

THE INTERNATIONAL
PSYCHIC GAZETTE

No. 251. Vol. 22.

AUGUST, 1934.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET.

“White Funeral” for the Dutch Prince Consort.

ON FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S.

PRINCE HENRY THE GOOD, as the people of Holland affectionately called him, because of his kindness, benevolence, cheerful personality and absence of pose, passed suddenly to the higher phase of life on Tuesday, July 3rd, at 1.30 p.m.

He had had a severe heart attack on the previous Saturday and had to be carried to his sick-room, but on the Tuesday he was feeling better, and Queen Wilhelmina, his beloved spouse, had left him only a moment before his passing. The Princess Juliana, who was on a visit to the King and Queen of England, was hurriedly summoned by telephone, and crossed to Holland at once, but, unhappily, not in time to see her father alive.

It soon became known that the Prince Consort had expressed a desire that in case of his decease the funeral should “not be a black one, but all in white.” He said he wished no signs of mourning, for it was his conviction that death simply marked the liberation of the soul from the earthly body and its entrance into Spirit-life. There should, therefore, be no tears or demonstrations of sorrow, but joy and confidence, at the end of life's cares, on entering on a Life Eternal, so that the gloomy black of mourning would be succeeded by the pure white of Light and Life.

How precisely similar these views are to those which were expressed and demonstrated so triumphantly and so originally in the eyes of the world at the time of the funeral of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on the same date, July 11th, just four years ago! Perhaps the two events are connected, and certainly

they both express the Apostle Paul's confident declaration that Death has lost its sting and the grave its victory. The world has now begun to lay aside its garments of woe, and to don the raiment suitable to a new and happy birthday into a more joyous life.

By five o'clock in the morning of July 11th, thousands of people lined the roads from the royal palace at The Hague to the Crypt of the Royal House of Orange in the historical old city of Delft.

An esteemed Dutch Spiritualist correspondent tells us that they stood in awed admiration as they gazed, full of loyal sympathy, on the glorious white carriage bearing the coffin, which was drawn by eight horses all wearing white vestments. Beautiful music was played continually by military bands as the procession passed along.

It was to the wonderfully inspiring tones of the National Anthem that the remains of the Prince Consort were carried into Delft Cathedral by his faithful personal attendants, head-foresters and keepers, in their picturesque uniforms.

In the Cathedral, Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Juliana occupied seats near the Crypt, in the midst of royal guests and military and official dignitaries. Professor Dr. Obbink conducted the funeral service and addressed, in fervent yet sober terms, words of comfort to the widow and daughter.

To stately organ music the remains of the Prince were slowly carried to the last resting-place of The Oranges, the preacher and the two royal ladies immediately following the coffin. Then soft organ melodies were heard as the ceremonies ended, and an atmosphere of peace filled the Cathedral as the Queen and Princess left again for The Hague.

Covent Garden Rector at Grotrian Hall.

“WHITE HAWK” AND THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

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St. Paul's, Covent Garden, is, as our readers are aware, a church with a great tradition and one well known among members of the West End theatrical profession. It is there that the drama is honoured, and when Ellen Terry died a beautiful service was held for that great artist, who, like other members of her distinguished family, had our movement very much at heart.

Mr. Hart Davies himself has long been deeply interested in our subject, and has been giving a series of illuminating addresses on Christian Spiritualism on Sunday evenings at his church. His feeling is that there should be a closer union between the Church and Spiritualism, and he points out how essential it is that Spiritualism should be guided by the Holy Spirit.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, to whose vision and energy the Spiritualist Community owes so much, presided over the service at the Grotrian Hall which Mr. Hart Davies addressed. In speaking to her crowded audience of the high position he held in the Church, she said they did not usually introduce their speaker, but she felt that this was an event of so much importance that she wished to say what a great honour they all felt Mr. Hart Davies' visit to them to be.

Mr. Hart Davies referred in his address to his own difficulties with regard to Spiritualism and the Church. The Church stood for the Communion of Saints. He had always felt that those who had passed on were able to help those left here, and that those left here could help by their prayers those who had passed on. Spiritualism gave a practical demonstration of this.

The great difficulty he had felt was the difference between the Church and Spiritualists with regard to the Divinity of Christ. Many Spiritualists regarded Jesus Christ as a great leader, Divine inasmuch as we all have the spark of Divinity in us, but not Divine as the Church regarded Him.

So he had a sitting with Mrs. Barkel whose guide is White Hawk, and asked him. White Hawk's reply was that Christ is the very highest expression of God. He is all Divine and we should pray to Him.

He also asked White Hawk whether he had seen Jesus Christ. White Hawk said, “Yes; at Eastertide other guides and I take a long journey, lasting almost ten days, and then we are brought into the presence of Christ and we tell him of our failures and successes.”

After the address, Mrs. Esta Cassel gave convincing evidence of communion between the two worlds, her quiet and pleasing method of giving clairvoyant descriptions being in complete harmony with the high character of the service.

IMMORTALITY A UNIVERSAL BELIEF.

THE question whether our conscious personality survives after death has been answered by almost all races of men in the affirmative.

On this point, sceptical or agnostic peoples are nearly, if not wholly, unknown. Accordingly, if abstract truth could be determined, like the gravest issues of national policy, by a show of hands or a counting of heads, the doctrine of human immortality, or at least of a life after death, would deserve to rank among the most firmly established of truths. —J. G. Fraser, Author of “The Golden Bough.”

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July, 1934.
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Mrs. H
s. Helen S
s. Esta C
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Annie J
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ANOTHER TALK WITH ABDUHL LATIF.

ADVICE TO ONE BORN IN MAY.

ABDUHL LATIF, that wise old philosopher and physician of the East, speaking the other day through his medium, Miss Francis, at the British College of Psychic Science, said to one born in May—a Gemini—whom he described as highly strung and nervy, “the lesson you have to learn is poise.”

“Breathe deeply, and say to yourself, ‘I am harmony, I am poise, I am rhythm,’ and let the rhythm be fairly slow; if you have rhythm it will give you the harmony and poise you need.”

Amongst his prescriptions were three of the Tissue salts, particularly No. 6, *Kali Phosphoricum*, the great remedy of Biochemistry for all forms of nervous debility, and symptoms arising from want of nerve power and sleeplessness.

Speaking of diet he explained that those persons who are evolved should be very careful. Those still unevolved are not affected to any great extent.

He commented on the mistake of Western nations in having puddings and pastry after meat. After dinner, he said, fruit should be sufficient; and with regard to fruit his advice is to avoid strawberries and raspberries, and to choose in preference such fruits as cherries, greengages, peaches, melons, and currants, all uncooked. To cook fruit and put another sugar with it is wrong, he said.

ABSENT TREATMENT.

One who is practising absent treatment has been getting the name Hafed as a healer. Abduhl was asked whether he could offer any explanation.

Hafed, he said, is one working with him. “He is also of my own nation. He is a very good man, and the one through whom he is working should open out to him, have great confidence, and realise that he is working with one who understands what he is doing. Hafed desires to give healing to the world, but he is not a medical man as I was.

He was a Prince in your country, it was suggested. Yes, said Abduhl, who went on to give some advice about absent treatment.

“If,” he said, “the one who is giving it will pardon me, I would like to suggest that he should visualise the patient, and then visualise the part affected. Supposing that part to be a swelling in the leg he should draw off down from the hips, through the knees, through the ankle and through the toes, and thus take away the poison, so that the limb may become the size it should be and be made perfect. When the drawing-off has been done, strength and power can be given.

“I shall be,” he added, “only too happy to help in any way I can. I will always help him, and at some time perhaps he will come to see me, so that we can have a heart to heart talk.”

* * *

LONDON UNIVERSITY ENTERS THE FIELD OF PSYCHIC INQUIRY.

MEN distinguished in various branches of science have been nominated to act on the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, which has been formed to take over the work of the so-called “National Laboratory” of Psychical Research, which was carried on for some years by Mr. Harry Price.

Although not officially connected with the University, the Council has been chosen from Professors and other members of the University who are interested in the scientific probing of alleged abnormal phenomena.

YOUTHFUL OLD AGE.

SOME aged correspondents of the *Daily Mail* who have passed their eightieth birthday (and some others) have been telling the secret of their long life and its continued youthfulness.

Sir Frederick Cowen (82), the famous composer, says:—

“I think the secret of keeping young is, first of all, to possess a good constitution; to come of long-lived parents (my mother was over 90); to have a keen sense of humour, a *joie de vivre*, an enjoyment of everything that is beautiful in art and in nature; and to mix as much as possible with young people. These, I think, are the chief factors that have helped to keep me young.”

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith writes:—

“What keeps one young is hard work. Also, when one takes a holiday one should leave one’s self behind.”

The Bishop of Norwich writes:—

Lord Avebury said that old age can be happy if one accepts its limitations. Occupations, big or little, check self-centredness and loneliness.”

Mr. Joe Coyne, the famous actor, says:—

“To keep young forget your age, keep your friends, walk a little, dance a little, but keep to the rule: ‘Everything in moderation.’ I know, because I have tried it.”

A SEPTUAGENARIAN’S CONFESSION.

VISCOUNT SNOWDEN, the great statesman, writes in the *Continental Daily Mail* of July 18th:—

“What does it feel like to be seventy? Well, I have to confess that, if my birth certificate and the calendar did not register the fact that I am seventy, I should not know it from any new feeling that I am experiencing. I feel no older to-day than I did when I was half this age.

“My capacity for work is not in the least impaired. I can sit at my desk engaged in hard mental labour for eight hours a day and feel no ill effects and scarcely any fatigue. . . . My interest in the questions which have absorbed so great a part of my life is as keen as ever. I am receptive of new ideas, but I cherish the old principles which a lifetime of experience has proved to be sound. I enjoy the society of my friends and am always pleased to see them.

“Looking back, I thank God for the developed Christian conscience and the enlightened self-interest which together have brought us thus far along the path of progress. **This is the most hopeful sign of the times and the most encouraging change I have seen in my long and active life.**”

* * *

SPIRITUAL HEALING THREATENED.

