

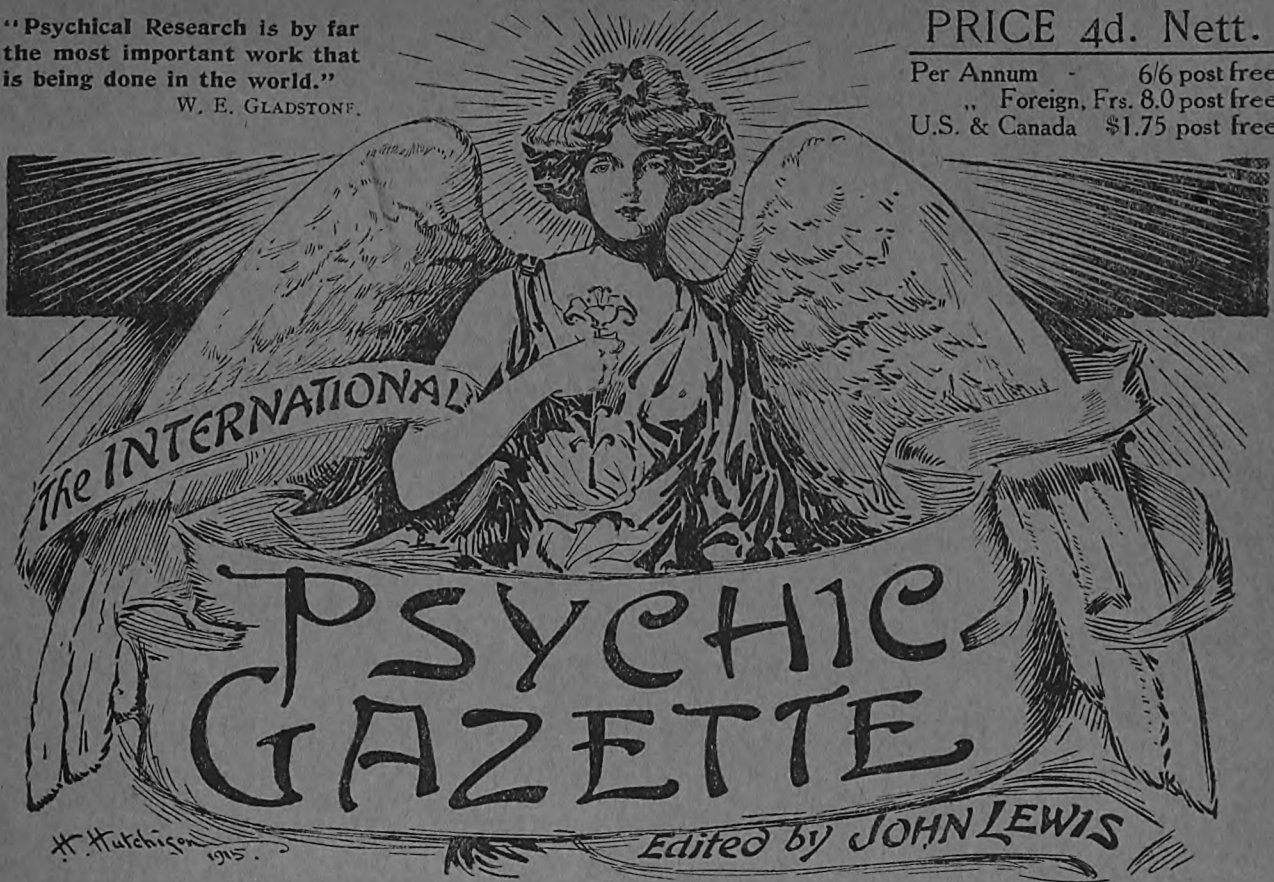
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THE INTERNATIONAL
PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

No. 25. Vol. 3.

OCTOBER, 1915.

PRICE FOURPENCE NETT.

Our Outlook Tower.

THE WAR AND OUR HOMES.

The world is at war. Our eyes are hourly turned towards the battlefields of France and Flanders, of Italy and Gallipoli, of Servia, Africa and Russia. We are watching with grateful admiration the strenuous efforts of the allied soldiers, who are battling and freely giving their lives to preserve our national and personal freedom against an unscrupulous foe which secretly lusted for world domination. But there is a side of the War's effects, not obtruded on our notice, which assuredly demands our sympathy and attention. There is suffering at home as well as abroad. There is constant anxious suspense in our peaceful dwellings, and the reading of casualty reports in our morning papers, which are almost as dire in their effects as the shot and shell of the battlefield. But we are less aware of them. As a nation we do not "wear our hearts on our sleeves," and we are not strong in that sympathetic imagination which can picture and feel the woes in other hearts. For the most part we see only the outside of things and persons around us, and have not that deeper gaze into life which gives us a vivid sense of universal kinship. It is consequently instructive for us to find human documents in our daily prints which enlighten us as to the poignant grief and harassing sorrow which afflict thousands of hearts through long days and nights, and claim our sympathy.

HE WAS MY ONLY BOY.

In the *Sunday Herald* of September 5, a mother's letter was printed which expressed her feelings to a friend regarding the loss of her boy. She says:—

"There is no glamour about his death for me. His heroism, his courage, all those manly qualities upon which you dwell do not blind me. I see his death as it was. He was there, my boy—good and brave and handsome, full of life—and then a shell exploded. And there was nothing of him left—nothing even that they could bury. Where is the glamour in this?"

"I think of the day when I bore him, and held him in my arms, and felt his soft cheek for the first time against my breast. And it was that dear sweet body grown to manhood that has been torn to nothing. . . . And I am not to weep—or, if I am to weep, it is with tears of pride. . . . Oh, my dear, I have no pride! He was my only boy, and he is dead—that is all.

"I shall be glad when it is all over—I do not mean the war—that seems somehow a far-off, forgotten thing; but life—my life. I shall see him again then, perhaps, please God. That thought does comfort me—and that thought alone. For the rest, nothing matters: the glory, the heroism, and the cause for which he died—the Nation—the Empire—all the things that you speak of. He was my only son, and they have taken him from me."

Was there ever a more eloquently touching revelation of a mother's stricken heart than this? He was her only boy. She is desolate without him. Her world is blotted out, and to her nothing else matters.

MY BOY!

In the *Daily Express* of September 15, another mother gives us a glimpse into her meditations concerning her son, who is "doing his bit" on the battlefield. She says:—

"When I crooned over him as a baby, and dreamed soft golden dreams of his future, how could I have dreamed for him

ought so great as this? A man striking blows. Striking blows in the greatest fight of all ages. How small the Vikings, the warriors of Charlemagne, the Normans with their few miles of land, even the daring sea-heroes of Elizabeth in their frigates and galleons! My Boy! My Boy in the middle of the World! My Boy fighting in the hottest vortex of the toughest struggle of mankind! Yet in a selfish moment, a moment of the weak woman, if I could stretch out my arms and call him back—!"

Here we see the triumphant proud mother glorying in the prowess of her son, and showing that Spartan love of his honour which lifts her higher than her instinctive maternal desires. She regards these now as only weak and selfish.

"I, WHO AM ONLY A BOY'S SWEETHEART,
FEEL PROUD, TOO."

On reading this mother's letter, the sweetheart of one of our brave soldiers who had fallen in the war wrote:—

"I had been sitting alone the whole morning when they brought me the *Daily Express*, and I opened it just at the page "My Boy." Oh! I think that it is sweet! What a proud mother she must be! I, who am only a Boy's Sweetheart, feel proud, too. We have both given our very best for England, our very heart's blood—and we couldn't give more than that, could we? Outside, the sun is shining brilliantly, and a few minutes since a "knot" (quite the correct thing) and a girl went by. They were both laughing or giggling, and I felt a kind of wonder how they could behave in such a manner in the midst of all this agony of tears and pain.

"Will they ever be caught into God's mills and have the chaff and rubbish ground out of them, like me? A few months ago there wasn't a more self-concentrated girl in the whole of England than I. I used to think the world had been made for me, but I don't now.

"I just feel that I want to help everybody somehow, and especially the children. . . . When one thinks of what might have been, and what can never be now! I walk miles up and down the room, and then fall upon my knees and ask God to help me bear the cross which so many women in England are bearing to-day."

Truly there is need for us to cultivate the art of comfort—to become the sharers of each others' griefs. On the following pages will be found manywise and sympathetic messages to just such sorrowing ones, and we send them forth hopefully, believing that many at least will act as soothing balm upon the open wounds, and mayhap lead to such a living consciousness of the continued life and love of their lost ones that they will be able to smile through their tears, and KNOW "There is no death."—J. L.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

The present issue of the *International Psychic Gazette* being specially devoted to Comforting the Sorrowing, we have had to hold over till next number many interesting articles dealing with psychic topics. These include "The Practical Side of Truth," by Flora Paris Howard; "Spirit Photography," by Walter Howell; "The Crewe Crux," "The Meaning of Colour,"; "Alleged Telegraphic Communication with the Other World," etc., etc.

We shall be pleased to hear from readers as to the "Consensus of Comfort," and will be glad to know what messages have touched their hearts, or what comfort they themselves would offer their friends sore-stricken. We have had to hold over some letters, and will willingly print more next month.—ED. I.P.G.

Doubt, Hope, and Certitude.

By PRINCESS KARADJA.

The following article contains that note of joyous "certitude" which is so rare in human consolations. It is a portion of a work on "The Mission of Sorrow," which the Princess is about to publish.

NO one can fail to notice in these days of universal mourning the different effect produced upon various people by identical blows.

Some mourn as "those who have no hope"; others display sublime calm and fortitude. Why this immense difference in the faculty of enduring sorrow?

It depends exclusively upon the state of spiritual evolution of the mourners; namely, of their more or less clear conception of Life in the Beyond. The terror of death lies not in the thing itself, but in our opinion concerning it. It is our own mental attitude which makes sorrow endurable or non-endurable.

A bereavement is an objective fact which nothing in the world can alter, but the pain caused through this unavoidable blow is a subjective fact which can be greatly modified and alleviated.

Everything depends upon our angle of vision: the same landscape looks utterly different viewed from the bottom of the valley or from the mountain-top. It is the mission of sorrow to lead us up to the solitary heights, from which we perceive vaster horizons. Few of us would have the courage to tear ourselves away from the smiling plains unless those we love most were taken away from our side, and had vanished into the night.

In our utter desolation and loneliness we then begin to meditate upon the great problem of life, which before had escaped our attention: our thoughts are directed to the mysterious "Beyond." We begin to examine carefully our common inheritance of religious creeds and scientific hypotheses and gather from them what consolation we can. It is generally scant. Doubts arise and assail us. Ideas which seemed plausible enough when they were merely theoretical conceptions, void of special interest to us personally, melt away into empty nothing when they are called upon to serve as a solid basis for our future existence. If earth suddenly fails us, and all that made life worth living is taken away, then we feel miserably poor if all that is left to us is vague belief in some sort of future existence of which we definitely know nothing at all.

At the side of an open grave we need something more than a shadowy hope of eventual re-union in distant aeons of time. We need CERTITUDE! Certitude that "there is no Death," only various phases of Life, manifesting in forms of ever growing perfection. Certitude that our dear ones are as living as ever, though we fail to perceive them on the higher plane of life to which they have been translated. What treasure has earth got equal in value to this certitude? It is the "pearl of great price," precious beyond all other possessions.

The caterpillar fails to realise how glorious it is to be a butterfly. THAT is the great tragedy!

Bereaved mothers, who sob over the discarded garments of flesh that you once tenderly wove for your hero-boys—they smile at you, clad in garbs of glory! Your sorrow is the only cloud upon their sky. Why regret that they have obtained promotion? They have been transferred to fresh fields of activity where their services are even more needed than here.

The essence of true love is desire to GIVE. It is the cessation of the privilege of "giving" which

seems so intolerable. You mourn because you are no longer able to bestow upon your boy all the good things of this earth. Yet you are still able to give him something that is infinitely better, namely, the joy of being in his turn a donor! You surrounded his childhood with tender care; and now it is his turn to guard and protect you. You planned for him successes on Earth; he plans for you triumphs in Heaven. You watched him grow and felt happy and proud; remember that he now watches your spiritual growth and feels proud when you evolve.

You have not even a grave over which you can weep. What does it matter? Behold, he is arisen! Henceforth, do not seek the living among the dead. Sumptuous monuments and costly flowers can give no pleasure to liberated spirits. Erect a shrine in your own heart to the sacred memory of your beloved, and bring to it offerings of immortal blooms. Place daily upon the altar a glorious sheaf of kind words and noble deeds, done in his name. Then you will no more feel alone, for your dear one will be there to receive your gift, and you will feel that he is very, very near! Smiling, you will then murmur: "Oh death, where is thy sting?"

Nothing in heaven, earth or hell can separate those who are ONE in spirit. Death is merely a terribly painful illusion from which humanity will finally be cured. There is no separation possible between those who truly love each other. *They never cease to be together but merely cease temporarily to be aware of this fact.* The only separations existing in the Spirit-realm are caused through divergences of thought, feeling, and will. We are dimly conscious of this fact even at present. It often occurs that we feel beings sitting by our side to be hopelessly far away, while others who may possibly reside at the Antipodes seem quite close.

Outer circumstances, such as physical distance or death, are powerless to sever spiritual links. We are not separated from our dear ones when they die—only when they are forgotten.

The distance between the earth and the sun is not augmented when passing clouds hide its shining face from our sight. When earth turns away from the sun, night enshrouds us; the hours of darkness would seem terribly long if we did not possess the absolute certainty that a new day will soon gladden our eye.

Doubt, Hope, and Certitude, these three states of the mind correspond to pale twilight, rosy dawn, and radiant sunshine.

Marie Karadjia

OUR READERS' APPRECIATION.

A Lancashire reader writes:—"It is the best paper of its kind that I have come across yet."

A Kingston reader writes: "I have taken the *Gazette* since its first publication, and think it most interesting, and as a magazine quite by itself."

A Birmingham lady writes:—"I like the magazine so much I wish to renew it for another year. As a keen reader and believer in all things occult and psychic, I find it most helpful, and have recommended it to quite a number."

A Clapham Park subscriber sends a renewal subscription "with sincere appreciation of your most helpful writings, and the most admirably 'high-tone' direction of the *Psychic Gazette*."

Our Portrait Gallery.

No. 19.—Miss ESTELLE W. STEAD.

WE have pleasure in placing in our Gallery of Psychic Celebrities this beautiful and life-like picture of Miss Estelle Stead, as she appeared in "Romeo and Juliet" during her Shakespearian tour through the chief cities of England. Had Miss Stead consulted her own strong leanings, she would probably have devoted her career to dramatic interpretation alone, for she is an enthusiastic and accomplished artiste; but, with a balance and wisdom rare in one so young, she has preserved her sense of proportion, and given ungrudgingly of her strength, and time, and influence to many varied spheres of usefulness.

In her everyday life Miss Stead is engaged in editing the *Bairns' Magazine* and "Books for the Bairns" (of which many millions have been sold all over the world), and in assisting with the *Review of Reviews*. She has inherited that great gift of her illustrious father, Mr. W. T. Stead—the power of intuitively sensing, and speaking familiarly to, and strongly influencing the collective mind of the people, and her pen and her speech are equally vivid and persuasive. In addressing large audiences, she speaks as intimately as if she were conversing with a valued friend in her own boudoir.

Then we find her, in the dark and gloomy nights of winter, in a dingy neighbourhood, seeking to brighten the lives of poor working people by playing leading lady in Shakespeare's immortal dramas. She has taken an active part as Honorary Secretary in conducting the Victoria Hall, sometimes known as "The Old Vic," near Waterloc Station. A good seat in the gallery can here be had for twopence, and assisted by a first-class company, she portrays such characters as Hermione and Lady Macbeth so realistically and with such perfect self-forgetfulness that her audiences are for a space lifted above their humdrum existence into a region of picturesque or weird romance.

Recently Miss Stead has been engaged in a kind of philanthropic work, which, if less artistic, has been not less valuable. All through the night for many nights she has, with two or three other ladies, managed a canteen for women workers in one of our large munition factories. Here these gracious souls not only personally cook the food and act as cheery waitresses, but also wash up the dishes! Their humble, energetic sisters are highly encouraged by

such benevolent thoughtfulness for their comfort, as through the dreary nights they strain at preparing masses of munitions for our brave soldiers in the trenches.

Miss Stead has travelled in South Africa and America, where she has lectured chiefly on the subject of human survival and the possibility and actuality of communication between persons in the mortal and immortal life. She is the recipient of a great mass of correspondence on these subjects, and receives at times most pathetic letters asking for a message from some dear one in the Other World, and suggesting that her Father may be able to get one. These letters are often answered personally, but are mostly dealt with, according to her instructions, by the "W. T. Stead" Bureau, of which she is the President.

Miss Stead's volume "My Father: Personal and Spiritual Reminiscences," is a work of fascinating interest, and was cordially received by the Press and the public. The *Christian Commonwealth* expressed the general approval when it said "Sharing unreservedly her father's profoundest emotions, widest sympathies, and loftiest ideals, she is the fittest person to do justice to these in the eyes of his contemporaries." Miss Stead is hoping to publish before long a cheaper edition of this work, as she feels it would be her Father's wish that it should be accessible to the Man in the Street.

She has lately edited a new edition of "After Death," which consists of the remarkable series of letters her Father received automatically from an American journalist who had passed "over the Border." These

give detailed pictures of the life beyond, and are full of spiritual stimulus and instructiveness.

Miss Stead's two pamphlets on "When we speak with the Dead" and "Why I believe in Spiritualism" are convincingly written, and should be in the hands of all who wish for a short intelligible introduction to the study of the future life. From her earliest childhood she has been conscious of the spirit world around her. When quite young she was clairvoyant and clairaudient, and once shocked a lady who asked her, "Are you not frightened to sleep alone at the top of the house?" by replying: "I am not alone; lots of people always come to me when I go to bed. I go away with them, and sometimes I remember where I go to."

J. L.



Miss ESTELLE W. STEAD as "JULIET."

Death in the Service of Life.

By PROFESSOR J. VERNON BARTLET, M.A., D.D, Professor of Church History in Mansfield College, Oxford.

WHEN one has to mourn the premature close of a life dear to oneself and others, there are two questions which keep rising in the heart: and upon an affirmative answer to these peace in the end depends. Personal sense of loss will persist, and will recur poignantly at times when one thinks of what continued intercourse on the old terms would have meant to us: but real, settled peace will come if only we can so see the loss that it does not undermine assurance that the order of human life is good—abidingly and progressively good. That is, the loss must be seen to have a meaning in relation to something larger than itself, as a means or condition to some good greater than that which was quenched: and the greater the preponderance of the wider good, and the more permanent its nature, the stronger the consolation and resulting peace. It is the sense of waste, as though the sacrifice were excessive or uncalled for in the light of any good that can come of it, which takes the light out of life and courage from the heart.

