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THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

No. 243. Vol. 22.

DECEMBER, 1933.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

Frederick Joseph Jones, The Wonderful Healer.

SOME twelve years ago Mr. Richard Bush, the Founder of Wimbledon Spiritualist Church, called upon us to describe what he regarded as a remarkably beneficent work being carried on in his neighbourhood.

He told us there was a man named Frederick Jones, a master painter and decorator, working in partnership with a Mr. Larkworthy, at 7 King's Road, Wimbledon. He was a Spiritualist and had discovered and developed his natural gift for spiritual healing. He began to treat every kind of ailment or disease, and people were flocking to him for his aid, freely offered "without money and without price."

One or two friends had given him a motor-car so that he could answer all urgent calls from far and near, by night and day.

Mr. Jones was then a widower, but Mrs. Larkworthy, his partner's wife, soon associated herself so devotedly in his work that she became a necessary complement, for wherever he gave a treatment or treatments he went instantly into trance and had to be cared for. She was known to everyone as "Sunshine," for she was a magnetic personality and carried radiance with her.

In due time Mr. Larkworthy, with wonderful magnanimity, told his wife and Mr. Jones to give themselves up entirely to the healing work, which was doing so much good, and he himself would look after earning the means to live.

Soon we visited the Wimbledon Centre and witnessed Mr. Jones at work. He sat entranced, in the midst of a company of ladies and gentlemen, in white overalls. A patient was led in front of him, and "Medicine Man," Mr. Jones' famous African control, with his X-ray vision, instantly diagnosed the trouble, and gave the word of command "Up!" to the helpers. At that signal the group raised their hands as high as they could stretch them as if gathering power, then, as Mr. Jones touched the crucial spot, with the signal "Here!" all hands were brought down in a sweep and rested on it for a few moments. Some advice was then given to the patient as to what he or she must do, by way of diet and otherwise, to help the curative process, and the next patient came along to be dealt with in the same way.

The work rapidly grew and was carried on, not only at Wimbledon, but also at Battersea, Woking, Marlborough, Reading, Sutton, and at the Marylebone Spiritualist Association's rooms, until as many as 25,000 treatments, full of blessing to sufferers, were being given every year.

It was at Woking where Mr. Jones got into serious trouble with the police. He was tried on April 22, 1924, under the fortune-telling clause of the Vagrancy Act, in a police superintendent's attempt to convict him as "a rogue and vagabond." When the summons was received Mr. Bush invited us to accompany him to engage and instruct Mr. Barrington-Matthews, the well-known London solicitor for the defence, and we also attended the trial.

There was an imposing array of nine magistrates on the bench, and in his humble seat in the criminal dock Mr. Jones "sat majestic through it all," as if it were to him a matter of supreme indifference.

The most wonderful thing about the case was that all the witnesses for the prosecution proved

to be witnesses for the defence! Mr. Jones had not a single accuser, excepting Superintendent Goddard, the police prosecutor.

The first witness was a Mrs. Florence Bosley, whose husband had died suddenly from chronic heart disease before a doctor could be called in. She said when she first took her husband to Mr. Jones for treatment he was "a perfect wreck." Soon he began to be restored to such a measure of good health that he was able to carry on a poultry farm. The verdict at the inquest was that the death was due to natural causes. She had not been deceived or imposed upon in any way, and had never been asked for money.

Mr. Henry Franklin, who was very lame owing to a stroke he had as a result of cerebral haemorrhage, said "Medicine Man's" treatment had done him good. There was a box on a shelf in which patients were expected to put 3d. towards the hire of the room, but some gave nothing. Defendant sold him olive oil for 3/6 a quart, but he would have had to pay 7/6 a quart for it at the ordinary shops.

Much evidence of a similar exonerating character was given and eventually the Chairman said—"The case is dismissed."

Immediately Mr. Jones left the Court he was greeted with enthusiasm by a large company of his patients and admirers, who heartily shook him by the hand and wished him God-speed!

And now at the early age of forty-eight, Mr. Jones has ceased from his incessant labours. "He saved others; himself he could not save," because of the determined spirit within him to give himself to the uttermost. We think he would have been well-advised to slacken down and prepare others to succeed him as "Medicine Man's" mediums. But one cannot criticise when one meets with self sacrifice so rare.

In his last years Mr. Jones enjoyed the devotion and comfort of a beautiful young wife who had for years been one of his fellow-workers in the healing mission. Two young children have been the fruit of their union, and wife and children ought now to be the special care of the Spiritualist Movement. The Marylebone Spiritualist Association are trying to collect £500 for this purpose, and cheques, bank-notes and postal orders may appropriately be sent there. But that will not be nearly enough to pension this wonderful healer's family, as they ought to be.

As Christmas is approaching we feel that many kind hearts must feel impelled to send them useful and helpful gifts with a kind and loving greeting. The daddy of the little ones, the husband of the adored wife, will smile down upon the donors and thank them with all his heart. It will make heaven sweeter to him to know that his dear ones are going to be loved and cared for, both for his and their own sake. There is no need for any particular fuss about such a seasonable kindness. Just let us all send *something* that will be prized and precious to

MRS. F. JONES, AND HER CHILDREN,

7 King's Road, Wimbledon, S.W.,

before Christmas Eve arrives!

J. L.

Three Strangers Visit the Psychograph. A MOTHER CORRECTLY ANSWERS HER DAUGHTER'S QUESTIONS.

By W. W. LOVE

IN response to my invitation last month, to persons interested in the Psychograph, to come by appointment and see the instrument in operation, I received a letter from a young man, who wished to bring another young man with his young lady. He explained that the young lady had been interested in Spiritualism for some time but was very depressed as she had never received any message from her mother, who passed away when she was a child. I invited them therefore to visit my private Psychic Bureau.

After they had been sitting at the Psychograph about half an hour it spelt out "Mother."

Question :—Your name please?—"Elizabeth" (the name of the young lady's mother).

Your other name?—"Jane" (correct).

Question by myself :—I have not been introduced to your daughter; it would be interesting to be introduced by her mother, who is supposed to be dead. Please tell me your daughter's name?—"Minnie Davies" (correct).

Myself :—I propose asking you some questions which you should be able to answer if you are this lady's mother. How many children had you?—"Two" (correct).

How old were you when you passed on?—"28" (correct).

"Do you remember the month of your passing?" "February" (correct).

Can you tell us your daughter's age?—"26 last March" (correct).

Have you a message for your daughter?—"Yes, think of me! God bless you!"

Can you help her?—"Yes, I do help her."

Is there anyone with you?—"Yes, Ann."

Question by Miss D. :—Is that grandmother? "Yes" (Ann is the name of grandmother).

Who else is with you?—"William Rees" (grandfather).

Anyone else?—"David Rees" (uncle).

Who else?—"Tom Rees" (uncle).

Have you met any others?—"Elizabeth Williams"

(the name of Miss D.'s mother's greatest earthly friend, now on the other side).

Miss D., quite unknown to the other sitters, asked a mental question, while the Psychograph was inactive, and the following correct answer was spelt out in Welsh :—"5 CLEE SLANE PANTE GYSTALYFERA SWANSEA."

Question :—Do you understand the auras which surround the human body?—"No, but I shall soon."

W.W.L.—I will try and help you in this matter. Do you see a coloured misty substance surrounding each sitter?—"Yes."

W.W.L.—Now let us find out, with your help, how far this coloured ethereal substance extends from the body of each sitter. We will first deal with sitter No. 3. I will place my hand near him and slowly draw it away. When my hand reaches the extent of his aura, please indicate "stop," on the Psychograph.

By this experiment we learned that the aura of No. 3 extended to 1 ft. 10 in. from the body, and by similar experiments 2 ft. 6 in. from No. 2, and 3 ft. 0 in. from No. 1 sitter.

W.W.L.—Please tell us the colour of the aura of No. 1 sitter?—"Answer" :—"Blue and mauve."—No. 2 sitter?—"Blue, mauve and golden."—No. 3?—"Blue and helio."

W.W.L.—What do you see at the hands on the Psychograph?—"Answer" :—"No. 1—"A beautiful blue light." No. 2—"A light of blue, mauve, and golden colour." No. 3—"A light of helio and blue."

Miss D. asked a mental question about her aunt, who had brought her up from a child, after the passing on of Miss D.'s mother.

Answer :—"Yes, she has done a very great service for me."

Question :—For how many years?—"25" (correct).

How many years has she been a mother to your son?—"3" (correct).

What is your sister's name?—"Mary" (correct).

What is her husband's name?—"Tom Williams" (correct).

Miss D., unknown to the other sitters asked the time.—9.49 was spelt out. Mr. R. H. on looking at his watch found the time to be exactly 9.49, as stated.

Question by R. H.—Could you see my watch?

Answer :—"Yes, God bless you!"

The Prophetic Vision.

By WILL CARLOS.

IN an ill-lit workshop behind the business premises, old John Stanley was shoemaking. His sole companion, Ned, a poor crippled boy of perhaps sixteen years, was busy stitching on patches. He was a dark-skinned lad, with a shock of black hair and dark eager brown eyes, which betokened a fervent nature.

John was one of the old-fashioned cordwainers—a craftsman who had worked in "crack" London shops, and had made boots for the gentry and nobility there. Now he was old and had seen the trade deteriorating, owing to the introduction of machine-sewing. He had tramped from London to Wales where there were still masters who made hand-sewn boots. Not the class of boots he had been accustomed to, it is true, but still sewn boots worn by the better classes.

His employer, Rhys Morgan, was himself a practical boot-maker, but was only accustomed to rough country work; hence he had need of a superior craftsman, to whom he could entrust the making of foot-wear for the influential, official and professional class which had newly come to the town owing to the new steel works in the neighbourhood.

Usually there was a fellow-workman employed there, who did repairs at the bench, with the boy as a helper, but he was "on the spree" at this juncture!

Ned had completed the job he was doing, and had stretched his long arms, yawned prodigiously, and tried to straighten his bent back. Shifting his seat a little he sat watching the old craftsman as he steadily moved stitch-by-stitch around the sole of the boot.

"It's eight o'clock, John!" he announced; "I'm off home!"

"Wait another ten minutes, lad, and I shall be done. I can't leave the threads in the sole all night."

The boy waited, his burning eyes fixed on the old man, wishful that he could sew like that. Presently he yawned again, and then staring into the darkness around them—for there was only one dim gas-jet burning—his face

paled and in an awed whisper he said to John, "Can you see anything over there?" pointing to the furthest corner.

With a sigh the old man looked up; took off his glasses and wiped them, put them on again, and gazed long and earnestly.

"Yes, boy, I can; there's a young girl there; who is it? Why doesn't she come into the light?"

"It's Hannah!" gasped the boy.

"Tell her to come in; we shan't hurt her."

"She's dead!" cried the startled lad.

John put in the last stitch, cut the threads, and then looked keenly at Ned.

"Dead, you say? Who is she, then?"

"The boss's girl, Hannah; she died of the decline!" the boy stammered.

"How long has she been dead?"

"Oh, since some time last year; I can't remember exactly."

"Hum!" said John; "are you sure 'tis her—she looks too real to be a ghost."

"Hush!" cried Ned, "she's trying to say something."

In dead silence they remained for a few seconds, and then Ned said, "She's speaking; I can see her lips move, but I can't hear what she says."

