.

This Judgment Day is not so much a day punishment as a day of *consequences*.

The idea so frequently set forth, that man is by nature so utterly depraved and doomed to destruction that all his strivings towards the light, all his good deeds and efforts towards justice, mercy and righteousness are of no avail before God, but "have the nature of sin," as the XIIIth Article of Religion says, is an absurd theological figment, *absolutely untrue and dishonouring to God*. God looks upon man, whom he has deliberately placed in the difficulties, cares and temptations of this earthly life with a vast and all-understanding sympathy, and so do the angels and spiritual beings who watch the steps of his earthly pilgrimage, for many have themselves trod that path (Mark xii. 25, Rev. xxii. 9). When the average decent and well-disposed man strives to do his duty, to show kindness, to speak the truth, and do righteousness with a simple faith in God and in the reality of the spirit world and of human destiny, he deserves compensation, not condemnation, and at the hands of an all-righteous God he will get it. No power on earth can, and no power in heaven will, rob him of his reward. The trials of earth shall give place to the joys and rewards of heaven.

For the righteous the resurrection life is unending, and is one of happiness and advancement. They do indeed join the immortals,

"The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again.
To make undying music in the world."

For the ungodly, those who have deliberately lived wickedly and refused to acknowledge and worship the Living God, it is a period of *discipline*—*stern discipline* if need be (John v. 29), but with opportunities for repentance, expiation and amendment at the hands of One who knows how to make full allowances and who is "infinitely fatherly." *Should this discipline be unheeded* (which is exceptional, p. 332), then the "second death" (Rev. ii. 6, xxi. 8) may result, for He who creates can also destroy. For those who have had little chance in this mortal life it is a time of further opportunity (Luke xii. 48). To those who have carelessly neglected the earth-life's opportunities, it opens up as a period of great loss and bitter regret, only to be made good slowly and painfully (Luke xvi. 27).

When is the Judgment Day? "Every day!"

Down the centuries rings a mighty voice, the voice of the surviving spirit of the arisen Christ sounding from the life of the world to come.

"I will give to every man according as his work shall be."

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my Throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in His Throne."

"He that hath an ear let him hear
What the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

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