MR. FREDERICK H. HAINES Editor of *Spiritual Vision*, has made the following protest in the *Morning Post* against a proposed Bill to interfere with all forms of non-professional healing:—

As a member of the Church of England I wish to draw attention to the menace of a Bill which I understand is shortly to be presented to the House of Commons. It is termed “The Medicines and Surgical Appliances Bill.” It debar patients seeking spiritual healing, even though the medical profession pronounce the case incurable. The words in the Bill that carry this implication run: “No person shall . . . offer to administer any treatment . . . as being effective,” etc.

I have reason to believe in the efficacy of Spiritual Healing as I personally have benefited. This Bill would deny a Christian the exercise of his faith. My doctor frankly agreed that “faith helped the cure.”

I call upon all religiously minded men to protest again any Bill that restricts healing, **no matter by what means the healing may come.** “To heal the sick” is our Christian duty. This Bill is a menace to our faith.

August, 1934.
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How Dr. Maclagan, Late Archbishop of York, Returned to Help the Spirit of Bishop Edward King, of Lincoln.

BY MARY WINEFRIDE SLATER.

MAKE it a practice to enter "The Silence" for half-an-hour every night before going to sleep. I relax, close my eyes, and shut out as far as possible all consciousness of the outer world. During these times I notice the pictures that I see and listen to the words I hear.

One night I saw a very beautiful spirit whose face was vaguely familiar, but whose name I could not recall. He had evidently held a high position in the Church, as he wore gorgeous vestments, white and gold, and rich azure blue. His silky white hair was long, his face was transparently thin and framed with thick white whiskers. His deep-set eyes shone with spiritual love and beauty, and were overshadowed by drooping white eyebrows. For a moment I wondered if it was Dr. Maclagan, late Archbishop of York, as I had not seen him for many years before his passing.

In a flash I clairvoyantly saw Dr. Maclagan standing beside the spirit form, and was able to make a careful comparison, feature by feature. They were entirely dissimilar. The Archbishop then slowly faded from my sight and my father took his place, which convinced me that I must connect my saintly visitor with my father's work, for he had been a vicar in York for some years and we had visited the Palace on several occasions. I had seen Dr. Maclagan clairvoyantly once before, at the passing of John White, the York Minster verger, of which I wrote in the September number of the *Psychic Gazette* last year.

Puzzled by the haunting memory of the beautiful face I had seen, I determined to solve the mystery. I went to York Minster and examined the carved stone face of my ancestor, Archbishop Savage, but found his nose was too aquiline, his features too pronounced. I made a systematic tour of all the tombs and monuments, but could find no likeness to the face I had seen.

I next visited a local Art Gallery and scrutinised the pictures of all the Archbishops of York far back in history, but found no clue to my problem. For some weeks I paid daily visits to the Free Library and searched diligently among the books which contained pictures of the Archbishops and Bishops of Canterbury and York, all to no purpose.

At length, wearied with my fruitless efforts, as also were the willing librarians who had brought so many heavy volumes for my inspection, I decided to abandon my search among the books, and turned my attention to picture postcards of Church dignitaries. I visited many shops where I saw them displayed in the windows. I was shown photographs of dignitaries at present in office. "We have no sale for those who are dead!" I was told; "When they die people lose

interest in them!" I felt that I had taken every means in my power to identify my spirit visitor, and decided to banish the impression from my mind if possible, as it was getting on my nerves.

Some days later, I was sauntering down Stonegate, the home of antique shops and haunt of Americans, when I felt impelled to enter a shop where they sold Church furnishings, statues, and sacred pictures. On entering I saw a full length panel of St. Hugo of Lincoln, in cope and mitre. His face more nearly resembled the face in my vision than any that I had seen. It was unlikely St. Hugo would visit me, as I had no connection with Lincoln except that my father had left York to take a family living in the diocese, but the picture served to turn my thoughts in a new direction. I felt disinclined to attempt a search through all the Bishoprics in the provinces.

As I walked home my mind turned to my father, and in imagination I wandered through the rooms at the old vicarage, until I came to his dressing-room, where I saw a photograph upon his dressing-table. I found myself gazing at the face of Bishop Edward King, of Lincoln, and then I recognised my saintly spirit visitor. Bishop King was Regius Professor of Theology and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, before becoming Bishop of Lincoln in 1885. He was brought to trial before Archbishop Benson of Canterbury and the Judicial Privy Council for certain ritualistic practices; the famous trial was called "The Lincoln Judgment." My father received his religious instruction, before entering the Church, from Bishop King,

whose charm of manner and deep spirituality endeared him to all who knew him, and exercised a great influence over all young men with whom he came in contact.

I was now faced with the difficulty of obtaining a photograph of Bishop King, so that I might have further tangible proof of my clairvoyance. I returned to the Free Library and was shown many books containing the history of his life and work, but none of them were illustrated, and again I was compelled to put the matter aside.

A few days later, I visited a friend and told her of my difficulty. "Mother was devoted to Bishop King," she said, "I believe we have his photograph somewhere in the house." She left the room to search for it, but returned soon afterwards having been unable to find it. "I am afraid I must have destroyed it when mother passed on," she said, "I had no interest in Bishop King, and there was no reason to keep it."

My friend's mother had passed over a few years before, and I had often seen her clairvoyantly. I visualised her and mentally asked her to help me.

(Concluded on next page.)



BISHOP EDWARD KING, OF LINCOLN.

From a Drawing by Mrs. Slater.

“What is the Use of Spiritualism?”

HOW A PSYCHIC S.O.S. WAS ANSWERED.

WHILOM (as the old poets were wont to say) in fair Edina we had the privilege of listening to a popular lady medium. In her address she gave an experience of her own, and cited it as an answer to the question, “What’s the use of Spiritualism?” This petulant interrogatory is usually put by those with a high regard for material interests. But, occasionally even in things material, as more frequently and fittingly in things of the Soul, Spiritual gifts are available to help and comfort—as the narrative may disclose.

This lady was on holiday in a farmhouse in the country. The people with whom she was staying made her very comfortable. The house was an old-fashioned one, and there was no water supply by pipes inside. Every morning, from a well some short distance away, the maid used to bring to her room a canful of fresh water.

THE VISION AT THE WELL.

One wet morning, as she was seated enjoying the cosy warmth of her little room, she was suddenly commanded by a voice she heard clairaudiently, “Go and fetch the water yourself this morning.” She looked out at the wet countryside, and felt very reluctant to obey, and kept on reading. Again the voice came more insistently, and at the third repetition of the command, she rose and put on her outdoor shoes, took the can and went towards the well. As she was approaching the well she was surprised, at this early hour of the morning, to see on the pathway a woman wheeling a pram, in which appeared the form of a child. She thought the woman looked very tired, and as the pram was being wheeled up a brace or slope, she hurried forward to help, when suddenly the woman and pram vanished. The medium saw her so distinctly, and everything seemed so real and objective, that although she was accustomed to seeing materialisations, the vision had passed so quickly that she felt a little shock.

After filling the can, she again saw the woman, who seemed to be beckoning her to go a little further up the path where there was a small cottage. The medium did not on this occasion obey, but went back to the farmhouse and asked her hosts, who were living in this cottage?

“Oh, these are newcomers (or incomers),” they said; and they could tell her nothing more about them.

Later in the day, when in her room, she again heard a voice telling her to go to the cottage. She obeyed this time, but on getting there, she did not know what to do. She stood undecided before the door when she heard the voice saying, “Knock!” She did not do so at once, as she did not know whom she would see, or what excuse she could make for knocking. On the command being repeated, she knocked, and the door was opened by an old man, to whom she was impressed to say, “How is the mistress?” He seemed taken aback, and asked her how she knew about the mistress, who it turned out was at the moment ill in bed.

She did not wish to alarm the old man by revealing to him her psychic gift, and said she had been told about them at the farmhouse. He asked her then to wait until he spoke to his wife. When he returned to the door he asked the medium to step inside. In the dimly lit room into which she was shown she saw an old woman in bed, who appeared very thin and worn. When the medium asked if she could be of any assistance to her, the poor woman almost broke down.

Nobody, she said, had visited them. Strangers were looked at askance by local people. She was surprised and touched by this show of friendliness. She informed the medium that her doctor was urging her to go into hospital for an operation as she couldn’t afford to be nursed at home. But she could not bear to go to the hospital, where she might be cured, as she was worrying so much about what would become of the little child in the cradle. The medium

looked and saw under the table a cradle in which was sleeping a nice little girl, just the same in appearance as she had seen in the pram at the well. She had not observed this cradle when she first entered the room.

The old woman then explained that this was her grandchild—the child of a daughter who had died. On her deathbed, this daughter had made her old mother promise to look after the child, and put her out of her care. The medium asked the old woman if her daughter was like “so-and-so,” and she was dressed “so-and-so”? (describing the form she had seen at the well). The old woman was surprised and exclaimed, “Yes; did you know my daughter?” The medium did not wish to tell the old woman that she was clairvoyant, and said she had heard about their daughter who had passed over.

The medium also asked if the little child used to be wheeled about by its mother in a pram, and the grandmother said “Yes,” and that the mother had been out with her baby the day before she took ill. Indeed, that was the last time that she had been able to go out.

Touched by the plight of the invalid and the anxiety of the old man, the medium went to considerable trouble to find someone in the village who could take charge of the little girl. At last she was enabled by her guides to come upon a kind, motherly woman (also a newcomer to the district) who had children of her own, and offered to look after the child while the grandmother was in hospital. The latter, relieved thus of any worry about her grandchild, willingly agreed to go to town for surgical treatment. She made a good recovery, and some years afterwards when the medium had occasion again to be in the district, she was gratified to see that the old couple were now more settled, and had been accepted by the inhabitants as members of the community.

They would no longer be regarded as outsiders. The medium’s kindly and unselfish action had been talked about. This had altered the exclusive attitude of the indwellers to a more gentle and humane regard for the strangers in their midst.

The medium’s reward was the consciousness that she had been of use in a time of great trial and distress. She had answered the call of the baby’s mother, who had put all this machinery in motion in order to guard her little one, and to allow the poor grandmother to get the attention she so urgently needed. This is the Spiritualist explanation of the appearance at the well and of the voices heard clairaudiently, and it is certainly an illustration of the practical use of psychic power.