John listened intently. At last he caught the sound. "She says 'Ned.' That's your name."

"Listen again, John!" the boy whispered.

"'Nade tre mish,' she says," said John, "what does that mean? Is it Welsh?"

"Yes," answered the boy, "it is Welsh, and it means 'father three months.' 'Nade' is Welsh for father; 'tre' is three, and 'mish' is months."

Then the vision faded, and John said, "Maybe the old man is going to join her."

Ned, too frightened to speak, said no more.

They locked up the shop, and Ned handed in the keys to the maid in the kitchen. The twain then separated, leaving John much puzzled.

Three months that night Rhys Morgan died of the same disease which had carried off his daughter.

"Zodiac," His Medium, and the "Greater World."

STRIKING INCIDENTS IN MISS MOYES' PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT.

MISS WINIFRED MOYES is, as most people know, joint honorary Editor with Mr. C. A. AESCHIMANN, of the *Greater World*, the official organ of the Christian Spiritualist League, of which Mr. ALFRED MORRIS is the Honorary President. She is also the resident Leader of the many beneficent activities of the League, carried on in the Greater World Sanctuary at 3, Lansdowne Road, London, W. But she is best known all over the country as the trance medium through whom "Zodiac" delivers his inspiring spiritual addresses every Sunday night in towns from Edinburgh to Plymouth. She is not only an ardent tireless worker from early morning till late at night in the Cause of Spiritualism, but she is also a very charming and cultured personality, although she will object very much to our mentioning the fact, for she wishes "Zodiac" and the work of the League alone to have public attention.

Miss Moyes the other day kindly told us about the early beginnings of her mediumship. At a Christmas party during the War she saw a planchette being used for amusement, and she bought one without the faintest idea of spiritual communion. One day her sister-in-law said, "Let us bring out the little board and see if it will go." To her surprise and alarm the hands of her sister-in-law had not been on the board more than two minutes when she relapsed into dead trance, and messages of a highly evidential kind came through from some of her mother's friends in the spirit-world. That occurred on two or three occasions, but her sister-in-law stopped using the board owing to an unpleasant psychic experience.

Planchette would not move for Miss Moyes alone, and she was advised to use a pencil for automatic writing. When she started the experiment the pencil trembled violently and scribbled all over the paper but the only message she could read was:—"Don't worry so much; the protection is complete." At other trials she got nothing further than the message:—"Remember, remember, go on with this writing; grandma is here." Mrs. Moyes was afraid "sitting" might have a bad effect on her daughter, as it was supposed to have had on her daughter-in-law, and Miss Moyes gave up experimenting for her mother's sake.

From childhood she has been clairaudient to the extent of hearing a voice speak to her in warning when she was in danger. The voice was distinct and said not one word too much, and did not repeat itself.

For example, when at Jersey on holiday she and her young aunt sat down near St. Elizabeth's Castle with their feet in the sea, not knowing that that part of the shore was particularly dangerous, many people having been drowned there by the rapid rising of the tide. As they were sitting down, she heard this voice say, "Go at once!" They were talking and laughing and she paid no attention. The voice spoke again more peremptorily, but everything was calm around and she saw no reason

for doing so. The voice next spoke with such terrific urgency that they picked up their shoes and stockings and ran for their lives. The sea had been encircling them without their knowing it and before they reached safety the water was nearly up to their waists!

One bitter winter night during the War she was in bed in the Paddington district when she heard screams and great commotion from the street. She thought at once it must be a zeppelin. The voice then spoke into her ears saying, "Get up at once!" She did so and realised that the apartment house she inhabited was on fire. She heard the flames crackling through the wall. People were crying from the street, "Save yourselves!" She was putting on her dressing gown for flight, when the voice said, "Not that; your thick winter coat; go at once!" Snatching up her savings-bank book, she rushed with bare feet down the almost red-hot staircase, the whole wing of which was like a furnace. One woman was burned to death. The firemen said that in three minutes

more not one soul could have been saved. But for hearing that warning voice she herself would have passed hence.

The next case was rather domestic but very good evidence. Miss Moyes was about to wash some lace which had got iron-mould on it. She put some strong salts of lemon in a cup, but in the midst of other occupations forgot all about it. Later on she poured out some boiling water in a similar cup to drink when it had slightly cooled. When it had stood a few minutes she thought, "I have not had my hot water." She lifted a cup and was on the point of drinking when the voice said, "That is salts of lemon!" She had taken up the wrong cup. But for that warning she would have suffered a most excruciating death.

While at Jersey Miss Moyes kept hearing the voice saying, "Go on with your writing," and on returning home she sought her mother's counsel. Mrs. Moyes said, "Well, if you feel you must, do so; but I will not sit with you lest my

fears should bring bad conditions."

Her younger sister Dorothy, however, agreed to sit with her, and the first automatic message they received was, "Your mother is very sad; go and ask her to come in." She came at once and they began to receive most convincing messages from the Other Side. From then they continued to sit once a week for six months and communications regarding many people and subjects came through.

Then one evening Miss Moyes' pencil wrote the word "Z-O-D-I-A-C." She exclaimed, "Whatever does that mean?" and her mother said, "Perhaps it is the name of your guide." Her hand wrote instantly, "Yes, yes, yes," and then followed some words of blessing. The grandmother wrote assuring them they need not worry; she had hitherto been using Zodiac's power, and in future she would stand aside and Zodiac would give the messages.

At first Zodiac told them nothing about his own personality, but later, in answer to questions, he said that he was an Israelite of the house of Abraham, and had been a teacher in the temple at Jerusalem. He said that one day when walking through the outer courts he came face to face with the Christian Prophet. They stopped and looked at each other without speaking, and at that moment the inspiration came to him that Jesus was not only the Christian Prophet but was in reality the Jewish Messiah.



"ZODIAC."

From a Painting by Mrs. Ida M. Dixon, done under spirit control.

Zodiac's messages have been full of wisdom on deliberately general lines, intended to minister to personal human needs. They contain wise instruction on almost every subject one can think of, but are on simple Christian lines rather than on mental lines, for Zodiac thought it unwise to take inquirers into religious and psychical questions in any way out of their depth. His first discourses were taken down in shorthand and distributed broadcast in typewritten form. He had made in them many definite prophecies, everyone of which had been verified.

From such humble beginnings, under the guidance and inspiration of Zodiac, has sprung in a few years the "Greater World Christian Spiritualist League," with its noble London Sanctuary, where meetings are held every day of the week, as headquarters. It has now 530 independent Spiritualist churches throughout the country in a membership association. In addition to the people in these churches it has an individual membership all over the world of between 13,000 and 14,000 persons. It has its English newspapers and foreign journals, all printed at and distributed from the Sanctuary. It has its Shelter for Homeless Women and Seaside Rest Homes for Invalids. It has its regular healing meetings at which many serious complaints have been cured, as verified by members of the medical profession. It has issued 150 diplomas to genuine mediums after testing their gifts and making a stringent investigation into their character. Only one of these has been attacked by the police, but the League put up a vigorous defence and won hands down.

Indeed, the League's activities are endless and its achievements phenomenal. And—this is very important—all are based on the Christ Teaching, the Christ Spirit, and the Christian ethics and fervour.

The moral seems to be that wherever Spiritualism is associated with Spirituality as its most important essential element, it makes rapid progress and is invincible, but wherever it is without that, it becomes degenerate, goes downhill, and gets mixed up with all sorts of undesirable and destructive conditions, with fatal result.

J. L.

Life Stories from the Spirit World.

"ORIENTAL BIOGRAPHIES."

THE FOURTH SERIES of these remarkable ancient life stories received by the hand of Mr. Richard Phillips (to appear in January), will be from—

ALAMEEL, an old Babylonian who says, "Now I have risen far above all earthly things";

ANANEEL, an aged Israelite, who had the gift of foresight;

RACHEL, a lady of Jericho, who became a Mohammedan;

CALONA, an Assyrian lady, who lived in Nebuchadnezzar's time;

BELTHASAR, her father, the historian of the Assyrian kings;

ABALE, her friend, a priestess of Ishtar; and

MESUIT, an Egyptian, who died as a girl but "grew up to womanhood and became the wife of a beautiful young man of my nation."—Another marriage in heaven!

These unique stories, appearing here exclusively from October 1933 to March 1934, can be obtained, post free for P.O. 3/6 from the Publishers, I.P.G., 69, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Spiritualists should preserve these historic Scripts.

Official Religion does not amputate its dead branches; it leaves them to drop off quietly.—Dean Inge.

Jesus has suffered more from His caricaturists than from His crucifiers.—H. R. Hauweis.

"Morning Talks with Spirit Friends."—Will any reader who has a copy to spare of this book by Mr. G. G. Andre, please communicate with the Editor?

When a man succeeds in forgetting (annihilating) his personal self, he becomes a mirror in which the Universal Reality is faultlessly reflected.—James Allen.

The progress of man depends upon faithfulness, wisdom, chastity, intelligence, and action. He is ever degraded by ignorance, lack of faith, untruth, and selfishness.—Baha Ullah.

HOW VALE OWEN MET NORTHCLIFFE

EVERYONE knows that when the Rev. G. Vale Owen handed his famous scripts to Lord Northcliffe for publication he was offered a four-figure sum for them and refused to accept a penny. But few know of the manner in which this unique journalistic transaction was accomplished.

MR. BERNARD FALK, in his new book, "He Laughed in Fleet Street" (Hutchinson's), describes the incident thus, on page 205:—

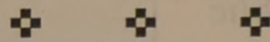
"At Lord Northcliffe's request I brought Vale Owen to *The Times* office. I shall never forget the nervous way in which the shy Warrington clergyman entered his room. I had almost to push him in.

"In the course of a cordial conversation Lord Northcliffe asked him to accept £1,000 (for the publication of 'Beyond the Veil'. Vale Owen shook his head. 'For this part of his writings,' he said, 'he could not take money'.

"Knowing well Vale Owen's poverty I was genuinely sorry to hear him refuse payment, but he was not to be dissuaded and, as he timidly backed out of the room, I think he left Lord Northcliffe completely puzzled.

"The humorous suggestion that I hurried Vale Owen away, lest he change his mind, was Lord Northcliffe's playful fancy, and his gentle way of poking fun at my repeated economical tendencies.

"So clear is my conscience regarding this simple, honest soul that, if and when, as he prophesies, our spirits, no longer earth-bound, meet on the plane where care and pain are no more, and happiness is at last our portion, I shall look him in the face, being without fear, or reason for shame."



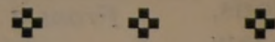
A VISIT TO MR. LANCELET BRICE.

A WRITER, well-known to the editorial staff of the *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, "as possessing a well informed and equally well balanced mind, and whose sincerity and integrity are both beyond question," has paid a visit to Mr. Lancelet Brice, the Direct Voice Medium, of Christchurch, New Zealand.

At his seance she heard her own name called to her. "Nobody in that circle," she writes, "knew my Christian name or anything about me. I will not try to describe my feelings as I answered that whispered call—it is hard to write about these things. The voice went on to say, 'You see, my message has come true.' (For weeks my husband had been saying that we should hear his voice at Mr. Brice's meeting.) Then came words of encouragement and support. My sons were each spoken to and called by name."

They all went home from that seance, she says, full of thankfulness and joy.

