

Our Outlook Tower

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Here is a little story by Thomas à Kempis which will be found helpful by anyone who suffers from over-anxiety :

"When one that was in anxiety of mind, often wavering between fear and hope, did once, being oppressed with grief, humbly prostrate himself in a church before the altar, and said within himself, 'Oh, if I knew that I should yet persevere!' he presently heard within him an answer from God which said, 'If thou didst know it, what wouldst thou do? Do now what thou wouldst do then, and and thou shalt be secure.'

"And being herewith comforted and strengthened, he committed himself wholly to the will of God, and his anxious waverings ceased.

"Neither had he the mind to search curiously any further, to know what should befall him; but rather laboured to understand what was the perfect and acceptable will of God for the beginning and accomplishing of every good work.

"'Trust in the Lord, and do good,' saith the Prophet, 'so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

A BISHOP'S CRITICISM.

THE BISHOP OF ELY told the Church folk of St. Ives on November 8 that Spiritualism was apparently a comfort to some people, and he agreed that the phenomena should be scientifically investigated by competent people.

But his Lordship proceeded to say :—

"I suggest to you Spiritualism is miscalled; it is materialism. Communication between the living and the departed is not sought by spiritual means. It is by the voice of a medium, the movement of a table, noise, raps, taps, and so on. They are extremely jejune in character. Is there any revelation of real value that has been made as a result of this practice? I am sure it is extremely dangerous to many of those who take part."

The Church, he added, offered the alternative of spiritual fellowship in Christ that could be realised by prayer to God. But this is no alternative, but only one of the essential elements of Christian Spiritualism, which is not a mere affair of "raps, taps, and so on!"

SPIRITUALISM AT CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge Union debated Spiritualism last month before a crowded house. The motion was, "That Spiritualism exists only in the imagination."

The principal protagonists were Professor H. Levy, of the Imperial College of Science, and Mr. Shaw Desmond, the famous novelist, representing the International Institute of Psychical Research. Professor Levy said, in support of the motion, that Spiritualists "unconsciously deluded themselves into the idea that they were dealing with objective spirits," and Mr. Desmond told him he was "fighting a phantom Don Quixote tilting at windmills of his own imagination!" The motion was carried by 265 votes to 185, and Mr. Desmond may be congratulated on securing so close a vote in such conservative surroundings.

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MR. R. WITTEY lectured last month on this subject before the Astrological Lodge of the Theosophical Society and succeeded in showing that planetary influence has had an enormous effect upon the development of the human heart and mind.

Going back through æons of time, along the paths of Myth, Legend and Folk Lore, he traced the influences of the study and worship of the Sun, Moon and Stars in the religions and cults of the earliest savage races. In the comparatively modern period of 3800 years B.C., Chaldean records shewed a divergence between religion and Astrology as specialised channels of man's expression, although both remained for ages in the hands of the priesthood.

From these early origins were traceable the development of religions as we know them today—the festivals we observe with their human appeal being survivals of customs, rites and ceremonies of very great antiquity, clothed and re-presented in the light of later development. The lecturer claimed that Nature is ruled and governed by stellar influences which are open to man's interpretation according to the degree of his development and that future history will record the varied effects of its Moving Finger in terms of Religion, Science and Art.

THE 'ATMOSPHERE' OF OLD CHURCHES

THE REV. ARCHIBALD JACKSON in an address at Edinburgh Psychic College, on "The Monks of Lindisfarne," described events of a psychic character which had befallen him and other witnesses in the Farne Isles.

These included apparitions of monks and nuns, well attested by independent evidence, near the ruins of the Benedictine Priory. He compared these incidents with the circumstances of the Glastonbury Script, and suggested that some spaces on the earth are more sacred than others, not only because of their associations, but because they acquired objective sanctity. When men and women had prayed in a particular place for centuries, it underwent some special refinement and became more transparent to the light of the spirit. That was what was really meant by the "atmosphere" of old churches, and the reason why they were easy to pray in.

A PHANTOM SHIP.

Evidence continues to accumulate as to the occasional appearance of what has been described as a phantom ship in Dundrum Bay, Ireland.

A number of people have declared that they have seen a closely reefed sailing vessel in the bay, which after a time mysteriously disappeared.

Mrs. Olive F. Gamble, of Newcastle, County Down, is the latest person who claims to have seen the vessel. "A visitor informed me," she said, "that he had seen the ship at the end of last week, so on Wednesday evening I watched from here, and what looked like a sailing ship, without sails or perhaps with the sails torn away, appeared half way across Dundrum Bay. Although the sea was calm, the vessel seemed to be tossing up and down. About three minutes later she disappeared suddenly into the sea.

Boatmen who have put out from different points on the coast, in an endeavour to communicate with the ship, have been mystified by seeing her vanish as they got near.

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Spiritualists at the Friends' Meeting House.

By "SCRIBONIA," a New Investigator.

AS a hard-headed pragmatic truth-seeker, wondering if there were "anything in Spiritualism," I responded to the call of the handbill which invited one to "Come and hear Mrs. Helen Hughes, Miss Ethel Topcott, Mr. Shaw Desmond and Mr. Arthur Findlay" at the Friends' Meeting House, Euston Road, on October 26th.

Mr. FINDLAY'S name decided it, for I had recently bought a copy of that marvellous book, "On the Edge of the Etheric," and the chance of actually seeing and hearing the author was irresistible. There was nothing in his personality to indicate why such remarkable phenomena had happened for him. Or it may have been there, and just eluded one's untrained discernment. Anyway, the sincerity which is a dominant note in his book rang in his voice. Spiritualism, he affirmed, was definitely gaining ground, and securing ever-increasing public interest. It would, he predicted, be the science, philosophy and religion of the future. There had been a time when Spiritualists were regarded as lunatics, but the day was coming when one would be proud to bear the name.

Miss ETHEL TOPCOTT followed with a trance address. Never having heard anything of the kind before, I wondered what would happen if the "control" or "guide" failed to come through on time. However, the miracle duly transpired. That is, Miss Topcott stood up, stiffened, expanded her chest, thrust her chin forward, and seemed to acquire the personality of a rather heavily built somewhat pedantic type of man. The logic of her dissertation was hard to follow, because it was delivered in a monotone which gave no indication where the punctuation fell. The sentiments expressed might have been those of an early Victorian Methodist advanced for his time. He gave no new information nor propounded any surprising theories. The nature of the discourse appeared too "heavy" to have been a memory stunt of the medium, and there seemed no explanation of the

phenomenon other than the one offered by the Spiritualists.

Mr. SHAW DESMOND, who next spoke on "The Need for Unity of the Spirit," made the somewhat startling assertion that all real creative artists, like Bernard Shaw, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Zola and even Jesus Christ, were just mediums, sensitives being played upon by invisible forces. This, of course, rather suggests that there is no such thing as inherent genius or talent in the world, all creative achievement being just effortless automatism. In which case we might just as well burn the laurels, though he did not say so.

However, to return to the theme—Spiritualistic Unity—Mr. Desmond declared that it was an intelligent unity that they were after, one which would embrace every type of thought, not an artificial unity. He wanted to see one universal Spiritualistic Church The tenets of Spiritualism were already widely acknowledged. The "direct voice" coming out of the air was a proven phenomenon that only a fool or knave would deny, ghosts were being photographed every day, and the existence of ectoplasm was not denied by any living scientist. We were getting ideas on space and time and information from the "other side" which exceeded everything already known. All this was proven. But what was wanted was more mediums—hundreds and thousands of them—so that still further facts might be made manifest.

All the same Mr. Desmond had fears for the future. He anticipated active antagonism from the medical profession from the churches and from the politicians, a kind of massed onslaught against the progress of the Spiritualistic movement. "Some of us might have to go to jail," was his pessimistic prediction. However, they were resolved to strive for greater Unity—an elastic Unity that would rise above the pettiness and wretchedness of humanity and build a better world. The future, he concluded, was to us.

The meeting finished with an amazing demonstration of Clairaudience by Mrs. Helen Hughes, whose charming and exuberant personality certainly dispels that atmosphere of "uncanniness" which the uninitiated are apt to connect with the séance room.

The Meeting was a success. That is, the speakers were brilliant, the addresses held one's wrapt attention, the mediums were apparently in top form, and more than half the audience was obviously thrilled. All the same I stepped out into the Euston Road still a hard-headed pragmatic Inquirer!

Messages from Madam Bishop Anderson and Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace.

THE PROTECTION OF MEDIUMS AND WORLD PEACE.

LADY GAUNT had a sitting at Marylebone House, the headquarters of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association, on November 16, at 4.30 p.m., when Mrs. Barkel was the medium and her control "White Hawk."

Her Ladyship took notes in longhand at the sitting, which she has kindly transcribed for the *Gazette*, telling us they are "exactly the words that came, with a few words here and there missed."

Many Spiritualists will remember that Madam Bishop Anderson, before her passing, was for many years one of the most highly esteemed mediums and Spiritualistic lecturers in London.

The following is Lady Gaunt's account:—

MADAM BISHOP ANDERSON gave me several messages through "White Hawk." I told her I had a question to ask her about Mr. Lewis—"What was her opinion of his Fund to help Mediums who were unjustly attacked?"