So viewed, surely hardly any premature deaths ought to be robbed of the sting of seeming vanity more than those of men who have fallen in the war, so far as their friends believe them to have counted the cost aright, and exposed themselves to inevitable danger from worthy motives—viz., as on behalf of a Good Cause. For the very fact that they thus took their chances of death proved their belief in a Common Good so immense as to be worth risking further earthly life for its sake. If their faith, for such it was, was well grounded; if the vision and impulse which prompted it were not illusory, then their very death is at least *their* answer to the question on which our peace most depends. Can we doubt that it was "worth while" their going, without reflecting on them, as though they left us and jeopardized our happiness without sufficient cause? Yet should we have had the right to believe in the moral order of the world if they had seen as they did and not gone—gone, in most cases, with the triumphant consent of our consciences? And *had the issue of death not been included in the bond* of this homage to Right, where would have been the grandeur of the act which thrilled us and made the human soul more wonderful and sacred to us than before? It was precisely the *absolute* authority of Right which uplifted us all, and made us feel living on the level of Eternal, time-less Life.

Further, when we reflect that the vision and impulse were utterly unselfish in spirit, and won them to obey its stern call in spite of all that is "of the earth, earthy" in human nature—its love of comfort, its deep-seated instinct of self-preservation; surely we are bound to trace alike this vision of duty and this impulse to obey *at any cost*, saying "Here stand I; I can do no other" to a source higher than the natural or finite in man, and to see in it a supreme witness to a super-natural order of Good and Right, an absolute order of moral Life, working within and through our common humanity. Where men have been saying in tens of thousands, with Lovelace,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Duty more,"

have we not in this very fact, lying at the heart of this great tragedy, one of the most tremendous virtual demonstrations of God in conscience that the world has ever had?

But if we are right in so viewing the choice which led them to risk their lower life for what they felt a spiritual Good so much greater than this that they simply obeyed, and thereby showed that they had in themselves something that was not akin to the life of the senses, which shuns all bodily loss, but to the very Good Cause itself for which they counted this loss as nought—then should not our faith in such a Common Good Cause as Kingdom of God be strengthened rather than cast down?

More than this, should not our conviction that it is rooted in God's Will and purpose, which cannot be frustrated in the end—whether on earth or in the invisible sphere from which the pressure of His Spirit of Vision and Loyalty laid hold of those who have thus laid down their earthly careers—be also confirmed? But, being assured that the sacrifice was indeed worth making for so great a Cause—proved more than ever to be real, in the fierce competition with the real forces of selfishness and fear—have we not also the right to sorrow "not as those who have no Hope" for their future, and for ours in common with them? Rather should we see in their sacrifice the fruits, more direct in some cases, and more indirect in others, yet in most truly the fruits in some sense, of the supreme voluntary "obedience unto death" for the sake of others' good. That Passion, as it is the perfect manifestation of Life through Death, so does it confirm in the end all other witness to the truths which it takes for granted.

"Though truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in the mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the Name
Of Him that made them current coin."

LITANY.

God! The Infinite! The Holy!
Blessing all—the sad, the lowly,

See our stricken hearts are grieving
For those souls, the body leaving

Ere due time, through man's high treason
To the laws of right and reason.

Father, let Thy Peace enfold them!
To Thy Bosom closely hold them!

From the fields whence they are driven,
Where as deadly foes they've striven,

May they pass, freed from all malice,
Purified through War's red chalice,

And, as Angel-guardians ever
Seek all souls from sin to sever

May they o'er the vext earth hover,
Till love reigns the wide world over.

Then shall each, in every other,
Clasp a fondly cherished brother.

Father, in Thy Loving-kindness,
Pardon us and heal our blindness.

Jehin R. Scatcherd.

SOUTHAMPTON,
September 6, 1914.

A CONSENSUS OF COMFORT TO THE WORLD IN TEARS.

CONTRIBUTED BY EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHERS WHO
HAVE KNOWN SORROW.

TO-DAY in many homes "Rachel is weeping for her children and will not be comforted." Sorrow is widespread throughout the land, owing to cruel ravages made by the present World War. It is consequently an urgent humane duty of all who have real Comfort to offer not to withhold it, on account of that habitual reserve of ours which is ashamed of tears, or of appearing too sympathetic. If there be Balm in Gilead, let it now be freely applied to heal the broken-hearted. If there be comfort and solace in our Religion or Philosophy let them go forth to the sorrowing. For it is surely a noble work "to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide their feet into the way of peace."

While preparing this number of the *International Psychic Gazette* for the press, we sent out the following letter to eminent men and women, and to others who have known sorrow, asking them for their message of consolation to the bereaved. The response was prompt, and has far exceeded our expectations. We feel confident that the generous, sympathetic, compassionate messages contained in this Symposium, as well as in the larger articles specially contributed, will dry many a tear.

OUR REQUEST FOR MESSAGES OF CONSOLATION.

I am resuming the publication in the latter part of this month of the *International Psychic Gazette*, which had to be temporarily suspended at the outbreak of the War. The first number will be specially addressed to the task of offering "Consolation to the World in Tears," and I am asking for messages of comfort from eminent men and women to whom the sorrowing have a right to look for light and guidance. They will represent every religious, semi-religious, philosophical, and humanitarian point of view. The leading question I am putting to each is "WHAT WOULD YOU SAY in response to the anguished cry of the bereaved Mother's heart 'Where is my boy, and how fares it with him?' WHAT WOULD YOU SAY if you had gathered around you in a room, a group of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters and lovers, who have lost their dear ones, and who are looking towards you with confidence for a message that will assuage their grief and give them calm assurance and comfort in place of doubt and perplexity?"

I realise that the present is peculiarly a time of testing for all beliefs regarding Death and the Hereafter. They will now be proved to be wheat or chaff, substance or shadow, comfort or mockery, in face of the great widespread cloud of sorrow that is at present overshadowing the world.

I want you, if you will be so kind, to send me your response, your gospel, to "THE WORLD IN TEARS." I want you to help me in gathering together a *A Consensus of Comfort*. Your response need not be in many words, but it will, I feel sure, be an honest and sincere reply from a living, humane, sympathetic heart right to the hearts of your sorrowing fellow-mortals.

I may add that during the past twelve months I have been assisting Miss Estelle Stead, and other earnest humanitarians, in continuing the work which was so dear to the heart of Mr. W. T. Stead of "Comforting Rachel mourning for her Children," and bringing sure and certain knowledge of immortality to light. You may be interested to learn that this good work is being carried out from Mr. Stead's former editorial sanctum as a centre.

The following are the replies received up to the time of going to press ;—

"The White Comrade."

From the Venerable BASIL WILBERFORCE, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster and Chaplain of the House of Commons.

I am glad the *International* is resurrecting. I have spoken so much in my last volume, "The Battle of the Lord," on the subject you suggest that you had better review the book. There is also a sermon of mine in the *Christian Commonwealth* this week (August 18, 1915), and two in the September number of the *St. John's Magazine*.

The following is an excerpt from the Archdeacon's sermon first mentioned :— "Prayer is a dynamic force in proportion to the spiritual standing of the person who prays. The spiritual force of the nation at large is gradually awakening. Probably the whole history of the British race does not provide a parallel to the unprecedented manifestation of Wednesday last. Millions, all over the world, were united in humble, trusting prayer to Almighty God, holding up before Him our nation, our Empire, our battle for the world's freedom from cruel tyrannical materialism. At the front, under the storm of shot and shell, a spiritual revival, a recognition of the value of the human soul, is strongly developing. I have received letters from men in the trenches thrilling with a new experience. A letter in Thursday's *Times* from a young soldier at the front to a well-known minister in London, is an example of this new realisation. The minister had asked him if he had seen 'the white comrade' so much spoken of in the French lines. 'No,' he writes, 'I have not seen Him, but I believe in Him. Nothing is impossible here, for the unseen becomes the seen in times like these. Out of this trial I can already perceive coming a time of triumph, a fuller, deeper peace of soul, and a more intimate consciousness of the love of Christ.'"

Life Grows through Noble Sacrifice.

From the Right Rev. H. R. WAKEFIELD, D.D., Bishop of Birmingham.

I would answer the mother in some such words as these: "Your boy passed hence for the sake of the world's righteousness. Were there no hereafter, still he has lived to make better and nobler the ideals and the methods of mankind. He will live, therefore, in the future he has helped to create.

"But when we have torn aside all the veils which even religious systems set up between humanity and the *Beyond*, do we not see with unclouded vision a land in which the spirits of those we mourn hold communion one with another? The noble cannot die eternally, and there is always room for the noble in the council chambers of the Divine. Your boy has his place there.

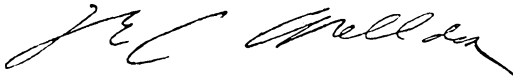
"Again, could you call your boy back again and ask him whether he would choose to live here the dead existence of the one who has done naught in the great crisis to promote the good, or once more to lay down his all for the true, you know what his answer would be, Life grows through noble sacrifice. Nay, more, You, mother of the hero, do you not know in your heart that all your anguish notwithstanding, you feel your boy is now more yours than ever? Your pride in him is absolute, and, believe me, if you will listen with the mother's all-hearing ear, you will still be able to hold sweet communion with him who was, is, and must ever remain part of yourself. Love is Life, and Death cannot kill Love. So be comforted, and—wait."

H. R. Wakefield

One Day Tears will be Wiped Away.

From the Right Rev. J. E. C. WELLDON, M.A., Dean of Manchester, Author of "The Hope of Immortality," &c.

THE WORLD has indeed become a house of mourning. To such a group of mourners as your letter depicts I could only say, I think, that, if Jesus is, as Christians believe Him to be, the Resurrection and the Life, then the future world is His as well as the present, and one day tears will be wiped away from all eyes in His beatific presence.



Death but the Opening of a Window to a Wider and Grander Prospect.

From the Rev. JAMES DRUMMOND, M.A., L.L.D., author of "Life and Letters of Dr. Martineau," &c., formerly Principal of Manchester College, Oxford.

"Consolation to the world in tears" must rest on the old and tried foundation of trust in, and communion with, infinite Wisdom and Love.

Why the world has to be made perfect through suffering, and why such an appalling power of inflicting misery is permitted to vulgar and brutal ambition, we cannot fully know. But we do know, as a fact of experience, that sorrow trustfully and lovingly borne refines and exalts the character, drawing the thoughts and affections away from the things that are seen and temporal, and fixing them on the things that are unseen and eternal.

The sorrow of bereavement is always present in the world; and though now, owing to the vastness of its range, it visits the imagination as a black spectre, its holiest results may also be on a vast scale, and come with healing to a world that was in danger of losing the spiritual in the material.

Sorrow must be allowed to have its perfect work, and break through the crusts of selfishness that hide from us the deep things of God. And when this is accomplished, we can commit our beloved to Him, in full assurance that his Fatherly Love cannot change, that his realities are higher far than our ideals, and that eye has not seen nor ear heard the things which He has prepared for them that love him.

Nor, where knowledge fails or our own faith is weak, can we be indifferent to the testimony of the greatest and noblest souls, in whom eternal life, life beyond the accidents of time, was already a present possession, and death but the opening of a window to a wider and grander prospect. Criticism may be at a loss to decide what were the precise facts on which the primitive Christian testimony rested; but one thing is certain, that the testimony came with persuasive power only to the spiritual who were ready to receive it, and that to them it brought an overpowering and unshakeable conviction.

And still spiritual things are spiritually discerned; and if we listen reverently to the voice of the Spirit within, it will breathe words of comfort, and neither life nor death will be able to separate us from the Love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.



Time only is the Healer.

From Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, L.L.D., the Creator of "Sherlock Holmes" and many famous novels.

I fear I can say nothing worth saying. Time only is the healer.

No Evidence of Human Survival.

From EDWARD CLODD, Esq., J.P., Author of "The Childhood of the World," &c.

As the evidence that we possess seems to me conclusive against survival after death, I can say nothing on the lines which you suggest.

I have a Confident Assurance of Life in Another Sphere.

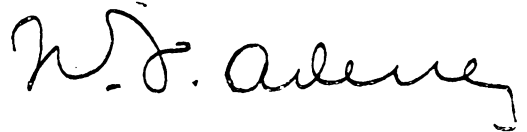
From the Rev. W. F. ADENEY, M.A., D.D., Principal of Lancashire Independent College, Author of "The Christian Conception of God," &c.

In reply to your letter of August 31, I write to say that I have a confident assurance of life in another sphere after natural death. I base this assurance on the grounds of Christian faith, without which it would be vague and shadowy. To my mind it is justified in three ways:—

1. The authority of Christ. Our Lord gives no details of the future life. When He does not use the language of conventional imagery, His language is general and simple, but positive and emphatic. I cannot but feel that, like the guide on a mountain in a fog, He is one who knows.

2. The appearances of Christ, especially as recorded in 1. Corinthians xv., which I take to be well-authenticated facts.

3. Christ's revelation of the Fatherhood of God. It is unthinkable that the loving Father will let His children perish when resigning themselves into His hands at death—or at all.



They Certainly Await us.

From the Rev. F. B. MEYER, D.D., Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.

Christ's appearance after his death, in a body which although of another texture, was distinctly recognisable, and the further fact that Mary and others recognised his voice, are sufficient to prove that those who have passed over into the other life retain their identity. We shall know and hear them again.

Even if their love is unable to express itself as in the past, we cannot but believe that it holds us still in its strong embrace, because love was a part of themselves. Time has ceased to exist for them, and they are not exposed to its obliterating tendency.

They certainly await us. And though, because of their high advance in the heavenly realms, they cannot habitually wait on us, they are surely not inaccessible to love-messages, sent them through the mediation of Christ. He is the Mediator between us who are at one with Him on this side and those who are at one with Him on the other.



Their Life is not Closed, but only Transfigured and Glorified.

From the Rev. ROBERT P. DOWNES, L.L.D., Editor of "Great Thoughts," Author of "Man's Immortality and Destiny," &c.

I am in the fullest sympathy with your purpose. Much has been said about "the stricken field," very little about "the stricken home." To afford consolation to the thousands who have been bereaved of their loved ones in this appalling conflict is a solemn duty and a noble purpose.

My message is that the transition which we have "blindly christened death," should be regarded in its proper light. It is not the end of life, but only the portal of a grander life. George Herbert said: "This life is but the tuning of the instruments." We must look elsewhere for the perfect music.

To see the very flower of Britain waded away in the battle-field is a terrible thing. But because our golden lads are with us no more we must not therefore imagine that their career is closed, that their existence has ended in failure, or that they have missed their heaven-appointed destiny. The symbol above their graves should not be a broken column, but a heaven-pointing spire; not a torch inverted and extinguished, but a torch in angel hands shaken into a brighter, keener flame.

Our loved ones are not dead; they grandly live. Their life is not closed, but only transfigured and glorified. It is for this reason that God seems to regard what we call death as a very little thing. As I have written elsewhere:

Life is but brief at best, and death's control
Extends not over the heroic soul;
Immortal garlands crown such brows as these:
They are the dead who rot in selfish ease.



Forward! in Life and into Life.

From the Rev. ARCHIBALD DUFF, M.A., D.D., Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Theology in the United College (Congregational), Bradford.

Comfort comes—only by steady determined GOING FORWARD. The robber and murderer must be caught and stopped. For that we give all: life, work, word, possession.

The inevitable Power of God leads, presses, commands, blesses in that, here and hereafter. Forward! in Life and into Life.

We must Work on with Courage and Hope.

From the Right Hon. THOMAS BURT, P.C.

I wish you success in your good work of comforting and encouraging the sorrowing. We must work on with courage and hope to see better days. Excuse post card and brevity, as I am unwell.

I KNOW He is Near.

From Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR, M.P. for Haggerston.

You ask me what I would say to people whose hearts are racked with the agony of bereavement. I would comfort them with the thought that has comforted me. Nearly three years ago I lost a boy of seventeen, loved and lamented by all who knew him. But, although I have never had any psychic experiences in the shape of spirit manifestations, there are times when his presence seems as certain as if I could see and hear him. I *know* he is near.

The continuance of life after what we call death, is as well established as almost any fact in natural science, unless well attested evidence of credible witnesses is to be ignored. If it were not true, religion would have lost not only much of its comfort, but most of its value.

If God is Spirit, so are His children; and it is to me inconceivable that when a human spirit discards its physical body the Father of Spirits should "cast it as rubbish to the void."

Rather will He use it as a minister of His will; and it seems only natural that, with all their capacity for memory and love enlarged and ennobled and freed from the limitations of physical life, those who have gone before should become God's messengers to convey to us His own comfort and love by visiting those whom they knew here, and breathing into their consciousness thoughts and feelings that soothe their sorrows, enlarge their hopes, and uplift their souls.

Only so can I account for thoughts that come unbidden in time of temptation, anxiety and sorrow, to strengthen one to bear and overcome.

Our loved ones are not lost: they are only out of sight—not even absent. If only we have faith, that becomes sight, we can come to know that they not only live, but visit us.

H. G. Chancellor

The Beautiful and Comforting Words.

From Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, M.A., the Actor-Manager.

I am very much in sympathy with your Bureau, and in answer to your question I would quote the beautiful and comforting words of the greatest Humanitarian as well as the greatest philosopher—

"I will not leave you, nor forsake you."

They seem to have an added meaning at this time of trial and suffering, and they give new courage and endurance to those souls bent with anguish.

Arthur Boucher

I would just Sorrow too.

From Mr. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P. for Leicester.

I am not sure that I can help very much. One's faith in everything good is sadly shattered both by the events and the mind of these days.

If I were in a room with those who sorrow I would just sorrow too, and in silent touch with their souls seek with them to regain some of that belief in the righteous order of creation so much of which has been lost this last year.

I am tired of cheap consolation. It is turning religion into a desert and calling it peace.

J. Ramsay MacDonald

Only in the Presence of Our Father is there Peace.

From the Rev. Hon. E. LYTTLETON, M.A., D.D., Headmaster of Eton College.

To the Bereaved.

① No matter how true or beautiful or sympathetic anyone's words may be, they will bring no comfort whatever except they be translated to the sufferer by the Comforter.

② Did we not foresee that our loved ones might be slain? How then did we let them go? Because their engines reminded us of what we were forgetting that this life is not all.

③ Some feel that all messages are powerless to uplift: They can only warm the antechambers of the heart. True: but in that very powerlessness there is a hope, which beckons us on beyond words to the Everlasting Arms. Who's aere for the ante room: but only in the presence of our Father is there peace.

E. Lytton

Read "The Voices" for Comfort.

From Vice-Admiral USBORNE MOORE, Author of "Glimpses of the Next State" and "The Voices."

I must decline your invitation to write anything fresh to *International Psychic Gazette* re comfort to mourners. If the bereaved cannot get comfort out of "The Voices," nothing I can add will be of any help.

A Message of Protection.

From Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, the famous actress.

Your letter has followed me about on tour, so please excuse the delay in answering it.

Shakespeare's words, "In the great hand of God I stand," seem to bring with them a message of comfort and protection—as well as a sense of power—to all of us, and will help us to say: "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit!"

Violet Vanbrugh

The Sore Parting is Only Temporary.

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED TURNER, K.C.B.