"How sad it is," she comments, "that the world is so sunk in materialism that the message of the truth of the continued presence of our dear ones is so often met with derision, and so for them the sadness of bereavement cannot be lightened."



GEORGE ELIOT'S ATTITUDE TO TRUTH.

(Quoted from her *Life* by Cross, Vol. I, page 106.)

"I CAN rejoice in all the joys of humanity—in all that serves to elevate and purify feeling and action—nor will I quarrel with the million who, I am persuaded, are with me in intention.

"Of course I must desire the ultimate downfall of error, for no error is innocuous; but this assuredly will occur without my proselytising aid, and the best proof of a real love of the truth—that freshest stamp of divinity—is a calm confidence in its intrinsic power to secure its own high destiny—that of universal empire.

"Do not fear that I will become a stagnant pool by a self-sufficient determination only to listen to my own echo, to hear the yea, yea, on my own side, and be most comfortably deaf to the nay, nay. Would that all rejected *practically* this maxim!

"To fear the examination of any proposition appears to me an intellectual and a moral palsy that will ever hinder the firm grasping of any substance whatever. For my part, I wish to be among the ranks of that glorious Crusade that is seeking to set Truth's Holy Sepulchre free from a usurped domination."

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The Armistice Service at the Albert Hall

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

"TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW." By one of those strange associations of ideas this line came into my mind as I looked around on the great gathering of Spiritualists and sympathisers at the Royal Albert Hall, South Kensington, on Sunday evening, November 12.

Here, one felt, was an apparent justification of Spiritualism. After a short period—for what are eighty-five years in the life of a movement?—the mysterious raps which sounded in that far away cottage at Hydesville are still echoing with thunderous reverberations throughout the world.

With what dismay do people view the cracks and fissures appearing in their systems of theology! Those strange raps, despite cries of fraud and humbug, are still influencing men, for they were the call of the spirit-world to earth.

Like all polite people who knock at our doors to say that someone desires word with the master within, the spirit-people rapped at the door of earth, and, the door being opened, there speedily trooped through our beloved dead, those "loved long since and lost awhile."

What a happy family we now are, buoyed up by the same knowledge, and full of the joy which this service of Reunion and Remembrance will give us. Will those appointed to speak truly echo the voices of the spirits, so that their words will find an answering echo in our hearts? Shall we hear the glad tidings of Life Triumphant, of the blessed surety that of our beloved dead it can be truly said—"Death hath not touched them at all, dead though their houses may seem."

Such great meetings as these carry with them an influence to inspire and bless, if we have the will to open our hearts to the benign power of the Spirit. Just as a forest of oaks lies within one acorn so out of the apparently trivial things of life grow great events. A child in a manger, and from it flowing a power which has influenced the destinies of nations! An echo, often heard but now recaptured and sent careering through the ether to be set free in our wireless sets! A log floating downstream, or rolling down hill, and now a steamship or a railway train! Such insignificant beginnings, yet out of them, through man's creative imagination, our mighty civilisation!

Is it without significance that the Association which organises these huge meetings began in a carpenter's shop? Does the triumph of the Cross fall upon it, inspiring its workers with the glorious vision of human brotherhood? One wishes so to believe, and as I sit amidst this throng and ponder over the meaning of this day, I feel around me the "shining presences" of a mighty host of the gloriously living dead.

Promptly at 7.15 p.m. Mr. GEORGE CRAZE, the President of the Marylebone Association, announces the opening hymn, "O God, our help in ages past." Watts' lines, sung to the familiar tune, "St. Anne," were a fitting prelude to what proves to be a magnificent meeting. Following the hymn the Chairman gives a moving invocation, in which he renders thanks for the glorious knowledge which enables us to welcome the unseen hosts with faith and confidence. Then the vast company rises and for two minutes an impressive silence fills the vast hall. How still all are! What moving thoughts pass

through our souls! Memories and reflections fill our minds. In those moments our beloved dead are very near. It is a fine preparation for speakers and audience alike.

In his opening address the Chairman struck the positive note. How can any Spiritualist do otherwise? We were not assembled to mourn, he said, but to affirm the faith that is in us. We know there are no dead. He made a plea to the B.B.C. that Spiritualists should be accorded an opportunity to broadcast their message. The plea was received with resounding applause. After another hymn, Mr. Ernest Hunt and Miss Lind-af-Hageby addressed the meeting.

MR. HUNT told of the Gospel of Spiritualism. He said, "It is right that we should assemble together in solemn conclave and affirm our belief. There is no sorrow in our coming together in this way, for we speak that which we know and testify that which we have seen." In the book of Job, he went on, there was a passage which summed up their gospel:—"There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Referring to current events he asserted that we could not solve our difficulties except by a recognition of the spirit in man. Materialism had failed, and any persistence in materialistic methods would only lead men into worse difficulties.

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY, in a winsome speech, referred to the two minutes' silence of Armistice Day, and expressed her conviction that, in thinking of those who had passed on, the great multitudes thought of them, not as dead bodies, but as living beings. It was significant, she continued, that this note was being stressed more and more in religion. Referring to some recent discussions, she asked—"What is wrong with the name Spiritualism? Is it not a good name? Is it not the opposite to Materialism?" She pleaded for courage and commonsense in this matter. "Spiritualism," she declared, "is the basis of all religious life." She pleaded for co-operation between the nations, pointing out that any policy of isolation inevitably leads to disaster. Hers was a splendid plea for peace, which found an echo in all hearts.

After singing the hymn, "There is no death," MR. HANNEN SWAFFER and MR. SHAW DESMOND spoke. Both spoke well, and if Mr. Swaffer's logic wobbled a little he made an earnest plea for Spiritualism. It was difficult, for example, to follow his argument—"Only when we are attacked are we right." Must we therefore conclude that the Capitalist system, which he attacks daily, must be right?

But passing this by as a sample of the loose logic one is only too familiar with, Mr. Swaffer made some good points. Speaking of his recent visit to Egypt he told of a vast cemetery fifty miles long, and how it gave evidence of the worship of the dead. The dead, he said, have nothing to do with graveyards, coffins, or monuments; they are living people who still have an interest in our welfare. Referring to home circles he showed that it is in them that we get our best evidence, and that in them lies the real strength of our movement.

MR. SHAW DESMOND, in the closing speech, said that the whole possibility of preventing war does not lie in the hands of politicians or churches, but with those who are convinced of survival.

He made a powerful plea for sanity in the affairs of the world. Speaking of the Red and Black Internationals, he declared there is a White International, and that in the higher realms counsel has been taken, and a drive to help humanity through the stress of the present time was in operation, but they needed helpers here to second their efforts.

MRS. ESTELLE ROBERTS gave clairvoyance in a very convincing manner. She was evidently master of the conditions. If all clairvoyance was as good there would be little controversy over the question whether clairvoyance at public services is helpful or necessary. She drove home with hard facts all that the speakers had told.

Reviewing the meeting there is little to criticise but much to praise. It was worth while; and

The World Facing the Wrong Way.

By M. DE VERE.

" THOU SHALT NOT KILL "

WOULD any unbiassed observer looking at Europe and America to-day, in this epoch of vaunted civilisation, 1933, imagine for one moment that the above command represents one of our moral laws.

Open a daily newspaper, any day, and what do we read?—murder and cruelty in many forms. Go to the cinema, and what do the majority of films portray? The same thing—the supremacy of force and cruelty. Yet there are thousands who are crying out, " Why will there be war? "

Why! Because the world is facing the wrong way; all our thoughts and impulses from birth are mostly focussed in the wrong direction; because the law of force is applauded and supported as against the law of love. The law of the jungle rather than that of mutual help! And above all, because the majority of men and women do not look upon the other life as an *inescapable reality!*

When we have to journey, say, to America, we make preparations, get passports, fulfil their requirements and, if we are wise, learn something of its history and its peculiarities. Man, when he leaves his physical body, to go a longer journey, into yet another country, has too his passport (the actions and thoughts of his past life), but the majority make little real preparation. Yet, according to the reading of that passport, so is his status and environment allotted in his new country.

He that is filthy and cruel will be filthy and cruel still; and he will consort with those of like propensities: " spirits in prison," who can gain their release only by remorse and expiation.

For complete justice reigns in the moral law; not rewards and punishments, but causes and effects.

There have been among modern nations cases of the utmost barbarity and cruelty against neighbours, with no justification; and the perpetrators of these outrages were so drunk and blind with the lust of evil that they were indifferent and oblivious to consequences, yet—and I say it with no uncertain voice, and with the full knowledge of its uttermost truth—when these pass over at death, into that other world, they will be called upon to suffer and atone in just proportion to what they themselves meted out.

Their victims released, by death, will be comforted, cherished, guided and sustained. And this is no fantasy of a shadowy heaven and hell but stark reality! We, as Spiritualists, KNOW!

Someday, when communication between the two states of being will be as commonplace as wireless is to-day; and man has entered into his vast spiritual heritage; our ignorance of to-day will seem to our descendants as benighted as those of cannibal tribes are to us!

War is a relic of barbarism, and was perhaps a necessity in the primitive scheme of things for the evolution of savage man; but it has to be outgrown and discarded, or civilisation will be submerged and evolution retarded.

Let us teach it in the school, in the nursery, that life is

when Mr. Craze asked all those who had evidence of survival to rise, the greater part of those assembled stood up. It was a splendid testimony, not alone to faith but to a clear and definite knowledge.

Of the speakers, I felt that Mr. Hunt and Miss Lind-af-Hageby made the political note subservient to the Spiritualistic, which is as it should be at such a meeting. This was varied by Mr. Shaw Desmond, who stressed the political aspect a little too much, making it seem that Spiritualism is subservient to politics. I don't think this was intended for I am sure that he would be the first to declare that all politics must be controlled by an enlightened spirituality. The meeting was an inspiration and an encouragement, and the results will be felt for a long time.

continuous, that there is no break, that death is birth into another more progressive life—no shadowy dream-state of blissful rest but vital, compelling existence!

The erroneous idea of living a good life to save one's own soul is selfish to the core and not spiritual. Rather should we be good and kind and loving in order that our goodness and kindness may add to the power of those forces in the world for the benefit of all mankind. Nothing is lost. Our self-sacrifice and courage help to strengthen not only *our* self-sacrifice and courage but those of others too. This is a comforting, uplifting truth, which when realised makes the effort of life worth the striving.

When man resorts to force, he is calling up the beast in himself to meet the beast in his opponent. Man's warfare with nature and the lower animals of necessity developed this aggressive side of his being; but, we have now got to a stage in our evolution when unless man completely revolutionises his outlook on life, he will end by destroying his present civilisation, by means of destruction becoming daily more annihilating.

The superiority of man, and his supremacy over woman, has through the ages been based on brute force; and until men and women meet, not as antagonists but as co-equals and partners for the game of life, the enmity of his seed and her seed will continue.

WOMAN'S PART IN EVOLUTION

And it is mainly to women now that the future must look. It is only through the combined efforts of women all through the world that civilisation will be saved. Why do I say mainly women, when men, so many of them, have done their part so nobly in the cause of peace, by their lives and through their deaths. For the Great War was not fought in vain; it opened up greater spiritual avenues of hope and love, and wiped out many false errors and customs; it gave us the League of Nations and the ideal of the Unity of Man; and for that we thank those who gave their lives " *in a war to end war!* "

But, because " the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and is true of those women who are mothers in heart and not merely through circumstance, it is in the nurseries of the world that the next epochal change must come! A complete *bouleversement*, a complete change of heart of the world!