MADAM ANDERSON replied (through "White Hawk")—"Mr. Lewis was always so kind and thoughtful for mediums. His is a very kind heart to think of such an idea. There are surely many mediums who need such kind protection, for some of them are used as the door mat at the back door. ("White Hawk" laughed at this and said, "well expressed.") Take him my love. Does he remember how I used to like to come into his office for a few words? Tell him I still come in and am in close touch.

It seems to me there might be more harmony and unity between the different groups of Spiritualists."

LADY GAUNT asked her if she had a few words to put in the *Gazette*.

"WHITE HAWK" replied—"Madam Anderson says that from our side of life she would urge all who have the welfare of Spiritualism at heart, and all who have the welfare of humanity at heart, to join everyday if possible at the same time just for a minute or so and concentrate on Peace. In the world of Spirit we draw and need this Power and ever seek a direct channel to engender Peace, PEACE, PEACE. War is NOT inevitable, and as far as she knows the War clouds may loom very dark, but War is far away. So do away with this WAR THOUGHT and hold fast to the THOUGHTS OF PEACE, that they may encircle the world and regenerate humanity. We here have formed a large Band of Light to 'spread Peace Thoughts round your world, but many people in your world are Thinking War, THINKING WAR, and their depressed thoughts come up in great force and enter our Band of Light. Though this does not break the Band it weakens it where it strikes; therefore weakens our energies. At times their War Thoughts are nearly overwhelming."

"WHITE HAWK" then said—"There is someone here now—'Waller.' Do you know him?"

MADAM ANDERSON—interrupting—"No; 'White Hawk' has not got the name right. It is Alfred Russell Wallace. He sends a message to Lewis too. Tell him that Wallace is helping him—it is because he is reaching out. Give his respects to Lewis. He has watched his endeavours. This is a message of encouragement. He has watched him with the greatest interest and respect."

How I Made New Spirit Friends at My First Materialisation Seance.

By MARY WINEFRIDE SLATER.

HAVING read your very interesting editorial on Spirit Materialisations, in the October number of the *Gazette*, I feel it is appropriate to write more fully of my own personal experiences at Mrs. Duncan's Materialisation Séance at York last August. With this article in view, I agreed to "search the medium" before the séance, and satisfied myself as to her integrity. I should say Mrs. Duncan seated herself on a plain wooden chair in a corner of the room, and curtains were drawn in front of her. As it was my first experience of a materialisation séance I felt apprehensive, and it was decided that I should sit in the front row next to Mrs. Davies, in whose house the circle was being held.

Mrs. Duncan immediately went into trance, and we heard the voice of Albert, her guide, who greeted us and asked us to extend a loving greeting to the spirit visitors. At his request we sang the hymn "Jesu, Lover of My Soul," after which the curtains parted and he showed himself standing beside the medium who was still seated in her chair in deep trance.

The curtains closed again and I heard Albert say, "Is there a lady sitting in the front row next to Mrs. Davies who is called Winnie?"

"I am Winnie," I answered, "but my name is Winefride."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" Albert replied, in a tone of amusement that puzzled me.

"I have been to see you twice this week," he said; "once when your friends had said something that upset you very much, and again when I brought a lady who could not see her way very well. Do you remember what happened?" he asked.

I remembered being much upset after visiting some friends, who were antagonistic to Spiritualism, and who had tried to frighten me about the séance so that I might be induced to give up the idea of going. I also remembered paying a visit to another friend whose mother had recently passed over. I was impressed to tell her that I felt myself in close contact with her mother, and that **I sensed the spirit presence of a man, whose powerful influence was helping her to communicate.**

"How could you come to me, Albert?" I asked; "I never even heard your name until to-night!"

"I have known you for a long time," he answered.

"Can you always come if I am in trouble and call you?" I asked.

"Yes, I will always come, and **I hope you will look upon me as a new spirit friend!**" he replied.

"Now I am sending a gentleman to you who says he has the same name as yours. He passed over about seven years ago."

A SPIRIT FORM ADVANCED.

There was a sudden flash, and the space behind the curtains lit up with a brilliant white light. They parted, and a spirit form advanced towards me robed in luminous white drapery, which was also swathed over the head and round the face. He held in his hand a glowing torch, which he passed slowly up and down before his face, so that I saw each feature clearly. I had seen many spirits that night and heard them talking to their loved ones and had felt no alarm, but as I watched this spirit coming

nearer to me I lost my nerve and instinctively made the sign of the Cross.

"Do try to make yourself less tense," Albert cried, and I tried to relax. "Speak to him!" he commanded, but I was tongue-tied. The spirit began to dissolve from the head downwards until it disappeared in a pool of light at my feet.

"I will send him to you again," Albert said, "but you must help him. Remember how difficult it is for him to come."

For the second time I saw the spirit coming towards me. I could hear every footstep, his breathing was laboured, as if he was straining every nerve to reach me. Again he passed the light over his face, which was vaguely familiar had it not been for the black moustache.

"Please try to tell me who you are," I pleaded, "it is so good of you to come to me."

The spirit tried in vain to speak, but could only make inarticulate sounds, and once more he faded away.

"I must bring that gentleman again," said Albert, "when conditions are more favourable."

"Is he a near relation?" I asked, and was startled to hear three loud raps behind the curtains, which I understood to mean "Yes."

"I cannot remember any relation who had a black moustache," I protested.

"He says his moustache was black when he was younger!" Albert explained.

I had forgotten that those who pass over revert to their prime appearance, otherwise the Great Beyond would be peopled by the white haired and aged.

In the November *Gazette*, I described many of the spirits who returned that night. They followed each other in quick succession for nearly two hours. Finally, Albert said, "I must go now and see if there are any more spirits who wish to come. I will leave a little friend in my place." Then for the first time I

saw the spirit form of "Peggy," the Scotch girl who is Mrs. Duncan's guide. She laughed and chatted with her friends, and showed that she knew many things that had happened in their homes. Her childish laughter rang through the room as she recounted how she had watched the making and cooking of some meat patties which had proved to be uneatable. She came and stood by my side and said confidentially, "You know the gentleman who said he had the same name as yours; well! has the same name, but he is called **Fred.**" I was completely mystified.

On my return home that night I decided to put Albert's promise to the test. I called him and asked him to explain Peggy's words. I closed my eyes and saw clairvoyantly a row of wooden palings behind which a shrubbery grew, up the side of a railway embankment, on which a train was passing. On the corner of a house nearby I read the name **Frederick Street**. The following day I was able to locate the place and verify the name of the street which I had never noticed before. I heard afterwards that the "lady who could not see her way very well," who was brought to me by Albert, had been district visitor in that street before she passed over. Frederick was the name of a dearly loved uncle whom I had only known in the later years of his life. He passed over as Albert said, about seven years ago. To satisfy myself I painted his photograph with white paint over the head and around the face, to give the effect of spirit drapery. I also darkened the white moustache. **The picture**

(Continued at foot of page 36).



"PEGGY," the Scottish Control.

From a Sketch by Mrs. Slater.

A Phantom Coach and Gig.

By WILL CARLOS.

DOCTOR TROUNCE, the medical officer for the Board of Health, had been some ten miles up the valley to see the surveyors at work taking dimensions for a proposed reservoir. The vehicle he was using was a brougham, the property of the Board, and the driver was one of their employees. The mare in the shafts was a well tried, reliable animal, and was almost daily in requisition by one or the other of the officials.

On this particular evening the head surveyor, Mr. Beddoes, elected to return to the town with the doctor, leaving his assistant in charge. It was September and the sun had nearly slipped down behind the western hills. They calculated that the journey would take them a little over an hour.

Beddoes was a fiery little fair man, sharp as a needle, jerky in speech, very decided in his views, and an enthusiast in all his doings. He and the doctor had many a spar about sanitary matters but they were on the whole good friends.

A COACH ON THE ROAD.

Clouds began to gather soon after sunset, and the light rapidly diminished. The driver stopped to kindle his lamps, and then they proceeded homeward. They had hardly reached the brow of the first hill, with a steep descent before them, when the driver called out to the doctor:—"There's a coach in front of us, Sir, I had better put the brakes on," and with the word he did so.

The doctor stood up at once to look at the coach, for it was very rarely that such a conveyance was used on that road. He could see nothing, however, and cried, "There's no coach on the road, Rawlings; you've been dreaming."

"There is, Sir; I can still see it quite plain, and I'm not dreaming now at any rate."

At this Beddoes got up and swept the roadway with his keen eyes. He saw a vehicle ahead, but thought if it was a coach it must be a very ancient and cumbrous one.

"The man is right, doctor," said the surveyor, "there is a coach or something of the kind going on in front of us and by its movements I think the coachman is drunk."

"Yes," agreed the driver, "it wobbles, don't it?"

"What on earth are you talking about," cried the doctor indignantly, "are you two trying to pull my leg?"

"I'm not, indeed, sir," pleaded the driver, "there it is plain enough to see, isn't it, Mr. Beddoes?"

That gentleman confirmed the man's statement so emphatically that Dr. Trounce was astounded.