Were I with people who had lost dear ones in this world-devastating war, which has been forced upon the world by the infamous Moloch of Germany, I should ask them to apply to that bloodthirsty monster the curse of the Elfin King in "The Lady of the Lake":

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

Then, to turn to the brighter side, I should try to bring comfort to the "withered hearts" by reminding them that the sore parting with their dear ones, is only temporary, and that those who have given their lives on this physical plane for their country in the cause of freedom, liberty, and the Right in this holy war of liberation against cruelty, tyranny, and the wrong will be promptly received into the *Father's* house, in which "there are many mansions," there to await the coming of, and reunion with, those loved ones whom they "have lost awhile."

"We are told in divine writ that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." For their country and their friends our gallant soldiers and sailors are laying down their lives, and this shall surely be counted to them for righteousness. *For God is Love.*

Christ preached the gospel of love, while the Kaiser, his evil counsellors and his people, preach and practise the gospel of hate, of brute force, of cruelty, of all that is abhorrent to the great God, who, as Bacon wrote, "alone hath no beginning." Surely, as surely as night follows day, they too shall receive their just reward in outer darkness, "where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."



They are Living on Still as truly as We are here.

From the REV. FRANK COX, Wesley's Chapel, London.

In reply to your letter of yesterday, the glorious truth I am trying to impress upon my people, especially those who are in sorrow, is that those who have passed from our sight through the mystery of death are living on still as truly as we are here.

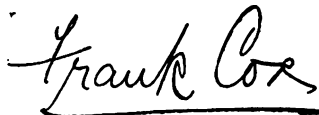
Do not let us dwell too much on the manner of their passing, which does not affect their state. Death, in itself, is no more terrible on the field of battle than on a bed at home. Their bodies may lie in unmarked graves or deep in the silent sea, but their lives are going on, with all their faculties freer and more active in the ampler spaces they have reached.

To many questions concerning their experience we have no answers, but all that is really essential for us is contained in this—they live on within the sphere of God's love and care. There is nothing infinite love can do that is not being done for them and with them.

Much of our perplexity and distress arises from a strange fear that they may be the victims of some capricious power, or that under some vast system of penal laws they may not get fair treatment. If only it were left to us to determine their condition and experience. . . . Hush! Is the Eternal Father less loving and wise and strong than we? What foolishness! Let us not yield to any such misgiving. If God gave them back into our care would they fare better than in His gracious and mighty hands? That cannot be. "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."

As is the tiny daisy to the whole vast glory of Spring, of which it is but one specimen; as is the flicker of a candle to the sun, from which it has come; as is the drop to the ocean, which is its source, so is our little love compared with God's, and so are our poor plans and wishes to His eternal purposes.

In life and death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
And He is there.



The High, Heroic Memory of Their Sons.

From Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, B.A., Novelist and Dramatist, Author of "Children of the Ghetto," &c.

IT HAS been more than once my melancholy task to try to console bereaved mothers, but I have never been able to point to any source of comfort except the high heroic memory their sons had left them. To suppose that this tragic butchery could be circumvented by immortality would be to deprive death of its reality, heroism of its substance, and war-makers of their guilt.



The Help can only Come from Within.

From Sir W. H. LEVER, Bart., Hon. A.R.I.B.A., Chairman of Lever Bros., Ltd., Port Sunlight.

I feel most sincerely and deeply for all those who have lost dear ones in this barbarous war, and if tears would help them I would desire that mine should flow in living streams. But tears are powerless; the help can only come from within each of us, whatever trouble we may have to bear. Sympathy may be soothing, but it is also softening. To be the recipients of pity is painful and pitiable.

It is the duty of the living to do all that one generation can do to make the recurrence of such barbarisms impossible in the future. This can only be done by cultivating the right atmosphere of thought. All war has sprung from wrong thinking; there never was a war that so manifestly has sprung from wrong thinking as the present war. The Germans claim that an All-merciful Father in Heaven looks with an approving eye on their murderous villanies, and that the world will be better for this scourging. Such blasphemous thoughts of our Heavenly Father would be incredible in a Congo cannibal, and only show how wrong thinking can take root in presumably civilised people.

My message, therefore, to all fathers, mothers, wives, sisters and lovers mourning for their dear ones would be to do all they can from this time forward to bring about right, sound thinking on the barbarism of war, so that their children's children may never endure the agony and distress of mind they themselves have had to go through. It is only so that every reform has been carried out. The lesson that the suffering has taught has been learned, and the high-minded have bent their energies to the task of the prevention of the possibility of recurrence. They are not to endure their present suffering with patience, nor will they find consolation in meekly and feebly mourning their losses, but only in a full and complete life-service in the prevention of their future recurrence.



A Sphere of Holy Calm and Rest.

From DR. WM. WYNN W. SCOTT, Chief of the Rosicrucian Society of England.

As a firm believer in re-incarnation I am confident that those who have lost their lives in the work of suppressing the barbaric military and naval actions of the Germans in the present war, will have passed away from suffering bodies into a sphere of holy calm and rest where their souls may and will be refreshed, and whence they will in the future return to dwell once again in human coats of skin, and will then experience lives of even greater worth, of lesser trials, and will exhibit more exalted mental and moral faculties.



England Honours Your Hero Gone.

From Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN, Author of "God and the Ant," "The Experiences of a Recruiting Officer," &c., &c.

First let me say that in the presence of a sorrow as sacred as you indicate, I fear I should have nothing to say, other than a grasp of the hand, or, at most, the words (spoken with head bowed in reverence), "God comfort and support you in your great sorrow."

If I were pressed to say more, I could only add: "It is a sorrow which surely is not all sorrow. You have given the dearest thing you have—dearer even to you than your own life—for England, for honour, and for humanity. Time, in God's mercy, may soften the keenness of the blow; but, though your sorrow endure for a lifetime, your loved one's honour and glory, which are your honour and glory, and your noble pride in him and in them, are yours and his for ever.

He died a hero's death, fighting on the side of the Angels, in what some of us believe to be the supreme and perhaps despairing last effort of all that makes for what we call Hell, against all that makes for what we call Heaven; but, in any case, against a Kaiser and Krupp-made crime, conceived and carried out by spying, treachery, lying, poison, rape, outrage and murder, unparalleled for bestiality in the history of the world. This war is the greatest crime against God, against Christ, and against Humanity since the Crucifixion.

That all is well—greatly, supremely, immeasurably well—with your loved one, you may rest content. If he were a God-fearing lad before the war, you know that he is with God and in Heaven. Even if he were thoughtless, as the young so often are, had not as yet come to think as seriously about serious things as you could have wished, and so went out to fight light-heartedly and carelessly—even so, to do a great thing carelessly, to do it without counting the cost, and merely because honour, duty, and manhood called, is sublime. For all his thoughtlessness and carelessness, he is—by the making of the Great Sacrifice of his young life, that others may live—nearer to Christ and His Cross, and surer of Heaven, than perhaps some of those whom we account and acclaim as "saints."

The only son of this home is fighting. To one who would have kept him back for his mother's sake, he answered: "Better a son's life lost for his country than a coward saved at the expense of honour and manhood." That is the spirit in which our soldiers have gone forth, and shall we be less brave?

And so, dear mourner of a hero gone, dear sister, dear brother in nationality and in humanity, I ask to join hands with you in the hour of our common sorrow, our beloved country's hour of trial. Farther to intrude upon a sorrow so sacred as yours, with attempted word of consolation, I dare not. You need no word of mine to tell you where and to Whom to look for comfort and strength. England honours your hero gone: God, and God only, can heal your broken heart.

I long for household faces gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God has led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

Coulson Kernehan

The Veil which Separates Us is Very Thin.

From Mr. G. C. SANDER, F.R.P.S.

You ask me what I would say to a roomful of bereaved, mourning the loss of the dear ones who had fallen victims of this gigantic upheaval of the human race—and many hundreds of rooms could be filled with heart-broken people at present.

I would tell them that although nothing on earth can ever compensate us for the loss of the physical presence and companionship of the loved ones who have passed over, yet I would ask them in sincerity and love to try to realise the fact that the grave is not the end of man, and that those who have passed from their presence have not gone to an unknown distant Heaven, whence they cannot return and communicate with us, but that they are more alive and active than those living in the flesh. They are, indeed, far more with us, and nearer us, than is ever dreamt of by the generality of mankind.

Though the loss of their presence is keenly felt, and will only be mitigated by the mellowing influence of time, the separation is more apparent than real. The veil

which separates us from our dear ones in Spirit-land is but very thin, and can easily be pierced by those who have the earnest wish to do so. They then will find that their loved ones have entered upon a larger and fuller life, where sin, pain, sorrow and the limitations of our present existence are no longer experienced. They have not changed their characteristics or their individuality, but their life is one of progress and congenial activity.

Suffering and destruction have no place in the Beyond. Love, happiness, peace, the assimilation of the lessons learnt during their earth-lives, and subsequent attainment and spiritual advance amid ethereal surroundings, and scenery of exquisite beauty far surpassing anything on earth—such is the life, the real life, in the Beyond.

There, when our own time comes, we shall meet them. It will be heaven for us, too, if we have made the best

of our lives while in the flesh.

I cannot prove to you what I am saying, but you may believe me that in this solemn matter I am speaking with authority, from certain knowledge which I have had the privilege of gaining at first hand. Many there are who can confirm this gospel of gladness and comfort.

Remember—and it should be a great consolation to all the sorrowing ones—that the brave men who have fallen in battle or who have been maimed for life are the martyrs who, by the sacrifice of their life-blood, have helped to lay the foundation of a new civilisation, over which the sun of infinite Divine love will presently rise, to dispel for ever the darkness of brute force, of greed, arrogance, hatred and selfishness. It will be the dawn of a new age. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy!

From Mr. A. P. SINNETT, Vice-President of the Theosophical Society.

I have just returned from a country visit, and find your letter asking for my message to those mourning for soldiers lost in the war. It was fully given in my little book, "The Spiritual Powers and the War," which probably you have seen. If you quote page 47 and as much more as you like, you have my answer.

A. P. Sinnett

The Loved Ones are now Nearer.

From the Rev. A. J. WALDRON, Vicar of Brixton.

FROM REV. A. J. WALDRON, THE VICARAGE, 67 BRIXTON HILL, S.W.

TELEPHONE-BRIXTON 882

Sept 15.

Dear Mr Lewis, I have had to comfort many sorrowing wives - seen men dying in the hospital. There is only one message. There is no death, but there is a gate, we must believe in the Reality of Spirit-Communion, the doctrine of the Communion of Saints which our Church has so widely overlooked. Let us believe that what is called death is really a beautiful thing & that the loved ones are now nearer & more capable of helping us in their sphere. I wish you every success & your work is the most important contribution to religion. Affectionately A. J. Waldron.

The Parting is only Temporary.

From Mrs. BAYLEY-WORTHINGTON.

To those who, through the War or otherwise, are mourning the loss of dear ones, I would say:—

Try (however difficult) to put your grief aside, and concentrate on trying to help, with your loving thoughts and prayers for their spiritual progress, those who have passed into the world beyond. Your excessive sorrow tends to keep them tied to the earth plane, and hinders their spiritual development.

Endeavour to realise that they have gone where no physical pain exists, that the parting is only temporary, that you will meet them again when it comes to your turn to quit the material body, or that you can, while on earth, open up a means of communication through a reliable spirit medium or clairvoyant.

Feel thankful to the Divine Power and loving Spirit that permeates the Universe, that in the vast scheme of Creation there is Everlasting Life for each one of us.

Having had (and still having) many varied daily experiences of a Psychic nature—clairvoyant, clairaudient, and clairsentient, beyond the limitation of my five senses—that prove to me the existence of spiritual beings, I feel competent to state that there is absolutely no doubt whatever as to the continuation of man's life into an unseen world, of no limitations.

Man passes at the change called Death, in his spiritual body (now in vapour-like form in his material body) into the Spiritual World, carrying with him the memory of his life on earth, his intelligence and individuality. When he passes over, he is at first exactly the same—in Thought, Feeling and Personality—that he was during the latter part of his life on Earth. He may have to repent and atone for any mistakes made while on Earth, but he is then free to rise higher, through his Thoughts and Wishes, into the higher Spiritual Spheres.

The Spiritual World is the real world, and the Spiritual Life is the real life—and the life everlasting.

Socrates, the Greek philosopher, knew of the life beyond, and exclaimed: "Have I not told you, O Cicero, that the body is *not* Socrates?" He selected the Butterfly as an emblem of immortality, and Mrs. Gatty has done the same in her little parable of the Butterfly and the Caterpillar.

A LESSON OF FAITH.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."
—Pope.

"And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal Spirits tread:
For all the boundless Universe
Is Life—THERE ARE NO DEAD."
—Lord Lytton.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say Rejoice."—St. Paul.

"All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."—Job, xiv. 14.

"I've Got Half my Family Ashore!"

From Mr. ALFRED H. MILES, Author, Composer and Editor.

A nation in tears has the foundations of the bridge of hope well and truly laid. Its pride has been subdued, and in its humility it turns from the confidence in self that brought it low to faith in that other than itself that makes for righteousness. Let all who sorrow look up through their tears to the sun of righteousness, and the bow of eternal hope will span for them a transfigured world.

Three children had wandered from my friend's side at the call of the Angel of Death. I offered him my clumsy consolations, but he said me nay. "Congratulate me if you will," he said, "but no condolences. I feel like a shipwrecked man, and I've got half my family ashore!" The half I counted lost was the half he reckoned safe. Surely it is better for all of us to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of man, for there we have the sure and certain hope that even for the very worst of us

The best that can be will, I wis,
For all's in the hands of the best that is.

Alfred H. Miles.

A Holy War.

From the Rev. J. STRATTON, M.A., Wokingham, Berks, a well-known Humanitarian.

The best source of comfort for fathers and mothers, whose sons are fighting the nation's battles, must surely be found in the conviction that the latter are risking their lives in a righteous cause.

The German seeks to crush liberty in peaceable, neighbouring countries. Englishmen, French, Russians, Servians and Italians are trying to defeat this wicked German movement, at whatever cost, and the war they are waging is, therefore, a holy war.

Britons, who fall in the conflict will leave a glorious memory behind them. This ought to be a balm for sorrowing parental hearts.

The great thing is to maintain the strife without hating the foe or treating him cruelly. Those who can do this are real Christian warriors, and can ask the blessing of the Almighty on their endeavours.

Let fathers and mothers, whose bosoms are now racked with anguish, remember the words of Paul, I Thessalonians, iv., 14—"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."

J. Stratton M.A.

They shall Lay it Down in One Great Gift

From Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, Novelist and Dramatist.

*The best use to which we can
put our life is to spend it in
service. To live with many
years of labour to others the
call is made that they shall
lay it down ⁱⁿ one great
gift. ^{And} maybe they are the
more blessed*

Jerome K. Jerome

I Look for the Silver Lining.

From Miss ELSA LEIGH, Bristol.

A world in tears! Yes, that is true, but the day-star from on high is shining upon it, to illumine the minds of men with light—if the people will but look up and see.

A new and higher era is upon us, born of this very strife, and Science will undoubtedly find many more handmaids ere long to convince her that THERE IS NO DEATH.

And what a fine advocate for spiritual faith is Nature herself! For God in effect is Nature, and those who know Him there find comfort and His teaching everywhere.

There are many things in Nature which cannot be seen or even felt, as any chemist can prove, but these things nevertheless do exist. Why, then, should we deem it impossible that the spirits of our dear ones may be near us, just because we cannot see them with mortal eyes?

As one who *knows* that there are no dead, that "God is in His Heaven," and not only there, but in every particle of nature and substance we see around us, I look for the silver lining behind this dark cloud—to be revealed in His own good time by Him who has said, "I am the Light of the World."

The Portal Leads but to Glories Passing Mortal Ken.

From Mr. JOHN OXENHAM, Author of "John of Gerisau,"
"Barbe of Grand Bayou," &c., &c.

I am glad to hear you are on deck again. I began penning you some lines, then remembered enclosed, and thought it so just the thing—being a reminder of W. T. Stead, too—that I send it along as the best possible:—

CHRISTS ALL!

Our Boys who have gone to the Front.

"Be christs!" was one of Mr. W. T. Stead's favourite sayings. Not "Be like Christ!"—but, "Be christs!" And he used the word, no doubt, in its original meaning—anoined, ordained, chosen. As such, we, whose boys have gone to the Front think of them. For they have gone, most of them, from a simple, high sense of duty, and in many cases under direst feeling of personal repulsion against the whole ghastly business. They have sacrificed everything, knowing full well that many of them will never return to us.

You are all Christs in this your self-surrender—
True sons of God in seeking not your own.
Yours now the hardships, yours shall be the splendour
Of the Great Triumph and THE KING'S "Well done!"

Yours these rough Calvaries of high endeavour—
Flame of the trench and foam of wintry seas.
Nor Pain, nor Death, nor aught that is can sever
You from the Love that bears you on His knees.

Yes, you are Christs, if less at times your seeming—
Christ walks the earth in many a simple guise.
We know you Christs when, in your soul's redeeming,
The Christ light blazes in your steadfast eyes.

Here, or hereafter, you shall see it ended—
This mighty work to which your souls are set.
If from beyond—then, with the vision splendid,
You shall smile back and never know regret.

Or soon, or late, for each—the Life Immortal!
And not for us to choose the How or When.
Or late, or soon—what matter?—since the Portal
Leads but to glories passing mortal ken.

O Lads! Dear Lads! Our Christs of Go!s anointing!
Press on in hope! Your faith and courage prove!
Pass—by these highways of the Lord's appointing!
You cannot pass beyond our boundless love.

John Oxenham.

God Calls the Boys in from the Night.

From Mrs. KATHARINE TYNAN, Irish Novelist and Poet,
Author of "A Daughter of Kings," "Betty Carew," &c.

Will this do for a message of comfort? It has given
great comfort wherever it has reached.

Lest Heaven be for the greybeards hoary,
God, Who made boys for His delight,
Goes in Earth's hour of grief and glory,
And calls the boys in from the night;
When they come trooping from the war
Our skies have many a new gold star.

Forget! God smiles to see them merry,
For His own Son was once a boy;
They never shall be old and weary,
But of their youth will have great joy,
And in the playing-fields of Heaven
Shall run and leap, new-washed, new-shriven.

Now Heaven's by golden boys invaded,
Scaped from the Winter and the storm,
Stainless and simple as He made it,
God keeps the boy's heart out of harm.
The old, wise Saints look down and smile,
They are so young and without guile.

Oh, if the sonless mothers weeping,
The widowed girls, could look inside
The country that hath them in keeping
Who went to the great war and died,
They would rise and put their mourning off,
Praise God, and say: "He has enough."

Katharine Tynan (Hilton)

Our So-called Dead are Here among Us.

From Mrs. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, Novelist and Artist.

Not only in England, but from all corners of the earth, that great cry—WHERE ARE OUR DEAD?—is reaching out into space for an answer, and to those who have ears the answer will come—faintly at first, but certainly for all that.