Everytime you use primitive force of any kind, to enforce your will on an infant or child, you are inculcating into that child's consciousness the law of the jungle, rather than that of love!

Each individual parent or grown-up person has an inescapable responsibility laid upon him—and his own moral strengthening—before he has the restraint to use moral force through prayer and love, rather than physical force and fear.

The responsibilities of women are greater at the moment than almost ever before in history. This is an imperfect world, and never can it become absolutely perfect. But the millenium is not an impossible dream. Every man and woman who strives to subjugate the animal in themselves, and to conquer self and fulfil love, helps forward not only the evolution of himself but of the whole world. This is the Aquarian Age, the age of woman, according to the signs of the Zodiac.

Oh! Women of every nation, women of the world, women of our little Island, let us unite, in one common bond of fellowship, our children, our homes, and our loved ones; let cruelty be ostracised and war outlawed, and let love supplant force. So that the symbol of the Aquarian Age, the water bearer—woman pouring out water over the earth for its healing—may be fulfilled!

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Marshall Hall and Cheiro.

"A REAL FRIEND FROM THE WITNESS BOX"—THE FUTURE FORETOLD.

I WAS reading the other day, writes a correspondent, Edward Marjoribanks' "Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall." Every reader of the *Gazette* should ask for it at his library, for besides being a particularly brilliant piece of biography of the most famous advocate of our time, it contains interesting references to the subject we all have most at heart. It is published by Victor Gollancz.

The author tells us how in one of his earliest cases Marshall Hall made a real friend from the witness box. The witness was Count Hamon, better known as "Cheiro," the celebrated palmist. It was a case in which telling the future and that awful Witchcraft Act were mentioned.

MARSHALL HALL'S FUTURE.

Marshall Hall tried to discredit "Cheiro's" evidence, but he found his task not an easy one:—

"Cheiro to the question, 'Can you tell the future?' answered that so far as the tendencies of persons were concerned, he could. He even hinted that he could tell Marshall Hall's future from his tendencies.

"That night Marshall Hall met Cheiro by chance at the Carlton Hotel. He went up to him and congratulated him on his skill as a witness. A day or two afterwards he paid Cheiro a visit and the latter took an impression of his hand and cast his horoscope."

Years afterwards, in November 1924, Marshall Hall found his notes of this interview, and wrote to Cheiro that he had just been re-reading the deductions he drew from his hand in August 1899; "and I find," he said, "they have proved to be wonderfully true."

The original notes of that interview, which Mr. Marjoribanks remarks, "those interested in palmistry may read with interest," are then quoted:—

"The left hand, which denotes the inherited qualities, does not give nearly as much promise as the indications given by the right. Judge, therefore (Cheiro said to Marshall Hall), that by your own efforts and determination you have carved out your own career, and must stand out as the one really distinguished member of your family."

THE LINES OF HEART AND DESTINY.

"The commencement of your line of destiny being so uncertain, as it starts from the wrist, shows that in early life you were very undecided about the career you should adopt. There is no sign of any success whatever until your twenty-fifth year.

"From thirty years of age till the last moment of your life your success will be steadily on the increase. You are fated to become one of the most prominent men in your profession.

"The worst feature of your hand has to do with the affectionate side of your character. The line of heart shows that you will be singularly unlucky with such matters. You will be idolised by women, but they will bring you little happiness.

"There are two marriages distinctly indicated; the first will cause you to pass through some bitter ordeal that will affect the whole of your life. In length of life you will reach the average span. You will die in harness at the very zenith of your career."

A WONDERFUL VISION.

Marshall Hall's note at the end of the interview reads as follows:—

"Cheiro then said, 'I see something so vividly that I feel bound to tell you of it, though it seems so impossible that I hesitate.' I asked him to tell me what he saw, and he replied:

"I see you standing on the balcony of what looks like a large country house, with a big garden below and big trees all in front. But the strange thing is that the grounds seem lighted up with a very vivid electric light, and even the trees are lighted up with coloured lamps. What makes it still stranger is that there are thousands of people trampling down the flower beds, and looking up to the balcony, and you are apparently speaking.

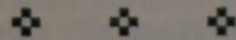
"There are several people on the balcony, men and women, and the faces of the crowd are very white in the strong light. Beside you, on the left, is a woman, much shorter than you are, waving a white handkerchief in her left hand, and the people below are shouting. That is what I see, but what it means is more than I can tell you."

In 1900 Marshall Hall was returned as Conservative Member of Parliament for Southport. Before announcing the result of the election to the crowd from the balcony of the Town Hall the returning officer made a request. It had been the custom in the past for a lady supporter of the winning candidate to wave a red or blue handkerchief, and so anticipate the formal announcement of the returning officer. This he asked should not be done.

Marshall Hall then went out with his wife and supporters on to the balcony. Looking down he saw a great multitude of people, their faces very white under the bright lights. The trees behind were illuminated with coloured lamps.

"Where have I seen all this before?" he thought, and then he remembered Cheiro's wonderful vision. The scene recorded in the notes of his interview with Cheiro sixteen months before was exactly reproduced:—

"Then he looked down at his wife, standing by his side, and saw that she was waving a *white* handkerchief. She had taken the returning officer's request very literally, and thought that, whereas a red or a blue handkerchief was forbidden, there could be no objection to a white one. Thus the last detail of Cheiro's prevision was exactly reproduced in fact."



ARE YOU READY?

Ready to catch the Master's voice,

Ready to answer, "Yes!"

Ready to help a heart rejoice,

Ready to share the stress.

Ready to face the thing we fear,

Ready to stand alone;

Ready to wipe away a tear,

Ready to hush a moan.

Ready to stay, though life looks long,

Ready to wait the word,

Ready to sing the earth a song,

Ready to hold its sword.

Ready to work with little gain,

Ready to give the best,

Ready to meet the Spirit's pain,

Ready to be its guest.

Ready to learn from all around,

Ready to love—and know,

Ready to hear the trumpet's sound,

Ready to smile—and go.

H. M. UNDERWOOD.

International Psychic Gazette

The Independent Monthly Organ of
Spiritualism and Psychological Research.

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

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

"The Unbroken Melody of Life."

MR. JOHN G. FINDLAY (brother of the already famous author, Mr. J. Arthur Findlay) has just sent forth his first Spiritualist book with the above happy title (Rider, 3/6).

The appositeness of the name is obvious: he treats of LIFE CONTINUOUS; he tells us that so-called "death" is no break in the thread of life; its melody flows on in sweetest harmonies, free from all the jars and jangles of earthly life.

This is perhaps the most eclectic book on Spiritualism within limited compass that was ever written. It throws light on every phase. Describing his own sceptical approach to the subject after he had been demobilised from the war, the author says when he first heard of Spiritualism, "What nonsense it all sounded!" He went with his brother, however, to one of Sloan's seances, and there, he says:—

"My father spoke to me; a soldier whom I had trained and who, unknown to me, had been killed in France spoke to me; various friends whom I had thought were 'dead,' spoke to me."

A very startling and encouraging start! As a result of four years' practical experiences in the seance-room, tersely recounted in this volume, Mr. Findlay realised that the orthodox teaching about Death was wrong. He began to have a new conception of Life, and the things that mattered; he recognised the close relationship between Spirituality and true Spiritualism; he realised that Biblical "miracles" were not myths, that God was a God of Love and not of Vengeance, and that the ordinary vague beliefs about Heaven and Hell became dissolved before the realities of the Spirit World.

Jesus Christ, instead of being a third part of a theological conundrum became to him "a sublime and beautiful Spirit—the express image of the Deity in His moral and spiritual majesty. He is the Christian's Master, and Humanity's Best Friend."

The book is full of delightful personal anecdotes to illustrate its instructive points. Mr. Findlay proclaims himself an active propagandist, and says every Spiritualist should be the same.

"Not long ago," he mentions, "I had a letter from a keen Spiritualist who had been badly smashed up in a motor-car accident. As a result, he spent several weeks in hospital. He wrote, 'Three stitches in my tongue, and I never stopped talking—preaching Spiritualism all the time!'"

On the subject of clairvoyance he tells of a clergyman friend of his who got into trouble with his congregation because of his peculiar habit of gazing towards pews apparently empty. But to him these pews were filled with people as real and life-like as the "human" members of his congregation, for he had been a discernor of spirits from birth.

We remember hearing Dr. Joseph Parker say pretty much the same thing. He said from his pulpit—"I have been asked how many people the City Temple holds." Then gazing over its vast expanse, as if reckoning the probable number, he exclaimed, "How can I tell! We have here the company of a mighty multitude of the heavenly host!"

In referring to clairaudience, Mr. Findlay says a nurse was once engaged in his own house to look after a patient. One evening the conversation turned to Spiritualism. The nurse was absolutely ignorant about it, but when Mr. and Mrs. Findlay explained it to her she said laughingly:—

"Goodness gracious, then I suppose I am a medium, and never knew it." She proceeded to say that she frequently heard voices. Some she recognised but others she did not. But she was quite emphatic on the point that every night, after she had got into bed and settled herself down in the quiet of her own room, her mother and sister, both of whom were in the spirit world, spoke to her and she spoke to them. She did not seem to realise that there was anything abnormal about it. She had always been like that!

During an illness of his wife, Mr. Findlay was told by a "spirit doctor" certain things about her internal condition which he definitely thought were wrong, but the ordinary doctor in attendance told him it was he who was wrong; the information given by the spirit doctor being correct.

Some years ago the author made the acquaintance of a Roman Catholic priest on board ship. They promenaded the deck together and had happy talks on many things till Mr. Findlay raised the question of Spiritualism. The priest claimed to be a pamphleteer on the subject, and said there was no doubt in his mind that Spiritualism was a product of the devil, its manifestations all fraudulent, and its disciples either wicked or mad—probably both. Mr. Findlay did not interrupt the reverend Father, but when his denunciation was concluded, told him of certain phenomena he had himself witnessed, and spirit messages he had received from his own friends. Thereupon the priest placed his hand on Mr. Findlay's shoulder and said—"But, my friend, you mistake me entirely; we in the Church know perfectly well that such things happen, but it would never do to let the people know that!"

Thus in quietly convincing conversational tones, Mr. Findlay takes his readers over the whole range of Spiritualistic manifestation just as if he were having a friendly persuasive talk with them at his hospitable fireside. He speaks about famous mediums whom so many people have never seen and probably imagine to be wicked and fraudulent. He gives some beautiful quotations from the trance addresses of Stainton Moses ("Imperator"), of Miss Winifred Moyes ("Zodiac"), of Mrs. Meurig Morris ("Power"), and of Mr. C. A. Simpson ("Dr. Lascelles.") He quotes the wise pronouncements of Mr. Frederic Myers, Sir William Barrett, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and a host of other eminent Spiritualists. And he concludes his remarkably inspiring and pleasing volume as follows:—

"The things of this world, which are seen, are only temporal, and therefore only of secondary importance. The eternal things are those which are not seen—the things of the Spirit. And it is upon these things—the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, and such like—that the real spiritual life is based, both here and hereafter. They are the foundations of all true spiritual progress, and it was the necessity for that foundation that was so insistently emphasised by the spirit of Christ when He was on earth.