THE FATAL COLLISION.

Now right ahead of them, about a mile away there was a ravine in the mountain side, and the roadway curved considerably in rounding the cleft: so drivers had to be careful in negotiating the curve, for an accident might easily happen there.

"My God!" suddenly exclaimed the driver, "If they wobble like that on the bend they will topple over."

The doctor, at that moment became aware of a rush of wind, and a cloud of dust, and the driver exclaimed, "I'm blown if there isn't another machine on the road; a gig this time. The horse is going like mad, the reins are dragging in the road. What on earth's the matter?"

Beddoes said he was convinced there was some trouble ahead, and the doctor was more bewildered than ever. He admitted to himself that he had felt a breeze, as if some other vehicle had swiftly passed them, and he had seen a cloud of dust but he assumed that was purely a freak of the wind.

The driver and Beddoes were watching the road intently and presently the former cried, "The gig has caught up with the coach. By Jupiter, there will be a smash. Heaven's above, there they go, the whole lot of them, into the gap!"

"Drive on man," cried Beddoes, "let us see if we can help. I have never seen anything like it and it doesn't seem natural to me."

The Doctor said nothing supernatural occurred nowadays; that idea was exploded long ago!

"Ye can never tell what may happen," said Beddoes, "uncanny things do occur, and one can't discredit the evidence of his own senses."

"Same here, sir!" quoth the driver.

By this time they had reached the bend. They jumped out of the vehicle and peered down into the gap; but nothing was to be seen.

The doctor laughed in derision, and said, "I suppose you were expecting to see the wreck and the victims?"

"Why should I when I knew that the whole thing was spectral, or some psychological reminder of a past tragedy, or some warning of an event to come?" said the surveyor, gravely.

"Psha! let us be getting on," said the doctor, "or you fellows will be imagining some more ghastly things!"

Nothing more was said and the men parted soberly at the end of their journey, but not without a final quip from the doctor.

THE DOCTOR FINDS A RECORD.

A day or two later Dr. Trounce was searching in a file of the local weekly newspaper for some statistics of the health of the town, when a head-line attracted his attention. It headed a report of a strange fatality on the very road they had travelled. An old fashioned coach, conveying the widowed Lady Dinas, and a light vehicle driven by a foreign nobleman, a frequent visitor at Plas Dinas, had collided. The vehicles were found smashed and the horses and occupants were found dead at the foot of the gap. It transpired that the Count De Breton had been enamoured of the lady, still in her prime, and had sought her in marriage, but she had refused and given him his congé.

Whether the tragedy was the work of the rejected man as a means of revenge, or whether it was a pure accident could never be determined, but evidence was given at the inquest that the Count was a very passionate man, and subject to uncontrollable anger.

Doctor Trounce could hardly believe his senses when he read this record in cold print, for he now knew that the event had really been re-enacted, and that Beddoes, a most reliable man, and the driver, an honest fellow, had actually witnessed a ghastly replica of the calamity, which had occurred fifty years before, when neither of the two witnesses had reached that age.

The doctor then bethought him of tales he had heard in his native county of Somerset; of his grandfather reciting Legends of Glastonbury Abbey; of spectral warnings which had averted disaster when heeded, and anticipated and forewarned tragedies which occurred when unheeded.

Hearing Beddoes's voice in the corridor of the Board's offices, he called him in and without any preface showed him the news report. After the surveyor had read it he said, "That ought to convince you, doctor, that there are more things in heaven and earth than you have dreamed of in your philosophy."

"It seems like it," said the doctor.

FIRST MATERIALISATION—Contd. from Page 35

resembled exactly the spirit who came to me at the seance, and was instantly recognised by both Mr. and Mrs. Davies, to whom I showed it the following day. They told me that they had been disturbed during the night by seven knocks, which they connected with me.

I saw Mrs. Duncan before the circle, and she told me that she had seen "a most unusual spirit." He was standing by the window in her room. She said he wore a head-dress of feathers that were so white, they looked like glistening snow-flakes. He wore a brown leather coat with red facings, and stood "looking towards the sun which bathed him in a glorious golden light."

He was a very high spirit, she told me, and was called "White Wing." He wished me to know that my writings were inspired from a very high source, and were not the product of imagination as I so often feared them to be. "White Wing" is the great North American Indian Chief of whom I wrote in the November *Gazette* last year. He has been seen with me by many mediums, who have all described him as "bathed in a glorious golden light."

That night I called Albert again, and begged him to explain why my uncle Fred should say he had the same name as mine.

This time I heard his answer clairaudiently "Try to think what I said. I asked you if your name was Winnie, and Peggy told you your uncle's name was Fred."

In a flash I realised that he meant Winifred. I had not realised, because my name is always spelt as the saint's name "Winefride."

I feel this subterfuge was arranged between Albert and my uncle in order to make it impossible for me to ascribe my Uncle's spirit to a "thought form," and his name to the activity of my subconscious mind!

The spirit friends have never found me easy to convince!

December, 1934

A

HAUNTED WOMAN
Francis J. Mott.
word by Dr.

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A Banned Play about Mrs. Eddy

SPECIAL REVIEW BY ARTHUR FORD.

HAUNTED WOMAN: A Play with a Preface. By Francis J. Mott. Francis Mott, Co. 6/- net. Foreword by Dr. Alexander Cannon, K.C.A.

I BECAME so engrossed in this book, that I forgot a luncheon appointment and two other important engagements. The play was banned by the Lord Chamberlain. To the intelligent person that means that it must be either vicious or dangerous. It is not vicious. Whether it is dangerous or not depends upon one's viewpoint. Silly plays and books about trivial people are never banned. Fortunately the play is available in book form with a preface, *à la* G.B.S.

The preface alone is an important contribution to the literature about the High-Priestess of Christian Science. It is the most concise and unbiassed summary of the woman, her personality, motives and methods, that has ever been compiled. In the words of Dr. Alexander Cannon, who wrote the foreword, "It is a masterpiece in literature and diplomacy, strange though this combination may seem to be."

In an era of biographical novels and plays, in which the great and near-great of the past have been subjected to a severe "debunking" process, it was inevitable that Mary Baker Eddy should receive her due share of attention. Whatever one may think of the religious system which she evolved, the fact remains that she profoundly influenced the thought of her age, and left behind her a movement which claims the fanatical devotion of a multitude of sincere people.

Her life was drama of the most exciting kind. In fact the author has been compelled to tone down many incidents in the interests of plausibility. A bare recital of the high lights of Mrs. Eddy's life would cease to be drama, and emerge as farce or fantasy. Hers was a life keyed to the pitch of impossibility. The fact that she accomplished the impossible compels admiration—the sort of admiration one feels for a second-rate horse which, badly jockeyed and handicapped by a muddy track, gets off to a bad start, and then by pure luck comes in ahead of the field.

Vivian, one of the reporters who interviews her in the last Act, says, "Look what she has done, started a church, written its bible, blazed it all over the world, all with her own hands, out of nothing. I'd call that great going, even if she'd sold fried fish instead of faith."

The student of psychical matters will find much of interest in this book. In spite of Mrs. Eddy's own denial of Spiritualism, and the efforts of the Christian Science Church to minimise her mediumistic activities, the facts are that during the early part of her life Mrs. Eddy was an active worker in the ranks of American Spiritualism. The official biographies, written by devotees, omit any reference to her mediumship. If it really makes any difference to the world whether she was a medium or not, there is plenty of evidence to prove that she claimed to be one.

Dakin, in his scholarly "Biography of a Virginal Mind" sets forth much of this evidence. On the other hand, there are a number of people living or recently deceased, who were closely associated with her when she was known as Mrs. Patterson and later as Mrs. Glover. Mrs. Milton Rathburn, mother of the great American dramatic critic, told me a few years ago of the days when as a young girl she acted as secretary to Mrs. Eddy at her séances. John Slater, who spent over sixty years as a platform medium, once showed me some

faded and yellow newspaper clippings in which he and Mrs. Eddy were announced to appear at certain churches.

That Mrs. Eddy did not hesitate to fake phenomena when it served her purpose to do so, is amusingly set forth in the play, when she simulates a trance and plants a couple of written messages in order to frighten the Wentworths into giving her the Quimby manuscripts which she had inadvertently left with them, and which they threatened to use in an *exposé*. Dakin has much to say of this episode. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Eddy's mediumship never seemed to mean anything more to her than an easy way of compelling people to let her have her own way. In this respect, she was typical of the sort of pseudo-medium who has always been a problem to Spiritualism.

The theft of Quimby's teachings and the haunting fear of exposure are graphically set forth. Whether the appropriation of Quimby's teachings was such a serious offence in itself may be questioned. Truth is universal, and no one has a monopoly on it. Mrs. Eddy's offence lay in the fact that she refused to give credit where credit was due, and claimed divine inspiration for what she taught. Caught in a network of her own falsehoods, it was inevitable that she should come to hate and fear those whom she had wronged. It always works that way. This probably explains her chapter on Spiritualism in "Science and Health."