Our so-called dead are here among us, sharing our lives, conscious of our actions, eagerly seeking to re-establish communication with those they love. This is not mere picturesque hypothesis. To those of us who have made these matters their study it is *fact*, demonstrable, and surely within the bounds of not only possibility, but reasonable probability. And when we know that the longing for conscious communication does not exist on this side of the veil only, but is quite as eagerly sought on the other, how can we sit idly bewailing them, doing nothing to help them, deaf to their cry, unresponsive to their efforts to draw attention, until at last they give it up in bitter despair?

I know a case where a mother who had found the blessed link between the two planes of existence was told by a soldier son lately passed over: "It is such a joy to speak to you; you are the only one in the house who does not think I am dead!"

And why not? Why the dogmatic assertion that communication between the two planes is impossible? On what grounds is it based? Certainly not on anything to be found in the Bible. We know the vibrations of physical matter, when reaching a point at which our five senses can no longer respond, can be registered by still finer instruments—the camera or the sensitive flame. When these instruments in turn fail to respond to still subtler vibrations, is it reasonable to suppose that those vibrations cease? If continually be the law—the law which Christ proclaimed He came to fulfil, not to destroy—then the casting of the physical envelope (so-called death) is no more than the taking of this almost imperceptible step on the road of an orderly evolution. There is no sort of a continuity in a sudden leap from man to angel.

Some may object, there can be no perfect bliss for those on the other side so long as they are cognisant of our griefs and failures; but are there any among us who have earned perfect bliss? And of all those who, passing over in this cruel war, have found the link of communication between us, there is not one who would return if he could, not one who does not say he is happier than was ever possible here, and in a far more glorious country.

As for the right or wrong of this spanning of the gulf, what has science done all through the ages but span gulfs? God placed a gulf between London and Edinburgh, but we have spanned it with the telephone. Is that wrong? Those that seek shall find: all prayer is answered—even for the spanning of the gulf—and love has found the bridge. And while we argue and hesitate, shivering on the threshold, those voices call to us—our "dead," alive and close to us—their greatest grief lying in our attitude towards them, in the ears that will not hear, the understandings that will not see, that along this road lies the removal of Death's sting, and gives to the grave a barren victory.

R. Ch. de Crespieny

No Message likely to be Comforting.

From JOHN GALSWORTHY, Esq., celebrated Novelist and Playwright.

I am sorry, but I'm afraid that I should be quite incapable of sending you any message likely to be comforting to people holding accepted views of life, whether mystic or religious. I'm afraid most people do hold such views, and I therefore refrain. I am sorry.

Mr. Galsworthy

From Mrs. MABEL COLLINS, Author of "Light on the Path," &c.

So far as I have any message to the World in Tears it appears in the August number of the *Occult Review*.

Love is the Supreme Hieróphant.

From Miss CHARLOTTE E. WOODS, the well-known Lecturer on Philosophical and Psychic Problems.

I yearn to impress upon all who are mourning their nearest and dearest the inconceivably purifying effects of voluntary sacrifice. I believe it to be a fact which both psychical science and the laws of life alike support, that by the supreme renunciation—that of life itself—the slow individual development of ages may be compressed into a few heroic days or weeks or months, and a man may reach at a bound what by normal processes of growth could not be attained in this period of evolution at all. A great act—and the lives of our soldiers are the records of great acts—such as the voluntary and deliberate incurring of the highest risks for national service may absolutely neutralise shortcomings of character, with their consequent penalties, and set the soul on its way to further progress with a perfectly clean slate. For love, whether of fellows or country, is the supreme Hieróphant, initiating the departed hero into an order of being so much higher relatively than the present that the sacrifice, even of life, will seem but a small thing for so great a compensation.

This fact of the lifting of those who have proved themselves capable of heroism to a higher plane than they could have reached in the normal course of after-death events has been repeatedly emphasized by psychics during the war. Every man who has in him the power to love his country unto death finds himself placed on the road to the realisation of his highest capacity. What that highest is will vary with each individual, as also the conditions best fitted for its promotion, but that it will consist in an extension of powers hitherto undreamed of here we can hardly doubt—an extension which enables the enjoyment of higher orders of experience, *without loss of touch with loved ones left behind*. For that greater life they are entering upon must include the lesser they have left; otherwise it would not be greater, but only different.

It will be a life of many stages—in the earlier a period of rest and peace with friends of larger knowledge than their own, and then a resumption of work for the new civilisation which we believe is to emerge from the multitudinous agonies of the present.

C. Woods

Consolation just now is the Prime Need of the Afflicted.

From Mr. DAVID GOW, the Editor of *Light*.

I willingly respond to your request for an expression of opinion.

I believe that the time is ripe for a strong affirmation of the spiritual nature of man and of all that it implies—death as merely an incident in the life of the individual soul and the possibility of intercourse between the living in this world and the more truly living in the world beyond.

Of the immeasurable comfort which such a faith and knowledge can supply to all who mourn for their dead it is needless to speak—the fact is so evident. Consolation just now is the prime need of the afflicted, and that aspect of the truth may well be emphasised above all the rest, although it is a source of strength and courage for all who fight the battle of life, as well as for those who have to face the pain of personal bereavement. It is a truth that should be set forth in all its purity and simplicity unencumbered by the mass of fantasy and theory in which the too fertile imaginations of some who preach the doctrine would seek to surround it.

A life after death, reasonable and natural, the outcome of the orderly processes of Nature, as designed by Eternal Beneficence—that should be the teaching. And it should be clearly maintained that the evidences of a future life are more positive and normal when conveyed along spiritual lines by the awakening of the intuitions and aspirations.

Physical demonstrations are necessary in some cases, but should not be so in all. Psychic phenomena when unwisely and persistently pursued may prove elusive, perplexing, and unsatisfactory. They should be the groundwork only—the stepping stones to higher things.

D. Gow

The Great Father has not Left us in Darkness.

From Mr J. J. MORSE, Editor of the *Two Worlds*, Manchester.

The sorrows of the heart are not to be lightly intruded upon. But no one with a heart that feels for another can watch the spectacle of a world in tears unmoved. In such a crisis as is now upon the world, the eye of faith is dimmed with tears, and "the substance of things hoped for" is almost obscured by the grief of immediate loss of the beloved. The bereaved are restless with a profound distress, some may bitterly resent the event that so untimely cuts off husband, brother, lover and dearest friend. To such the ordinary consolations of religion fail in their customary appeal. Rachel mourns and will not be comforted because "her children are not." Even the most stoical and sceptical "feel the dint of pity," and we all ask why should the trials of these days be?

Is there no glint in the gloom? Surely the Great Father has not left us in a darkness that cannot be pierced? No! There is light in the murk, hope that can be transmuted into fact. There is more in death than dying, for the wide world's hope of a future life is not all in vain.

Personally I know this to be the case. I have suffered bereavements, have missed the old familiar presences. But I am comforted, for the stilled voice has spoken to me, the vanished hand has reappeared. The voice from the Beyond has sounded its message in my ears, for the dead have not departed, they have only taken another step along the highway of life. For nearly fifty years the knowledge of communion between my loved ones who have "crossed the bar" has been my priceless possession. Of that I have no doubt at all.

So my message of comfort is, that as I have found, so may you. The gates of Life are never closed, while the bars of death exist only in our imagination. Seek and you shall find, ask and you shall receive, knock and it shall be opened to you. Man's survival of bodily death is a demonstrable and a demonstrable fact, as millions have realised. The next life is a higher life for all, but those who dwell therein are not shut off from those on earth. The consolation that Spiritualism affords is within your reach. Try for it, prove it, and when found it will restore your faith in the goodness of God, and you will be able to say in full trust

"Heaven shall make perfect our imperfect life."

J. J. Morse

From Nurse H. B. RAMSAY.

My love and sympathy goes out to "a world in tears," and I wish I could give it my eyes and ears—to see that its loved ones are not dead, but living, and to hear the loving whispered messages they try to give as soon as they know they can return. They say, "I am here to dry your tears. Put flowers on your table, set the vacant chair near you, and pray to be able to know that your loved one is filling it."

I know it will not be in vain. I know that I can converse with those beyond the mist, and what I can do, so can you. "Seek and ye shall find, knock and the Gate of Light will be opened unto you." And your tears will be dried by the loving messengers of light who are ever waiting to minister to you.

The Gate of Light before us stands—
We've travelled from the shadow land.
In doubt and darkness oft we've been,
But yet the guiding Hand unseen

Has brought us here.
And, in the light of endless day,
We greet the loved ones, who once seemed so far away.
For unchained souls mount up the golden stair,
And greet each other, here and there and everywhere.
And naught can chain the soul to mortal clay
When once the child of God has found the better way.
Love, wisdom, truth has formed the power
That made us see the goal, e'en in the darkest hour,
And in the darkness we could feel the hand
Stretched out to draw us near,
And hear the voice: "Faint not, for I am here."

Dear sisters and brothers, if the loss of your loved ones encourages you to set out to find them, their great sacrifice and yours will not have been in vain. Don't trouble about believing what you hear, but set out and know for yourselves. I know your efforts will be crowned with success.

"Let us Mourn them Sweetly and Proudly."

From Dr. JOSIAH OLDFIELD, Founder of the Humanitarian Hospital of St. Francis, the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, &c.

For those of us who have not stood—and stood unafraid—where the bullets whistled and where the shells burst; and where the whimper of death and the roar of destruction encompassed us around, it seems almost a mockery to sit in security and talk of "comfort and comforting."

"Almost," perchance, but yet not quite, and so would I at your request, utter aloud the things which help me to face the partings.

I ask myself: Do I really grieve for the one who is gone, or is my grief essentially a sorrow for myself because I am left lonely?

Most sorrow is selfish, and therefore the greatest consolation against such sorrow is unselfishness.

I mourn and mourn about a young life cut off, a precious life wasted, a gracious personality lost, but when my heart aches dully and monotonously, or is torn acutely and unbearably, it is not for some precious life of hearsay, but always for someone who has come closely into my own life.

It is because there is a blank or a raw place left in my own life that my heart aches so badly.

At the bottom of most grief lies selfishness, hide it how I may. The best consolation for that form of sorrow is the culture of unselfishness.

To cultivate unselfishness, the heart must be sown thickly with the seeds of compassion. The old desert father bade a broken-hearted brother who had lost his all—wife, son and home—to go and visit the sick, and to carry food and water to those who were dying in prisons.

To-day there is a call for work—and ever more work; and for those whose souls are torn with great gaping wounds, there is no drug more potent to bring ease, no balm more soothing, no treatment more healing than the active day-long, night-long caring for the broken and wounded comrades of those who have gone.

There is infinite scope of pitiful work for all who are wounded by the irremediable loss of those they have passionately loved.

If I may not mourn selfishly for myself, shall I mourn for the soldier dead? I think not.

My own lot in life is to try to heal the sick, and to give hope and solace to those who are fighting in the last long round with death.

I stand beside the bed of those who are coughing their strength away in slowly ebbing waves for weary months.

I come for a few moments to those who have, night after night, prayed for the dawn, and to whom the daylight—when it comes—has brought no ease nor solace.

I see the babies born to a few years of miserable pining and hopeless wasting.

I watch fine youths and beautiful girls, touched by the finger of phthisis, fade slowly and pathetically to their early death.

I see men and women cut off in the full plenitude of their strength and vigour, and condemned to a helpless decrepitude, and laid as a burden upon their family until death releases the bond.

I see old men and old women, outliving their days and bemoaning the lost crown of their glory, becoming a prosy nuisance to the tide of young life around them.

And then I see a fair young knight, full of the joy of sacrifice for honour and home, sturdily footing it with comrade men, and singing gaily into the very face of death, flushed with the thrilling gladness which comes of brave work bravely done and fear outmastered, and in a moment—painless, sudden, beautiful—the triumphant soul is set free by a bullet or a shell, and the Great God of Battles has crowned the sacrifice with the hallowing touch of golden fire.

I ask myself which of those deaths would I choose for one whom I loved so greatly.

And the answer comes back from all the ages that he who is caught up by the Chariot of God in the heyday of that which is best within him, is immeasurably blest.

Let us, then, mourn our dead sons and brothers, but let us mourn them sweetly and proudly, and with well-ordered garments, and faces anointed with the oil of a great peace, let us take up our work and march on.

Most Comforting Messages.

From Mrs. MYRA COX, Babbacombe.

I can only say that Spiritualism has proved "The Gateway of Life." How difficult it is to pass on the Realisation to others that our dear ones still live and are permitted to commune with us. Quite lately I have received, through Mr. J. J. Vango, the most comforting messages from a grandson who was shot at Neuve Chapelle.

Only One Path of Comfort.

From Lady MUIR MACKENZIE.

I would say to those who sorrow: There is only one Path of Comfort to be found; that is, by eliminating the Personal, and by losing ourselves in the Great Cosmic Love. Let all who sorrow dedicate their lives to place the world on a better basis for generations yet unborn, for

Love with its dome of many-coloured glass
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

T. Muir Mackenzie

From One Translated.

From Miss FELICIA R. SCATCERD ("Felix Rudolph.")

On Tuesday, September 14, my pen was seized by an unseen influence, and I wrote as follows:—

"God is. We survive. I am very happy, as all are ultimately destined to become. This is my message to a sorrowing world, which in my lifetime I could not have penned.—HENRY SIDGWICK.

"Yes, Miss Scatcerd, you said you had no message of your own, so I ventured to interpolate and ask you to deliver mine."

Death is But a Loss of the Body.

From Mrs. BARBARA M'KENZIE, Member of the National Adult School Council, Bayswater, W.

I feel that your republication of the *Psychic Gazette* at this time is most opportune, for never has the need of the world for spiritual comfort been greater.

I read and hear of thousands who are sad, despairing or resentful through the loss by sudden death of those they love, but if they only knew the great truth that death is but a loss of the body, and that the spirit which dwelt within it and which they loved, still lives and loves, and can be communicated with, all life would assume a different complexion.

A wider knowledge of the ascertained laws of intercourse between the two worlds is necessary, and this your *Gazette* will provide, and I hope it will help many to put instead of Christian resignation—which is often only despairing acquiescence—the gladness and assurance of spirit communion, which is the natural right of every member of the human family, and has afforded support and comfort to many.

Barbara McKenzie

Ye Have Won Celestial Heights.

From MR. ERNEST MORLEY MILES, Worthing.

I can conceive of no honour or dignity open to mankind more truly admirable in itself, sweeter to contemplate, more enviable as a crown of glory for those we love and revere the most, than that they should have dared and spent all—even life itself—in defence of humanity's highest interests, at the call of her need, in the night of her agony.

In days of old, such heroes were deified by wondering fellow-countrymen as worthy of all worship for all time. Can we do less for you, O ye heroes of to-day, whose keener knowledge, through awakened intuition, was better aware of the worth and meaning of your high emprise? Hard, indeed, that ye are lost to the dear gaze and dearer clasp of our humanity, but ye have entered the sacred temples of our hearts, to enrich and consecrate them for higher worship, till time shall be no more.

Even then ye will not forget those for whom ye fought and died. Yours are we, "by right of mercy and love's lordliness." Love will preserve you for us, us for you. Are we *content*? Nay, we thrill to your vibration, as ye would have us; transported by the splendour of your achievement. Are ye content? For the moment, perhaps; but you will not be satisfied till your redeeming work shall be completed, and mankind restored again to dignity, order, obedience.

By sublime rally to God's right arm, ye have won celestial heights. Comrades heretofore, knit now in everlasting embrace, will ye not lead us in unswerving fealty to the highest?

Hail, all hail! Guardian Spirits of humanity! Theirs, ours, God's for ever more.

From the Rev. W. Major SCOTT, M.A., George Street Congregational Church, Croydon.

In reply to your question: St. John xiv. 1-3 expresses my belief. I should affirm my passionate conviction that God has revealed His grace, in the appearance of our Saviour Christ Jesus, who has put an end to "death" and brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel.

Unbounded is my Faith in God.

From DR. J. M. PEEBLES, M.A., Ph.D., Los Angeles, U.S.A., Author of "Five Journeys Round the World," etc., and a vigorous and illumined nonagenarian.

Let the black veil be lifted!

Yes, let the black veil be lifted: and let the inquiry go out on the wireless—"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no hope in the overhanging clouds?"

Am I a pessimist? Do I dwell in the foglands of doubt and fear? Do I slumber in a tottering shanty of shadows? Furthest from all this! Unbounded is my faith in God, and in the deeper spirit side of humanity.

Standing upon a persistent trust in the Divine goodness, I see through and beyond clouds and eclipses, beyond all mental, social and theological nightmares.

Above all clouds, turmoils, tempests and great storm centres in the physical, the sun shines; and so, on that higher plane of the spiritual, the sun of righteousness—the Divine Sun of Love and Wisdom—ever shines in matchless glory.

There is no absolute and eternal evil in the universe. Hades, the hell of the ancients, was and now is only a kind kindergarten.

Progress is the resounding keynote in these perilous times. The better and the higher are in the ascendancy. Heavenward all things tend. Oh, blissful faith! Oh! indescribable knowledge! Eternity, how grand! How uplifting the thought!

Gentle reader, listen! You, my friend, brought nothing into this material world but a little naked body, some infantile screams, some inherited tendencies, spiritual possibilities, and a life germ of immortality. How very poor and dependent you were! Now you can take nothing out of this world in passing through death's grim gateway, but consciousness, memory, mental attainments, moral qualities and spiritual treasures—nothing else. Where, and what then? I know, and you know—and you ought to so live as to hear beyond the curtain of change: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Behold now in imagination your waiting friends, your lovely home beyond, with its indescribably beautiful scenery. Wrapt in the beauty of this vision, you will begin to realise that spirit life is an active life, a social life, a disciplinary life, a constructive life and a progressive life, guarded and filled with the presence and the glory of God.

J. M. Peebles M.D.

Learn to Cultivate the Sense of Communion.

From MR. SAMUEL GEORGE, Author of "The War Spirit *versus* The Joy Spirit," etc.

My dear friends,—I am asked for a message of comfort to you who have been bereft of relatives and friends through this terrible war. Let me say that there is no death. Your loved ones have not gone out of existence. They live still and will live on for ever, for there is no death nor annihilation in all God's universe, because God is the creator of life and not of death. As He is the only creator all creation is alive for ever.

Taking this as a basis for reasoning you will be able to realise that those whom you do not now see with the material eye are not dead but living in the world that has spiritual entities in spiritual bodies and not in material ones.

This earth has a spiritual counterpart and in that spiritual place they now live as spiritual beings, just as when they were material beings they lived in this material place.

As there was true love existing between you it still lives because it is true that love knows no death, no distance nor separation, and you will go on living and loving them knowing that they are with you as they always have been, except that they cannot be seen by the natural eye.

They are as near to you now in presence, and in love, as they ever have been, and nothing can ever destroy the love that exists. Therefore weep not, but instead learn to cultivate the sense of communion in spirit that is necessary to keep up the ties that have existed for so long. Learn the spiritual language and how to speak to spirit by spiritual means and you will soon rejoice.

Samuel George

Seek and ye shall find.

From MR. ROBERT KING, the well-known Lecturer on Psychic Topics.