A. M.

* * *

The proposed foundation of an “International Institute for Psychical Research” was recently announced, with Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott as Honorary Organising Secretary. The *Daily Mail* reports that eight leading scientists whose names had been associated with the proposal (including Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Julian Huxley) have resigned. It is understood that general exception was taken to a preliminary manifesto issued in connection with the Institute.

DR. MACLAGAN’S RETURN.—(Concluded from page 163.)

Suddenly, my friend jumped up from her chair and exclaiming, “I believe I know where I put it!” she ran from the room. In a few minutes she returned with her mother’s photograph, which she took out of its frame. “Mother’s photograph wasn’t large enough to fit the frame,” she explained, “so I put the picture of Bishop King behind it to pad it out. I thought she would like to have it there!” she placed the photograph in my hand. “Yes! there he is!” I cried joyfully, as I saw the beautiful face of my vision correct in every detail.

I feel very humble and proud to have received a visit from such a high spirit. It was natural that Dr. MacLagan should return to help his old friend, and that my father and my friend’s mother, who also loved him, should help to make his presence recognised.

August, 1934
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"A Search in Secret India": The Great Sage.

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND'S FOREWORD TO A NOTABLE BOOK.

"A SEARCH in Secret India" (Rider & Co., 15/-) is a deeply interesting book by an English journalist, Mr. Paul Brunton, and comes to us with a special note of authority, for the Foreword is written by Sir Francis Younghusband, the distinguished author of several works on India and Tibet, and a former President of the Royal Geographical Society.

Mr. Brunton, Sir Francis tells us, had the determination to search for those secret things which require much seeking. In the end he found them. The difficulties were very great, though:—

For in India, as everywhere else, there is much spurious spirituality, through which a way must be forced before the true can be found.

There is an innumerable crowd of mental acrobats and contortionists, through whom the seeker after pure spirituality must elbow his way. They are all interesting enough in their way, but they do not form the secret sacred India that Mr. Brunton was seeking. He saw them. He noted them. He describes them. But he pushed through them. Spirituality at its finest and purest is what he wanted. And this he found at last.

The Maharishee—the Great Sage—was the man who made most appeal to Mr. Brunton. He is not the only one of his kind, Sir Francis reminds us:—

Up and down India others may be found. They represent the true genius of India, and it is through them that the Mighty Genius of the Universe manifests Himself in peculiar degree.

They, therefore, are amongst the objects most worth searching for on this earth. And in this book we have the results of one such quest.

STEPS STRANGELY GUIDED.

From the moment Mr. Brunton landed in India his steps were strangely guided to this Great Sage. Many were the wise men he met on the way. All, by means which must seem mysterious to Western minds, knew of his mission. One who became his friend made this revelation:—

Last night my Master appeared to me. He spoke to me about yourself. He said: "Your friend the Sahib is eager for knowledge. In his last birth he was among us. He followed Yoga practices, but they were not of our school.

"To-day he has come again to Hindustan, but in a white skin. What he knew then has now been forgotten; yet he can forget for a while only. Until a Master bestows his grace upon him he cannot become aware of this former knowledge.

"Tell him that soon he shall meet a Master. Thereafter light will come to him of its own accord. This is certain. Our land shall not be left by him until this happens. It is the writing of fate that he may not leave us with empty hands."

THE MAHARISHEE.

It is after much wandering and through all the difficulties Sir Francis has indicated, that Mr. Brunton is guided to the Hill of the Holy Beacon, the mountain hermitage of the Maharishee, a man of great intellectual distinction, with features more European than Indian, who preaches the surrender of personal selfishness which binds man to the world.

But how is it possible, Mr. Brunton wants to know, to become selfless while leading a life of worldly activity?

There is no conflict, the sage observes, between work and wisdom. To find truth the

life of action need not necessarily be renounced: "If you will meditate for an hour or two every day you can then carry on with your duties. If you meditate in the right manner, then the current of mind induced will continue to flow in the midst of your work."

When the Maharishee addresses him again, the tone of his voice becomes higher. He shows him how all human beings are ever wanting happiness, untainted with sorrow, and says (and those who remember "The Blue Bird" will see how Maeterlinck caught the same idea) "Man's real nature is happiness. Happiness is inborn in the true self. His search for happiness is an unconscious search for his true self. The true self is imperishable; therefore, when a man finds it, he finds a happiness which does not come to an end."

THE WAY TO HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

At this point we must leave the reader to discover for himself the deeper truths revealed in the teachings of the Sage. But we cannot close our notice of Mr. Brunton's "Search in Secret India" without a further reference to the Yogi whose revealing message we have quoted, and from whom he learns the way to health and the art of repose, and of slow, deep and quiet breathing.

The Yogi talks of the possibility of conquering death itself by breath control, and relates the story of the "faqueer" who was buried in a vault at Lahore in 1837 in the presence of King Ranjit Singh, Sir Claude Wade, Dr. Honigberger and others. A guard of Sikh soldiers watched the grave day and night. After forty days the "faqueer" came from the tomb alive and well. He had brought his breathing under great mastery, and could stop it at will without danger of dying."

Mr. Brunton also meets Meher Baba, who was destined "to flash like a meteorite across the Western sky, and to rouse the curiosity of millions of people in Europe and America." Meher Baba prophesies a war more terrible and more intense than the last; but of short duration—a few months—and afterwards a long era of world peace and tranquillity. But Mr. Brunton severely criticises Meher Baba's "fantastic claim to be a new messiah."

The Yogi speaks, too, of adepts who have extended their lives to hundreds of years. His own Master, who is known to his disciples as Gerumbu Swami, is over four hundred years old.

THE MAGICIAN AND THE JINNS.

Before the author's wanderings lead him to the habitations of the Wise Men from whom he learns the things most worth the learning, he has a fascinating interview soon after his arrival in India, at the Hotel Majestic in Bombay, with a traveller from Egypt, Mahmoud Bey, a man with magical powers, who had the appearance of a handsome Frenchman.

Correctly gauging Mr. Brunton's desire for a demonstration, he asks him to write any question he likes on a page from his notebook, tells him to fold the paper repeatedly until it forms a tiny square, and then to clench

it, together with the pencil, in the palm of his right hand:—

I hold the articles tightly clutched. The Egyptian closes his eyes. He appears to fall into a profound concentration. Then the heavy lids open once more, the grey eyes look steadily at me, and he quietly says:—

"The question which you asked—was it not, "Where did I live four years ago?"

"You are correct," I reply, astonished.

But that is not all. When the piece of paper, which has never left his possession, is unfolded, he finds that "some unseen hand has written in pencil the name of the town where I lived four years ago."

A second and a third question are asked, and are similarly answered.

How is it done? Mahmoud Bey explains:—

"Yes, I suppose you could call me a practising Spiritualist of a sort, since I do invoke the aid of spirits. But I am also what you call a magician in the real sense—not a conjurer—as well as a thought reader."

His visitor asks him to tell him something about his "invisible employees."

How to Promote Success of Spiritualist Literature.

MR. JOSEPH P. WHITWELL, the distinguished President of the American National Spiritualist Association, and Managing Editor of *The National Spiritualist* (U.S.A.), sends us the following characteristically kind letter, dated June 29th, 1934. It passes from cordial personal expressions, relative to our coincident birthdays, to a discussion of general importance to the Spiritualist Movement, which should be noted by all who wish to uphold and promote the Spiritualist Cause through its periodical literature.

Chicago, U.S.A.,
June 29th, 1934.

DEAR MR. LEWIS,—Cordial greetings and sincere good wishes!

Many thanks for your very welcome letter of the 5th inst., which reached me in nice time for my birthday anniversary, and was most sincerely appreciated.

It is rather late at this time to express good wishes to you for a happy birthday, after it has so long passed by, but it is a pleasure to wish you many Happy Returns.

And in connection with that greeting, may I also wish you increasing success each year in your good efforts to propagate the teachings of Spiritualism, through the avenue of your splendid publication, *The International Psychic Gazette*.

THE POWER OF ADVERTISING.

Surely, all who are really interested in the welfare of Spiritualism should lay aside all the narrowness of selfishness, jealousy and envy, and endeavour in every way to promote the success of Spiritualist Literature.

Institutional advertising, such as large business and manufacturing industries adopt for the promotion of their particular industry, might well be a lesson to Spiritualist Editors and Publishers to always speak well of, and promote the growth of, all Spiritualist Literature that is worthy of recognition.

In the institutional advertising of cigarettes as a whole industry, we have seen them grow to a point where they are almost universally used. In the institutional advertising of **Flowers**, by the use of their slogan, "**Say it with Flowers**," we see that wonderful and beautiful industry grown to a point where we have flower stores in all parts of all cities, with stands in hotels and depots.

They have builded their industries to the point where hundreds of thousands are doing a successful business in their line. And so in the important matter of our greatest need, could we build our Spiritualist Literature to a point where instead of having tens of poorly supported Spiritualist papers and magazines, we could have hundreds of such publications, success-

One of his spirit guides, he explains, is his own brother, "who communicates with me by impressing upon my mind whatever thought he wishes, or by bringing a picture vision before my mind's eye." He also uses the jinns—"that is, native inhabitants of the spirit world who have never possessed a human body":—

"I have as many as thirty at my command. Even after obtaining mastery over them I had to train them how to do my bidding, just as you train children to dance. I have to know the name of each one, because you cannot bring or use them without knowing their names.

"I have given each spirit a particular duty; each one is trained to do a separate work. Thus, the jinns who produced the pencil-written words on your piece of paper would be quite unable to help me discover the nature of your questions."

Mr. Brunton's discovery of Mahmoud Bey so soon after landing in India was, as we have seen, the herald of the greater discoveries in the course of his wonderful wanderings in search of the higher truths. His book is one to be studied, and read again and again.

fully carrying the Message into the homes of millions of interested readers.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

It has been the aim of the National Spiritualist Association to act in this manner, by speaking well at all times of all truly representative publications of our Cause; and in the growth of our literature as a whole *The National Spiritualist* will reap its share of increased distribution, as will all other worthy representative Spiritualist publications.

Too often we find those who are willing to speak only of themselves or their own particular interest or property, thinking that by ignoring or slighting others they build themselves, but the result has been that many hundreds of worthy Spiritualist papers have been started, have run for a year or two, and have died from lack of support and co-operation.

Thus selfishness destroys, whereas altruism and honesty one with another, kindness and love for "The Cause" would attract attention of thinking readers, build our Cause, and make a successful and widespread Spiritualist literature a possibility.