"It is for such things as these that Spiritualism stands, and only when people come to realise that fact, and cease to think of it merely in terms of dark rooms and the paraphernalia of psychic investigation, will they come to realise its beauty and its power—a power which joins all worlds in one, which brings us into true and unbroken fellowship with those beyond the fast thinning veil, and which unites us all, men and angels alike, in one cosmic whole with our Creator and Father, the Eternal Spirit and Giver of Life."

J. L.

December, 19

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LIFE STORIES FROM THE ANCIENT PAST.

AS PSYCHICALLY TOLD TO RICHARD PHILLIPS.

ELATAH, ELALAH, PTHAH, GALEN, PSAMANATHA, AGEATHA.

"These Oriental Biographies are very convincing."—*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.*

"Millions of heavenly creatures
Walk the earth,
Both while we wake and while
we sleep."—*Milton.*

HOW little do we realise that fact, or know that the spirits around us belong to all countries and all times! Only rare persons, like Richard Phillips, the Spiritualist hymn-writer, or John Milton, the blind poet, has by his strong psychic light attracted them, seen them, and talked to them as friends.

They came regularly in troops to Phillips' fireside and he welcomed them all gladly. It was "the rage" in his day for old spirits to make use of so sympathetic an amanuensis to speak back to earth for the first time in their experience. They jostled each other for the privilege and pleasure. They spoke not in foreign tongues but in thought-language—a language we all often use without knowing it, a language of visions and symbols without words—and Phillips had the unique gift of catching their thoughts and instantly translating them into the purest English. It was a labour of love to him, for he never accepted a penny for any psychic work he did. He tasted the individual flavour of all these personalities as they spoke to him, with simple charm and perfect frankness, of their childhood, old age, gifts and graces, worldly circumstances, and the most memorable events in their lives.

The following is the Third Series of these Oriental Biographies, which began here in October and will continue till March:—

X.—THE STORY OF ELATAH, THE CHALDEAN.

SPEAK to me! You talk to others. Talk to me! I am a woman from the land you call Chaldea. I lived long ago, so long that I don't know how to measure it. My name was Elatah. I was full grown—a full-breasted virgin. I desired life, but I was cut off by a sudden sickness.

POVERTY AND HARDSHIP IN BABYLONIA.

I lived at Ephrath, a city on the river. It was not a large one. Babylon was a great city in my day, and a strong nation then. I had desires which I could not gratify. I was poor and my poverty embittered me.

My parents were poor and they wrought for a living, and I shared their labours. We tilled the ground and gathered the fruit. Our wants were not so many as yours, but then as now there was the need of food and raiment and shelter. If I had been the daughter of a rich man I should have had a dowry which would have secured me a husband. I could neither read nor write; few could then.

I am Elatah, the Chaldean. Thou hast drawn me to thee by thy sympathy for the privations of my earth-life. There were many, for Chaldea was thickly peopled. There was poverty amongst us, and the people who lived by the labour of their hands worked hard. There were idle and luxurious classes, too, who lived on the labour of others, as there are now.

Our climate was far better than yours, and we needed less clothing and few articles of furniture; and life was simpler than than now, among you of the West.

We began the day's work soon after daybreak, and rarely ceased save for taking food until near sunset. We often worked through the heat of the day. My parents had ground which they tilled, growing fruit and herbs, which they sold. I had three brothers and three sisters. I was the first girl. I helped my father in the vineyard. In my time women worked in the field like men.

"A SPIRIT AMONG SPIRITS."

I fell sick and died before I had reached the age of twenty. Great was my astonishment when I found that I had passed from the body and become a spirit among spirits. We knew so little then about this life. We believed there was one, and some among us had held converse with the departed.

My first knowledge of my having died was when I came to myself and found myself in the room standing beside the couch where my body lay. This greatly surprised me. I did not remember leaving the body. I was looking at it when I heard my name called. I turned and saw a woman with a garment in her hand, and I then perceived that I was naked. I took the offered garment and put it on, and she explained to me that I had become a spirit like herself and would thenceforth live the life of a spirit.

PLEASURE IN A FAR HIGHER DEGREE.

Then I saw others and they spoke to me. The first woman took me to be with her. I soon perceived that this life was far better than the one I had left, and I became happy. I was ignorant and inexperienced, but I learnt from my teacher what it was necessary for me to know and do. I found here the pleasures I had missed on earth, and in a better form, for there is no pleasure known to you which is not found here in a far higher degree. Let me cease! Gladly will I come again.

* * * * *

I am Elatah. I felt all the unsatisfied desires of my youth still in me. I had so few opportunities in my earth-life, being so poor, but my poverty ceased with my earth-life, and the disadvantages of poverty with it.

MY LONGING FOR LOVE SATISFIED.

Let me tell thee that I longed for love, and the society of people of knowledge. I found both. My body was beautiful if my face was not comely, and I became the wife of one of my nation, and lived with him in great happiness, loving and beloved. I had that also which my soul desired—the society of those who knew far more than I.

Now I have attained to both beauty of face and body, I would thou couldst see me; but thou shalt, and thou shalt know that I have spoken truly.

XI.—THE STORY OF ELALAH, THE MEDE.

I THINK I can write even as the others. My people lived in the land of Media, and I am a Mede. My name is Elalah.

I lived in the very ancient days, when the Babylonians were a powerful people. My days were few, for I came hither before I was twenty. I was wife to a Mede, and I bore him a daughter. I never saw Babylon. I did not travel. Few travelled in my days, and women never. The difficulties and dangers then were great, and you have far greater advantages than we possessed. We worshipped gods, and had images in our temples.

Now I feel that I can tell thee little. Let me come again, and I will tell thee more!

* * * * *

I pray thee suffer me to talk with thee! I essayed to tell thee my story before, but was not able. I feel that I have less skill than some others who come to thee. Thy forbearance helps me.

A RICH MAN'S FOURTH WIFE.

I told thee that I was the wife of a rich man who had three other wives. My life was different from that of Elatah, the Chaldean, whom I have learnt to know. I had all that I could ask for. I knew no want. I was beautiful as a child, and more beautiful as a woman, and I early became the wife of a man of wealth. But now she (Elatah) is equal to me, and as beautiful, having lost all the traces of her hard life.

I could read and write our language, which the common people could rarely do. We were different from the Persians, and our language was not the same. Great and many are the changes which have taken place in the land of my life, and now another people dwell there, and another language is spoken, and there is no memorial of us remaining. I never go thither now. Why should I? It is a strange country to me, and I have no longer any interest in it or its inhabitants.

XII.—THE STORY OF PTHAH, A PRIEST'S DAUGHTER.

HAVE I your permission to talk to you! Maletu and Mesuit have told me of you. My name is Pthah. I lived in Egypt in the days of Sesostris, and was the daughter of a priest.

I left the earth-life when I was full grown. My knowledge was more extensive than that of many women, as my father delighted to teach me, and I to learn. **I was able to converse in several languages**, and I read all the books we then possessed. But my life was cut short. I died when I had numbered years twenty and four. I had been married four years.

My father taught me things concerning this second life which made me feel the certainty of it; but how different it is from all my thoughts! I had lived a good life, and had no fear when I came hither. **I looked for much that I saw not; and much that I saw I had looked not to see.** But thus it is with us all.

CHANGE AND DECAY.

I lived before foreigners took possession of our country, and I beheld all the various peoples that held sway in the home of our race. It is so long ago that I think but rarely of my earth-life, for **I have risen far above the world and its changes and troubles**, and now look upon all its peoples with pity, knowing the manner of life they must live. But when I will I revisit it and behold the changes that have taken place since my departure.

My people were once greater than any, and now they are well-nigh the least, but I grieve not. Why should I? Change is the law of your state—change sometimes for the worse, but oftener for the better, or no progress would be made; and **the higher spirits are not indifferent to the well-being of humanity, of which they once were members.**

I find thy hand easy to write with, and I give thee thanks for the pleasure thou hast given me. Let me depart, for this state is not for me. Peace be with thee! I will come again if thou desirest.

XIII.—THE STORY OF GALEN, A CHINESE LADY.

I AM GALEN, a lady of China. Not before have I had this happiness. I was born many years ago, before the days of your Prophet.

A FAVOURITE WIFE POISONED.

In my own land I was of high rank. I died when but four and twenty years, a wife but not a mother. My husband had wives beside me, but I was the favourite, and they envied me, but I cared not.

We lived in a large palace. **I had all I desired except children, and these were denied me**, and because of this I was despised by those who had. My death came about by the jealousy of these women, who prepared poison and caused it to be mixed with my food.

MY AWAKENING.

I awoke in the land of spirits and found myself alone. I could see no one. I seemed to be in a vast desert, with sand everywhere, and no one in sight. I wandered here for a long time, but at last felt so tired that I lay down and went to sleep.

When I awoke again I saw a form standing by me. He bade me rise and follow him, and I did so and he brought me to a habitation where were others, who like myself had lately passed from the land of the living, and he told me that here I should learn what I needed to know.

His manner was kind, and my heart began to find comfort. **And hither came the spirits of the good, and instructed us in things we had to learn**, and I profited greatly by their teaching. They showed me many things I knew not, for my life was spent in seeking my own pleasures, and I knew not the manner of the life that awaited me. And when I had made progress my friends came to me and took me away to live with them.

REJOINED BY MY HUSBAND.

I am Galen. Greatly am I charmed with thy people, and I desire further converse with thee.

When I came before I told thee that I was poisoned by my fellow-wives, who hated me because I was preferred. After my death my husband became so depressed that he grew ill, and in a few years he passed away, and rejoined me among the spirits.

My hope was that he would have discovered the crime, but he had not. So they escaped the punishment which they deserved.

TWO CHILDREN ADOPTED.

We lived together in great harmony, for now he desired no other wife beside me. **My desire was for children, and I now adopted two**, whom I brought up as if they had been my own.

MY POISONERS FORGIVEN.

The bad women who had cut my life short were brought to me when they entered the world of spirits, in order to obtain my forgiveness. This I readily gave them, as I had long ceased to cherish evil thoughts of them, for what they intended for evil had resulted in my advantage. **There is a law here that those who have wronged any on earth must obtain the forgiveness of their victims.**

I bid thee farewell!

* * * * *

I, Galen, the lady from the land thou callest China, greet thee! I have told thee my story. Many there are here who desire speech with thee, but thy time will not permit it.

HER DISCOVERY OF RICHARD PHILLIPS.

Let me tell thee how I discovered thee! (the medium through whom these messages were written.) I heard from certain here that there was a man in the West who could hold speech with us, and I desired this and came. Never before have I had this experience. I know that many have come to thee from lands I knew not, for I have been with thee and beheld them. Farewell! And forget not that I am thy friend.

XIV.—PSAMANATHA, AN ARYAN LADY.

I AM the lady your friend has spoken about. I am a lady from the far-off city of —. It was there I lived a long time ago, when the peoples of the East were far more numerous and powerful than they are now.

India was the land wherein I dwelt. My name was Psamanatha. Our city was on the Ganges. It was a very large city. Be patient! I was an Aryan, and I lived among my people. The city wherein I dwelt has been destroyed and only the ruins of it now remain.