The author makes no attempt to discredit her teachings. On the other hand he admits, what every student of religion realises, that Mrs. Eddy did popularise certain basic truths of the utmost importance, and in many respects was in the vanguard of modern religious and scientific thought. "She saw that the universe was a unity of perfection, and her religion was in a degree an attempt to express that fact in simple terms." However, "the harm she did to a good cause by poor logic and worse philosophy is not yet realised."

The deification of Mrs. Eddy by her followers is a natural result of accepting her teaching. She denied the reality of matter, sin and disease. It was easy to take the next step, and deny the reality of any unpleasant fact or experience in her own life. Compelled to live a lie as an example to her followers, in order to demonstrate her teaching that every man can, if he will, set aside physical law, she found it necessary to conceal her own infirmities. Thus we find her at the end of the road resorting to drugs, painting her haggard face, and using a dummy dressed like herself in order to give the impression that she was not a broken old woman. "Hers was not a hypocrisy to be reviled, but the pitiful struggle of a human soul in a *cul de sac* of its own contrivance," says the author.

I recommend this book to students of Psychic Science, both as exciting and at times hilariously funny, and also as a warning of the danger in failing to realise the relation between subconscious and conscious mental action.

The last Act, in which the woman who is about to die is confronted by the ghost of Quimby, and seeks to bargain with him, is a tragic picture of the law of cause and effect. "Help me to fight off sin and death, and I'll tell the world you wrote my book." Quimby picks up "Science and Health" and replies, "Madam, would you wish to add insult to injury?"

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THE CHURCH'S
"SANTA CLAUS."

(Reprinted from I.P.G., January, 1913.)

WHAT a shock childhood suffers when, in due time, all its happy illusions in regard to Santa Claus have to be given up! Since ever the little ones were conscious, the smiling, generous, long-bearded, long-robed old gentleman, with the capacious bag, has come down the chimneys on Christmas Eve to fill their stockings while they were asleep. With what joy and glee and gratitude have they romped with his gifts on Christmas morn!

Hitherto, all whom they loved and trusted have participated in creating and continuing their belief in Santa Claus. But now disillusionment has come! He is now only a myth and a fairy tale! There never was any real Santa Claus! Childhood's absolute trust and holy wonder is profoundly shocked. Can the young minds ever again be absolutely sure that they are not being deceived—that their fathers, mothers, uncles, and aunts are not merely pretending when they tell them of something that is very wonderful? Can they ever believe trustfully in anything or anyone again?

Santa Claus is dead! Their idol has been destroyed. Their faith has been rudely shattered. Their implicit belief is now only a matter for jest. They are sadly bereaved. Why could they not have been left alone with their joy and their illusion? The fairy tale has given them many merry Christmases. Their disillusionment is one of the cruellest tragedies of childhood.

But it was unavoidable for the youngsters have been growing up. Their intelligence has been opening its eyes. Their dawning reason has begun to ask questions. Those who are older and wiser, think the time has arrived when they should be told the truth. The tale of the old man coming down all these hundreds of thousands of chimneys in Christendom, hundreds of miles apart, with thousands of well-filled sacks, containing just what each child wished for, all in one brief night, is no longer suited to their understanding. They must be taught that there is a world of phantasy and a world of fact. They must learn to distinguish, and not to accept all that is told them without question. The day for unreasoning belief is over. All truth must stand the test of examination. The impossible story must no longer satisfy them as true.

And so, dear old Santa Claus must be relegated to the lumber room of broken toys. Good-bye, Santa! we did love you so, but now you know you are only a myth, and truth has taken us by the hand and is leading us forth into the less romantic world of hard facts. Perhaps we won't be nearly so happy as when we thought you the very best saint in all the world. But we shall always think kindly of you as one of our childhood's beautiful fancies. We throw a kiss to your vanishing spectre!

During Christmas week (1912), the present writer picked up in a second-hand bookshop, two little books which have suggested these reflections. One is by Professor J. Howard B. Masterman, of Birmingham Univeristy, and its title is—"Was

Jesus Christ Divine? an Enquiry into the credibility of the Incarnation." The other is the translation of a German work by Professor Wilhelm Soltau on "The Birth of Jesus Christ." The former is avowedly written from the orthodox point of view, being "the outcome of a course of lectures on the credibility of the Incarnation, delivered at St. Augustine's Church, Edgbaston, in Lent, 1903." It says with some truth—it has been the dogma of the Incarnation that has given its vitality to the organised Christian Community from the first century till to-day," and claims that "historical Christianity stands or falls by the dogma of the Incarnation." But this earnest defensive work admits (p. 72):—

"The record of the beginning and close of the earthly life of the Son of God—the stories of the Virgin-birth and of the Ascension—were no part of the original story that the Church believed that she had been charged to tell. . . . We cannot use the story of the Virgin-birth as an evidence for the Divinity of Christ."

The German work, as might be expected, arrives at the same conclusion not less frankly, albeit not less reverently, if somewhat more critically, that

"an evangelical Christian is no longer able to believe in the supernatural origin of Jesus."

Now these two writers, who represent widely different points of view, are only stating what grown-up Christendom has known for at least a full generation. Biblical and historical research have abundantly proved that the story of the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth is a pure myth, borrowed by early Christian writers from mythological sources, that it had no foundation in fact, that it is a story not even dreamed of during the life of Jesus—which neither He, nor Joseph, nor Mary, nor his brothers and sisters, ever heard of. It is, however, a myth so beautiful, so poetical, so picturesque, and has been so long an essential part of the Christian faith, that good, simple-minded, pious, trusting, religious people cling to it with crab-like tenacity.

It is the Church's Santa Claus! The Fathers of the Church are at present anxiously wrestling with the problem whether Christendom is yet "old enough" to stand the shock of disillusionment. They are fearful of the consequences to Christianity as an institution if it were bereft of this wonder tale. Adoration, reverence, religion itself might suffer, it is thought, if instead of the myth, the people were told the naked truth, the commonplace fact that Jesus was the son of earthly parents, just as all other children are the sons and daughters of men.

But they need not unduly tremble. The people, without overmuch prompting from their spiritual guides, have outgrown the biblical account of the creation, the temptation of Eve by the serpent, the sun's standing still at Joshua's command, the story of Jonah in the whale's belly, the belief in a flaming hell of eternal torment, and the crude and hopeless teaching of fore-ordination and pre-destination "from all eternity."

Twentieth century Christendom is sufficiently intelligent for a frank disillusionment in regard to the borrowed Incarnation myth, or any other pseudo-history that has been introduced into the sacred scriptures. It knows that there is no religion higher than Truth. It knows that the Divinity of Jesus rests, broad based, on His incomparable spiritual altitude, and not on any fanciful birth story. It will advance to perfect knowledge, with or without its leaders. For truth alone will satisfy it. Fairy tales were well enough in its childhood. But Christendom, unlike Peter Pan, has grown up!

J. L.

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Life Story of Mrs. Gladys Osborne Leonard.

AS TOLD TO THE EDITOR IN HOME CHATS.

IX.—MY UNCLE'S UNEXPECTED RETURN.

PEOPLE often used to say to me, "Oh, Mrs. Leonard, I do think it is a pity for mediums to advise people to develop psychic powers." I replied, "Yes, this is what everybody used to tell me, and if I had taken their advice you could not have had the sittings with me which you say have brought you so much comfort!"

When I was warned by friends and relations not to develop mediumship I simply took no notice of them; I just went ahead, and have never regretted it. At first I had no medium to guide or help me; I used my own judgment and discretion, and it worked out all right.

About 1912 I began to sit once a week with a little group of lady friends around a table. They were all level-headed well-educated women of the world, absolutely sensible and critical of results. They all belonged to Church of England, and were simply out to see what communications we might be able to obtain, and to test their trustworthiness.

TABLE TALKS.

We began in a very small way without any previous development. The room was slightly darkened and we sat around the table on bentwood chairs. At first we got no manifestations of importance. There were some table movements, and fragmentary things were spelt through, like Christian names. We would ask in turn, "Is it for me?" and the table would answer "Yes," when it was for the person who asked. Then we would ask questions, and would be answered "Yes" or "No." There was really nothing that might not have been derived from our sub-conscious selves, and we were all wanting evidence of the survival of our own friends in spirit, which we could test and find out whether true or not. We got nothing that was undesirable but we did get some very helpful advice, which we took and relied upon, as somehow we gathered the impression that it was really coming from spirit-people around us.

Gradually we began to get information through the table about things happening at a distance, of which we had no normal knowledge. At first the messages referred only to little things, but they were quite definite and unmistakable, and we afterwards proved them to be accurate. That phase lasted for about two years and I should like to say that we all felt there was a really uplifting influence in the sittings. They were doing us good mentally, morally, and spiritually. Also we felt better even in our physical health, and we looked forward to them as peaceful times when we would be lifted above our own and this material world's troubles.

I started my professional work as a medium in April, 1914, but we still went on with our weekly sittings. We never went to them expecting anything particularly important, and we seldom put leading questions. We simply left everything to our spirit-friends.

THE NAME "GEORGE" SPELT THROUGH.