And this is what I wish for you, Brother Lewis. May the interest in Spiritualist Literature grow to the point where your subscription list and the subscription list of all worthy publications may become doubled, and your publication carry its message of Spiritual Truth to all parts of the world.

Thank you kindly for the courtesy of the article which you published on page 142 of the *Gazette*. It was very kind of you. Of course you have "**told the world**" just how old I am, but having implicated yourself in the same "**honoured class**" I cannot in any way find cause of complaint!

May your days with us be many, your efforts successful, and your good magazine carry forward the Message of Life for many years after you and I shall have passed through the open doorway to meet whatever conditions we shall have prepared for ourselves during our journey through life here on the earth plane.

With kindest regards and all good wishes for your happiness, welfare and success.

I am, most sincerely yours,

JOS. P. WHITWELL,

President, National Spiritualist Association.

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Man's life on earth is never lived, cannot indeed possibly be lived, in water-tight compartments, inaccessibly separated and shut off from each other. They all mutually intercommunicate and interact; physical with mental, mental with moral, moral with physical; and each succeeding stage with all previous stages. It is, therefore, reasonable to infer that this stage of life is not shut off from the next, or the next from this, by incommunicable compartments. —Bishop of Carlisle.

August, 1934.
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Missionaries of Western Churches in Far East.

BY W. W. LOVE.

IN the *Daily Telegraph* of the 9th July, we read of an appeal by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Church of England for £1,000,000 for missionary work overseas; and of the urgent need for young unmarried priests, for whom posts and money for the work is waiting.

We are told that of those who have declared themselves ready to give equal consideration to serve overseas or at home, nine out of ten at the end of two years' curacy, are either engaged or married, and prefer to stay at home. (Probably they are spirit guided.—W.W.L.) It is stated that there is an equally urgent need for missionary doctors, nurses, and men and women teachers overseas.

Many years ago I was employed at Singapore by the Singapore Government as Engineer Inspector on a large public works contract, employing hundreds of natives of India and China. The contractors were a British firm, who maintained an English missionary on the works for some time. All these natives of the East believe in spirits and a spirit world; many have actually seen spirits from childhood. The missionary was looked upon as a heathen and was a complete failure; he had nothing to do except call for the home mail and post letters for the European officials and overseers. He was dispensed with in a very short time.

I endeavoured to find out all I could about the missionary work among the natives of the Far East while I was there. All the natives resent the people of the West trying to force their religious belief upon them. They say: "We do not force our religion upon the Europeans." The Europeans I met all spoke of the missionaries as a complete failure, in so far as their religious teachings were concerned. Much good is done for the material welfare of the natives, however, by missionary doctors, nurses and school teachers.

THE NATIVES' BELIEF IN SPIRITS.

I once asked an educated Chinaman friend if he could account for even one Chinaman becoming converted to the Western Church, seeing that the Chinese know so much about spirits and spirit manifestation. To which he replied: "The Chinese are very cute; by joining the missions they receive free medical attendance and English education; this enables them to obtain better work and more pay, but very few remain Christians."

At Singapore I made the acquaintance of a European who had been in the East for many years, trading among the natives of the South Pacific Islands. He told me that all the natives he had met believed in spirits and a spirit world. He had traded regularly for fourteen years with the native chiefs of the Fiji, Caroline, Marshal, St. David, and other islands. He stated that the natives were quite happy until the missionaries came with their devil and hell fire doctrine and evil spirit theory.

In these islands the young men and women catch fish with lines and nets, land them, and take them to the canoe house, a rough native building about one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, with spreading roof covered with coconut leaves. This building is a native meeting place, in which they hold their councils and share out the proceeds of their catch, likewise the wild and cultivated fruit and vegetables, taro and yams. The chief distributes these equally and freely according to the number of each family. The old people do not work, but are supported by the younger. If a native dwelling is getting old and out of repair, the younger people gather building material

and repair it, or erect a new dwelling. Payment for services is unknown.

These natives believe in an Almighty Supreme Spirit; that spirit people are around and about to help and guide them; that according to the life they lead on earth, so will be their happiness or otherwise after the death of the body. They receive messages, from distant places having no visible connection, in a mysterious manner. My friend said: "I was talking to an old native, the village sage at Lametrek, who told me that we would see an Australian schooner as we were going to Mogamog in the McKensie group of Islands about four hundred and fifty miles distant, and that this schooner would have on board four castaways belonging to the same tribe as himself. He asked me to look out for them and bring them back on our return journey. I asked the old fellow how he knew this and was told that the knowledge came to him the previous night. We eventually came across the Australian schooner just as described, with the four castaways and their canoe on board, and brought them back on our return journey."

A MISSIONARY'S DEAL!

My trader friend told me, in one of our many little talks, that on one occasion when he was at Manzanam, North New Guinea Island, a missionary there had a small corrugated iron mission room. My friend attended a service one Sunday morning, in company with the Dutch Resident, a Government Official. During the service the Dutch missionary left his pulpit, his native assistant continuing the service, whilst he (the missionary) retired to the rear of the building to do a deal with some natives who had brought some copra (dried coconut) to sell! Later, he returned and completed the service. This appeared to be quite a usual thing with the missionary.

Missionaries, on the whole, appear to have a very good time. On my return voyage to England, we had four American lady missionaries on board: one a nurse, another a nurse matron, one an art teacher, the other a school teacher. They were going to Cario, where the American Missionary Society have some schools and hospitals. The matron informed me that the missionary doctors at these hospitals are allowed to practice privately. They receive a salary of about £16 a month and a free bungalow residence from their Missionary Society.

The missionaries have three months' vacation each year, and make tours of interest during that period. Their social work does a lot of good, but their religious teachings are a failure. They are looked upon by the natives as heathens and foreign devils.

As a non-professional medium and a Spiritualist, I have held a seance with five Chinese priests in their private apartments adjoining the Chinese Temple. Each of the priests was himself a medium. The chief priest, a healing medium, had cured my Chinese friend of almost total blindness, and this without any payment whatever. They treated me not as a heathen and foreign devil, but more as a brother priest, and gave me of their best in food and refreshment each time I visited them.

* * *

A CORONER'S LEADING QUESTIONS.

A BRISTOL lithographic printer, J. Alfred Caradine, fell over the Sea Walls there early one Sunday morning, and was killed.

A brother testified that he had been in bad health since Whitsuntide and was very restless on the Saturday night. In consequence of a note in his handwriting his wife watched him. On Sunday morning he took up a cup of tea to his wife about five o'clock, and at seven o'clock he went out, saying he was going out to get a paper, but did not return.

The Coroner, Mr. A. E. Barker, then put the following strange questions to the witness:—

Coroner: "He had got mixed up with a Spiritualist crowd, hadn't he?"—"Yes."

Coroner: "The note was written after some seance wasn't it?"—"I believe so."

Coroner: "You have done your best to break him of his Spiritualist delusions, haven't you?"—"Yes."

A verdict of "suicide whilst of unsound mind" was returned on this "evidence"!

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

The Soul as a Part of Nature.

MR. G. G. ANDRE, the inventor of cordite and other high explosives, who, like Sir William Crookes, gave his invaluable services to the British Government during the Great War, was also a Spiritualist Pioneer and Author.

When our Editorial on "THE SOUL AS A PART OF NATURE," printed here last month, was first published in September, 1919, he did not see it, but when it was reprinted in August, 1926, he wrote us:—"I thank you for this Illuminating Conception of the Constitution of Man." He also lectured on it at Letchworth under the title, "A New and Scientific Conception of the Soul." He kindly sent us his notes which we reproduce below as an independent thinker's "appreciation." On his death-bed, Mr. Andre wrote an interesting pamphlet on the same topic, and presented us with 500 copies, which only arrived from the printers after he had passed to the Beyond.—Ed., I.P.G.

"A NEW AND SCIENTIFIC CONCEPTION OF THE SOUL."

NOTES OF A LECTURE BY G. G. ANDRE.

"There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body."—St. Paul.

MR. JOHN LEWIS, Editor of the *International Psychic Gazette*, identifies the immortal soul with the spiritual body, a reasonable conclusion led to by psychical research and modern Spiritualistic experience. Of man's two bodies one, he tells us, is as much a natural product—arriving by the established process of Nature—as is the other. Each has its own inherited qualities and tendencies. Both have the same parentage and history.

This, at first sight, somewhat startling view of the human soul finds, we must admit, support in modern science, and therefore satisfies the demands of the reasoning mind.

According to this conception of the spirit-body, man is an immortal soul by nature. As such we must attribute to the spiritual body all the qualities and powers which go to make up the ordinary conception of the soul.

But why should we hesitate to do this if we accept the spiritual nature of this inner body? May we not, as Mr. Lewis does, assume it to be a complete organism, a counterpart of the physical, having like form, features, and faculties?—"An epitome or culmination of the mental, moral, and spiritual experience of all the previous souls in the line of its ancestry, just as the visible body is an epitome or culmination of the physical features, traits and habits of its ancestors."

Physiology and psychology lend support to, if they do not confirm, this view of man's dual constitution. We may assume as a fact in Nature that everywhere closely associated, cell for cell, with the physical, there is a finer grade of matter, possessing qualities and powers that we call psychical. The speck of germ plasma therefore from which man grows

is psychical as well as physical. Like the latter, it receives and retains the impress of its inheritance.

SUBSTANCES FINER THAN THE PHYSICAL.

These subtler substances form of themselves a complete organism, co-existing with the visible body, and capable of detachment therefrom to continue its existence as an independent entity. We may postulate yet finer and subtler substances interpenetrating the physical up to the degree of the purest spiritual substances in which the Divine Life can manifest itself.

This imperishable spirit-body, when detached from the dense material, retains, as a constituent element in its constitution, some of the finer portions of that dense body. This more etherialised matter forms the basis of the truly spiritual body, which consists of grade above grade of refined substance up to the highest and purest we can conceive of as fit to be the vehicle of the Divine Life. As the soul progresses in its development in the higher spheres, it gradually drops the grosser of these substances and, freed thereby from limitations, rises into larger states of consciousness.