OUR LANGUAGE NO LONGER SPOKEN.

I died before I had numbered years seven and twenty. The language we spoke is no longer heard on the lips of men. Other languages have grown out of it, whose speakers would not know it, so great have been the changes in it.

I was married and had sons and daughters. **My life here has been happy beyond my thought.** I will come again, and tell the name of my city.* My power is small to converse with thee. Now I depart.

* In a later communication the name was given as Alamatha.—R. P.

XV.—AGEATHA, OF ALAMATHA.

I AGEATHA, also desire speech with thee. I am a man of ancient India, and I also dwelt in the city of Alamatha.

Before Babylon and Nineveh arose I lived—an Aryan. My people conquered the former inhabitants, and built cities along the Ganges. Many of these have now utterly perished, and even their names are now unknown.

I cannot tell thee the time in years. We knew that we had come from the lands north and west, and remembered our coming. Now thy people have dominion and rule over the descendants of our race, who are greatly changed, and they are not like us, either in their speech or their dress or their way of living. They are weak and degenerate, and their religion is an abomination.

But we trouble not at these things, having long ceased to take part in the affairs of the earth-dwellers. I lived to the age of fifty-seven, and died from a sickness. Psamanatha was not known to me then. Thy friends have brought us to thee—one whom thou knowest as Callimaché, and another as Cleobula, women of the West, whose nation I knew not.

Desire me, and I will gladly come to thee again.

❖ ❖ ❖

"The Greater World" held a Christmas Fair at Friends' House on November 25, which was opened by a bright five minute speech by Miss Moyes. A thousand people attended and about £250 was raised.

A Memorial Service for William Hope, the photographic medium, will be held in Weston Church on Sunday, December 10, at 3 p.m. A special sermon will be preached, and a memorial brass (erected by the Rev. Charles and Miss Tweedale, and a few friends) will be unveiled.

December

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Spirit Teachings for Present Times.—XVI.

TAKEN DOWN INSPIRATIONALLY BY CORDELIA GRYLLES.

ETERNAL LOVE.

LET me talk to you of the great love of the Eternal. A little idea of this great love you think you can gain by comparing it with the love of a father. Also, you speak of a mother's love as the highest type of love you know on earth.

Love is the divine principle of attraction, which holds the worlds together. God and love are one. The universe is the expression of Himself, wonderful beyond all human power to imagine. The attractive, unifying power of love is what we here feel so strongly; it draws, it makes one. Thus the purpose of the Eternal is ever towards the unifying and drawing together of created things. God, Love, Unity, Attraction. You try with your poor words to express the inexpressible, the Source of all. Realise more this all pervading Essence of Love, which men call God.—“LAUS DEO.”

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

“Concerning spiritual gifts we would not have you ignorant.” Think how much ignorance exists as to these spiritual gifts, buried under material objects and desires. Think what ignorance prevails as to the spiritual origin of the spark of life men call “I.”

Unlike the body, the spirit makes no demands, insistent demands, on the man's time; it leaves him in ignorance, if he so desire it, that the Spirit is the life, the origin, the principle of existence, by which the man is animated. Where spiritual perception exists, there can be only love, unity, and the fruit of the spirit.

Is it not then a worthy object to set about spreading the knowledge of the spiritual nature, the spiritual gifts, the spiritual origin of man, uplifting him above the grovelling desires and material interests that form the ruling love of the earthly life of the average human being in this stage of his existence? Show him he is of God. Since God is a Spirit, man is also spirit. His powers, his spiritual gifts, are illimitable, needing, like all gifts and qualities, to be developed.

This development begins unconsciously to take place as soon as man recognises and dwells on the thought of his high origin, for in spiritual things thought is all-

powerful. Teach men, therefore, to aspire; to realise their possibilities, the spiritual gifts dormant within them. Then shall they cultivate the inner, not the outer side of their being, realising the Spirit within, as expressed by the Apostle: “Know ye not that ye are the temples of the Holy Spirit.”—“LAUS DEO.”

THE INNER ILLUMINATION.

Vision, spiritual vision, depends upon the existence of a faculty inherent in man, but in most cases undeveloped. The development of this faculty or gift lies along the lines of interior contemplation, awakening the soul's innate desire for the one-ness with the spiritual, the source whence it came.

Clairaudience, the hearing of the still, small voice, is allied to vision, since it also depends on the cultivation of the soul's power of communing with its own inmost being, of which it mostly is forgetful in the rush of material life. Hush, not rush; it is this that is needed. Hush to the whirl of the busy round of daily life; hush to the restless, anxious thought, the feverish interest in the struggle of life on the physical plane. Hush there must be before the still, small voice can be recognised, the hush of the mind, of the interior life, as well as the exterior life.

Seek, then, this inner illumination, this inner hearing; thus shalt thou dwell in conscious communion at all times with the great world of spirit to which thou dost belong; though, wrapped in mortal form, encompassed with cares and troubles of the material world, men think little of the spiritual world, and then only as a dim state belonging to the future. Here and now we are one with thee and thou with us, only a veil between, the veil of flesh.

What is a veil? Merely that which hides something which, however, is present, is really there, only invisible by reason of that veil. Communing with the world of spirit is tearing apart that veil which hides us, really present, but invisible for the time. Seek, then, to live as though there were no veil, in conscious one-ness with those men speak of as “beyond the veil.” Then shalt thou find joy, the pearl of great price, for which the world—the world of illusion, is well lost. To God be praise.—“LAUS DEO.”

“Twenty Years After”: Things Worth Recalling.

From the “*International Psychic Gazette*” for December, 1913.

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE AND THE RETURN OF HUXLEY.

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE died in his ninety-first year on November 7, 1913, at Old Orchard, Broadstone, Wimborne, and the article of greatest interest and importance in the *International Psychic Gazette* for the following month is written by Miss FELICIA SCATCHERD, recalling an interview she had had with the great scientist four or five years earlier, at his own request:—

“Our mutual friend, Mr. James Sharpe, of Bournemouth (she wrote), had told him that I had received communications from his dear friend, the late Professor Huxley, among others, and Dr. Wallace wished to see me. I went at the earliest opportunity, and found him bright, keen, and intellectually as alert as ever. He questioned me closely—even minutely—and then said in slightly disappointed tones:—

“‘Yes, yes; that was like Huxley, yet it does not carry unshakable conviction as to his identity to my mind. Tell me, have you given me all the facts about Professor Huxley's communications?’

“‘Certainly not; I have only told you the most striking things, not those relating solely to myself.’ Here I began to laugh as one rather comical episode flashed across my memory.

“Quick as lightning he said, ‘What is in your mind now? Why are you laughing?’

HUXLEY'S WALKING LESSON.

“‘Well, Dr. Wallace,’ I said, ‘I was thinking

of a rather funny incident when Huxley intervened and got me out of a tiresomely bad habit.’

“‘Holding his chin in his hand and fixing me intently with his keen, penetrating gaze, he asked me to tell him exactly what happened.’

“‘Well, then, Professor, here it is,’ I said. ‘I was walking in the Alps with a very dear friend, to whom I was rather an annoying companion. She took long strides and I took short ones. She was taller and bigger than myself, and three of my steps hardly measured the distance of her two. So I was always lagging behind.’

“‘Suddenly one morning, as we were on a three or four hours' expedition from Champey to Martigny, I felt Huxley beside me. I did not see him, I heard nothing, yet I sensed his presence as surely as if he had stood in bodily form beside me.’

“‘He impressed me, with the soundless eloquence of spirit language, that he had come to teach me how to walk.’

“‘I could hardly believe the strange assertion. Why should my unseen visitant trouble about such a trivial though annoying defect? Even as I thought, I felt impelled by a will that overmastered my own to make certain movements with my limbs. A sort of rhythmic harmony set in between the steps I was taking and a swinging motion of the arms.’

“‘All at once I fell into a lovely sort of swinging step. I was walking easily and well, and marvel

of marvels I kept side by side with my companion all along the white winding road.

"Presently she turned to me almost indignantly, and said, "Felicia, do you not think it a shame for you to have walked so badly all this time when you can walk as well as I?"

"Am I walking well?" I asked.

"Of course you are," she said, "but why you should not have done so all along I cannot understand."

"Then I told her of my strange experience, and she said Huxley was one of the most sensible spirits she had yet come across.

"Dr. Wallace had listened with growing excitement, and when I paused exclaimed delightedly:—

"Oh, that was Huxley! That was my dear friend! And no one but himself. The long discussions we used to have about the relative movements of legs and legs, and wings

and legs, and arms and legs! He was always puzzling about the exact order in which a horse moved his four feet."

"Then he talked about Spiritualism in general, and I found his belief in the intervention of the denizens of the Spirit World on every possible occasion stronger than that of anyone else I have ever met."

Miss Scatcherd concluded by quoting the leading tenets of Dr. Wallace's faith. Here they are in his own words:—

There are none utterly bad, but only people of different degrees of goodness.

All are capable of infinite progression.

The future depends upon the use of present opportunities.

I believe that the reason for the existence of this world and the exploration of the problems that puzzle us are that the earth and its struggles and pains are essential to the development of the highest spiritual natures.

Convincing Clairvoyance.

A FIRST WIFE'S GOOD COUNSEL TO HER HUSBAND.

By M. L. JOHNSTON, ROTHESAY.

I HAD heard a number of addresses on Spiritualism and also been present during the giving of clairvoyant descriptions. The former I greatly appreciated, but about the latter I was inclined to be sceptical.

I thought it probable that the clairvoyants were describing people they had seen in the flesh. I *knew* that on one or two matters they were ignorant and misinformed, for there were affairs that concerned myself, of which I had full knowledge. But as my experiences widened I became convinced that sometimes at any rate, spirits *were* present at these meetings, and were discerned and correctly described by the clairvoyants.

Many years ago I made a pact with my most intimate friend that whichever of us should die first would, if permitted, appear to the other. But during the War, when there was a great revival of Spiritualism, and therefore much ignorant criticism of it, my friend came in contact with the latter, and accepted it without further inquiry. She was disgusted with what seemed to her a foolish and even wicked outbreak of imposture. Then she wrote to me saying she wished to break our pact, for she no longer desired to have anything to do with after-death appearances.

I agreed to break the pact, but continued my own investigations.

UNRECOGNISED DESCRIPTIONS.

My friend passed on in 1920. Some time after that my sister attended a circle for clairvoyance. There she was told that two ladies stood beside her; that she had been in the company of one of them five years ago, but the other had died of consumption more than thirty years before. Minute descriptions were given of both, but my sister failed to recognise either, and the clairvoyant, after insisting that she must know them as they had come to her, passed on to another sitter, leaving my sister wondering. But as soon as I heard the descriptions that had been given of these two spirits, I recognised my friend and her sister. Every detail was correct.

Now I knew that Theosophists declare that the forms which clairvoyants see are only pictures in the earth's etheric memory—not spirit forms at all; and that other unbelievers explain them as thought-forms from the memories of the sitters.

Had I been the one to whom my friends were described I should have thought that either of these explanations might apply. But in my sister's case they could not. She had never had much to do with either of the ladies; others, her own intimate friends, had made a much deeper impression upon her mind before passing on, and certainly their forms should have been seen beside her, not the two described.

AIDS TO RECOGNITION.