You ask me, "What would I say to those torn and anguished souls who have physically lost their loved ones?"

My message to them would be, "Do not grieve, my dear friends, as your loved ones still exist, are still alive, are, in fact, *closer* to you than ever they *could* be in the body of flesh, are longing that you should *know* of their presence around you, are rendered sad at times by the barrier which your grief places between you, and are longing and working for the day when you too will *know* that what *we* call death is truly the gateway to a higher and fuller life. This is no mere expression of a pious hope, but, thanks be to God, has been *realised* (is known as fact) by many thousands of those who mourned their dead.

Along the lines of investigation and study of Psychical Science definite *proofs* of the statements made above can be obtained by *all* who in trust and earnestness seek the truth.

The command, "Seek and ye shall find," applies to every problem that confronts us, and those who, following this Divine command (oftimes with hearts near to breaking point), have sought, and, according to promise, have *found* that which they were seeking.

May God in His loving mercy guide many to the consolation afforded by the knowledge of this truth, so that they too may joyfully exclaim with St. Paul, "O Death, where is thy sting, O grave, thy victory!"

Robert King

This Change is Good, and Must be Good.

From MR. JAS. L. MACBETH BAIN, M.A., Author of "Christ of the Healing Hand," &c.

I would say, in response to the anguished cry of the bereaved mother's heart, that we do know that her boy lives: yes, is alive now—essentially the same man in every way that he was when he lived in this body of flesh.

I would say to her that he has only cast off the outer garment, and that he has enrobed himself in a new garment, finer far and more fitted to the uses of the fuller life into which he has entered than was the one he has shed.

I would say to her that it is possible for her to communicate with him: and, if she so desires it, and will give him the necessary conditions, it is more than likely she will have this blessed experience.

I would say to her that we know the aforesaid to be facts in truth. We do not merely believe them to be so. We know them to be truths in Nature, for we have had abundant experience to prove them to be true.

Further, I would say to her that this change is good, and must be good, for the boy, as for every human soul. True, we cannot say in the same positive way as of the foregoing that we know this to be so. But that this is so we have every reason to believe, not only from unnumbered communications from the unseen, testifying to the truth of our belief in the eternal progression of life in the human soul, but also from our simple, natural and human faith in God—the Good One—who doeth all things well, and in whom the loved one—even as we all—lives and moves and has his being, as truly now as when he walked on the earth in the familiar form of flesh.

Jas. L. Macbeth Bain

Let them not Find you in Tears.

From MRS. JARMIN, Colchester.

Your loved ones are realising in their newly-arisen state what Divine love had in store for them when, after having sacrificed all they held dear for the defence of their country, they yielded up their spirits to God who gave them. And now, in full emancipation from the thralldom of the earthly trammels, they return to those who mourn, bringing with them the manifestation of the larger hope of immortality. Living and loving still they come to wife and mother, and know by the response of those who are able to realise their presence that they are welcomed.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted"; and through the veil that has been rent in twain by spirit hands your loved ones come to comfort you. Let them not find you in tears, but only with glad smiles of recognition and affection. They can then tell you of their newly-found happiness in intensified life, as the result of duty nobly done, and their added spiritual power to return and bless mankind.

From Mr ALAN LEO, Editor of "Modern Astrology," and Mrs. BESSIE LEO, Author of "The Romance of the Stars," &c.

In considering the question of what one would say to a room of people (mothers, fathers, sweethearts, wives, &c.) of those who have been slain in this awful war, we would tell them that in reality there is no such thing as death except *the death of the body*; that, for the moment, they were asleep and out of their own body; they would be immediately with those they love; that the soul has a knowledge apart from the brain and the body; and that the old, so-called exploded ideas of ghosts, visions, and people who appear to others at the point of death is not false, but a real fact, and that special opportunities are taken on the other side of death to meet, guide, and help the souls of those men who have laid down their lives for their country. For no sacrifice is without avail; and there are at this time a host of Shining Messengers (servers in the great army of the Christ) who stand invisible to physical eyes, but not to the eye of clear vision—ready, waiting for the soul's escape from the body, to take it in charge; veritable Angels of Mercy.

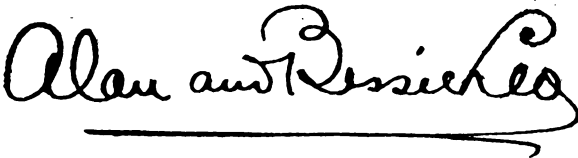
There is a much brighter and happier world on the other side of death, where souls live in bodies of finer material, which no sword or gun is able to destroy; and that for the people who have passed on there is in reality no pain of parting, because they see their beloved one's finer form shining out from the body—at all times, and instead of being with them by day, they are with them by night.

If it were possible to control the anguish of human grief and human heartbreak, if it were possible to still the emotions and go to sleep tranquil and composed, then assuredly would they bring back the memory of being with their beloved ones, and of the conversation they have had with them. The fact is, the swirl of emotion and grief really prevents the brain registering any consciousness of what takes place when a person is out of the body.

War is a time when specially-prepared Messengers, great armies of them, are got ready to instruct and quickly help the newly-dead. Indeed, a death on the battlefield, being man's extremity and thus God's opportunity, at the last moment often produces a vision of the Christ or a Shining Angel, and the man passes in great joy, as a reward for the sacrifice he has made in the flesh. These are a few of the things we would tell those who mourn.

There is a wonderful poem of Browning's in which it says that the great thing which really counts is—What am I worth to God? The soldier who has laid down his life for his country has lived and died a hero. Thus, even amidst the rain of tears and the agony of desolation, to know that husband, father or lover has played a hero's part makes the soul rejoice, to feel sure that the first words that must greet the man on the other side will be, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of our Lord."

This is the welcome of the Christ to the souls who have endured. Alas! we only see with physical eyes, but the eyes of love have fuller vision, and even to-day may it be said, as of old: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."



From Mr. JOHN PATERSON, Glasgow.

The progress of your lad that we watched from birth with such pleasure, not unmixing with anxiety, for it had its ups and downs, is now assured. He goes forward now without a check.

What you thought for him and planned for him will be seen when you look into his face again—you will find it finished up to your dream, nay beyond your dream, and the cruel war of 1914-15 will be seen to be in your hero-boy's life the great opportunity which suddenly brought heaven and all that it means within his reach.



Are you not glad?

From Mrs. ELIZA MACLOGHLEN, London.
"Consolation to the world in tears."

Dear everybody, reasonable souls, are you not glad that your boy went first and left you to mourn him, rather than you went first and left him to mourn you?

From Miss EDITH WARD, of the Theosophical Publishing Society.

My message to a "world in tears" could be no other than that which was given in the midst of another "Great War," centuries ago, on the plains of India. The Blessed Lord, Shri Krishna, said:—

"Thou grievest for those that should not be grieved for. . . . The wise grieve neither for the living nor for the dead.

"Nor at any time verily was I not, nor thou, nor these princes of men, nor verily shall we ever cease to be hereafter.

"As the dweller in the body experienceth in the body childhood, youth, old age, so passeth he on to another body; the steadfast one grieveth not thereat.

"He who regardeth the dweller in the body as a slayer, and he who thinketh he is slain, both of them are ignorant. He slayeth not; nor is he slain. He is not born, nor doth he die; nor, having been, ceaseth he any more to be; unborn, perpetual, eternal and ancient, he is not slain when the body is slaughtered.

"As a man, casting off worn-out garments, taketh new ones, so the dweller in the body, casting off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new.

"Weapons cleave him not, nor fire burneth him, nor waters wet him, nor wind driveth him away.

"Unmanifest, unthinkable, immutable he is called; therefore, knowing him as such, thou shouldst not grieve.

"For certain is death for the born, and certain is birth for the dead; therefore over the inevitable thou shouldst not grieve."—*Bhagavad Gita*.

"It is Impossible to Disbelieve."

From Mr. J. J. VANGO, whom Mr. W. T. Stead once described as "a living link between this world and that beyond the grave."

As a spiritual medium my services are frequently sought by sorrowing humanity, and especially during war time, and I have been able by God's help to bring comfort to many bereaved ones whose relatives and friends have fallen in this terrible war. The best way of comforting them I find is to prove to them that their loved ones still live and are often with them and under given conditions can communicate with them. The following is a quotation from a letter received from a gentleman of high rank in the military service. "In view of last week's experience it is impossible to disbelieve that I have been in touch with one who is gone. I need not and cannot tell you what this means to me."

From the Rev. SUSANNA HARRIS, of America.

You have been good enough to ask me to give you a short message of comfort for the sorrowing ones. I shall record a few brief facts of my humble work for the dear departed ones, and to those who are sorrowing.

A few weeks ago a sweet spirit brought quite a number of dear soldier boys to my room, so that they could realise they had left their body. They all appeared so thankful, and requested to be prayed for.

I have every reason to believe that this glorious work will last throughout Eternity. Often have I been aroused from my sleep to help some dear ones that could not possibly see or believe they had passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

I am always so pleased to help those from the Spirit side. I know that if mothers and loving ones could only see how I try to help their beloved ones, they would send me their kindest thoughts, which are an all-powerful help in the spirit world.

My earnest request is for the prayers of all dear ones to be sent to our noble brothers who are giving their lives for us.

When Love shall Dawn on All the Earth.

From Mr. THOS. S. MATTHEWS, Westbourne Grove, W.

Surely we who live in this eventful period of the world's history are privileged indeed, for, though knowing the suffering and the mental darkness wherein afore-time men's lives were bound, we can yet foresee the splendid promise of the coming day, when love shall dawn on all the earth, thrilling the human heart to a new, undreamed-of life. If, therefore, our present trials stir us as never before, and awake within us grander, nobler impulses, a higher aspiration and a broader charity, I think we shall have gone far in understanding the true import of the present.

Miss MARIE CORELLI, the celebrated novelist, who intended writing us a Message of Consolation for this number, telegraphed:—"So very sorry. Away from home. Impossible to write for Symposium in time.—Marie Corelli." We have, however, arranged to attend Miss Corelli's lecture at Leeds on the 9th October on "The Life Everlasting," with a view to printing a full and sympathetic report in our next issue.

The International Psychic Gazette

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47, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

From Sorrow to Solace.

OPEN LETTER TO A MOURNER.

Other matter had been written for this page, but news received as we were going to press has suggested the following:—

WE received your printed intimation this afternoon. We gather it was yesterday morning he died—far away from you in the Colonial Hospital at Gibraltar. Oh, what a buoyant, glad some boy he was, and so keen to do his utmost for his country! He has given his life. You do not give any particulars. You probably still await them. You feared he might be on the "Royal Edward," which sank in the Dardanelles. We can picture your anxiety hour by hour; how you watched the post, how with sinking heart you read the casualty lists. And then you received that short telegram. It was all over. Once again the world was blotted out for you in the blackness of desolation. It is so short a time since you had similar news of his elder brother. He, too, was far away, and was doing so well on his farm in Canada. Then the tragedy happened. His horses were startled, and bolted; he was thrown off the reaper; he never regained consciousness. And now his brother has followed him. He has "done his bit"—and gallantly, too, we may be sure, whatever the circumstances in which he was placed. You may feel certain they are now together, sharing each other's love and enjoying the undying affection of their mother, who passed over before them. Thank God, you are not as those without hope! You know something of the facts of human survival. You have been in personal communication with those who have gone upwards and onwards. You have good reason to know they are alive still; that they are constantly thinking of you and loving you more than ever. If they grieve at all, it is for you—not for themselves. With them all is well. Read the letter of Mr. Alfred Miles on another page, and see what another father felt in just your circumstances. "Congratulate me if you will," he said, "but no condolences. I feel like a shipwrecked man, but I've got half my family ashore!" Not many years shall pass ere we shall all again be re-united. Physically we shrink from the idea of death, for it tears asunder the bonds that we have been accustomed to regard as all, but spiritually we know that there is no cessation of life—what seems so is but a transition, a liberation from the mortal shell that is of no further use. We cannot imagine a butterfly grieving for the loss of its chrysalis condition. Formerly it crawled upon the stem of a lowly bush; now it can flutter through the whole beautiful garden. Wise old Socrates, before he drank the hemlock, was asked by Crito: "In what way would you have us bury you?" "In any way you like," he replied; "only you must first catch me, and see that I do not give you the slip." Then he turned to his other disciples with a smile, and said: "I cannot make Crito believe I am the same Socrates who has been talking to you. He fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see a dead body. But when I have drunk this poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say: 'Thus we laid out Socrates,' or: 'Thus we follow him to the grave and bury him,' for false words are not only

evil in themselves, but they hurt the soul. Be of good cheer, then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only." Two and a half milleniums have passed since Socrates had this comforting knowledge and high assurance, enabling him to face death with a smile. And we wonder why the world for so long failed to hand on such confidence and dignity before the "last enemy," and rather adopted an attitude of superstitious ignorance and ignoble dread. But, thank God, we are now steadily rising above the narrow-visioned Materialism of past times. Modern scientists have proved that the Apostle Paul was not wrong when he wrote about our having spiritual as well as physical bodies. He was not merely stating a religious doctrine, which might or might not be true. He was referring to a fact in Nature—true for all time. Those who have "the second sight," as you say in Scotland, have seen the spiritual bodies of the dying issuing, perfect and without flaw or blemish, from the physical bodies they leave behind. "So when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass *the saying*—(note that; they knew all about it in Paul's day)—"Death is swallowed up in Victory."

We should like you to read the many beautiful letters and articles in this *Gazette*. They have been written by generous, sympathetic souls who wish to lighten the world's sorrow. They form a wonderful Consensus of Comfort. High dignitaries of the Church, rich in experience and wisdom in the cure of souls, tell you that out of this trial will soon come a fuller, deeper peace, that your boy is more yours than ever, that you will be able to hold sweet communion with him, and that one day all tears will be wiped away—for this life is not all. Ministers eminent in the esteem of their people, remind us that we are in the hands of Infinite Wisdom and Love, that our Heavenly Father will not let His children perish, that Death is but the Portal of a Grand Life, that we must go forward in life—into Life. Some of our country's rulers in Parliament also deign to give us comfort. One says he knows that his own son, who passed on three years ago, is near him still, and another touchingly says that if he were among the sorrowing he would just sorrow too. That is a beautiful human touch. How he must understand the value of silent, sincere, deeply fraternal sympathy! How we esteem such tender compassion! A distinguished general comforts us by his assurance that those who have given of their lives for Freedom, Liberty, and the Right are promptly received into their Father's Home; and we know this must be so, for God is better, more loving, and more compassionate than our highest dream. A well-known Baronet says that if tears would help he would wish his to flow in a living stream. And a great Humanitarian tells us that he who is caught up by the Chariot of God in the heyday of that which is best within him is immeasurably blessed. But I need not refer you to other particular messages of Consolation, for I am sure you will read them all—over and over again, and at each reading find new blessing and solace. Great novelists, accomplished dramatists, far-seeing poets, and inspired teachers, have here entered into a benign conspiracy to place before you a feast of comfort. They all know the human heart, and they are adepts in sympathy. They do not speak to you in halting measures, but full-voiced, triumphant, vibrating with sure and certain hope. Your boy is not dead, but is alive. We shall all miss seeing his face. A few short weeks ago he was here staying with us and was in ruddiest health and happiest spirits. We must emulate his courage and be brave. You must Bear up, Be strong. For All is Well! J. L.

A World of Light and Glory Beyond.

By W. H. EVANS, Merthyr Tydfil.

New readers of the *Gazette* will be interested to learn that Mr. Evans is a humble shoemaker during the week, and an inspired channel of mystical illuminations on Sundays, when he addresses large audiences in England, Scotland and Wales.

WE live in times of stress; in times of sorrow and grief; aye, and in times of great courage.

It is truly a time of testing; when beliefs are in the crucible of sorrow; when people are asking what all this world-strife and discord may mean; and what are the spiritual powers underlying the welter and the woe. It is a time when religion is being questioned more rigidly than ever before. For sorrow creates doubts; it often destroys faith; and the passing of a loved one oft turns the joy of life to dust and ashes.

What, then, can religion give of comfort and consolation? What is the answer it can give to the question — "Where are our Dead?" Has it a practical gospel, a real glad tidings of great joy? or is it to be content with words, which are empty, and with traditions that are dead?

Is faith sufficient, or can knowledge give more? Must it not be a knowledge of spiritual things spiritually discerned? It must be. And thus we find that Faith and Knowledge are complementary to one another. It is essential to add faith to your knowledge, as it is to add knowledge to your faith.

The one outstanding fact of Spiritualism is its triumphant affirmation of man's immortality. It is a living, pulsing, demonstration of man's survival of bodily death. For it not only affirms man's survival, but demonstrates it. Like Paul of old, who said "If Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain," we perceive that if our beloved dead have not risen out of corporeality into the spiritual world, then is our preaching vain, and without the evidence which Spiritualism gives we may have believed in another world beyond this, but we should not have known.

And the revelation which in these latter days has come to us is that the spirit world is real, full of opportunities for personal development, and with the joy of life in rich abundance. A world where our beloved look back to us with hearts full of affection, remembering us, comforting us in our sorrows,

and rejoicing with us when we are glad. A world of happy companionships, of compensations, and, yes, let it not be forgotten, of retributions also. A supremely just world, where law is operative, but love supreme. We know this because our disembodied friends, now in the Spirit realm around us, have come and told us so. And they have bidden us rejoice and not grieve.

So look up, and remember that the sun shines always! There is comfort in that. However dark the night may be, there are ever bright stars in the arch overhead. However heavy the clouds that encompass us, the sun is shining on the other side.

Commonplace? Aye, but is it not the obvious, the commonplace, which we overlook, and because of that lose much of the beauty of life? If we had eyes to see, if our spiritual eyes were opened, we should perceive the golden threads running through all terrestrial things, uniting them into one universal whole. For in the midst of death we are in life. Nothing is truer than that: it is truer than saying "in the midst of life we are in death." For we see, as our vision opens, that death is merely change, and he for whom you grieve, who has given his young life heroically for some far-off ideal, still lives. For it is life that uses matter, which is expressed through matter, and which, when the call comes, goes on to higher and grander expressions.

Rejoice, oh sorrowing one! Be glad and rejoice, for he whom you thought was dead is alive, and he that was lost is found. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. In my Father's house are many mansions." That is the language of truth and sober fact, and therein lies its power to comfort.

My message is summed up in two words, "God understands." He knoweth our hearts, our strength, and our weakness, and in His beneficent wisdom He has provided for all contingencies. Out of His great love He has created a world of "light and glory" beyond this fleeting world of sense. That, not this, is our Abiding City!



THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WELCOMES THE DAWN OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE

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Death the Gate of Life.

By WALTER HOWELL.

The author of this paper has been a well-known lecturer in England and the United States of America for a quarter of a century on the philosophy of human survival. He had the great misfortune to be born physically blind, a disability which has been partially overcome; but he has been blest with the compensation of unusually keen spiritual insight, and has a rare gift of sympathetic emotion.

AN ocean of tears rolls around the Empire. There are few homes in all the land where the Angel of Life, men call Death, has not entered.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And lamentations for the dead;
Rachel, weeping for her children,
Will not be comforted.