Our planet, the earth, be it noted, consists of two different but closely related interpenetrating forms, which Fechner called its body and its soul respectively. Its body is the dense physical matter cognisable by the senses. Enveloping and penetrating this, there is a larger sphere of finer matter imperceptible to the senses. This finer substance is not spiritual. That termed is reserved for a still finer substance belonging to the higher worlds.

Being of the earth earthy, and destined to pass on to this sphere of etherialised matter, our constitution partakes of the substance of both these realms. But the degree of difference is discrete, so that the sudden change of death for one of the bodies (the physical) is necessary to make the transition. This may occur again at a more advanced stage of progression. But it may be only a gradual elimination of the grosser elements as the result of constant effort to liberate the powers of the Spirit.

Here we are in the region of conjecture. But in whatever sphere or on whatever plane the man is living his life, he must have a body of substance related to that sphere or plane. Of higher substances there may be many; of lower there can be none. Hence the necessity, as the soul progresses, either for the sudden change of death, or the slow continuous change due to a process of elimination of the grosser substances.

THE BODIES ARE NOT "THE LIFE."

These bodies—physical and spiritual—are not the life but vehicles of life and consciousness. Immersed in the vast ocean of universal spirit, or primal substance, through which the self-conscious principle, the One Infinite Life, manifests itself, they are vitalised, sustained and evolved by a constant stream of life-force flowing from the Fount of Life through the sun.

This continuous stream is the emitted Life of the Logos of the solar system. Students of the Bhagavad Gita familiar with the commentaries of Subba Rao, will recognise this as the "Light of Ishwara," which vitalises all within his domain. It is received and reacted to by every living form in the system according to the conditions afforded by the forms.

Hence bodily features, mental and moral characteristics, idiosyncrasies—all that is distinctive of personality derived from ancestors through heredity. It is the reaction, the response, of the life-forms that makes these differences in personal appearance and character. Man thinks and acts in accordance with his organised structure. Though animated by the same life-principle, each is a different manifestation, another personality. But the one Life energising all makes all one in essential nature.

An example and illustration of the determining influence of the bodily forms through which the life-force flows may be found in the vegetable kingdom. A branch of a pear-tree may be successfully grafted on to a hawthorn bush. Here the same vitalising life-carrying sap circulates through thorn and pear branches alike. But the pear-branch will bear fruit in pears, while the thorn, in all its branches, will produce fruit in bunches of berries.

THE LIFE CURRENT.

The outward expression of the life-flow is in accordance with the kingdom of Nature in which it is acting, and is determined by the stage of evolution

(Concluded on page 174.)

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The Life Story of Mrs. Gladys Osborne Leonard.

V.—A CHAT ON THE CULTIVATION OF PSYCHIC GIFTS.

WE had the pleasure of a homely chat with Mrs. Osborne Leonard on a Sunday afternoon in 1917 in an old-world garden at Datchet, near Windsor. What she said on the subject of psychical investigators cultivating their own gifts was quite unpremeditated, but it will be found none the less instructive on that account.

AN EGYPTIAN CONTROL'S TALL TALK.

Mrs. Leonard said—I feel that inquirers into Spiritualism are obliged to go to mediums for their first evidence, but once they have had evidence that Spiritualism is true they ought to cultivate their own psychic power. I believe that nine out of every ten persons have some form of psychic power that is capable of being developed into a useful gift. The first thing they should consider is how to develop a useful form of gift. There is too much development of a kind that is not useful, and that is neither helpful to the self-made mediums nor to their unseen friends. One woman I know developed some psychic power by sitting in a little circle of friends. She felt she was going to be a trance medium, and undoubtedly had a great deal of power. I thought myself she would develop into something wonderful. The first control who came through was supposed to have been a priest of Egypt, and he gave some details of his life of a general nature which could not be verified. He used to come along and weary us with long harangues, which would sometimes last about an hour. They were simply a string of fine-sounding words from which we learned nothing, and yet it was a mixture of religious tall-talk and philosophy, by way of being a trance address. It was of no practical help to anybody. We asked him why he was controlling this medium and he said, because he had a great work to do through her. That was just when the war started, and he spoke of the new era that was dawning on the world, and said he would make this medium one of the great teachers to be. He appeared genuinely to believe he was going to do this great work, but I thought he was only a silly conceited spirit. He kept on for about two years and some of the sitters thought him wonderful, but I could not see that what he said was helpful to anybody. I believe he still comes through and talks the same old nonsense, because he had got to his limit, and had nothing really profitable to teach.

I think every sympathy and encouragement should be given to new controls for say a month or two, and if they are not found satisfactory or helpful they must be told to make way for some other control who could use the time and the medium to better purpose. For instance, one who could give tests, for I think test-mediumship is particularly wanted at present, and guides who can give these ought to be especially encouraged. New controls ought to be trained to give tests at an early stage of their coming. I have spoken to ever so many controls coming through amateur mediums, and I am convinced they could have been trained to give good convincing tests, but instead of that they were

allowed to come and talk in a very general way, saying that when the roses are in bloom great good will come to you, or all will be well with you when the snow is on the ground, and nonsense of that sort, but they never really give you practical help or tests of identity. That is what I think is wanted more than anything.

Now I think the Egyptian spirit was only able to operate through the medium, owing to her own negative attitude to the subject, and owing to her having no real desire for what would be useful to mankind. Her only idea was to be able to claim that she was a trance medium, through whom ancient prophets and old philosophers talked. It was a kind of vanity.

DEVELOP YOUR OWN GIFTS.

I do not think people should go again and again to mediums, as some do for years, without making an effort to develop their own psychic power. They would rather come and spend an hour with me than give that hour to silence and serious effort. They think if they come to me they will be sure to hear something; they won't risk troubling themselves in case they get nothing. But I think it is a duty for each person to develop his own gifts. Most mediums could tell him at once what powers he could most usefully cultivate. He might consult two or three separately and see whether they agree; or if they differ which most appeals to him as correct and then he should devote himself to the cultivation of that gift.

When the person who wishes to cultivate his mediumistic gifts has ascertained from a medium in what direction his powers lie—whether clairvoyance, clairaudience, or trance—he would do well to read one or two instructive manuals on the subject. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis's "Guide to Mediumship" was of great help to me when I was developing. That is a very useful book in three little volumes.

METHODS OF DEVELOPMENT.

Then there are several ways of setting about developing, (1) under a medium in a developing circle, which is the quickest and best way of all, though some people have a dislike to that; (2) sitting with one or two friends in a little circle once or twice a week; and (3) developing by oneself alone. The last method may take a couple of years, and the second method may take two years or two weeks, you can never tell.

I believe that directly the guides know that you are taking a positive interest in the matter, they are ready, and they generally select someone on the other side who will help you. But you must be serious and willing to keep going on, for if the guides see that you are not in earnest, they will not waste their time.

In a little circle of four people, three of them might develop some useful form of mediumship. They should sit round a plain wooden table, with their hands on it to start with, and try to discover in the usual way whether the guides have any instructions to give them. They may get nothing immediately,

but if they are serious, and want to develop from the highest and unselfish motives, they should have results within two or three sittings, and they should not be troubled by stupid or interfering spirits.

Probably the guides will assign a control to one of the sitters, say Mrs. A., and give the name of the control which might be Myra. Another, whom we may call Mrs. B., will be told that she can develop normal clairvoyance or some other gift. Then the sittings would go on, and results awaited.

Mrs. A., who is to develop trance mediumship, should sit perfectly still and note whatever impressions or feelings come her way, and she must not be alarmed if she should feel trembling of her limbs and hands. It is a good test when the hands go up and down on the table. The trance medium should not try to concentrate on anything, but simply remain passive, and wait until the guide can get there.

In Mrs. B.'s case, as she is going to develop

clairvoyance or clairaudience, it is a different matter. She, too, must be passive, but she has to be more on the alert for impressions than Mrs. A. She becomes aware of sensations she does not receive in a normal condition, and she must say out at once what she is feeling. It may be a touch, or some unaccountable word that comes to her, or a message. No matter how silly it may appear, that should be given out, for these are the simple beginnings of being taught by impression. She may feel—I want to say so and so to Mrs. C. That may turn out to be a good test, and Mrs. C. may understand the message. From that, with experience, she will be able to go further and further, and will become able to distinguish between what is real clairaudience and what is her own imagination. The things that come unbidden to her mind are genuine messages. Perfect passivity with alertness—they appear to be contradictory, but they are not—are the necessary conditions for success.

“Twenty Years After”: Things Worth Recalling.

From the “International Psychic Gazette” for July, 1914.

MR. STEAD AND JULIA'S BUREAU.

THE Institute which has been established by Lady Lewis to continue the work begun by the late Mr. W. T. Stead in his “Julia's Bureau” was opened at 37 Dorset Square, W., on July 9th. Lady Lewis presided, and there were present the following members of her Advisory Committee: Miss Estelle Stead, Miss F. R. Scatcherd, Mr. J. J. Vango, Mr. R. B. Donovan, B.A., and Mr. John Lewis. Mr. Serocold Skeels was unavoidably absent.

Lady Lewis, in opening the proceedings, said she wished it to be understood that the object of the Institute would be that which was in Mr. Stead's mind when he started the Bureau, namely, to minister to the aching heart and not to satisfy the inquisitive brain.

A message from Mr. Stead, which had been received on the previous evening by Miss Stead, was read by Lady Lewis. It contained the following passage:—

“Many will come to you longing for consolation, and you need have no fear, for the words will be put in your mouth, and the joy of knowledge will be brought to many through this Institute.”

Mr. Vango, the official medium of the Institute, then became entranced, and through his instrumentality a number of communications were received. Mr. Stead greeted each member of the circle individually, and said this occasion was one of the happiest moments he had had since he left the body. He had never felt that Julia's good work would be closed with his passing over. The doors were again being opened, and Lady Lewis had been chosen to hold the key, which was a very sacred charge.

MR. ROBERT KING & DEEP BREATHING.

Mr. Robert King, lecturing at the Eustace Miles Restaurant on “Some Occult Aspects of Breathing,” explained that when we breathe we take in not only air but also a certain force which the occultist calls prana, or vital force.

When we breathe deeply we absorb much more of this life force than when we breathe in a shallow way. That is why occultists practise deep breathing.