One evening in October, 1914, I was not expecting anything to come through for myself when suddenly the name "George" was spelt through. Strangely enough, though George is a common name, no one at the table claimed to have lost any relative named George. So I said, "Will you give us your other name?" The communicating spirit immediately spelt out "Matthews," nobody knew that name either, but I was aware that I had an uncle George Matthews still on the earth plane. My mother's sister Elsie was his wife. So when nobody recognised the name as that of anyone they knew in the spirit-world, I said, "I have an uncle called George Matthews, but he is still in the body; or else I should have heard, as I am in fairly regular communication with my Aunt Elsie, his wife."

I should say here that every year before the war, and in the summer before the war broke out, my uncle's family always went to the Riviera, and I knew that when the war broke out, in August, 1914, they were still there. There were two sons in the family who used to leave their parents in the Riviera, when they returned to Cambridge after the College vacation.

It certainly struck me that my aunt and uncle might have had some difficulty in getting back to England, as the war had been going on for about six or seven weeks at the time referred to. In the early weeks of the war, however, there had been practically no difficulty in travelling outside the zone of operations, and the Riviera was not in that area. My uncle and aunt generally came back by the southern part of Europe, through Switzerland or France.

"UNCLE GEORGE" CROSS-EXAMINED.

Knowing all this, I did not think it could be my Uncle George who was communicating through the table, for though he was elderly he was a very good traveller and in excellent health.

However, directly I mentioned that I had an Uncle George, there were three loud raps on the table, which we generally take to mean, "Yes," I told my friends that he was still in the body, but in order to make sure I spoke to the spirit of the supposed George Matthews and said, "I have an uncle of your name, but I know he is on the earth-plane; so you cannot be my uncle, can you?" Immediately, again came three loud raps on the table for "Yes."

I said, "Well then, if you are really my Uncle George, do you mind my asking you a few questions, the answers to which are unknown to the other sitters at the table?"

He signified that he was willing, and I asked for the names of his wife, my mother, his sons, and so on. These were all given correctly.

So then I made the sign of the Cross on the table, and said, "Now, we are trying to get through only that which is good and true, to be of use to ourselves, and to be evidence for others. By the sign I have made on the table, do you still assert that you are my uncle, George Matthews?" Slowly and solemnly came again three decided raps, which meant "Yes."

THE STORY OF HIS DEATH.

Even yet I was not convinced, so I said, "If you are really my Uncle George, and you have passed on, when did you pass over?"

"About three weeks ago," he replied.

Then I asked, "Did you pass out on your way home, in Switzerland or in France?" "Neither," he replied; "I passed on at home" (in the north-west of England).

He went on to tell me, in answer to further questions, that he had come home earlier because of the war; that on the way they had touched at a place on German territory, where his son Everard had been detained prisoner, being of military age.

I then said, "Were you ill before you passed over?" He replied, "No, no; passed over suddenly at 'The Cedars' (his house)." "Was Auntie with you?" I asked, and he replied, "No, no; no illness at all. Heart! . . . worry!" I said, "What worry?" And he replied, "About Everard." I said, "Do you want me to do anything?" And he replied, "Yes; tell Aunt Elsie I have been. Not much good I fear, but tell her."

After the sitting I went home and told my husband about it. He also thought the communication saying my uncle was dead could hardly be true, but he advised me to write an ordinary letter to my aunt, asking if they were all well, and adding, "I have a reason for asking."

Three days later I had a letter in reply saying that my uncle had died three weeks ago! They had been touring in Southern Germany when the war broke out, and Everard had been seized and detained. The others were told to go home as quickly as possible, and they did so, arriving back about the middle of August. Shortly afterwards, when my aunt was in church a servant came for her and said that uncle had died from a heart attack. The shock of his sudden death, and all there had been to do since, had prevented her writing.

My aunt did not receive the Spiritualistic part of my story kindly, as she thought séances simply "raked up the departed and worried them," but my uncle was pleased and often came to me at other circles where we had very happy chats, and several clairvoyants who were total strangers saw him and described him to me.

Re-Union in the Sleep State.

By ROBERT T. BALMER.

IN the November *Gazette* I gave an account of "A VISIT IN SPIRIT TO LOST SOULS." Here is another personal experience which may give some idea of the work performed in the sleep state, which some of us are privileged to remember very clearly.

My well-known guide, "White Wing," Chief of the White Band of healers, does spirit healing through me twice a week, and the lavish praise I receive seems out of all proportion to anything I could do.

On Friday night, October 5th, I was taken in my sleep to what appeared to be a large gathering of people, in beautiful park-like surroundings. On the fringe of this crowd I met my own mother, her cousin, and also a lifelong friend. My mother was holding a pretty little fair-haired girl of about 3 years of age by the hand. There was also a little dog of the brown spaniel type, which seemed very pleased at my approach. The adults appeared to be clothed in robes of white and the child was in coral pink.

My mother had passed over about four years ago, and the others two years later, their ages being between 70 and 80.

As I approached, they greeted me with a tender smile, as if we had parted only an hour before; to me it seemed as if there had been no lapse of time. The beauty and radiance shining through their faces would transcend any description I might attempt. Gone were all the harrowing marks of life's cares, sorrows, and agonies, and in their place were youth, beauty, and health.

But there was one exception. I noticed that my mother's eyes were sightless, for there was no retina. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Oh, mother I do not like to see your eyes like that." She closed them for a second and when she reopened them the sight was there.

All this I seemed to be taking as quite in the usual course of things; for my ordinary earthly curiosity was withheld from me. I took no interest in my surroundings and I heard no conversation. Beyond my startled exclamation, no other words were used; our conversation was

mental and we seemed to move by common consent. My only interest seemed to be in this group.

We started to stroll around leisurely; nothing was done hurriedly; and there appeared to be no exertion, although we covered a long distance. Eventually we arrived at a beautiful courtyard type of garden, and among the trees I saw a house. I cannot describe the architecture of this building, but there was a large vinery at one of its angles.

The whole scene was bathed in lovely sunlight, and as I stood among the flowers, the quartet passed on and entered the vinery where they sat down still smiling and happy.

I paused a moment longer among these surroundings, as I felt loth to leave, but something seemed to call me, and I waved my farewell and was gone. These experiences were so remarkable for their clearness that I can commit them to writing.

Now for the Guide's explanation of this adventure. At the next meeting of our circle, the medium, Mrs. Maud Burrell, a lady with years of experience of mediumship, was seized with a coughing condition. A woman who had committed suicide came through and thanked me in broken accents for what I had done for her. We gave her our blessings and good wishes and she departed happy and reassured—another on the road to progress.

The next to control was "Marie," who takes me on my dream excursions. After the usual greetings this sweet soul said to me, "Well, my friend, what about your travels; have you brought back any recollections with you?" I recounted to her all that I have written, and she checked every detail, highly delighted that I could relate it all.

When I mentioned the condition of my mother's eyes, she explained, "Your mother did not know much about the after-life, but the others did. Therefore she was surrounded by a kind of mist which the others by their love and sympathy could penetrate, and it was left for you to open her eyes. She will now progress."

"Marie" gave the names of the three women; then I asked, "Who was the little child." She replied, "A little niece of the medium, who is growing up in the spirit world. As to the dear soul who came through just now to thank you, you and I went together and rescued her, but you do not remember that, do you? God bless you."

Occasional Jottings by "X."

THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES—WATER!

AT a healing circle a sitter complained of feeling very tired and "below par." She assured the spirit doctor it was not due to over-indulgence in food, or, as far as she knew from any explainable cause. She took plenty of rest and did everything possible to keep fit. Her condition puzzled her. She had little faith in earthly doctors, and besides, her financial resources were limited. Would the spirit doctor kindly prescribe?

"My prescription will cost you nothing," replied the doctor, who was controlling his entranced medium. "It needs no dispensing; nature has seen to that. It is the tonic and health-giver *par excellence*. Rich and poor may have it for the asking. There would be much less sickness were it taken more frequently; and yet many despise it, or dilute it with other substances that mar its intrinsic value."

The sitters were puzzled and at last the lady asked, "And what may it be, doctor?"

"Water," replied the spirit physician, quietly; "pure cold water."

A little titter went round the circle; surely the doctor was joking.

"You may smile," said the doctor, defining their thoughts, then added, "Water is not meant merely for external cleansing, it is the finest internal cleanser in your world, and it leaves behind it no deleterious substances as do your chemical concoctions. It is as nature made it. It should be sipped daily between meals, and taken freely before retiring and on rising. Apart from its life-giving hydrogen and oxygen, it has other elements which build up the nervous system, nourish the whole body and cleanse the aura."

"Water is the finest conductor of spiritual power and vital physical magnetism. Mediums especially cannot take too much of it. You should know that your physical bodies are made up for the most part of water. When taken internally, it should not be heated, or diluted, but taken cold. You may warm every mouthful with your

palate before you swallow if you choose; but it will never strike a chill to the body. In time you will grow to like it, and make a habit of drinking it.

"I prescribe it now for you, dear lady," added the doctor, "because, of the two sexes yours is the one especially needing it. The majority of ladies do not drink half enough water. Its cleansing properties are especially needful to their particular mechanisms. Its anti-toxic value to them is incalculable. Take it regularly for the next month or so, and you will be quite well. You will lose your feeling of lassitude, and moreover, your clairvoyant powers will function much better."