Surely at this hour of a nation's grief, if men and women have a real gospel to preach, they will comfort the mourners in the land!

Some of us claim to have CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE regarding The Beyond. Mother hearts are calling for comfort. Fathers are praying for more than "a sure and certain hope," and all who have lost loved ones on the battlefield want the assurance that "It is well with their souls." The Spiritualists can minister under these circumstances "as those having authority and not as the scribes."

To us, Death is the Gate of Life. The body dies. The Man lives. The Mind, the Soul, the Spirit, is the Man. In common parlance we say *I have* a Soul. *I have* a Spirit. But in truth we ought to say, *I am* a Mind; *I am* a Soul; *I am* a Spirit; *I have* a body. The sword may kill the body, but cannot touch the Man, the Spirit. Now this is not speculation. It is matter of actual knowledge. We have had, and are still having, evidences of man's survival of bodily death. For more than thirty years I have been making researches in this direction, and can for myself say—I *know* that death is not the end of personal conscious life, and you can be as sure of this as I am, if you will take the trouble to investigate.

If you are contented to accept evidences of continued life as you accept the facts of Chemistry and Astronomy on the authority of those competent to give a verdict, then hear what those who know have to say. But if you cannot believe the statements of others you must make first-hand investigations for yourself. The facts are awaiting your attention.

Where are our loved ones whom we call the dead? They are living in the Spiritual World. Where is that? In the language of Harriet Beecher Stowe, I reply:

It lies about us like a cloud,
That world we do not see.
And the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Mother, your Boy that fell on the battlefield is in that world, near to you, hidden only by a veil of sense. If you look with the eye of the Spirit you shall see your beloved; if you listen with the ear of the Soul you shall hear his voice. Your thoughts are known to him, his thoughts may also be impressed upon your own mind. You only need open your heart to him, and lo! he is with you.

Just as Jesus could say to his disciples—"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you," so our dead ones might assure us before their departure, if they did but understand. The grave is no blind alley. Angels and men have commerce with each other to-day without let or hindrance, save the obstacle of our ignorance or bigotry. Open wide the door to the Angels and they will gladly come in.

Like as the ether embraces all we see, so does the Spiritual World enfold this World of Sense.

You ask—"Is it well with our departed ones?" That depends on how well or ill they lived. You know your own brave Boy. You know better than others his strength and weakness, his wisdom or folly. But God will see to it that no good is lost. Your Boy perhaps gave no token of concern about things which to many good people seem most essential to a life of piety. But your Boy died for his country! Will not He Whom the Christian believes to be the Supreme Sacrifice for Mankind feel a Brother's Love for your Dear Boy who has died for his Nation? Let the Spirit, not the letter, guide you, and then you shall feel sure that to those who unselfishly sacrifice their lives for others, there shall be given the Victor's Palm, the Hero's Crown, and the Conscientious Assurance that God Loves the Hero, as well as the Saint, and that whomsoever God loves must indeed be truly happy.

In the light of Modern Spiritualism we see the fulfilment of the promise, "THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH." And when you are sure that your dear departed one can and does return to comfort you, you also have the glorious consolation of those for whom "TEARS ARE WIPED AWAY."

Weep awhile if ye are fain: Sunshine cometh after rain! It is April with you now, while your tears are falling fast, but even so, the consolations of Heaven are intermingled, like the sunlight glinting through the rain clouds. A many-coloured over-arching rainbow appears, that speaks to your soul of a Summerland where storms of grief never burst. It may now be as night with thy soul, oh stricken one! but does not night bring out the stars, so full of light? Look up, ye sorrowing ones of earth! Those for whom you mourn are not dead, but alive for evermore! When your eyes no longer weep, and the mists of perplexity are cleared away, you too shall know that "TO DIE IS GAIN!"

Think not, beloved, that your dear ones are in the grave! The Resurrection Angels bid you look up, not down. "He is not here. He is risen." If you lift your thoughts to where He dwells, you shall grow more and more conscious of His near presence, and shall realise that where love is, is Heaven, and that place is no barrier to the Spirit.

How cheering the thought that the Angels of God
Do bow their bright wings to the world they once trod.

In communion with our beloved, you and I shall find the consolation the world most needs. In continuing the world's work for which our soldier sons have laid down their lives we shall establish the needful harmony for closer converse with them, and by cherishing their ideals we shall help to realise their dearest hope! Let us, then, live more in tune with the blessed Immortals!

Nothing that has been valuable and good on earth will be thrown away in heaven. Intelligent individuality is one of the essential laws of the human and crowning stage of God's earthly creation. Intelligent individuality is a principle which Revelation gives us overwhelming reason for believing to last permanently on into the future. Intelligent individuality without recognition is self-contradictory and therefore inconceivable. Even a blind person knows his friends. If we take recognition out of the scheme of the future world, then all that the inspired writers tell us of it ceases to have meaning or purpose.—*The Ven. Archdeacon W. J. Sinclair, D.D.*

The loss of life is nothing more than a change. And, in this, the Universal Cause delights, as it contributes to the good of the whole. Thus things have been ordered from the beginning of time and thus they will go on to all eternity.—*Marcus Aurelius,*

A Message of Hope.

By MURIEL BROWN, the English Exponent of New Thought.

Miss Brown truly represents the spirit of the Spring-like gospel she sees rising up out of the winter of our religious discontent. Our readers will find inspiration in the following bright and triumphant contribution.

AS we study the history of the human race, we find one idea permeating the thought of all peoples and all times, and that idea is the belief in the Omnipotence and Omnipresence of Good.

In spite of untold suffering and repeated failure to attain the ideal, in spite of the apparent dragging in the mire of the fair and pure, we find throughout all ages the firm conviction that these things are only temporary, that imperfections are, as it were, a dream, and that the Good, the Perfect, is the Eternal Reality.

Some men have called this Reality "God," and given to it a supernatural personality. Some have recognised it as "Universal Spirit" pervading all things. Scientists have named it "The Great First Cause." And others, though having proclaimed themselves Agnostic with regard to spiritual things, yet have believed in "the Good" in humanity.

It matters not at this moment, which all agree is one of the most critical in the world's history, what we name this Spirit of Good. When big issues are at stake, the small differences of creed and dogma vanish away, and leave all men united in a firm hold on fundamentals. What matters vitally at this moment is that in the clash of discord and strife, in the apparent triumph of chaos and darkness, we keep this following fact clear:—All the time, close to us, is The Absolute Good or God, Perfect Peace, Ineffable Love, the Unity which links together in harmony all nations, all peoples, all things.

You say: "I cannot see this unity, I see no light anywhere; all I can do is to help a little." It is true the world is calling out to us to labour in it; hands and brains must be busy; but the labour will be lighter, the day shorter, if we take a few moments' quiet to believe in The Good. When all outside is discord, we should feel the Infinite Peace: when all around is hatred, we should realise the Love of God which unites even enemies in a common humanity; and when all outside is darkness, we should gaze on the splendour of Spiritual Light.

In this Light alone is man able to see God in it all. It had to be, and I do not say this in any fatalistic sense. I say it because, so long as men

hold the states of consciousness of hatred, jealousy and greed, sending out year after year these thought-forms, there comes a time when they must manifest. Long years of concentration and scientific knowledge devoted to the making of instruments of destruction must inevitably result in their use. Yet so little do we know the working of the law that when war comes to the world, a war of humanity's own making, we speak of it as of some visitation from an outside Providence.

The war and all its attendant horrors are with us, the result of our own law, and since we believe in the Omnipresence of Good, we must find the Good in it.

It is a curious fact that man must be spurred on by suffering to higher development. It is not the

only way. At any moment he can take his destiny into his own hands, and through self-mastery, self-control, and understanding of Life and Law, come into harmony with the great universal plan of evolution. Only the few attain this; the majority, given prosperity, wealth and peace, settle down into self-indulgence, apathy, degeneration, and carelessness, with regard to the things of the soul. Then strikes the hour for rebirth, for regeneration of the race, for the coming of a New Age to mankind, and by stupendous upheavals, by war, pestilence and famine, the old order of things has to die.

It hurts—of course it hurts; is it not hard to have to rise to tremendous effort? is it not hard to let go the things which

made life so pleasant in times gone by; to be left alone and desolate as many are? But there is comfort and health in it all, if we can but see it. The old times are dead, it is true, but it is not only a time of death, but of birth also, and the pangs we feel are birth-throes of a New World, a New Humanity, a New Life for All.

"But what of those splendid young lives that are being sacrificed?" you say. Oh! mothers, wives, sisters, here is good also! In the light of the Spirit, all those who have seen the light tell the same story—THERE IS NO DEATH. The soul of man is eternally co-existent with God, from everlasting to everlasting, in the realm beyond space and time.

Can we prove this? To the materialist there is no proof, but for the awakened soul there is certain knowledge. It is known by swift intuition, but we know it with our reason also; for if there is any



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meaning in life at all, any object in this material order of things, then life here is a training school for something beyond. Imperfect conditions are the shadow of a perfect world; the fleeting touching of souls on this plane is the promise of an eternal union of perfect love in the Spiritual Kingdom.

The change we call "death" cannot separate souls united by true love. The spiritual kingdom is here around us, interwoven with our life. When we can rid ourselves of the old thought of separation, we can then feel the presence of those on the other side, help them, and be helped by them. They, too, are learning great lessons, taking part in the onward movement of the universe towards perfection, and are often the instruments of helping souls on this plane.

We can help them, not by our grief, never by a selfish dwelling on our own sorrow, but by holding the thoughts for them of peace, strength and love—yes, and even joy; joy that they passed on with heroism, self-forgetfulness and honour to their account; joy that in the world's great need we had our splendid men to give for the sake of the generations to come.

What of those wounded and maimed? Remember the healing power of Christ is in the world to-

day, and the world is just beginning to understand how to touch it. Belief in the power of God to heal, belief in the perfect, whole, spiritual man which is the secret of our being helps tremendously the work of restoration. The new spiritual and psychological knowledge gives to the sick and wounded a much greater chance to-day than ever before, and we may all be the instruments of healing our dear ones, not by dwelling in thought on their injuries, but by sending them strong positive thoughts of health and strength.

So we work and help to usher in the New Age, which shall make manifest on earth the ideal of Christianity.

The old conditions must be replaced by a vast international unity, international federation, and a world-wide disarmament. This must be based on a great mutual understanding and love, and through the devotion of science to helping men to live instead of to destroy.

Do not think this ideal too high. Just as war has been created by man's own consciousness, so has man the power to bring in the reign of Christ and Peace and Love. We can all by holding this vision of the future hasten the day when the darkness shall be over and the Sun of Righteousness will arise, with healing in His wings.

Modern Spiritualism.

By HANSON G. HEY, Secretary of the Spiritualists' National Union.

THE great outstanding feature of Modern Spiritualism is its eclectic nature. Alone among the many religions of the nineteenth century it stands out, unshackled by the bonds of dogma, unfettered by any cramping creeds, seeking the truth everywhere, and in everything recognising that truth is not final here on earth.

It has avoided the mistake of the Church, which vainly imagined that it had got truth locked within its walls, and shut its eyes to the possibility of truth outside. Surely we must ever seek truth, not immure it; develop it, not strangle it; and we must foster it, for truth is indeed the rosy cross, which unfolds to the inquiring mind, but loses its fragrance when crystallised as a fossil.

That Spiritualism should have been opposed at its outset was only natural. All new movements have to run the gauntlet of prejudice and bigotry born of hoary tradition, and wedded to authority. But we have no need for antiquated authority. Our God is the living God of to-day; our revelations are here and now. We have no need to wander back into the dim twilight of past ages, for the sunlight of the Divine presence is now, and always has been, and forever will be felt, when men turn their attention to things spiritual, and recognise their Oneness with the Supreme.

Spiritualism teaches us that we are individualised entities in mortal existence, but that we enjoy also a collective life, in that greater existence, the spiritual—as parts of the great Over-Soul, in which we live, and move, and have our very being.

It postulates the idea that each individual human unit is as necessary to the true perspective as all the others; that life if viewed as a picture is made more plain, for then we see that its lights and shades are necessary, that its contrasts, sharp and dividing though they be, in reality make progress more sure. Its heights and declinations too serve as warnings and as inspirations.

Imbued with the idea that we are spirits here and now, we pass on to develop that inner spiritual nature in the only possible way; we follow our intuitive reachings forth into the unseen and regard the fleshly pleasures and appetites as mere incidents of mortality—as merely ephemeral phases of an exist-

ence which transcends time, and space, and matter. Only by understanding ourselves can we hope to understand those who are with us and about us; or the things above and below us, and finally it dawns upon the thinker that he is himself, not only as Tennyson beautifully sings, "a part of all that I have met," but literally a part of all he sees and all he feels. Grasping this, the idea of personal responsibility for the state of things around comes home with redoubled force. We are not only the heirs of the past and the custodians of the present welfare of the race, but we are to a large extent the arbiters of the future.

As we sow now, so will the unborn generations reap. Are we sowing weeds or flowers? Are we in our daily life using to the full that spiritual power that every man brings into the world with him, to make the thought-level of the world higher, and purer, and stronger, to the end that we may successfully resist the wrongs that need resistance if but posterity will reap a rich, rare harvest therefrom?

Spiritualism teaches us to look for the ultimate rather than the present gain, the collective weal rather than the individual good; and in the fellowship of service there need not be the cleavage caused by catechisms, nor division disseminated by diverse dogmas, but rather the union of all spiritual minds, whose souls seek harmony in unity, unity in helpfulness, for well we know that the road to heaven is wide enough for all who will to tread it.

Let us then eschew the narrow ways of men, and seek the path of righteousness, which ever opens out before us as we pass through the gate of love, blending our forces, and uniting our strength, giving what help we can, in the sure and certain knowledge that help will be given us as we need it.

This is the message of Spiritualism, "Brotherhood," in the highest sense of the word; brotherhood not merely of craft, of race, of faith, nay not alone of humanity, but the brotherhood of spirit which maketh all nations one, all men free; which unites us to spheres above, as well as below; and gives humanity the real rendition of the word religion, viz., to bind back, to bind us back, to link us on consciously, to that great Soul from whom we came, in whom we are, and unto whom we return.

"I Should Tell Them My Own Experiences."

By ESTELLE W. STEAD.

HAD I a group of mourners gathered around me, I should sympathise with them on having lost the physical presence of their loved ones, and then I should tell them my own experiences—how I have had proof, convincing proof to me, that my Father and brother are not dead, but very near me, working, living, and loving in the greater freedom of the Spirit World, for they have thrown off their physical body, as an old dress, and with it the restrictions of the material world. I should tell them to be full of joy and hope for it is the same with their sons.

My Father has told me that spirit-bands of helpers have been organised, composed of boys and men, many of whom went down with the *Titanic* and the *Empress of Ireland*, and others who have, as it were, been *thrown* into the Spirit World, and so are able to realise and know better than others the feelings of the soldiers and sailors who are now continually passing over.

These bands meet the boys, take them away and help them to understand, and tell them of the reality of the Spirit World. Some come over hungry, some tired—oh! so tired; others raving; these are comforted and put to rest till they are able to throw off the thoughts of suffering which they have brought over with them.

Then as the boys recover, and realise they are not dead but living, and are able to work and help, they too join the bands, and already many of our soldiers and sailors are meeting and helping their comrades as they arrive.

The first thought of nearly all is to wish to assure those left behind that they are not dead. They come back and try to make them realise, but in many cases they cannot get near, for by grief they build up a great wall of grey mist all around them which it is almost impossible for their loved ones to penetrate.

I would tell our sorrowing ones how our grief hurts those who have passed on, and what comfort it is to them if we will only try to realise that they are still around us, even although perhaps they are unable to make their presence known, and how a kindly loving thought sent out to them that we know they are not dead is of the greatest comfort and help.

To those mourning without hope for a son or a brother because he has not realised God and has been wayward whilst here, I would say, what Spiritualism has taught me, *that no one is so bad or so wicked that there is no hope for him*. I would tell them that Love, which is God, is much stronger in the Spirit World, and even though their boys may have sinned, I would say to those left behind who are stricken with grief: "There is hope for your boys, for they are surrounded by those who are ready to help them to progress, and they will progress if only the wish is there. And in this you also can help them by sending out to them your kindest thoughts, which are really prayers. You will thus enable them to realise your love, and so to progress."

The progress may at first be difficult, as all have to work out their mistakes in the next life, but there are those near them who, once the wish is there, are able to show them how to overcome all difficulties and to encourage them upwards and onwards.

So put away despair, and be full of hopefulness and helpful thoughts for your boys.

That is my experience, and what I have learnt

through communication with my Father and others. I don't ask you to take it on my word alone. If you want to communicate with your boy, you can. You will need to have patience, and to pray that you may be guided aright. You may fail many times, for so much depends on yourself, and grief and despair put up a barrier, and make communication very difficult. Love, calmness and patience break down that barrier. The assurance is there if you will seek it.

My word may not count much with you, but the words of some of our great scientists should have weight. These were men who started to investigate the matter for themselves; they were full of scepticism; but as a result of their investigations they have been compelled to admit the reality of the Spirit World—and not only that, but also the possibility of communion between that world and this.

But even their testimony may not bring conviction to you. Then investigate for yourselves, and if you have patience to overcome unfamiliar difficulties you will achieve an assurance well worth all the setbacks and difficulties with which you may have had to contend, and these will all be as nothing when once you have spoken with your loved one.



MR. W. T. STEAD'S PRONUNCIAMENTA ON SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

MR. STEAD, in reviewing messages he received by automatic writing from the Beyond, arrived at the following conclusions:—

"The first is that death makes no break in the continuity of mental consciousness. Our personality persists with so vivid a sense of its own identity that there is often at first some difficulty in realising that death has taken place.

"The second is that the period of growth and probation is no more complete at death than it is on leaving school, finishing an apprenticeship, or retiring from business. The environment is changed. But the principle of growth, of evolution, of endless progress towards ideal perfection, continues to be the law of life.

"The third is that it is not only possible but lawful, and not only lawful but an absolute duty on the part of mortals, to renew and keep up a loving intercourse with the loved ones who have gone before.

"The practice of communicating with my departed friends has been to me for fifteen years a source of constant inspiration, consolation, and encouragement. My avowal of my conviction on this matter has been employed in order to discount and discredit everything I have done or said or written. But these disadvantages are as dust in the balance compared with the comfort and consolation I have derived from my communications with those on the other side."—See Preface to "After Death," page xxx.



Nought better can man do than break away
From self, and from the world, and wholly pray.
But prayer must not be made of words alone;
Prayer must be made of thought; prayer must be shown
In actions, too—so that the whole life soars
In one pure breath straight up to Heaven's doors.
—*The Brahman's Wisdom*.

The Mystic Portals of the Spirit World.

By W. J. COLVILLE, Author of "Stepping Stones to Spiritual Health," &c.,
Psychic Author, Lecturer, and Traveller.