If we breathe quickly and shortly, say twenty-five times to the minute, our powers of sensation diminish. A dentist friend of his had experimented with a number of boys whose teeth required attention. He stood them in a row and made them breathe twenty-six or twenty-eight times a minute. He then extracted their teeth without their feeling any pain. If anyone is suffering acute physical pain he can dull its intensity by this method.

On the other hand, when we breathe slowly, say six or eight times a minute, we discover a peculiar condition of quietness and stillness creeping over us. Our mental powers are much enhanced by this process.

If we wish to concentrate on any subject, we should breathe slowly and deeply and our mind will become much more amenable to control. We shall not get

excited while we breathe slowly, for the astral body—the body of desire and emotion—does not appear to be able to reflect its intense activity on the physical nervous system when we breathe in that way.

By slow, deep breathing we can calm any mental irritation.

A certain trance-like condition can be produced by rhythmical breathing with perfect safety. Breathing deeply and slowly in this way six times to the minute while lying on one's back, will induce an extraordinary feeling of quietude and calmness and a sensation of expansion, with a slight feeling of floating. A wonderfully vivid consciousness accompanies this feeling. In this way lies escape from many worries and miseries.

What happens in this state is that we are just a little way out of the physical body and in the etheric field. It is important, therefore, that we should not be suddenly interrupted.

If we are nerve tired ten minutes of this exercise in some place where we should not be disturbed will refresh and stimulate us in all ways.

REV. G. V. OWEN AND THE HUSK FUND.

The name of the Rev. G. Vale Owen appeared in the first list of subscribers to the fund which Mrs. Duffus organised for Mr. Cecil Husk.

SAYINGS OF THE MONTH.

What better key is there to self knowledge than astrology?—*A Correspondent.*

Under all conditions of life, Be Thyself, Think for Thyself, Judge for Thyself.—*J. M. Peebles.*

Go forward, and if you are faithful to Truth you will be bidden to come up higher.—*Flora P. Howard.*

How easy and pleasant a thing it is to die. It is but a falling asleep and an awakening without the encumbrance of a body.—*J. L.*

Dr. Kilner's recently published book on “The Human Atmosphere” is intensely interesting. It is the first time that either a scientific or a medical man has clearly demonstrated that the human aura actually exists and that when looked for in the proper way it is clearly visible.—*Mina H. Scott.*

Nothing is more fully established historically than the fact of healing being always regarded as an important part of religious ministry.—*W. J. Colville.*

The best and shortest way to God is Service.

—“Oriental.”

Character reading is one of the most important and useful branches of study that anyone can engage in.—*J. Millott Severn.*

I am presently to be employed in several mission undertakings, having gained sufficient knowledge and wisdom to carry them out effectually.—*W. T. Stead,* in an automatic message, written through the hand of Miss Emily Haggard.

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J. Arthur Hill's Experiences with Mediums.*

BY ROSA M. BARRETT.

MR. HILL is well known to psychical students as an exceptionally careful and accurate recorder, and this, his latest volume, contains valuable accounts of some of his psychical experiences during a quarter of a century. His sittings were mainly with the medium, the late Aaron Wilkinson, and had the result of entirely changing his outlook on life. From indifference and a sort of tolerant agnosticism as to the unseen, he has become a confirmed Spiritualist—using that term as meaning one convinced of life after death and of the continued survival of personality.

It is somewhat difficult to give any kind of summary of this extremely lucid record, for just as the cumulative evidence convinced Mr. Hill, so it is the careful record of these experiences that must convince the unprejudiced reader. That hardworked theory of telepathy is ruled out in the majority of cases, many of the facts and names given being wholly unknown to either Mr. Hill or Mr. Wilkinson, and only verified after prolonged enquiry—often not until some years had elapsed. Mr. Hill took shorthand notes during the sittings and typed these out immediately afterwards, so that they were not coloured by the imagination of any sitter.

Though the information given may sometimes seem trivial, can anything be called trivial that carries proof that those on the Other Side, whom we can no longer see or touch, can still communicate with us under certain circumstances, and that they remember their earth friends? What can be of greater importance than to know that this life is only

*"Experiences with Mediums." By J. Arthur Hill. Rider. 7/6.

a beginning, and that sooner or later we shall be re-united to those we have loved here, and whose love still enriches this life? Thank God that this is no longer a vague, perhaps illusory hope, but a certainty!

Here is one instance related by Mr. Hill in which the person concerned allows her own name—a well known one to many—to be given. None of the names or facts were known to either the medium or Mr. Hill, nor had he ever met Miss Bubb, at all events at that time. The medium described an old lady who had passed on near the water, and had someone called Henry belonging to her. He first gave the name as "something like Bubbles," but no S; then giving the name Bubb correctly, he described her as richly dressed and of strong character, with other details such as a dog of whom she was fond, having a handkerchief in her hand, very white hair; and also the name of a place, Charlton Kings, and the name Sarah Walker. When Mr. Hill sent notes of these sittings to Miss Bubb, he learnt that it was a remarkably accurate description of her stepmother, who died at the seaside when ninety years old, and did have very white hair, a dog of whom she was fond, and constantly waved a handkerchief. She had a strong character and mentality and, as some may know, Charlton Kings is the name of a suburb of Cheltenham where the family lived, Henry being the name of her husband, Mr. Bubb, and Sarah Walker her own. All the facts given, Miss Bubb wrote, were remarkably accurate; nor to be accounted for by telepathy.

I only give this one example, as I hope many will read the book in its entirety, and so realise how it came about that Mr. Hill became convinced of the truth of spirit communication, and of the debt we owe to him for having given us these records in such an attractive and painstaking way.

I may add that both Mr. Hill and Mr. Wilkinson lived in Yorkshire, also that Mr. Wilkinson, who passed on a few years ago, steadily refused to take payment for his sittings, or indeed to hold them regularly. He could scarcely even be persuaded to take his railway fare, so that his motives were certainly not mercenary, and Mr. Hill bears strong testimony to the honesty and uprightness of his character.

Brief Notices of New Books.

The Great Passing On. By Edmond Holmes. Rider. 5/-.

Holmes' works on Christ and Buddha are well known. He now presents the case for Spiritualism in a lucid and inspiring manner. He shows that we do survive, and what to teach the young. They should learn all about the After Life in order that they may grow up free from the trammels of the past, with a proper knowledge of their responsibility toward God and their fellow men. This would do much to lift the world out of its present religious and political chaos, and establish peace.

Extra-Sensory Perception. By J. B. Rhine, Ph.D. With Introduction by Dr. Walter Franklin Prince. Boston Society for Psychical Research.

Dr. Rhine, in conjunction with his wife, Dr. Louisa E. Rhine, both of whom have taken their doctorates in biology at the University of Chicago, resigned these in order to devote their lives to the study of psychology and psychical research. In this work, Dr. Rhine, now an associate professor of psychology at Duke University, gives the results of experiments, fast approaching the mark of 100,000 trials or individual tests, in what he terms "perception-without-the-senses."

Callin - Back the Soul. By Philip Robinson. Rider. 2/6.

Many who appreciate ennobling thoughts in verse will want to include this little volume in their collection of philosophical and psychic works.

Thoughts. By Albert J. Bridle. Rider. 3/6.

A collection of writings from a Higher Sphere, inspiring courage, honesty, faith, love and perfect health. The author says, in his foreword, "Some may skim through the pages of this book and remark, 'Just automatic writings from his subconscious mind'; but this I know to be untrue, because during the

period in which they were written I was privileged to have long conversations from time to time with the real author, whom I know to be a great Teacher in the 'Unseen World.' . . . I continue to receive proofs beyond any doubt that the 'Unseen World' is very real." G. de B.

Death's Door Ajar. By J.V.H. Rider. 5/-.

Here is a book which deals not with debatable theories but with personally experienced facts. It tells the fascinating story of a home circle which has been meeting in Johannesburg, South Africa, for fifteen years. The circle formed itself as a result of a chance incursion into Spiritualism, when two men and two women sat in a darkened room to test the subject. One of the women was immediately entranced, and a strange voice came through her and predicted the death of her father-in-law by the end of the year. The prediction was fulfilled, and the woman's husband was set on a path of Spiritualistic investigation which ultimately turned him away from atheism to complete conviction of the truth of survival.

Mysticism Throughout the Ages. By Edward Gall. Rider. 5/-.

The author has written a notable contribution to the history of Mysticism. He writes an excellent if rapid review of the leading principles of the calm wisdom of ancient Greece, the mystic philosophies of sun-baked India, the fervent aspirations of the Muhameddan Sufis and the *devoitianilism* of Medieval Christianity. He proves convincingly that the basic ideas which illuminate these widely different cultures are similar and identical. Mr. Gall's suggestion that the application of spiritual principles to material affairs will solve the world's difficulties is an excellent and true one. He has packed a maximum of mystical information into a minimum of space. P. B.

Criticism: Constructive and Destructive.

BY "HEATHER B."

CRITICISM, like every other faculty or quality, has two aspects. It can be fine and useful, a trained power of observation and discrimination, a just weighing of the good points in literature or art or music, a keen appreciation of the best and a casting aside of the futile, an aptitude for separating the wheat from the chaff. This sort of criticism is a matter of education and knowledge, attained by much study and experience. It helps, by the encouragement and direction it gives to good work. Its lessons may sometimes be hard, but are never hurtful. There is nothing personal about it.

WILFUL CRITICISM.

There is, however, another side of criticism, which is negative and answers no good purpose. Personal criticism is altogether on another plane, and might more appropriately be termed fault-finding, because it is so rarely appreciative or encouraging. It is generally more concerned in picking out and holding up to view the weak points of humanity. It is inclined to sigh over the depravity of people, and to deplore their follies rather than extol their good qualities. Personal criticism evinces a certain emptiness of mind and lack of culture, for it is mostly interested in the discussion of personalities and trivial things.

Why should we think that because our neighbour's ways, or outlook and opinion, differ from ours that they must therefore be faulty? What strange conceit! Surely such criticism displays a narrowness of view in the critic and proclaims his own limited comprehension! How often has the action or idea adversely criticised at one period of life, become the accepted one of ten or twenty years later? Many people are absurdly hypercritical, thereby tarnishing the brightness and joy of their own lives, as well as the lives of those they criticise. Let us remember that every dart we send forth, whether tipped with a drop of poison or with healing dew, returns to the hand or mind that sped it. Critical gossip is purely destructive, and these waves of inharmonious disturbance spread—who can say how far or how hurtfully?