And it was so and when she happily reported the fact to him, he just smiled kindly and said, "Take more water!"

WHAT IS A TRUE SPIRITUALIST?

It would seem passing strange how many people, having had proof after proof of the survival of loved ones and friends, yet seem to hover between belief and scepticism. In order to restore their faith they have to resort to séance after séance; and if for any reason they are cut off from contact with the Fourth Dimension for a while they begin to doubt.

I put the question to an advanced spirit guide recently, "Why are many so-called Spiritualists so fickle?"

"Because they have not been convinced," he replied.

I was frankly puzzled. "But most of them have had all the proofs they need," I said.

"True," replied the spirit messenger, "But proof is different from conviction." "The former satisfies the outer mind, the intellect; conviction is a matter of the inner self, the soul. It supersedes proof through that perfect faith in the goodness of God, and the example of the Lord Jesus Christ. Provide not merely proofs of survival, but food for the soul, through spiritual contacts and teachers, and you will once and for all establish a conviction which nothing can ever shake. The phenomena will then take second place, which is as it should be. Faith will have been added to knowledge."

Healing: Physical, Mental and Spiritual.

By The Rev. WILLIAM A. REID, M.A., Glasgow.

JUVENAL in the oft-quoted sentence says, "A sound mind in a sound body is a thing to be prayed for." This is well put and sanely, and is in accord with facts; for mind and body may be sick or sound together or separately. Certainly they affect each other. It is said that no one is ever completely well, either mind or body being slightly off colour. Hence interest in healing is perennial.

Our Christian Science friends have done us a great service by drawing our attention to the influence of mind over health. We mark how deeply Orthodox Science and Psychology are interested in the mind diseased (Psychotherapy); and how many believe that diseases caused by the mind should be cured through the mind. In mental hospitals it is found that mind trouble often has a physical cause; and Christian Science would do well to recognise that much sickness has causes outwith the mind. I do not wish to write either of mental or of physical—medical—earth-healing, or even of such faith-healing as may be summed up in the word auto-suggestion; but only of what is rather narrowly classed as Spirit-Healing.

SPIRIT HEALING.

One may get such advice from Spirits as is obtainable from an ordinary Doctor. For instance I was advised by a Spirit-doctor to rub my foot with camphorated oil as a cure for rheumatism. I did so and was helped. In addition to this spirit-medical advice a Spirit Healer may pour power or healing rays into a sick person through a medium, or the ray may come direct to the sick person. Consider this healing ray.

Modern science seems to incline strongly to the idea that all power or force has a single source, and that it is manifested in some sort of movement, which can be described as vibration and may be measured in wave-lengths. We are familiar with short and long wave-length stations in our wireless sets; and in the cinema we have sound and electric and light waves transformed for our amusement and instruction. Indeed the whole world is but a manifestation of the One Power we call God. We perceive it in movement, life, reality.

Hence some spirits claim to be able to change the wave-length of the Healing Ray, so as to suit the particular disease to be treated. This need not astonish us in view of our own power, as stated, to transform sound into electricity, and electricity into light, and *vice versa*.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Excuse a personal instance of healing without medical advice, or medium, and entirely unsolicited. I do not give it as unique; such is well known in the region of the mind, and is called "conversion." Mine is an instance of physical healing. While cycling in the city of Philadelphia on an excessively warm day I had a sudden heat-stroke. I dismounted with difficulty and could only crawl home by short stages. My heart and throat were seriously affected, and I was under the care of a Doctor for over a month. For years after I suffered from loss of voice, choking, weariness . . . Well, one night I awoke suddenly, and felt myself keenly awake and exhilarated; and heard an inner voice say, "Your heart is cured."

I had not a single attack for a year and a half thereafter. Then I began to have slight attacks, but never up to this moment so serious as before the healing described. My general health has always been good, and I take no medicine of any sort; but I am obliged to rest when possible for a period in the afternoon. But remember I am over 70. I do not, as I have just stated, give this experience as very unusual, for I feel certain that many could give similar experiences, but rather to emphasise what I write under the last heading.

HEALING CIRCLES.

Almost all Spiritualists are acquainted with healing circles at their meetings. The healers are often conscious of certain heats and tremors coming from the hands, and believe that by means of passes and contacts they communicate certain healing power to the sufferer. I speak from personal knowledge when I say that these heats and tremors can be felt distinctly. Many testify to having received help from these healers. It is a great deal to be helped; but we must not be disappointed if few personal cures are recorded. This type of cure certainly requires to be supplemented by faith and confidence, both in the healers and in those treated. The power itself may be directed by Spirit friends, or it may be directly applied by the Over-Soul of the World.

NO HEALING IS PERMANENT.

The instances of healing mentioned give a general description of all healings. Our local Doctor pronounces us cured, and sends us back to work again; but he knows he'll see us all quite soon again, for we all break down occasionally. So we ask petulently, "Why is there no permanent healing?" Simply because it is in the nature of things that all must die. The body is mortal. We should be thankful, as I am, for our occasional healings, and be reconciled to face the moment when we shall shuffle off this mortal coil.

We are told that the average expectation of life is rising. We know more about sanitation and the art of healing; but nothing as yet discovered has prevented sickness, or made hospitals unnecessary, or kept the most sanguine and confident valetudinarians of the past alive.

So, say I, use every avenue of cure, seen and unseen, and have confidence in your own mind as a curing station; but don't expect to live for ever. Yet there are many streams in the desert; and the next life is probably more interesting than this life. So why worry?

* * * *

Dr. Hans Driesch, formerly Professor of Philosophy at Leipzig University told Leeds Luncheon Club that "telepathy and mind-reading existed; that clairvoyance almost seemed to exist, and that there might even be prophecy!" He, however, was good enough to defend Spiritualism on the ground that it was in accordance with the Christian faith and the doctrine of the Churches.

"Winifred Graham," the novelist, has been staying with her husband, Mr. Theodore Cory, at the Metropole Hotel, Brighton. A correspondent of the *Daily Mirror* says he heard her earnestly discussing Spiritualism at the tea table, and adds, "She devoutly believes that for years she has been able to communicate with her dead father by means of spirit writing."

Anticipations of Novelists and Others.

By D. O. SMITH, Pontypridd.

NOVELISTS and inventors have so often hit upon the same ideas or plots at the same time that it rather tends to prove that the world or kingdom of thought can be tapped. Many stories have pictured plots which have later been so faithfully fulfilled in real life, that the stories also seemed to have been inspired. One may expect this, especially if the race is becoming more sensitive, and more psychic.

Several writers who have thus foreseen and written about future events are men and women of considerable force of mind, who have naturally made many enemies as well as some staunch friends. Here are a few cases:—

One of the most successful writers who have so anticipated important events is Mr. H. G. Wells. In his recent autobiography he reviews his early work briefly, and points out how he came to weigh up the pre-war situation and correctly foresee the Great War with Germany as the aggressor and loser. This success has led him to offer a further effort in his more recent work, "The Shape of Things to Come."

Beethoven, so it is now claimed, predicted that the day would come when his music would be heard the world over in every home, hovel, and garret—surely an anticipation of wireless.

Karl Marx pictured the day when thousands of men would stand idle around the streets; too much of every thing, and too little to buy with; overproduction the world over, capital having thwarted its own ends by intensive competition and the use of machinery. As a forecast forty five years in advance, this will stand.

In 1886 Marie Corelli published her first book, "The Romance of Two Worlds." In this story she pictures the entire universe as electrical. This upset the experts whom it hurt. Electrons at that date had not been discovered. The result was that not a single newspaper gave the book a favourable notice, and some criticised the idea of an electrical universe as absurd. Miss Corelli mentioned this in one of her later books, and said she had lived to see her idea become a proven fact.

Two years later Edward Bellamy wrote his famous work, "Looking Backward," which had a tremendous sale in America. He looks back in the story from the year 2000 to 1888. One of his predictions which is certain of fulfilment long before the year of two thousand, is the following—"People will have no need to go to the Opera, they will just turn a button on the wall, and will there at home both see and hear the performance." This, in the wireless and perfected television of the future, will no doubt be one of the most direct hits of Mr. Bellamy.

The fantastic works of Jules Verne to some extent foreshadowed the submarine and the airship of to-day.

As these writers strove to peer into the future, and made their deductions from the merely visible signs of the times, showing the drift of things; little flashes of inspiration came to them from invisible realms. Andrew Jackson Davis foresaw the perfect roads used by modern motor vehicles both for goods and passengers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S VISION.

There is also the record of George Washington who, on the battlefield, had a vision of the future of the American Republic. I have seen the story in print more than once, but not of course in any secular history, where psychic matters are usually excluded, in deference to materialistic minds. According to the story the General was about to retire to his tent and gave orders that he was not to be disturbed except in an emergency. Night had come on and he was seated at a table. He did not think he had fallen asleep, but he was surprised to see a stranger throw back the tent flap and walk in unannounced. Nothing seemed supernatural except the white clothing of the stranger. The latter immediately stated his business, speaking rapidly and earnestly, and soon convinced the General of the import of his message by his full and intimate knowledge of all the events and the position of affairs at the moment. He advised, the General and told him his success was certain. He then gave a brief summary of the future events which the people of that land would pass through, including the cruel Civil War which they would have. His final remark was that no enemy would ever take that country while the sun,

moon, and stars shone. The General then found himself leaning over the table, with his head resting on his folded arms, and the tent otherwise empty. He went out and questioned the guard, but no one had been seen to enter.