THOUGH we hear much concerning "gates ajar," and the expression is certainly an appropriate one in many connections, the phrase seems now altogether tame and inadequate, for the mystic portals of the Spirit world are not simply ajar, but have been flung wide open. There are increasing evidences that the barriers between the two states of existence, often loosely termed two worlds, are becoming less and less imposing, and in some instances no appreciable veil whatever separates the terrestrial from the super-terrestrial spheres.

Many and laboured hypotheses have been invented to explain away the actual spiritual communion and fellowship between incarnate and discarnate members of the human race, and numerous are the present-day investigators of psychic phenomena, who, in company with the famous Belgian philosopher, Maurice Maeterlinck, seem at a loss to know just where to place a vast number of startling psychic experiences, which appear to bewilder some people more than enlighten them.

It is probably due to the long-established belief, widely entertained by multitudes, that real spirit-communion is not possible, that there is so much reluctance on the part of many investigators to credit the fact of numerous spiritual communications which we are constantly receiving in a great variety of ways.

The average scientific investigator is not usually swayed by religious prejudices or intimidated by theological anathemas, but he shares the common belief of his place and period, and is unwittingly the subject of hereditary and acquired bias in favour of a repudiation of what is termed "the Spiritualistic hypothesis." To a mind as frank and open to conviction as that of William Stead, however, there seemed no effective drawback to his ready acceptance of convincing evidence, though his early training and later associations would tend to place him at a considerable distance from ordinary Spiritualism. "Letters from Julia" and other publications from his ready pen came at first, as a great surprise to many of his old-time associates and friends, but he never faltered in giving prominence to his convictions, based on what was, in his judgment, unimpeachable evidence of the genuineness of the alleged communications from individuals "passed beyond."

We often hear it suggested that the proofs now constantly being afforded of telepathy or thought-

transference have a tendency to weaken, if not to overthrow, the earlier Spiritualistic position. Such an assertion is scientifically and philosophically groundless, the actual tendency being in precisely the opposite direction.

Before we can reasonably discuss our "survival of bodily death," we must surely seek to acquaint ourselves with who and what we are at present. For if we are to continue to live as the same individuals we now are, though without our present mortal coverings, we surely must desire to get acquainted with ourselves somewhat more than superficially.

If we possess super-physical faculties here and now, and can sometimes exercise them deliberately at will, while at other times (and perhaps more frequently) they manifest themselves spontaneously and greatly to our mystification, we have valid reasons for at least supposing that there is a certain identity between the two kinds of mental or psychic intercourse which we respectively denominate mundane telepathy and supra-mundane spirit-communications.

Laying aside all preconceptions, and permitting facts to speak for themselves, we find the idea of spirit-communion well-nigh universal. The testimony of primitive peoples and of unsophisticated children is well worthy of notice, and it is pedantic rather than scientific to attempt to brush it ruthlessly aside and attribute it in a vague manner to what some reputed savants are pleased to call "undisciplined imagination." Nothing is surely more fanatical and unreasonable than to invent an uninterpreted phrase, and

then to attribute all phenomena that do not come under any class with which we are familiar to that unexplained technicality.

There is immeasurably more proof of direct spirit-communion than there is of "multiple personality," and much else that staggers the intellect and affords no comfort whatever to the bereaved. It is sciolistic, not truly scientific, to be fog a subject with improbable conjectures and extremely complicated improbabilities. The more we learn of natural workings, the more satisfied do we become that the simplest interpretations of phenomena are usually the nearest true.

There are no unnecessary complications in nature so far as we have ascertained. Things are done in a straightforward, simple manner, and with no unnecessary contrivances. We all know that human



W. J. COLVILLE.

affection outlives the passing of friends to an unseen state, and we also know that, through the agency of clairvoyance and kindred means, the ordinarily unseen realms have often been at least partially beheld.

There is nothing unnatural or improbable in the fact of spirit-communion, and it is indeed the height of folly to create a mass of pseudo-scientific hypotheses to explain away evidences which in their simplest form are entirely rational, comforting, and highly ethical.

We find that the more deeply we study Nature the law of supply and demand works universally. Now there is an urgent, continuous, and imperative demand for information concerning the condition of friends who have crossed the borderline between the incarnate and the excarnate state. Proof after proof is being afforded of the reality of a continuous life, and surely in these troublous times, when we need all the support and comfort we can possibly obtain, we should thankfully take advantage of every door that is even a little way open to admit some knowledge of what lies beyond the earthly veil.

The present harrowing war is not without its brighter side if it serves in any degree to pierce the wall of dense materiality which so many people have allowed to form around their consciousness to the extent of rendering the spiritual world an unknown quantity, and life therein an almost unthinkable proposition.

The soldiers who drop their mortal garments on the battle fields are for the most part simply everyday young men, sons and brothers of our immediate friends and relatives. We cannot be indifferent to their fate, and we are surely naturally and rightfully desirous of learning all we can of their new condition and whereabouts.

The intense longing to hear from our departed loved ones which possesses so many of us in these times of anxiety and multiplied bereavements, works in two opposite directions. When we are calm and introspective, and only desirous of gaining spiritual insight, and of finding means whereby to bring consolation to the sorely bereaved, it tends to further develop our sensitiveness and to give us greater command over our psychic faculties. But if we are so deeply engulfed in sorrow and so panic-stricken by reason of the afflictive condition of the times that we are bowed down with grief and sad apprehension, we thereby becloud our inner senses and render it highly improbable that we shall be able to acknowledge psychic revelations through our individual agency.

At such times, and in such mournful conditions, we may, however, receive immense help from those seers and seeresses who are not thus mentally overwhelmed, and through their good offices our friends in spirit, who are earnestly wishful to make us aware of their presence and their continuing affectionate regard, can do much to lighten our load of grief and give us glad assurance that they are living still, and that it is far better with them than we perchance had dared even to hope.

It will not be long before the proofs of spirit-communion will become so widespread and so numerous, through the increasing sensitiveness of the earnestly inquiring multitude in many lands contemporaneously, that it may well be declared that the gates that formerly stood only a little way ajar are now comparatively speaking wide open.

We can all do something to aid in this direction by granting gladly our sympathy and support to the faithful workers who are consecrating their time, means and energy to the furtherance of this noble philanthropic end.

Swedenborg's Science of Heaven and Hell.

By S. E. HAGGARD.

SWEDENBORG tells us that the heavens, or differing spheres of the spirit world, are divided into sections corresponding in their degree to the human form. For instance, in childhood the feet and lower limbs are mostly in active requisition—running, jumping, and such-like, being their chiefest delight. Consequently persons, if removed to the spirit-world during childhood, are allotted a heaven suited to their capacity for similar enjoyment. I have seen in vision a representation of a children's heaven, and very lovely it was, and very happy seemed the children, playing amid flowers, as they had played amid the hay in the physical world.

And this section of heaven seems to suffice until the age when young men and maidens think of love and marriage as the source of the greatest happiness and delight. Consequently, if removed from earth life during that period, they are instinctively drawn to the "conjugal sphere"—so called by Swedenborg—when, if trend of heart and mind be good, they are surrounded by loveliness and joy of every kind and description.

But this, in time, may pall, and a feeling of nausea ensue, causing doubts to arise as to that being the *highest* form of happiness attainable, and ultimately the "conjugal sphere" is left for that corresponding to the "vital organs," when truth is assimilated and falsity cast off, until love to Godhead and the neighbour replace self-love and self-pleasing, and hands and arms stretch forth in loving

tenderness to those in need, and they become "fellow-workers together with God" in will and in deed.

And when this stage of progression has achieved its end, the sphere of spirit-life is entered upon, corresponding to the breathing powers, when freedom from ignorance, pride and self-will is perfected to the full, and the soul and spirit are free to soar upwards and onwards until the crown or "brain of heaven" is reached, when the *best* of all the other spheres blend in beautiful proportions, and the bliss of knowing Godhead, and the understanding of all His ways and works, gives that satisfaction which is spoken of as "life eternal," and which is in very truth the "at one-ment" with Godhead and goodness.

The hells of the spirit-world are not stated by Swedenborg to be in orderly correspondence to the human form—no childhood's sphere being a necessity therein. Perchance the saying, "Whom the gods love die young," may mean before evil propensities have so impregnated their nature as to make it impossible that anything save a continuance of evils should be desired or enjoyed. Such being sometimes the case, the fire of vicious lust eventually consumes every faculty, and thus they destroy themselves out of existence.

Such is a simple outline of heaven and hell, according to the science of Swedenborg. If it should stimulate to a striving after fitness for a higher and still higher degree of spiritual perfection, it will not have been written in vain.

The Twelve Tribes of the Zodiac.

I.—ARIES THE RAM.

By LEO FRENCH.

ARIES THE ACTOR.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?

THE path of Aries is the path of action. In the ranks of Aries are found the Church-Militant, and the Pioneer Clan Universal, recruited from all kindreds, nations, tongues and peoples.

Certain broad characteristic qualities distinguish the genus Arian, though there are many varieties within the species. The racial mark is the desire for action. In the higher specimens of the tribe desire becomes will, and includes that dauntless zeal in overcoming, that power of achievement "against odds," which characterises the typical pioneer. "I triumph" is their life-motive: danger is no impediment, obstacles cannot bar their progress, difficulties are welcomed as occasions of conquest. In the lower (less evolved) specimens, this zeal degenerates into restless irritability and a tendency to initiate without force to "carry through" plans and projects. These characteristics make the young Arian a trying member in a family circle. Divine discontent, as exhibited by Aries in the "infant ram" stage, is marked in domestic annals with such phrases as "impossible to please," or "nothing is ever right." *Disruption, disturbance, discord* are the preliminary outgoings of Aries, before it has found itself.

The natives of this sign must be "up and doing" at any cost; the hackneyed saying about mischief, idle hands, and the "author" who brings the two into relationships may be traced to "observations on young Arians."

The fine flower of Aries is cultivated in those born between March 21st and April 20th, though Arian characteristics in an imperfect or decadent form will be found in those who have their moon therein, or with whom Aries is ascendant at birth. But we are here considering the individual Arian, and the individual in every sign is the one born during the month when the solar vibrations pass through that sign, thereby *colouring* the native's ego with the spiritual essence thereof. On the physical plane Aries paints life *red*, in every conceivable shade and tint of that glorious pigment, from "celestial red, Love's proper hue," to the faintest blush that lines a rosebud-petal. Aries thinks, feels, acts, *red*. If those to whom is committed the care and guidance of these egos, during infancy and childhood, remember that action is the law of their being, much destructive energy and many rebellious vibrations will be killed in the shell, or rather "in the horn," for Aries will use its horns for some purpose, and it depends to a great extent upon its early training as to whether the higher or lower vibrations of Martian force shall show out in the personality. Encouragement in construction, and the direction of dynamic force, these are the two keys (which are indeed but one) to the unlocking of the higher potencies of a sign, splendid in constructive achievement, resistless in destructive energy.

The *head and brain* is the physical correspondence of Aries—the motor-power, the centre of motive-energy. All complaints having their origin in the brain are Arian—neuralgia, brain-fever, brain-fag, etc.—and are the result of discord set up by some excess or weakness in the Martian centre of

vibration. Over-excitement caused by opposition or attempts to "suppress" rather than direct Arian energy, is responsible for many incurable brain-diseases among these natives.

It is obvious that the science of astrological eugenics is too great to be entered upon in a series of sketches of zodiacal types; yet it is impossible to avoid implicit reference to the importance of the development of each type "according to its own kind." For instance, the young *Arian's* force must be directed and controlled, whereas the young Taurean may require urging to action and reproaches for inertia. These two qualities cannot be characteristic of the true Arian, though, of course, if the moon and ascendant are contradictory—*i.e.*, lymphatic and passive—they may "overlay" the Sun-sign during infancy and early childhood. Yet, sooner or later, the Arian dynamo will begin to work! *The Deed, rather than the Dream*, is a characteristic Arian attitude to life, though there is an appreciation of the call of the silver clarions of romance, while "the trumpet's loud clangour incites them to arms." Although the perfected Arian is a leader (perhaps "because" would be the better term) he is also a splendid follower, loyal, enthusiastic, magnanimous, and faithful unto death. As a foe* he is an open enemy, refusing to stoop to deception under the name of diplomacy. As a friend he is ardent and devoted, a prince among friends.

The sun is said to be exalted in Aries, because the fiery intellectual nature of the sign, in its full splendour, constitutes a splendid "lightning conductor" for the spiritual and vital nature of solar vibrations. The objection most frequently brought against Arians is one of the "défauts de ses qualités"—*i.e.*, that they begin rather than finish. Pioneers energise and construct: they should not be expected to fill in details, for "filling in" does not belong to the law or logic of the genus Arian. They are *discoverers, rough-riders, initiators, warriors*, according to their evolution. They can give out forms in ideation, but precise formulation is not their department. Logic should forbid us to expect cameos from a sculptor of Titans, and if we should find the two in one it would be in the nature of "a Divine freak," not a rational concurrence! The sons of Aries are Boanerges. Through them thunder those electric fiery forces that direct the sinews of war. Invincibility is the final Arian triumph. He comes, conquering and to conquer. The cardinal quality gives the force that sets the chariot in motion, the characteristic element of fire surrounds the mount of transfigured energy, whither he ascends:

"His axle is uncooled, nor shall
The thunder of his wheels be stayed"

"To him that overcometh" is the promise of victory. At last the warrior will lay aside weapons and armour, and with them the surging thirst for outgoing activity; but the strength won in countless conflicts gives strength's consummation, Peace, and "He shall be a Pillar in the Temple, and shall go no more out." This is the great Arian paradox—only through strife can he win his heritage of peace; "the joy of most glorious striving, that dieth in victory."

* We are here speaking of the pure, "unmixed" Arian—one who lives to the higher vibrations, and is not tainted by Saturnian and Mercurian lower vibrations.

"We are All One Family in Heaven and Earth."

By EVA HARRISON,

Author of "The Path of Interior Illumination," &c.

DEAR sorrowing ones, lift up your heads, dry your tears, and listen! You have been told that your Brother, your Father, your Husband, your Lover, shall rise again at the last day, and that you shall meet him in Heaven. That doesn't give you very much comfort, does it?—it all seems too unreal—too far away,

I would remind you that Paul the Apostle said—"There is a mortal (or physical) body, and there is a spiritual body." That great thinker talks about bodies celestial and bodies terrestrial. You see he knew more about the duality of man than the majority of us know to-day. And these bodies—*are*, not *will* be; they grow up together in the earth-life, only our normal sight is not attuned to catch the rapid vibrations of the Spiritual body, and so we do not perceive it—that is, most of us do not.

But there are Seers and Sensitives who *do* see, and who *know* that what is termed Death is but the casting off of the outer body, and the liberation of the real *Self*, which then functions on another plane of Life in its Spiritual body. Thus the freed soul goes on with its life and growth, ever gaining fresh experiences and fuller enjoyment, as what we call Time rolls on.

There are some of us who have tested the truth of these things. I, among others, offer my testimony that there is no Death in reality. The inner Self—being a spark of the Divine Flame of Life—*can never die*. It does but change its outer garment, or vehicle of expression—what we call, its body.

Try to realise, brothers and sisters, that the body is not the man, it is but the covering of that dear one whom you love.

You would, I know, rather that your Father or Brother, or Husband or Lover laid down his body in defence of a high ideal than that he stilled the whisperings of that inner self, which called him to take up arms and fight in the Grand Cause of Freedom for country, home, his loved ones and humanity. You would rather think of him as a hero than as a coward—you know you would. But still you say—"I have lost him—he is gone from me—I miss his love and his protecting care." Ah, this again is the result of old misleading theological teaching, which Spiritual Science is rapidly putting to flight.

It is fifteen years since I began to realise that the worlds of Matter and Spirit interpenetrate and interblend: and since then I have sought to develop some of the gifts of the spirit—the inner self. Let me tell you that some years before this, my sweet little babe—not four months old—was transplanted into the gardens of the Spiritual, and I thought in my ignorance that I had lost her. Then I had the privilege of coming in touch with a Seer, to whom many Spirit States were visible, and he has practically watched my little angel-child grow up; and often she visits me from her beautiful home in the Beyond and tells me of her life there, and I have heard her sweet voice call—"Mother!" when I have been busy about my work.

Then last year, my dear husband was *promoted* into that glorious city of golden light, and yet I do not feel that I have lost him, or that his protecting love is withdrawn. I would not damp his joy with my tears because I *know* that he is living, loving, in-

fluencing, guiding and working with us still, in our mission to souls incarnate and discarnate. I realise that we are all one family in Heaven and Earth, and that Knowledge and Love can bridge the gulf between the States.

I have spoken with him often since his "passing." I sense his presence frequently, and through the mediumship of a spiritual Sensitive he said to me "I am free as a bird—free as the air, and a love-desire will bring me to your side at any time."

My brothers and sisters, Why should I weep? Why should you weep? Let us not selfishly dim the brightness of the lives of our arisen ones by our sorrow. Let us think of them by all means, daily sending our thoughts and desires, on the wings of Love; for their fuller unfoldment and greater capacity to enjoy the life of glorious possibilities stretching out before them. And when they visit us—which they do—let them find us not bathed in tears, but busy with the comforting of others and revealing to them those wonderful things which we have proved to be true.

I would that all should follow that sage advice of Paul's and *add to their Faith Knowledge*. Then, by degrees, they would learn, as I have learned, that THE UNIVERSE IS ONE—that communion between all States and Spheres is possible, and that

"LIFE is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."



SHORT ITEMS.

We direct attention to the advertisement of the "W. T. Stead Bureau," on another page, and particularly to the Wednesday Afternoon Meetings which have been arranged to comfort mourners. Readers should come themselves and bring their bereaved friends. These meetings will help towards achieving Mr. Stead's glorious ideal of "A Union of all who love in the service of all who suffer." And many sorrowing ones will assuredly receive solace.

Mrs. Etta Duffus, Elstree, Herts, has been continuing her benevolent efforts to ease the declining days of Mr. Cecil Husk, the wonderful sensitive referred to in the works of Florence Marryat. She informs us that her second fund has reached over £52, subscriptions having come in from Holland, South Africa, and all parts of the United Kingdom. Mrs. Duffus says the old gentleman is now very feeble but very bright; he enjoys his pipe, and hopes again to give sittings, but that is unhappily not likely. Anyone wishing to help this fund should send their friendly mite to Mrs. Duffus at above address.

Mr. J. Hewat M'Kenzie has begun his autumn tour with meetings in Glasgow and Edinburgh, which will be followed up at the Queen's Hall, London, next month. We hear that his lectures on Spirit Intercourse are exciting considerable interest in Scotland, where he receives an excellent run of knotty questions, and these his unrivalled experience as a psychic student enables him to answer most convincingly. Our Scottish friends should not miss this opportunity of hearing an eloquent champion of the psychic movement.

We have pleasure in drawing attention to the International Club's announcement of its Drawing Room Meetings for October. Many fascinating lectures will be given on psychic subjects by experts. The Club is central, comfortable, and well managed. The membership fees are moderate; and would-be psychic students could not pursue their investigation of new problems in any more congenial atmosphere.