If we observe attentively we find that we usually criticise in others what we do not like in them. It is this leaven of condemnation which forms the poison in such criticism, and makes it a destructive power. Such thoughts do not carry love and peace on their wings. Let us rather search for the good there is in every soul. By our very belief in them we may draw out the glorious traits of the hidden God in man. They are there, in every one, however undeveloped. Better then to tend these divine germs with kindly understanding and appreciation, and thus help them to expand and grow and blossom, rather than to crush and bury them under the cruel stones of captious criticism.

HELPFUL CRITICISM.

True criticism, as Hugh Black says, "does not consist, as so many critics seem to think, in depreciation, but in appreciation. There are more lives spoiled by undue harshness, than by undue gentleness. More good work

is lost by want of appreciation than from too much of it. Unless carefully repressed, such a spirit becomes censorious, or worse still spiteful, and has often been the means of estranging a friend. It is possible to be kind without giving crooked counsel or oily flattery, and it is possible to be true without magnifying faults."

If you would help your friend, do not pick out his faults even in silent thought, and dwell on them, thus accentuating them, but dwell rather both in thought and speech on his good points, establishing and strengthening these. See your own faults; yes, look them squarely in the face, then turn your back even on them. Cultivate their opposites and they will depart from you.

Avoid any centre of petty gossip and personal criticism, with their inevitable reflex of hurt feelings and bitter resentments, as you would avoid a plague area or spot; for the poisonous germs of such centres are as fatal to the health of the mind as the germs of any physical poison are to the body. Let your mind escape from the "small life," so full of foolish trifles, so concerned with the little outward seemings, into the larger life of the cosmos.

Who can tell how much you may help a brother by showing him you believe in him, thus encouraging and sustaining him in his belief in his own intrinsic goodness. Surely this should be one of the works of a developing spirit, as it is of the evolved spirits in the higher spheres. Let us then join in the glorious endeavour to develop the hidden God in man.

It is what we think of another which makes that other our friend. Our thoughts are friendly, not probing for human weaknesses, but looking beneath the exterior; not lingering on the outer crust, woven of the earth senses and the world's follies, but reaching past these to the treasures of the soul, and there finding the God-man. Is it not Emerson who says that what we deify shines god-like back on our hearts, and also that we are enlarged by our own shining?

A WARNING TO CRITICS.

Critics should beware, lest they ignorantly bar against themselves some gate that might have admitted them to priceless information, to special treasure. Who has not felt in himself the closing of invisible doors against an unsympathetically critical mind? Only a loving nature, too kind to be captiously critical, has the delicate touch that can unlatch the doors of holy places and discover the secret beauties of the immortal spirit.

It is so easy to raise a laugh over a neighbour's foible, and to be witty at the expense of another, so easy, so amusing, alas! that many would think half their fun in life were gone if it were considered bad form to cast these harmful thoughts haphazard into the air. Let us never forget that

"... Reputation can be torn to shreds,
And tossed aside like useless ravelled threads,
Lives warped and rent and gossiped out of tune,
Within the space of one short afternoon."

August, 1934
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The Story of La Conique, a Parisian Gamin.

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF THROUGH THE HAND OF WILL CARLOS.

INTRODUCTION.—This spirit, "La Conique," has been a visitor at my seances for many years, and has always proved interesting, but like others he has been content with a *nom-de-plume*, and has no desire to more closely reveal himself. When I asked him to contribute his story he gave me the following account:—W.C.

I WAS born in Lyons; so I was informed by Jean le Sabotier, with whom I lodged. I was in Paris at Jean's abode when I first began to know things. I have no recollection of parents; I know not my own name. Jean always called me Pierre, and by that name I was known. I had no schooling, but the old man taught me to learn a few words from signposts and shop fronts. That was my only academy during childhood. Jean would fain have taught me his useful craft of sabot-making, but no! I preferred to run the streets, picking up what I could without much regard to "meum" and "tuum," and had a sort of pride in handing my loot to my only protector. We shared a basement in a mean street, sleeping, eating and working in the same apartment—that is, Jean worked. I was with the crowd who attacked the Bastille, and I saw Louis and Marie guillotined. I was a Paris gamin, a *sans culotte*, a *sans gene*, and that was all. I never knew a mother's love, nor caress, nor cuff from a natural protector, and Jean—well, I suppose he had to cuff me at times when I proved too boisterous or unruly.

MY MEETING WITH ARMAND DUPREZ.

I was in the Rue de Malplique when I held my future master's horse, while he sought refreshment in the hostelry. I called him "Master" then, and the appellation clung to him as long as we were in contact. He was then about thirty-five years of age, dressed in a skirted coat, breeches, long vest and riding boots. Beneath his conical hat his hair, already grey, hung to his shoulders, tied at the ends with a broad black ribbon. When he came forth he thrust a handful of sous into my grimy paw, and gazed earnestly at me for a moment. "Hast thou been to school, my lad?" he asked. I had not, and so I told him. "Would'st like to learn?" I acknowledged that I should. "Then find the way to this address an hour hence, and I will see what I can do to help thee."

HE BECOMES MY MASTER.

He thrust a card in my hand, sprang on his horse, and was gone. I gazed at the card, and laboriously spelt out the name and address. It was "Armand Duprez, 17, Maisons Bologna." I spent some of the money on food, for I was faint with hunger—for the commissariat was scanty at Jean's abode, work being scarce in those tumultuous times. Within the hour I had found the house where the master dwelt, and after long hesitation, ventured to apply the knocker. A maid opened the door and, seeing a gamin there, would fain be rude; but, seeing appeal perhaps in my eyes, changed her mind, and inquired my business. "I want to see the master; he bade me come; Master Duprez; tell him it's Pierre who held his horse," I blurted. "Ah, yes, the master does odd things like that. Come in; I will go and tell him." I sat in the hall for a few minutes, then she called me into the kitchen, and gave me a glass of milk and some biscuits. When I had eaten she bade me wash my face and hands, and brush my tousled hair as neatly as possible, then she took me to the master's study. He received me kindly, and at once set to work to ascertain the extent of my knowledge of letters, and pronounced the verdict "not so bad for a gamin." With infinite patience he led me through my first steps in reading, and showed me how to print the letters with a quill, and he said I made fair progress in that first lesson. Thereafter, every day at the same hour, unless some occupation prevented it (it being understood that I had perfect freedom in that respect) I paid my visit, and after a few weeks was

able to write some sentences he gave me as models, and to read some simple books he was able to supply. I learned he had been tutor to the sons of a nobleman before the Revolution.

MY WORK AT LIVERY STABLES.

In the meantime, I had tried to obtain honest labour as a source of livelihood, and at length was offered a job at a livery stable in the Rue Norde. I was then forced to abandon my lessons, much to my Master's regret, but he would not deter me from my purpose, only asking me to diligently study in my spare time. This I promised to do, and we parted in amity. I know he was loth to lose my companionship, especially in the long evenings of the year, for I suppose my coming was a break in the monotony of his existence. I noted that he seldom stirred abroad and was busy writing most of his time, although I was not aware of his purpose.

REVOLUTIONARY TURMOIL.

It was in the summer of 1792, when one day a crowd of strange people surged through the streets singing the Marseillaise. There was an inn at the corner of the street, and at the door an equipage newly arrived. One of the ruffians in the crowd instantly proclaimed it to be the carriage of an aristocrat, and the mob surged around it threateningly. Then I saw a man step forth and compel them by the sternness of his presence to hold back. It was my master. He stood there facing the mob with unflinching courage, and with such nobility of manner that for the moment they were awed.

DUPREZ'S ENCOUNTER WITH A RUFFIAN.

Obeying their leader, a burly fellow who looked like a butcher, the crowd then vociferously demanded that the passports of the "aristocrats" should be examined, and an officer of the city guard, coming up with several of his men, proceeded to the carriage door, and was in conference with the invisible occupant or occupants. This was too tame a proceeding for the butcher, and he called on the mob to drag out the occupants or overthrow the vehicle. "Go, see who is hiding there, Jacques," cried a voice, and the burly butcher, nothing loth, approached the carriage to peer within; but he found his way obstructed by the master. He essayed to hurl my benefactor aside, but presently lay sprawling on his back, sent to earth by a well directed blow from the fist of Duprez. There was like to be bloodshed then, for the mob were howling furiously, but the city guards formed a cordon around the carriage, and one of them grasped the master's arm and hurried him from the spot.

A LADY'S APPEAL.

I hurried after him to speak with him as he turned into an archway near, but I heard a female voice cry aloud, "Armand. Armand." A lady's face and long white hands appeared at the carriage window, apparently appealing to my master. I remembered his name though I had never ventured to use it. I hurried on, caught him, and apprised him of the lady's appeal, and begged him to return. His face betokened pain, but after a moment's thought he returned, and going up to the carriage, caught the hands in his, kissed them, and hurried away again. "Pierre, I dared not stay," he said, as he saw the mute questioning of my eyes; "it is all over between us; but I cannot conquer my love." And I saw tears course down his agitated face, as he bade me *bon jour*.

I BECOME HIS SERVANT-COMPANION.

That night he came to my place and asked me to become servant-companion to himself. He squared the stables-proprietor, and took me home with him. I was assigned a little room off his own, and was given a supply of clothing, such as male servants wear in private houses. A few days afterwards I was going on an errand for him, when I encountered a carriage in the street, and recognised it as the one in which I had seen the lady with the white hands. I saw her sweet pale face at the window, and in a moment those white hands released the sliding window, and she hailed me. "Thou wert with him," she murmured, "with Armand?" I bobbed my head; I could not speak. "Tell me where he lives," she demanded. I directed her, received her thanks, and went my way, doubting if I had done wisely.

RECONCILIATION FOLLOWS ESTRANGEMENT.

My errand necessitated my absence for a couple of hours, since it was a matter of copying some old records in the Church of St. Surplice, and therefore when I returned I was surprised to see the lady and the master in distress—he unrelenting, she in tears. She was crying, "Armand, let us settle this matter once for all. You believe me incontinent. Let a physician decide whether I am true or not. Send at once, send at once, or I shall go distracted." As I entered she cried, "See, send this lad for the nearest physician; I will submit to any indignity for thy sake; let my pride be humbled so that my name may be vindicated." It was her final appeal, and it had its desired effect. "Lucille," he cried, "enough. I will doubt thee no longer. Thou shalt not be thus humbled." He held out his hands to her, and she threw herself on his breast. Of course, I withdrew at this, and heard no more.