SCIENTIFIC ANTICIPATIONS.

In late years we have had rather a glut of theories and forecasts of a dismal end of our universe! Not merely in flames of fire (which was a fairly common belief in the past) but in eternal darkness and intense cold, as the result of the sun's energy becoming exhausted. This has become a kind of scientific obsession, though it is some comfort to know that it will be millions of years before the dire event will arrive! The assumption that the sun is a ball of fire which is gradually cooling is the basis of this belief. I think myself there is little to choose from, between the fire or frost theory!

What are the views of spirits on this matter? One of their simplest statements is that matter is interpenetrated by Spirit, and that matter itself is Spirit in a slower form of vibration. Some others claim that the sun itself is not a ball of fire but an inhabited planet. If this be true it cuts the ground from under the feet of all the dismal prophets who consign the planets to a frosty end. For if the sun is not a fire it will not be cooling down. If heat and light, in the crude way it has been supposed for ages to have travelled across space to the planets, do not so travel, except in the form of electric energy, then our old materialists have reckoned without knowing this vital principle. So we may say goodbye to the dismal tale of an end of our universe by frost!

As Spiritualists we should have some regard for our own seers' statements, knowing that there is no secret of nature's principles that is inaccessible to them. They tell a very different story from that of our materialistic scientists who limit their views to the exterior side of matter and see not the masterly design $i\frac{1}{2}$, and continual operation of the inner spiritual forces which interpenetrate and control nature.

A telescope is now in process of construction in America which will greatly exceed in magnification any that have ever previously been made. The lens weighs twenty tons, and it is seventeen feet in diameter. We shall soon know perhaps the riddle of those canals of Mars, and probably the answer to the problem, so long in dispute, Is Mars inhabited? Swedenborg says in his book, "The Earths in The Universe," "Of all the spirits who come from the earths of this solar system those of Mars are the best."

As the moon is our nearest neighbour it is possible that a great surprise awaits astronomers when this wonderful telescope is turned on the moon, for even the moon is said to be inhabited, by Swedenborg and others. This is so diametrically opposed to present scientific belief that it is worth calling attention to it before this great telescope is used. Not that human forms may then be seen, but the atmospheric and other evidences of Mars or the moon will probably be proved such as to support life as on this earth.

* * *

OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Three Years' Subscription from Mexico. "Being a subscriber to *The Gazette* for so many years, and finding it every time more interesting, I would not like to be without it. There are splendid articles from your Editor as well as from many other contributors, which are always a great delight to me. I enclose cheque for my subscription for the period of three years ending with September, 1937."

Good Wishes from Pretoria. "Needless to say we are always delighted to receive *The Gazette* and we wish it a long and prosperous career, for it helps so many all over the world."

A Help in time of Tragedy. "My friend who is an invalid, has asked me to order *The Gazette* for her for a year. Her people are very bitter against Spiritualism, even though it is helping her at a time of very great tragedy."

An Octogenarian Subscriber. "*The Gazette* is more deeply interesting than ever."

A Postcard from Spain. "Have just received November number—as interesting as ever!"

A Year's Subscription to *The Gazette* is an excellent form of Christmas present and will remind your friend of your kindness all the year round.

My Visions in the Sky.

By E. HALL, Manchester.

WHEN reading Mrs. Osborne Leonard's experiences in the *Gazette* I thought I should like to relate some of my own, if I may have a little space.

In November, 1915, my Mother passed away after years of great suffering. Up to that time, none of us knew anything about Spiritualism. Then my married sister came into touch with an old Spiritualist who talked to her on that subject, and I also became interested.

MY MOTHER'S FACE.

Less than three months later, in early February, I was in the back-yard and happened to look up at the sky. What I saw caused me to call to my other sister to come and see. The vision, or whatever name you would give it, seemed so clear that anyone looking up could surely have seen it. It was a picture of my Mother's face and shoulders apparently about 27 inches square, and rather like an enlarged bromide photograph. Over her head was a brilliant V light, about one or one and half yards in height. The point rested on her forehead and the widest part was perhaps 7 to 9 inches across. This light was upright and was of a dazzling whiteness.

On Mother's right side and very close to her, was the pleasant face of an old gentleman whom I did not know. By her left shoulder was a young lady, with flowing hair caught back with a ribbon, whom I knew instinctively to be a young sister, who died when 3 years and 5 months old. She looked as if she might be holding a baby in her arms, and was looking down at it, but there was no baby there.

My little niece, who at that time was only three years and eight months old, came running out to see what we were looking at. She was picked up by her mother, whom I nudged, to say nothing. Little Rose was, however, looking where she saw we were and exclaimed, "Oh, I have never seen my Grandma in the sky before." This phenomenon lasted about seven to ten minutes, then gradually disappeared.

THROUGH THE ROOF AND BACK AGAIN.

About three years later I was disturbed one night by a sensation of being carried up through the roof. I was very nervous, for there was a terribly strong icy wind and I feared that every shred of my clothing would be torn off.

I kept calling "Oh, do put me down, do put me down," as I thought I was being taken upwards.

Service of Reunion and Remembrance at Queen's Hall

THE Queens Hall could not accommodate all who endeavoured to get in to the Armistice Memorial Service; so hundreds were disappointed and had to go away. Of course the very nature of the occasion precluded gaiety, but the fact that the speakers one after another seemed to have been depressed by Mr. Lloyd George's war speech made the proceedings even less exhilarating as the evening wore on.

Mr. SHAW DESMOND read a message from F. W. H. Myers, received through automatic writing, and alluding to the two minutes silence he suggested that we might mentally break the third minute to make a resolution to work for the peace of the world. The "Powers of Darkness," he said were trying to bribe us into another world war.

Miss LIND-AF-HAGEBY, picturesque in her blue and somewhat academically fashioned gown, declared that millions did not want war and that the Spiritualists who knew the power of good and evil thought were in a position to act powerfully. Alluding to the London exhibition of war pic-

tures she deplored the fact that it was necessary to show them, but said nothing in that exhibition was exaggerated.

Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER read a letter from a soldier who had "passed over." It was alternately humorous and pathetic and would do much more good as peace propaganda than the most skillfully phrased economic platform address.

Mrs. ESTELLE ROBERTS brought the Meeting to a close with a demonstration of clairaudience. All about her were soldiers. It was "their night," she said. A little group of them had come in a body to greet one of their living comrades and their reminiscences were very amusing. A man at the back of the platform to whom the messages were directed acknowledged that he knew "the soldier with the clay pipe at the side of his cap"—the one called "Pinker"—and another called "Feet."

Thus the Meeting ended on a humorous note and one went home with the sinister clarion of "the next war" shrieking less shrilly in one's ear.

"SCRIBONIA."

Brief Notices of New Books.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Supreme Law. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Rider and Co. 5/-.

This brilliant and world famous author writes here upon the physical laws of the Cosmos—gravitation, rotation, expansion, etc.—not in the technical fashion of the text book, but in the speculative vein of the philosopher. This is an exposition of scientific facts arranged in a simple understandable way for the lay-mind, which at the same time constitutes a challenge to modern Relativists. Having summarised the findings of the theorists from Newton to Einstein, the author proceeds to outline the accumulation of non-findings, and all the facts which have remained obscure. All thinking people should acquire this brilliant book from which they will gain a good grip of the wonder and beauty of astro-science without having to worry through a mesh of mathematics.

Bread for the Children. By Ina Bell. Rider and Co. 5/-

This book might be called a modern Tao-teh-King, and those who love the philosophy of the ancient Chinese philosopher are sure to appreciate the wisdom and inspiration packed into these exhilarating Essays. The style is brisk and staccato:—"Create beauty, develop it. Be glad. Smile—the Sunshine of Love is infectious, and glorious. Have no fear—be more alone—Listen, meditate, think, pray. God is very near. His Messengers are about you. Use them Faithfully. Peace."

It is a book that would make one definitely finer and better if one lived up to the ideals of a chapter each day.

Reality. Published Anonymously in U.S.A.

Being a series of exquisite letters from the spirit world taken down by the hand of a medium. The writer is a man who has passed over and he addresses them to a woman whom he loved very dearly on earth but could not marry. They are very beautiful and comforting letters. His love for her and the happiness he derives, from being able to see her and communicate with her through the medium is continually reiterated.

"These hours with you are my golden hours," he writes. "I wonder how I could ever have gone forward without them. You know, dear, how I always look for a letter from you, quickly read it through, just live on it, and then read it again and again."

He writes too of the possibilities of service: "If through my death you are able to add some word or pass a cup of water as from me to quench the thirst of a soul, you and I will be forever linked in a service which has grown out of our love for each other and the glorious friendship that has made it possible."