I felt convinced that my friend had, after all, desired to communicate with me, and as I was not present had come to my sister. But why had she brought her own

sister with her? The answer to that question was not hard to find. Her sister had a much more remarkable appearance than she herself had, and the statement that she had died of consumption more than thirty years before clinched the matter. My friend knew that the descriptions given by the clairvoyant would be repeated to me; all said about herself might apply to many; but her sister's description would be unique: I should certainly recognise it, and so be assured of her own presence. I was. But that did not satisfy my friend.

I did not attend circles, for I still felt doubtful about some mediums; besides I had ways of my own of receiving messages from spirit friends. I am to some extent clairaudient, and on one occasion while I was considering a very grave matter, and wondering what I ought to do, I heard distinctly the voice of the friend referred to above. "Leave it to God," she said, and I followed her wise counsel, as I had often received it when we walked and talked together in days before.

The next time my sister sat in a circle—and with a different medium—my old friend came again. She was described as bringing a great bunch of wallflowers in her hand. "Don't you smell it?" the medium asked. Now my friend and I had both been specially interested in flowers and had attended a botany class together. Many a time I had told her of my love for wallflower, its colour and its scent, so now she brought my favourite flower with her. As my sister did not know that I had ever spoken to my friend about wallflower, and had never seen her with a bunch of it in her hand, the usual explanation of Theosophists and other unbelievers could not apply. My own absence made the clairvoyance all the more convincing.

A HESITATING WIDOWER.

But the third coming of this particular friend was the most remarkable of all. The medium was a foreign lady, yet she not only described my friend's appearance correctly, but told how she died, gave her name—an unusual one—and then gave mine. So the message to follow was for me. Unfortunately, at that moment a loud noise occurred and the medium became distraught and had to be led to a seat. But as soon as she recovered she returned to my sister and gave the message.

"I see a step," she said. "Someone is thinking of taking some step . . . It is not you . . ." and she paused. But she could not get the third name, so continued without it.

"One is hesitating, afraid the step will bring loss. There will be no loss, all will turn out well. That step is to be taken."

When I heard the message I at once concluded that it must refer to my friend's husband. He had always been used to consulting her about his business affairs, now she would advise him from the spirit world. He lived hundreds of miles from me, but I corresponded with him regularly. Evidently she knew this.

I ought to have written him at once and sent on her message; but his name had not been given, he was not favourably inclined towards Spiritualism, and I hesitated, delayed, and so a month passed. Then I received a letter from him in which he told me he was

(Concluded on page 47.)

CONAN DOYLE MEMORIAL CALENDAR

December

December

Day of
month.

- 1 *Sir Arthur at Bloemfontein, December 1, 1928.*
Constant travel and speaking are very
wearying. "Our South African Winter."
- 2 We are placed here to increase in knowledge
and virtue. "Micah Clarke."
- 3 *Robert Louis Stevenson died, Dec. 3, 1894.*
Surely John Silver, with his face the size of a
ham, and his little gleaming eyes like crumbs
of glass in the centre of it, is the king of all
seafaring desperadoes.
"Through the Magic Door."
- 4 Providence has its own way of attaining its
results, and it seldom conforms to our opinion
of what is most appropriate.
"The Vital Message."
- 5 There is good and bad and all that is inter-
mediate on the other side of the veil. The
company you attract depends upon yourself
and your own motives.
"The History of Spiritualism."
- 6 *Sir Arthur in Durban, December 6, 1928.*
We all thought it was the jolliest town we had
met in all our travels.
"Our African Winter."
- 7 *Gen. Sir Redvers Buller born December 7,
1839 (died 1908).*
It must never be forgotten that to Buller and
to his men has fallen the hardest tasks of the
war, and that these tasks have always in the
end been successfully carried out.
"The Great Boer War."
- 8 You have brought detection, Holmes, as near
an exact science as it ever will be brought in
this world.
Dr. Watson in "A Study in Scarlet."
- 9 Sweet were the Springs of long ago
But sweeter still December snow.
"Songs of the Road."
- 10 There is no arguing about Love. It is the
innermost fact of life—the one which obscures
and changes all the others, the only one which
is absolutely satisfying and complete.
"The Tragedy of the Korosko."
- 11 *Richard Doyle, caricaturist, died Dec. 11, 1883.*
My grandfather's third son was Richard
Doyle, whose whimsical humour made him
famous in "Punch," the cover of which
with its dancing elves is still so familiar an
object.
"Memories and Adventures."
- 12 The weak man becomes strong when he has
nothing, for then only can he feel the wild,
mad thrill of despair. "The White Company."
- 13 The very existence of a world carries with it
the proof of a world maker, as the table
guarantees the existence of the carpenter.
"The Stark Munro Letters."
- 14 Every nation produces brave men. Every
nation has men of energy. But there is a
certain type which mixes its bravery and its
energy with a gentle modesty and a boyish
good humour, and it is just this type which is
the highest. "Through the Magic Door."
- 15 I have learned never to ridicule any man's
opinion, however strange it may be.
M'Alister Ray in "The Captain of the Pole
Star."
- 16 My first name has several times led to
mistakes, as when at a big dinner at Chicago
I was asked to say Grace as being the only
ecclesiastic present!
"Memories and Adventures."

Day of
month.

- 17 I know not how I know
And yet I know
There is some dim force propelling
And a faint voice ever telling,
"This is so." "Fate."
- 18 I know few more moving passages in their
simple eloquence than those in which Ray-
mond describes the feelings of the dead
boys who want to get messages back to their
people and find that ignorance and prejudice
are a perpetual bar. "The New Revelation."
- 19 There is always some penalty in health, in
comfort, or in peace of mind, to be paid for
every wrong.
Zachary Palmer in "Micah Clarke."
- 20 One of the joys of the Hereafter is, I think,
that we have time to cultivate our friends.
"Memories and Adventures."
- 21 *The murder of Miss Gilchrist, for which the
innocent Oscar Slater received a life sentence,
December 21, 1908.*
Slater's case is a dreadful blot upon the
administration of justice in Scotland.
"Memories and Adventures."
- 22 How is it now with England?
She sees upon her mist-girt path
Dim drifting shapes of fear and wrath.
Hold high the heart! Bend low the knee!
She has been guided, and still will be,
And all is well with England.
"Victrix."
- 23 *Sir Arthur at Pretoria, December 23, 1928.*
We agreed that we should give Pretoria the
palm as being the most beautiful inland town
we have seen.
"Our African Winter."
- 24 *W. M. Thackeray died, December 24, 1863.*
It pleases me to think that in my earliest
childhood I sat on Thackeray's knee.
"Memories and Adventures."
- 25 *Sir Arthur's Xmas greeting card, 1929.*
It should be merry, for we hold
That by the magnet of our love
We draw the dear ones from above
To share our pleasures as of old.
- 26 Preventive medicine will develop until old
age will become the sole cause of death.
"The Stark Munro Letters."
- 27 The human race is on the very eve of a
tremendous revolution of thought.
"The Wanderings of a Spiritualist."
- 28 It is Richardson, not Fielding, who is the
father of the English novel, the man who first
saw that without romantic gallantry and
without bizarre imaginings enthralling stories
may be made from everyday life.
"Through the Magic Door."
- 29 *Rudyard Kipling born, December 29, 1865.*
I can well remember how eagerly I bought
his first book, "Plain Tales." I read it with
delight and realised not only that a new force
had arisen in literature but that a new method
of story writing had appeared.
"Memories and Adventures."
- 30 What of the men?
The men were bred in England,
The Bowman—the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you, and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell.
"The Song of the Bow."
- 31 Gentlemen, an old soldier salutes you and
bids you farewell.
"Brigadier Gerard."

Occasional Jottings by X.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

THAT Spiritualism is slowly but surely gaining the attention of the masses is evidenced by the growing tolerance of the lay press, at one time its bitterest opponents. Apart from verbal propaganda in any cause, the power and effectiveness of the printed word is proverbial, and one can well imagine, therefore, how much it would mean to Spiritualism did its teachings become a regular feature of daily journalism. I believe that some day they will, but meanwhile I admire the open-mindedness of such editors and reporters as those of the *Balham, Tooting and Mitcham News and Mercury*, a South London suburban group of seven newspapers, which on November 3 devoted a column and a half to a Spiritualistic service at the Balham Sanctuary, Bijou Hall, Balham High Road.

The Editor says:—"Our reporter attended the meeting entirely of his own free will, and we invited him to write up his impression of the meeting." The reporter, "H.R.S.", says:—"I am not a Spiritualist. Until Sunday evening I had not attended any Spiritualist gatherings. I went to Sunday evening's meeting with a perfectly open mind, prepared to accept anything that convinced me, or reject anything that was unconvincing. What follows is written without the slightest bias."

He goes on to say:—"The thing that impressed me most about the gathering was that, apart from the clairvoyance and certain phrases such as 'developing circles,' 'coming through,' 'the earth plane,' 'The Great Beyond,' etc., it might have been a meeting of men and women of any Christian denomination. **Anyone who wishes to understand this religion must get it out of his head that there is anything weird or uncanny about it.**"

"THE LEAST OF THESE."

A London business man was recently leaving a suburban railway station, on his way home, when he noticed a poorly-clad but attractive little girl shedding tears. On the damp pavement beside her was an effigy of Guy Fawkes.

His tender heart was touched. He inquired the reason of her tears, and she said her brother and sister had run away and left her, and she did not know her way home. The business man consoled her and "remembered" the guy with a few pennies, at which she brightened up.

Just then a railway official appeared and threatened the child that if she did not clear off he would send for a policeman and have her locked up. "Come, come, now," said the business man reproachfully, "don't be hard on the youngster." "That's all very well, sir," replied the irritated official, "I'm sick and tired of clearing oceans

of kids away from this station front, and their confounded guys." "But Guy Fawkes day, like Christmas, comes only once a year and means a lot to these youngsters," said the business man feelingly.

Just then the little girl's elder brother and sister came up, and were threatened in a similar manner by the official. They said they had only gone away for a few minutes to collect some pennies. Their little sister need not be frightened. They would take her safely home. "That's just it," said the railway man sternly, "you've no right to go chasing after our passengers and pestering them for money. You deserve to be locked up!"

"Now, my good fellow," said the business man, placing a hand on the other's shoulder, "you surely don't mean a word of it. These children mean no harm. They're as poor as church mice, and probably get more kicks than happenence, in the ordinary way."

The railway man's attitude underwent a change. He hesitated. "Well, perhaps you're right, sir," he said.

"Of course I am," said the business man; "I appreciate you have only done what you thought to be your duty, and had no intention of being angry with the kids."

"That's true, sir," said the official.

"And," went on the business man, following up his advantage, "I expect you have children of your own, eh?"

"I have, sir," replied the railway man.

"And so have I," said the business man; "and so we both know how to wink the other eye."

"All right, sir," said the official, respectfully. "Good night, sir." And off he went.

The business man told the two elder children that as their little sister was nervous of being left alone, they must not run away again. They promised they would not; and having given them a coin apiece, the business man went home.

He happened to be a Spiritualist, and he and his wife sat with a trance medium in their home later that same night. During the seance, a spirit guide reminded the business man about the episode at the railway station, and informed him that there was a spirit present who wished to thank him for his kindness to the children.