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SOME HISTORICAL NAMES AND EVENTS.

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DUPREZ AND LA VIE MARRIED.

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LA CONIQUE IN FLEET STREET.

After a time my master, who had assiduously attended to my instruction, introduced me to the editor of a journal who offered me a humble post on his staff. The editor was pleased with my first effort, saying my style was "laconic," and I thereupon decided to adopt the sobriquet of "La Conique." My master and his wife secured a small house in the district of Kensington, where he started a school for the children of the French refugees, and such English children as desired to acquire the French language. I had lodgings in a narrow street not far from Fleet Street, and there I worked in content, paying occasional visits to the master. In course of time they were blessed with children, and became much revered by their contemporaries.

HE RESCUES HIS FUTURE WIFE.

It was now 1807, and I was in my thirtieth year, I was doing as well as journalists generally did. One day I was threading my way through the congeries

of alleys in the East End of London—it was late at night—when I heard a scream, and immediately a young woman flew by me, followed by a drunken sailor. Somehow I interposed—I could not say why—but, anyhow, I tripped the fellow up in the best gamin style, and gave him a whack on the head with a stout stick I carried. Then I hastened after the young woman to offer her my escort. She had been terribly frightened, and was still too agitated to speak, but she accepted my offer and my arm, and I accompanied her to her home. Here she insisted on introducing me to her parents, and I used my *nom-de-plume* for the purpose. This was the beginning of a friendship which considerably lightened my life, and at length I conceived the plan of asking the maiden to accept my name.

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This she did, and by her father's aid we opened a bookseller's shop in the court of the Red Lion, and there I ended my days. My shop became known as Connich's Book Shop, for your English people have a knack of abbreviating words, and I was doing well, when one night I was awakened by a strong sense of suffocation. I at once sprang out of bed, and found the place afire. I tried to rouse my wife, but she was apparently stupefied by the fumes. I essayed to lift her in my arms, but her dead weight was too much. I had to drag her out, and then sought to escape. But it was too late. The stairway was aflame, and as I staggered back I fell, and remember no more.

* * *

True Peace.

Do you wish for peace of mind?
Then your wish is of the best;
Know you where that peace to find
For your soul's most perfect rest?
Get in touch with friends passed on;
They are anxious to commune;
Both your interests are one—
God's most satisfying boon.
Peace of mind begins below,
This is where you need it most;
Tears of sorrow cease to flow,
Cheered by heaven's celestial host.

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SOUL AS A PART OF NATURE.—Continued from page 168.

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It has been suggested that this stream of life-force flowing first through the loftiest beings in the heaven world—the perfected fruit of an earlier evolution—and thence down through all sorts and conditions of men in successive spheres and planes till the outer earth-plane is reached, may carry with it thought-forms, life-germs, which may determine the specific quality of the embryo man coming into earth existence. But this is a question beyond the scope of our present inquiry.

The conception of the soul as here propounded, which has been reached on lines of observation and reasoning, commends itself on the ground of simplicity. Moreover, it clears the way for a further rationalising of thought concerning man's origin and destiny. A new vista of progress and attainment is thereby opened up to the unprejudiced inquirer in quest of truth. Life viewed from this standpoint, claims for bodily culture, physical and spiritual, more attention than is commonly given to it.

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August, 1934.

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Not Yet!

Not yet; there are more clouds in heaven's expanse,
More rank weeds in the garden of my soul,
More heights to scale, more woeful depths to sound;
More earnest strivings for the glorious goal.

Not yet; my sweetest songs are yet unsung,
My purest love, my highest joy untold,
I may not spread my pinions like the dove,
While crucible glows red with untried gold.

Not yet; not yet, though harbour lights gleam nigh,
For shipwrecked mariners are on life's sea,
My lamp must longer shed its beacon light—
Not yet the haven where I fain would be.

Not yet the conquering hues of western skies,
But the weird tearful gloom of twilight hour;
Not yet the full expansion of Love's bloom,
Only the shy unfolding of the flower.

Not yet, oh Rose of Sharon, may I wear
Thy matchless bloom upon my aching breast;
Not yet attuned my ear to that glad voice—
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

E. P. PRENTICE.

**OCCASIONAL JOTTINGS BY X.
SPIRITUAL MISMANAGEMENT.**

It has been suggested from the Other Side that some people make a virtue of poverty. But in this they err. There is no disgrace in being poor, but there is certainly nothing to be proud of. Did all men live in accord with the Divine Will poverty would be impossible, for there is more than sufficient for all in God's material universe. But greed and selfishness have given some more than others. Men have lived on each other instead of for each other. More's the pity! It may be aptly termed spiritual mismanagement.

One purpose of Spiritualism is to show the people of earth how to reorganise along proper lines, so that although there will never be absolute equality of possessions at one moment, all will share equally in the good things in their time and place, and meanwhile all will have sufficient for their absolute needs.

Neither is there any virtue in wealth, unless it is honestly acquired; and, once acquired, it may be a virtue only if properly used. Otherwise, wealth may be something to be ashamed of.

Let the poor man, therefore, seek to lift himself out of his poverty, as befits a man of God, and let the rich man, in helping him to do so, see to it that they both develop that strength of character and God-like purpose which means true unity and true living, here and hereafter.

PERSECUTION.

Some are puzzled as to why so many seemingly good people are from time to time victims of persecution, whilst the less conscientious and often unscrupulous, seem to go free. Spiritualists wonder, for example, why so many honest and genuine mediums are attacked by other so-called Spiritualists who ought to know better.

The Other Side has said that the minority, the truly larger souls who are spiritually evolved and awake to Divine Purpose and Guidance, must suffer for the sake of the majority, who are often spiritually blind and selfish.

The suffering minority exemplifying the true Christ spirit, manifested in Jesus of Nazareth, who was "persecuted for righteousness' sake."

And so the minority suffer for the majority. It was ever thus, and will be until all are reconciled to the Father. Therefore, let persecuted Spiritualists and others take heart of grace, and realise that through their sufferings they are in some way helping forward the spiritual enlightenment and future of their undeveloped brethren.

Sixty members and friends of the **Conan Doyle Memorial Church**, Southend, were entertained recently at a garden party given by Mr. and Mrs. Bowden, Vernon Road, Leigh.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM

570 Churches and over 14,000 members affiliated to the G.W.C.S. League.

ZODIAC PROPAGANDA MEETINGS

August 5th. **Ebbw Vale**.—Princess Hall, nr. The Monument, 6.30 p.m. Clairvoyance by Mrs. Annie Jones.

August 12th. **Morecambe**.—Christian Spiritualist Church, Temple of Light, West End Road, 6.30 p.m.

August 19th. **Herne Bay**.—King's Hall, East Cliff Bandstand, 6 p.m. Clairvoyance by Mrs. Logan.

August 26th. **Glasgow**.—St. Vincent Masonic Hall, Haigh Road, Overnewton, 6 p.m. Clairvoyance by Miss Blyth, of Edinburgh.

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Wednesday	7.30	Address and Clairvoyance.
Saturday	6.30	Address and Clairvoyance.
Sunday	6.30	Address and Clairvoyance.

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DANCING ON GLOWING EMBERS.

WEIRD CEREMONY IN FOREST VILLAGE.

THE Scotsman of July 2nd printed the following Reuter telegram from Sofia:—

A strange pagan custom, which survives in one or two remote villages in the wild forest region near the Turkish frontier, is causing great anxiety to the Bulgarian Holy Synod.

Every year, on the Day of Saint Constantine and Saint Helen, three or four young girls, called "Nestinarki" (dancers on the fire), dance with bare feet on the red-hot embers of a great fire lit on the village green.

Dressed in dark clothes, and led by a "high priestess"—an old woman called Baba Nouna—the girls begin their weird ceremony with prayers in a little chapel dedicated to the two saints. These prayers are attended by the whole village under the direction of a "master of ceremonies."

Then, after the prayers, the "Nestinarki," in a trance, lead the villagers in procession to a holy spring in a grove of ancient oaks. Here all drink the water of the spring and eat unleavened bread. At dusk the procession returns to the village where, in the middle of the green, a huge fire is lighted.

Chanting a wild song, and accompanied by the beat of a drum and the skirl of crude bagpipes (a common instrument among the Bulgarian peasants), the girls, with their arms outstretched, dance round the fire.

Wilder and wilder grows the dance, the girls closing in round the fire until, when the flames have died down, they are actually dancing on the glowing embers. This is kept up for as long as a quarter of an hour, and no sign of suffering is shown.

The "Nestinarki" declare they feel no pain, nor is there any trace of burning to be found on their feet after the performance.

Baba Nouna herself has declared: "Every time I have danced on the embers I have seen St. Constantine walking before me and pouring water on the fire from a little jug which he held in his hand, and so I felt no pain."

President:
MR. HANNEN SWAFFER

SPIRITUALIST COMMUNITY

Chairman:
MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART

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Secretary: Miss F. V. Gregory, M.B.E., at above address

OPEN MEETINGS suspended during August, re-commence Monday, September 3rd.

QUESTIONS, CLAIRVOYANCE (Admission Free)

SPEAKER:

Aug. 5th—11 a.m.—Rev. C. Drayton Thomas

6.30 p.m.—Mr. Horace Leaf

Aug. 12th—11 a.m.—Mr. Percy Scholey

6.30 p.m.—Mrs. Champion de Crespigny

Aug. 19th—11 a.m.—Mr. Frank H. Wall

6.30 p.m.—Dr. H. P. Shastri

Aug. 26th—11 a.m.—Dr. W. J. Vanstone

6.30 p.m.—Mr. Lewis Jefferson

CLAIRVOYANT:

Mrs. Stella Hughes

Mr. Horace Leaf

Mrs. Annie Johnson

Mrs. Hirst

Mrs. Helen Spiers

Mr. Thomas Wyatt

Mrs. Helen Spiers

Mrs. Esta Cassel

LUCIE DAVIES

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