The style is perhaps a little involved and difficult to follow and the construction rather suggests in parts that a foreigner might be writing. All the same many chapters are veritable poems. This book will be read with profound interest by all whose loved ones are on "the other side." M. Z.

Arden Vales: A Novel of Warwickshire. By Peter Brook. London: Francis Mott Co. 7/6 net.

John Armstrong, a youth of twenty, arrived "out of the blue" at a Warwickshire village and put up at The Swan Inn, where he remained—an enigma! He became at once the target of all eyes and the subject of every chattering tongue. He paid his way and kept his own counsel until by and by he bought a cottage of his own, and became a part and parcel of the village life. The policeman believed that only some crime could explain the mystery of his coming, and hoped to track it, as a way to his own promotion! John, however, hires himself to a farmer, and works hard from morn till night for fifteen shillings a week. In time he is attracted by the farmer's daughter and becomes her fiancé. Then tragedy comes into the story. Like Hetty Sorrell in "Adam Bede" the innocent girl is betrayed cruelly by a friend of her own brother. On becoming aware of this John marries her, and hides her shame from everyone, even from her own parents. His conduct reminds one of the nobility of Adam Bede. The book has altogether much of the strength and beauty of the immortal novels of George Eliot laid in the same scenes, and we highly commend it to the attention of our readers. As the publishers say on the "jacket":—"There is natural drama in the book, and natural pathos and happiness, too. It gives to its reader the same sense of restrained pleasure as does an hour spent in some quiet English meadow on a summer day." J. L.

When Men Talk Truth. By Hannen Swaffer. Rich and Cowan, 3/6 net.

It would seem that Mr. Swaffer's energy is inexhaustible, for not only is he an indefatigable worker in the cause of Spiritualism, but his work in the lay press is a source of perennial interest and amusement. In this new book, he gives us thirteen stories—he is evidently not superstitious!—which originally appeared in the magazine, *Britannia and Eve*. He says they were "inspired," and that

he received them on the very day each was due at the printers! Some inspirational writers wait until the muse works; but apparently Mr. Swaffer does not. In any case I heartily congratulate him on a series of very good yarns, not only for Spiritualists, but for non-Spiritualists as well.

Faces And How To Read Them. By John Spon. E. and F. N. Spon, Ltd. 5/- net.

This is not a pocket book for physiognomists only, but for all who are interested in the study of character. It is a practical book of reference for all who wish to understand the meaning of the Features of the Face and the significance of the Hand and Fingers. The text is clear; there are no technical terms; anybody can understand it; and there are splendid illustrations. The binding is excellent, and the size appropriate for pocket or handbag. G. DE B.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CECIL HUSK MANIFESTATIONS.

61, Lydford Park Road, Peverell, Plymouth.

SIR—Through your *Gazette* I have been able to verify some interesting facts concerning a spirit friend who often manifests at our weekly Home Circle, held in the house of a friend. It is my privilege to be used as the medium on these occasions.

In July, 1932, a total stranger manifested. He gave a most helpful talk on development, and urged the sitters to try to protect mediums. Then he announced that he was Cecil Husk, and told us how he himself had been stricken blind at a séance. He said it was now part of his work to come back and try to help and safeguard other mediums.

After the Circle, I was very interested to hear about our new visitor, as of course I was already familiar with his name, as one of the great Pioneers of Spiritualism. But there was a slight doubt in my mind, as to whether it was really Cecil Husk. Our friend evidently knew this, and was determined to prove his identity. He came again the following week, and gave interesting details concerning his earth-life, and a few weeks later I was at another Circle where the medium described Cecil Husk to me, and gave his Christian name. He is now a much loved and frequent visitor at our circle.

Now, in September, 1934, a friend gave me several old copies of the *Psychic Gazette*, amongst them being one containing the "Life Story of Cecil Husk." This verified every detail which he had given in our Circle two years ago!

It seems to me only fair to put this on record, as our friend worked very hard to establish his identity, and we all feel very honoured to have his valuable help.—Yours truly,
(Miss) M. SEARLE.

PSYCHISM and SPIRITUALITY.

DEAR SIR.—I should like to express the immense interest and pleasure I felt on reading two beautiful articles in the October *Gazette*—one by Mr. Thomas Weir, "Consolation for the Non-Psychic," and the other by "X," "Spiritual versus Psychic Power." Such writings raise the whole idea of Spiritualism to its right level.

It has been the effort of my life to teach and to show in words and living that Psychism is Science and only the mechanical ground-work of Spiritualism; also that it is a dangerous one for the uninitiated to play with, and in no sense is it a religion.

I endorse every word that "X" writes *re* the difference between Psychic Power and Spiritual Power. Astonishingly few people, even yet, seem to understand that the soul or psyche and the spirit are not identical! I used to write a good deal on this subject, but of late years have had so much other work that my writing has been neglected. I am rejoiced to find two such splendid exponents of what true Spiritualism is, or should be.

The Non-psychics or positives can be of immense help to the psychics or negatives. They have a steadying and balancing effect, provided of course that the positives are also of a loving, understanding nature, and have put aside the personal so as to be workers in God's vineyard and serve mankind.

Let me thank Mr. Weir for his fine article, and add that in my experience the non-psychic sometimes becomes spiritually clair-audient, but not to order.

It is a pity that more spiritually developed people of the positive and balanced type do not join the Spiritualists; when they do, they seem to have the effect of leaven among the psychics.

It is wonderful what rapid growth in spiritual life and usefulness can be attained when a spiritual non-psychic and psychics work together in harmony, blending psychism with true spirituality. In these days balance and steadiness are more than ever needed.—Yours sincerely,
"HEATHER B."

The Answer

TO THOSE WHO COMPLAIN THAT THEY ARE LEFT ALONE
(WHICH IS INCORRECT) AND DECLINE TO GIVE THEIR
BELOVED BEYOND THE VEIL THE NECESSARY CONDITIONS
FOR COMMUNION—AN ATTITUDE BOTH IMPOLITE AND CRUEL!

Long have we watched from this fair Summerland,
Wherein the loved ones walk in angel guise,
And we have striven to make you understand
That we still live and look with loving eyes
Adown the slanting sun-rays on our friends;
But, prisoned in their little cells of creed
Fashioned by fear, with chains that custom lends,
To our entreaties still they pay no heed.

How often have you read—full well you know—
That we see you, though us you may not see!
For human pulsings tremble with a slow
And clogged vibration out of harmony
With ours; thus you require an instrument
To sense our swifter-throbbing ether-code.
Had you but sought, the Veil were easily rent;
What you have missed—the lightening of your load.

So many words of comfort we could send,
So many proofs of life and love and light,
But you prefer to travel to the end,
With vision blurred by flares of fog-wreathed night.
We know that error still on earth has sway,
That loving spirits yet must plead in vain—
Because of fears unworthy—till that day
When Love with Love shall commune once again.

A.M.

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"NOT A FAITH BUT FACTS."

Peterborough Spiritualist Society held a
successful bazaar on November 9 to raise money to
build a new church.

Mr. J. C. FREEMAN, the President of the Society, in
opening it said he believed in bazaars for raising money
because his parents were Methodists and they were
always holding them! He said he was often asked why he
was a Spiritualist. One of the reasons was because he
believed in freedom of thought in religion. There were
many religions in the world, bound up with dogmas and
creeds. Spiritualism was not a faith, but an accumu-
lation of facts. Religious teaching was passing through
evolution, and traditional beliefs were passing away.
Thousands of people outside the Spiritualist movement
realised that the old beliefs were passing, but they were
doubtful of the new ones and remained confused. Spiritu-
alists had a great work to do and it would be a struggle,
as they were up against the whole body of Bishops and
clergy. Prejudice and superstition died a hard death, but
Spiritualism was bound to come. They were restricted
with their small chapel, and needed a larger place and so
he hoped their bazaar would be a great success.

By way of a send-off Mrs. Garner handed to the chair-
man the sum of £20 towards the new church, on behalf of
"the Bright Hour."

* * * * *

Mr. J. Arthur Findlay will publish the third of his
important trilogy of Spiritualistic works this month.
The title will be "The Unfolding Universe."

"We learn unofficially that Mr. Theodore Besterman
has tendered his resignation to the Council of the Society
for Psychical Research."—*Light*.

The point to note about Spiritualism is that it contains
a great truth, namely that death is not a cul-de-sac but a
transition or thoroughfare, and the hope of immortality
is inherent in every man. Mistakes are made when the
uninitiated grope into mysteries that belong to the later
stages of the Christian life.—*Rev. E. E. J. Martin*.

Ernest Eastwood, an unemployed miner, of Sholton
Colliery, Durham, has been charged with stealing £12, the
property of the National Spiritualist Church there, of
which he was treasurer. He pleaded guilty, and said he
put the money on a horse in an attempt to make more of
it! He was bound over for two years on promising to
refund the money at the rate of 2/6 per week.

Drunkards who pass on and who make no effort to
rise to greater heights very often frequent their old haunts,
at which they were accustomed to indulge their bibulous
excesses on earth. For this reason, drinking saloons
present a dreadful spectacle to a clairvoyant, who is able
to see, quite involuntarily these poor earth bound souls
desperately trying to extract enjoyment from the im-
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