The New Rate of Postage.—Will our current subscribers kindly note that the postage of the *Psychic Gazette* will in future be 2d, instead of a penny, owing to the altered rate of postage. We shall take it as a favour if they will please send 1d. stamps for the numbers still due to them on their subscription, and thus save us any correspondence on the matter.

How a Fourteenth Century Servian Prince Achieved a Miraculous Victory in the Late War.

By PROFESSOR W. M. PETROVITCH.

We reprint the following graphic account of a remarkable incident in the late Balkan war from the *International Psychic Gazette* of May, 1913. It was contributed by an eminent and responsible author and anticipated the Mons Angels stories at present exciting so much interest.

THERE is no Servian, even in the remotest villages of the Servian lands, who does not know something about KRALYEVITCH MARKO, the eldest son of King Voukashin. Marko's father perished in the famous battle of Maritza, in 1371, and Marko proclaimed himself the king; but the Servian Vlastela (nobility) did not recognise him as such, and elected in his stead Knez Lazar Hrebeyanovitch, a relative of the Emperor Doushan, the Powerful.

Marko's castle was and still is at Prilip. As Sultan's vassal he fought shoulder to shoulder with the Turks against the Roumanian Christians at Rovina (1399) where he perished after having pronounced these words, recorded by contemporary chroniclers: "I pray God to grant the victory to the Christians, even if I have to perish among the first!"

So far, the history of the Royal Prince Marko. He must have possessed a very interesting personality—for he made so deep an impression on the imagination of the Servian people that he has continued through the centuries, and remains in our day, the favourite hero of the Servian nation. His brave deeds are immortalised by the Servian bards, called "gousslaria," who describe him as a perfectly just man, the hater of every oppression, and avenger of every wrong. He is represented as incomparably strong; his principal weapon was his mace, made of 60 lbs. of steel, 30 lbs. of silver, and 9 lbs. of gold, and his famous charger, Sharatz (piebald) was the strongest and swiftest horse in the then known world. Sharatz's intelligence was almost human, and he shares the glory of many a victory with his kind master, who gave him wine and treated him as his best friend. Marko, often rough to others, and more especially to the Turks, was a most respectful and tender son to his mother. He was a hard drinker, but was never drunk. He was fearless—"fearing no one but God"—and was always courteous to ladies. Thirty-five beautiful poems contain a full description of Marko's extraordinary exploits, and there is hardly a Servian adult who could not recite at least a few of them.

In the recent war a gousslar, when not fighting, would take his goussel (a monochord instrument in the form of a French *vielle*) and recite to his comrades heroic poems mostly relating to Marko's exploits. As to Marko's death there are several versions in the Servian epic poetry, but that universally accepted by the people is that Marko never died, that he went to a cave of his castle at Prilip to sleep, and that there he still sleeps. From time to time he awakens to see if his sword has come out of a rock into which he had plunged it up to the hilt, because only by this is he to be made aware that the time has arrived for his reappearance among the Servians to restore the mediæval Empire, lost at the fatal battle of Kossovo (1389). His Sharatz is still eating, and has nearly finished his portion of hay.

* * * *

When we arrived, on the 15th of November last year (1912), at Skopyle (Uskub), the Servian officers gave a comparatively sumptuous banquet at their casino in honour of Surgeon-General Bourke, and of the two

units of the British Red Cross, on which occasion the aged General Mishitch related to us the following incident from the battle of Prilip, fought a few days previously.

" . . . Our infantry was ordered to make a forced march at the eve of that battle, which will be unique in the history of warfare. They were to wait at the foot of the mount of Prilip for the effect of our artillery, which was superior both in number and quality to that of the Turks. They were especially cautioned against storming the fort before they had heard the order from their commander-in-chief. This was necessary, for our soldiers had won recently, as you know, several battles *à la baïonette* and were convinced that there was nothing that would frighten the Turks more than the sight of the shining bayonets of the Servian troops. They knew well that the sole exclamation of Bulgarians 'Na noge!' put the Turks to flight at Kirk Klissé and Lülé Burgass.

"During the early morning the infantry kept quiet, but at the first cannon-shots we could notice an effervescence among our bellicose warriors, and soon afterwards we heard them shouting frantically and saw them running like hungry wolves straight to the mediæval castle of the Royal Prince Marko. I could hear the re-echoing voice of our Captain, Agatonovitch, fiercely commanding the troops to stop and await the General's order. When the immediate commanders saw that discipline proved futile, they essayed in vain, to appeal to the soldier's reason, assuring them of certain death and total defeat if they would not await at least the effect of our artillery. Our fierce warriors, deafened by the roaring of the Turkish siege cannons and mitrail-leuses, ran straight into the fire, and appeared to be falling in dozens! The sight was horrible. My blood froze, I closed my eyes. Disastrous defeat! Demoralisation of other troops! My degradation before the front was certain! I was unable to stop my soldiers and defeat was obvious.

"In a little while our artillery ceased firing, lest they should kill their own comrades, who were now already crossing bayonets with the Turkish infantry. A few minutes later we noticed the Servian national colours fluttering on the donjon of Kralyevitch Marko's castle. The Turks were flying in greatest disorder. The Servian victory was as complete as it was rapid!

"When we arrived at the scene a little later, a parade was ordered. After calling together the troops we found our loss had been comparatively insignificant. I praised my heroes for their brave conduct, but reproached them bitterly for their disobedience. At my last admonishing words I heard from thousands of soldiers a majestic unison:

"*Kralyevitch Marko commanded us all the time: Forward! Did you not see him on the Sharatz?*"

"It was clear to me that the tradition about Kralyevitch Marko was so deeply engraved on the hearts of these honest and heroic men that, in their vivid enthusiasm, they had seen the incarnation of their beloved national knight.

"I dismissed the troops and ordered double portions of food and wine to be given to all for a week. Every tenth man obtained a "*Medalya za Hrabrost*" (bravery medal).

Kralyevitch Marko had at last restored the Servian Empire. His dying prayer for victory to the Christians was answered. So at least believe the bards,

The Power Within.

HOW TO DEVELOP IT FOR USE IN DAILY LIFE.

By C. G. SANDER, F.R.P.S.

THE great world-war is causing widespread depression of the spirits of the people. We cannot take up any newspaper, periodical or magazine without reading about this world-calamity and its destructive effects on economic conditions, the suffering of the wounded, and the grief of those whose loved ones have fallen in battle. Moreover there is the uncertainty how it will all end, even if the confidently hoped for victory is ours. This feeling of depression is highly infectious and cumulative if not sternly counteracted.

Some people try prayer and they listen to the consolations and the intercessions of the Church—the majority probably do not. It is a subject I do not wish to discuss. Most people, however, do not know and do not trouble to think where to look for comfort and a ray of hope, they are just “down in the dumps.” To such I would offer a few suggestions where to look with confidence for guidance, for comfort, and for peace. I am not going to advocate any new idea, cult or fad, I will simply recall some half-forgotten knowledge of powers possessed and exercised by some of the greater minds, even at the present day, and of old by the prophets, seers and saints: dormant powers which every man and woman without exception possesses. It is the knowledge and use of the POWER WITHIN.

Briefly, there are two methods by which you can develop and exercise that Power Within, which can control your feelings and change your mental state of depression and anxiety into cheerfulness, hope and power. Both methods should be used simultaneously to be really effective. One is psychico-psychic, the other purely psychic.

THE SOLAR PLEXUS.

The first method consists of an intelligent working of the solar plexus. Man is possessed of two brains, a fact well known among the students of the occult. One is the cerebro-spinal brain in the head, the brain by which the ego perceives, thinks, reasons and wills. The other is the solar plexus, the important renal or abnormal nerve centre, which roughly speaking is situated behind the stomach close to the supra renal capsules, and is made up of grey matter similar to the brain. This is the organ of our feelings of love, hate, courage, fear, joy and sorrow, and of our subconscious vital activities. It controls alimentation, circulation and respiration, in short all the automatic vital functions of our body. Very few people outside the medical profession and occultists know of the existence and functions of this abdominal nerve centre, and still less know they that by a methodical use and working of it, combined with appropriate self-suggestion, we can be absolute masters of and can control not only our emotions, but also our general state of health. It may briefly be stated that all constructive or rebuilding impulses of life are derived from the solar plexus, while all the wearing and destructive forces are the results of the working of the cerebro-spinal brain.

MENTAL BALANCE.

The two minds, i.e., (1) the conscious or thinking mind which works through the cerebro-spinal brain, and (2) the subconscious, feeling, or automatic mind, which functions through the solar plexus, must balance and work together in harmony of thought and feeling, if health of body and happiness of mind are to be expected. If not working in

unison they can be brought into harmonious co-operation by application of certain devices, as, for instance, the employment of hypnotism. The chief aim of the medical hypnotist really should be the harmonising of the two minds. The same effect, though not achieved so quickly, can be brought about by oneself by the use of other efficient methods such as I am about to describe.

The solar plexus is to a great extent in a dormant condition; it functions automatically, but is hardly ever under conscious control, its very existence and use not being even suspected. It therefore requires stimulating or waking. To exercise it in order to bring it into harmonious co-operation with the brain, appropriate methods of deep breathing have to be used. They not only act on the solar plexus, but they also stimulate the circulation of the blood. Such deep breathing exercises amply repay a special study, but they are beyond the scope of this article. Only those necessary and immediately relating to the subject under discussion can be mentioned.

CONTROL OF FEELINGS.

If great anxiety, fear, or sudden fright overtake you, you will notice the tendency to hold your breath. Get out of that habit. If you wish to control your feelings replace it by the habit of taking long and deep breaths, filling the whole of your lungs. Inhale slowly through your nostrils while counting about four seconds; hold about as long or longer, but without straining; then exhale slowly and evenly. While holding your breath you may work your abdominal muscles, which really control the lungs. Repeat this exercise several times. Usually after the third time your feeling of fear will have vanished as if by magic, and calm self-confidence will take its place, especially if the breathing exercise is accompanied by a suitable auto-suggestion, of which more presently. If a stronger and quicker effect be desired, you can let yourself go while exhaling, that is, relax your thorax muscles or, as it were, “collapse”

This is the main and the best way to stimulate your solar plexus into general activity. A little careful observation will soon indicate such modifications as may be required for individual and special occasions. If, for instance, you wish to meditate or to concentrate, this exercise should be done much slower and more deliberately, but if wishing to control or suppress acute pain it should be considerably accelerated.

While inhaling try to realise that you are drawing power from an inexhaustible cosmic source and say—“I AM.” While exhaling express your desire or your needs, whatever you think is best for your happiness or your success, and say one of the following words: HEALTH, COURAGE, LOVE, GOODNESS, WISDOM, SUCCESS, etc.

AUTO-SUGGESTION.

Auto-suggestion is a very powerful control of one's nerves and state of mind. It should be practised regularly for a few minutes at stated times every day, preferably in the morning, and where rest and perfect quiet can be obtained. A comfortable easy chair is a help, though not indispensable. The idea is to give certain commands to the subconscious mind. The waking mind which thinks and wills may be regarded as the master, while the subconscious mind, which only remembers and feels,

is the servant, which carries out the master's commands. The object is to eliminate from the subconscious mind all negative feelings and baneful habits such as fear, aversion, despondency, bashfulness, etc., and to replace them with the positive feelings of courage, sympathy, cheerfulness and self-confidence.

The practice of self-suggestion, which can also be modified after a little experience, is as follows:—

Draw up a set of helpful suggestions adapted to your own particular needs, *framed in a concise and positive way*, i.e., in which the word "NOT" is not used. Three to five brief comprehensive suggestions is a useful number. Write them out, perhaps on a postcard, somewhat after the following style:

1. I am fearless of men, events and evil.
2. I shall succeed in my undertakings.
3. I am sympathetic and just in my acts.
4. I am happy, healthy and content.

Here is another example suitable for nervousness and insomnia and should be repeated in the morning and not at night, when the mind is not so ready to respond:

1. I am cheerful, self-confident and sympathetic.
2. I am peaceful when going to bed.
3. I sleep soundly all night.
4. I can do my work successfully and enjoy life.

Repeat these or similar sets of suggestions slowly six or eight times, not in parrot fashion, but think, feel and mean what you are saying. Have perfect confidence in the ultimate result, which will commence to show itself after a few days' regular practice. Doubts in your mind are a counter-suggestion and it is self-evident that they will most effectively nullify your efforts. Keep to the phrasing of your suggestions as drawn up, for if they are varied day after day, they will not readily impress themselves on the subconscious mind. You should take great pains in framing your suggestions in the first place and avoid flagrant contradictions of your state of mind, or obstinate rebellion will result. Tact in the wording goes a long way, even when dealing with your own mind.

Do not imagine that you can change all circumstances or heal all diseases by mere self-suggestion. That is a fallacy. The problem of life and of conduct must be tackled both on the spiritual and on the physical plane, by thought as well as by action. Self-suggestion has the effect of putting you into such a frame of mind and raising your spirits, so that you lose your negative feelings of fear, depression, nervousness and hopelessness, and instead you will be able to be positive, to think calmly, reason out your problems rationally, make your plans, and carry them out with self-reliance, courage and determination.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

The active factor in all suggestion is *thought*, which is the greatest power in the world, and therefore let your thoughts be positive, cheerful, sympathetic, self-confident, thoughts of the ideal, of love, wisdom, and beauty; and frame your suggestion on such foundations.

Above all, whatever your religion or your denomination may be, if you believe in it, carry out the spirit of its teachings and have confidence that the infinite and eternal Fount of Life, Love, and Truth will ever guide those who do their duty to God and to their neighbours, who make earnest efforts to progress, who direct their desires wisely, and who act in justice and sympathy with all men. The power within is the power of the living God. The kingdom of heaven is within you.

BOOK NOTICES.

"THE SCIENCE OF DIETARY AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF MEALS," by John Wm. Taylor, Sc.D., published at Skipton Street, Morecambe, instructs its readers in how to feed rationally and scientifically. It gives explanations of the composition of the human frame, food values, the nutritive system, and the construction of meals, and should prove of interest to dietitians.

CONCENTRATION AND THE LAWS OF MENTAL EFFICIENCY. By Henry Chellow, M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc. The Power-Book Company, 329, High Holborn, W.C.—This is a book full of practical wisdom and sound advice. The author is so terse in framing his teachings that it might almost pass for a collection of aphorisms. The high ethical maxims reach far beyond the boundaries of the subject under discussion. This is not the book of a pure sentimentalist, but of a scientist with human sentiment. A book for study and meditation, for pleasure and self-development.

"WHAT OF OUR DEAD IN THE GREAT WAR?" By R. W. Geaves, M.A., B.D. London: Charles Taylor, Warwick Lane. This booklet, by a clergyman of the Church of England, contains a foreword by the Rev. Arthur Chambers, and comprises the substance of a series of addresses delivered in St. John's Church, Malone, Belfast, in which the author holds out hope that all soldiers who have given their lives in the service of their King and country will see salvation. It presents the teachings of the Bible and various views of the Protestant and Catholic Church with regard to death and survival. In many passages the book makes a well-meant and delicate compromise between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, between old beliefs and new findings. It is none the worse for it, stepping stones are necessary for the aspirants to higher things.

"THE GREAT PEACE," by James Leith Macbeth Bain, published by the Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W., is a little, strongly mystic book. The author is well known among thinkers, psychics, and lovers of the mystical. As one reads the book a strong wave of love and peace seems to stream out of it, and to enter one's soul. Its beautiful essays contain messages of hope, of comfort, and of promise of happy days to come, when individuals as well as the nations on earth have learnt the lessons of their foolishness and evil ways—a future of love and brotherhood. The keynote of the book may be given as "Omnia vincit amor." The essays include "A Little Word on the Rightness and Wrongness of War," "The Great Peace," "To the Many who Suffer," "Ye who Love can Understand, though ye may not Approve," "Hymn to Demeter," &c. Two hymns and music are at the beginning and end of the book respectively. There are two editions, which can be obtained from the *International Psychic Gazette* Offices at 7d. and 1s. 2d. respectively, post free.

"FIRST STEPS TO SPIRIT INTERCOURSE."—By James McKenzie. Published by the Author at 1, Stanley Gardens, Bayswater, W.—Persons who are unfamiliar with the philosophy of spirit intercourse, and who, either from desire for more knowledge or through the loss of loved ones, have an earnest wish for spirit communion, usually find it somewhat difficult to make a start for the want of reliable information and guidance. Moreover, it is no use disguising the fact that for the general public there is, in addition to ignorance, a feeling that the subject is more or less connected with "crankiness"—a notion which usually disappears when the unbiased investigator gives the matter his sympathetic and earnest attention. To those wishing to make a beginning, and even to those who have had some practical experience, Mr. McKenzie will be a sane and sympathetic guide. He is a level-headed, successful business man who has given much time to the investigation of the subject, and now offers the benefit of his experience to those who are ready to receive it. The pamphlet is full of helpful advice and information on all aspects of the subject, telling how to begin investigations and how to proceed further. It may be had from the author for 4d. in stamps.

Free Healing Treatments for Soldiers and Sailors.—A generous offer of help for those who are suffering through the war comes from Mr. James L. Macbeth Bain, whose book, entitled "The Great Power," is reviewed in this column. He is one of a band of four unselfish workers, two ladies and two gentlemen, who have been visiting the wounded in various hospitals in Liverpool and London during this summer, and find that their methods of healing are not consistent with the general practice in these hospitals, so they are inviting men requiring treatment to visit them at the Higher Thought Centre, 40, Courtfield Gardens, S.W., 245, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., and at the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, 26, Red Lion Square, W.C. Treatments will be free to soldiers and sailors discharged from hospitals, but who are still suffering from ailments due to war service, such as enfeebled general health, shattered nerves, gun-deafness, rheumatism, sciatica and other painful nerve or muscular conditions, partial paralysis, &c. Our suffering soldiers and sailors should write for appointments at any of the addresses given. We are confident they will receive much beneficial help.

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This Bureau, in Mr. Stead's own words, "is not established to solve scientific problems, nor for the purpose of psychological research. Its one and only object is to help those who mourn to communicate with their loved ones." The Borderland Library contains hundreds of books, ancient and modern, bearing on every phase of psychological philosophy and research. Circular giving full particulars sent on application to the Secretary.

THE W. T. STEAD BUREAU WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS.

A Series of Wednesday Afternoon Meetings, beginning on October 6, will be held in the W. H. SMITH MEMORIAL HALL, 4, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, W.C., at 3.15 for 3.30, when Addresses will be delivered as follows:—

October 6.—Mr. ROBERT KING.	Chairman, Miss Estelle W. Stead.
„ 13.—Mrs. WESLEY ADAMS.	„
„ 20.—Mr. J. J. VANGO.	„ Count Mijatovich.
„ 27.—MISS FLORENCE MORSE.	„ Miss F. R. Scatcherd.

These Meetings will be open free to the public, and will provide an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the doctrine of human survival and spirit intercourse. It is hoped that they will bring comfort to many mourners. A voluntary Collection will be taken at the close of each Meeting towards the expenses.

JOHN LEWIS, *Secretary.*

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and

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