The spirit was known as "The Father Christmas of the Summerland," and was one of a powerful band working on the earth plane to help poor children. "This spirit, in conjunction with your own Guides, inspired you to intercede on behalf of those youngsters," added the control; "and so you will realise that you yourself are a sensitive, and a valuable one, too. God bless you!"

Brief Notices of New Books.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SELF. By Elizabeth Severn. Rider & Co. 7/6 net.

The author, a well-known authority on Psycho-Analysis, provides a simple study of that subject, which will appeal to the layman and help him to understand, not only how to direct his mind but to maintain good bodily health.

There is an interesting chapter on "Nightmares are Real," an illuminating exposition of love and sex in the chapter on Emotions, a treatise on the child-education problem, and a balanced attitude toward life throughout. Mrs. Severn makes "The Discovery of the Self" an interesting adventure.

HANDGRIPS WITH THE INFINITE. By J. H. Oliver. C. W. Daniel Co. 1/6 net.

The author of this remarkable book claims we have just passed through a scientific age and entered a spiritual one, which will harmonise science and religion. He sees that the new forces and new truths now being discovered will necessitate the collaboration of Scientists and the Church.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. By John Hyde Taylor. Published by the Author at 1, Whitehall Lane, Walsall. 1/- net.

Mr. Taylor provides us with an exposition of spiritual truths in the simplest possible language. One is convinced of his wider vision of everyday problems, of his sincerity, and of his qualification as conductor of "The Fellowship of Spiritual Illumination," about which he says, "The Fellowship is not an organisation and is non-sectarian. Its object is to further enlighten students in the knowledge they have already gained, making them more useful in the work they are already interested in. It teaches that you can only heal your body permanently as you heal your mind by the culture of spiritual knowledge, wisdom, love, purity and power. No fees are charged, but donations are accepted in support of the work carried on."

G. DE B.

INITIATION, HUMAN AND SOLAR. By Alice A. Bailey, 1933. John M. Watkins. 4/6.

Readers to whom the subject of this book is entirely new will ask themselves at once what is the meaning of the word "Initiation." They will have heard, perhaps, of Masonic initiations. Definitions are given in Chapter II, from which it appears that Initiation is the process of undergoing an expansion of consciousness, attained as the result of effort, guided by superior beings described as Masters, who administer five successive initiations. The trouble about the book is that there is no point at which its teaching can be connected with history, common or even uncommon experience. All rests on the confidence one has in the reliability of the author's information.

Reading with some knowledge of former books on the same subject one is struck by the author's dependence on the familiar scheme of Initiation and Masters proclaimed by the Theosophical leaders for many years. Are we to take it that Mrs. Bailey follows, confirms or improves on the ideas of Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater? Without due comparison it is impossible to answer this question. With due respect, however, it may be said that those who were not convinced by the accuracy of the Theosophical Scheme will hardly feel compelled to accept Mrs. Bailey's ideas.

THE ADEPTS OF THE FIVE ELEMENTS. By David Auriar. Geo. Routledge & Sons, Ltd. 5/-.

Here again we meet with the "Masters of Wisdom" who, the author affirms, have enabled him to discern the causes of the present world disruption. It is a book of astrology tinged with Theosophy and the views of Krishnamurti.

We have heard before—as long ago as Numenius and Plotinus—of the influence of Nature's forces and states upon the susceptible mind and emotions of the meditative disciple. Here we are actually introduced to adepts of Earth, Water, Fire, Air and Ether.

The appendix contains horoscopes of Theosophical worthies.

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Letters to the Editor.

"THE ROCK OF TRUTH."

Welwyn Garden City.

November 8, 1933.

DEAR SIR,—My reply to Mr. Findlay's letter in your November issue is to ask him to read any book of that erudite scholar and earnest Christian, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, more particularly a small one called "Christianity and the Religions of the World," published by Allen & Unwin.

To his personal remarks I do not, of course, care to reply.—Yours truly,

ROSA M. BARRETT.



HAS "IMPERATOR" RETURNED.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to the somewhat frequent assertions of mediums that they are controlled by "Imperator," leader of the band who inspired Stainton Moses, the following extracts from passages in the latter's "More Spirit Teachings" are not unimportant.

"I am the servant of God sent to minister to this medium. After my ministry with him is over, I go where I can never again personally return to earth. I shall only be able to influence through other spirits."

"When we first appeared to this medium he insisted on our identifying ourselves with him. But many influences come through our name."

"These names are but convenient symbols for influences brought to bear upon you. In some cases the influence is not centralised; it is impersonal, as you would say. In many cases the messages given you are not the product of any one mind, but are the collective influence of a number."

After all, any spirit can take the name of "Imperator," which only means "Chief" or "Leader."—Yours, etc.,

CORDELIA GRILLS.



A FORTY-YEAR OLD REMINISCENCE.

Stockwell, S.W.

November 9, 1933.

DEAR SIR,—Over forty years ago I had the pleasure of hearing Sir Arthur Conan Doyle give a lecture on books in the Storey Institute, Lancaster. When he mentioned Olive Shreiner's "Story of an African Farm," he stressed the beautiful spiritual side of that book, and I was then so impressed with the supremely great soul he evidently was that the memory of that meeting never left me.

I was therefore not surprised when in course of time Sir Arthur came in contact with the practical side of Spiritualism during the war that he quickly realised it was the only truth that could give real light and comfort to the world, and that he should decide to devote the remainder of his life to become an active propagandist of Spiritualism all over the world. Only a very noble soul could have taken such a step, and persevered with his thankless task to the end.

And now I know from my frequent psychic contacts with Sir Arthur and Mr. W. T. Stead how they are still ever-active missionaries, trying to impress the minds of the people on this earth to hear the mighty message and to follow along the path of duty.—I am,

Yours sincerely,

HANNAH B. RAMSAY.



SPIRITUAL HEALING IN SURREY.

141, Park Road,
Kingston-on-Thames.

November 9, 1933.

DEAR SIR,—As I know the *Psychic Gazette* is interested in spiritual healing, I should like to state the truth of my own case of wonderful healing.

I was taken very ill on June 18, and a lady doctor was called in. She diagnosed inflammation of the gall bladder and displacement, which I believe was perfectly true. She treated me from June 18 till the August bank holiday, when I seemed better, but she thought I should go to hospital to be X-rayed, as between those dates I had a very bad relapse, and she felt there was something wrong apart from the illness she had been treating me for.

I at first consented to go to hospital, but afterwards I got such a strong impression that I was on no account to go, and that all would be well.

As I got this impression so persistently I felt it must be coming from the Spirit World. I was still very weak and

could only go a few yards without having to stop to get breath, and I often felt I should drop dead.

Well, I attended a service at the Alexandra Road Spiritualist Church, Kingston Hill, on the second Thursday evening in August, and there I had given to me a description of two spirit friends, and a message telling me to go to a healing circle. On the following Monday I attended the same church for healing, and met Mr. and Mrs. Hill, of 7, Wellington Crescent, New Malden. As you may know, Mr. Hill is the medium whom the spirit doctor works through there.

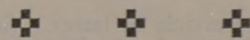
And now comes the wonderful part of my cure. Doctor Simon, the spirit doctor, has taken a growth from my left side and has practically cured me of dropsy. For thirty-seven years I have had bad legs, with terrible swellings and varicose veins, and I was filling rapidly with dropsy when through being brought in touch with these wonderful spirit healers and doctors I am being completely cured.

I am now free from all pain, and I can walk from Wellington Crescent to my own home in Park Road, Kingston, and feel no bad effects.

I feel it is all owing to the great power and divine love of God, our Father, and His beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who promised that by faith we might be made whole. I am just one living proof of the love of God and what He is able to do if only we will believe in Him and strive to do His Will.—I am,

Yours truly,

KATE PARRATT.



OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Subscriber in Vancouver: "The *Gazette* is increasingly interesting."

A Lady of Title: "I must thank you for a very interesting publication. Especially do I appreciate 'Spirit Teachings for the Present Times.'"

Subscribers in Hampshire: "We are much interested in these 'Life Stories from the Ancient Past.' What great possibilities such communications open up from an historical point of view! We have also greatly appreciated the page given up monthly to the Conan Doyle Memorial Calendar. It reveals Sir Arthur as an extraordinarily all-round man."

Revista de Espiritismo (the organ of the Portuguese Spiritualist Federation): "The *International Psychic Gazette* is to be heartily congratulated on reaching its majority. The excellent manner in which it has approached all matters appertaining to Spiritualism by a judicial attitude towards mediums, unfortunately so badly protected against the fierce attacks of Materialist opponents, deserves our warmest praise and best wishes for a brilliant future. We congratulate Mr. John Lewis, the great British Intellectual, whose fame reaches the five Continents."

A Malay Peninsula Subscriber informs us that he places his *Gazette* on the Reading Room table of the Kuantan Club there every month. Perhaps other subscribers in distant parts might adopt this excellent method of scattering good seed in their neighbourhood.

CONVINCING CLAIRVOYANCE—Concluded from page 44.

thinking of getting married, but had hesitated as he was afraid he would lose a number of his best friends, as they did not approve of the lady of his choice.

Of course, I at once wrote and told him of the spiritual coming of his late wife, and how entirely she approved of the step he was contemplating, and that she assured him there would be no loss; all would be well.

The marriage took place, and two years later the husband wrote telling me that his new wife had won golden opinions from all his friends.

"We have kept all the old friends and gained new ones," was how he concluded. I also heard from another source of the happiness of this second marriage, and knew that his former wife's two prophecies had been amply fulfilled.

I maintain that the statement that my most intimate friend was present, in spirit form, on each of the three occasions described, has been proved beyond the shadow of any reasonable doubt, and that any other explanation of these appearances is simply nonsensical.



The one sensible thing to do with a disappointment is to put it out of your mind and think of something cheerful.—*Mark Twain.*

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- Dec. 10th—11 a.m.—Mr. Percy Scholey
6.30 p.m.—Mr. Dimsdale Stocker
- Dec. 17th—11 a.m.—Dr. W. J. Vanstone
6.30 p.m.—Mr. Lewis Jefferson
- Dec. 24th—11 a.m.—Mr. Frank H. Wall
6.30 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart
- Dec. 31st—11 a.m.—Mr. Ernest Hunt
6.30 p.m.—Mr. Hannen Swaffer

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13, Pembroke Place, London, W.2

The Theosophical Society in England

ANNIE BESANT MEMORIAL FUND

The Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society in England has decided to erect a Hall to the memory of its beloved and famous President, Dr. Annie Besant. The Hall will be incorporated in the new Headquarters which it is proposed to build as soon as the Society is able to acquire a suitable site.

Since the services of Dr. Besant to the public were so many, great and varied, and as her Jubilee to commemorate those services, held in 1924, showed how vital a part she had played in the lives of individuals as well as movements, the Executive Committee of the Society wishes to give the public an opportunity to subscribe to the erection of the Memorial Hall, so that men and women in every walk of life, whether members of the Theosophical Society or not, may join in making the Memorial as beautiful and as worthy of her as possible.

It is further hoped that sufficient donations will be received to enable a suitable portrait of Dr. Besant to be placed in one of our Art Galleries.

All cheques, etc., should be made payable to "The Theosophical Society in England," and crossed "Annie Besant Memorial Fund," and sent to 45 Lancaster Gate, London, W.2.

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