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THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

No. 28. VOL. 3.

JANUARY, 1916.

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Our Outlook Tower.

SPIRIT FACES PEEPING THROUGH FOLIAGE.

The *Sunday Pictorial* of January 9 prints the following report from its Cardiff correspondent:—

Spiritualists and psychical research experts from various parts of the country are engaged in the mining village of Risca (Mon.) in investigating the circumstances connected with the death of a Grenadier Guardsman named Jonathan Owen. He came home wounded from France, and died recently at Harrogate. He was buried in the cemetery of his native village in the same grave as his little daughter, who had just predeceased him. After the funeral the relatives thought they would like a photograph of the grave, which was abundantly embowered in foliage and flowers. Then an amazing thing occurred, the photograph revealed the faces of Owen and his little girl looking out from the foliage. They are both plainly visible, and their resemblance is most convincing. The incident is expected to arouse much controversy.

This story would, not so very long ago, have been regarded as incredible, but such a "miracle" is now only a commonplace to students of psychical science. Nothing is more likely than that the spirits of father and daughter, no longer "divided by death," but "united in spirit" should have been attracted to their tomb by its many floral manifestations of affection, and that they should, possibly by the aid of spirit-artists accompanying them, have succeeded in impressing their images upon the photographic plate. Such a demonstration of their continued life would give comforting assurance to their friends in the village. Excellent illustrated articles on this subject by Mr. Walter Howell in our November and December issues show how carefully our present knowledge on this subject has been arrived at and how convincingly the veridical nature of "psychic extras" has been established.

"AN APPEAL FOR LIGHT."

In our correspondence columns, "Morven" appeals to us to write a series of articles on theological questions which he is good enough to say might be helpful to himself and others who are "wandering in the gloom unable to find the path that leads to light and truth." This appeal touches us, and we should be delighted to feel competent to respond to it, but fortunately no layman need blunderingly essay such a noble task when so sure a guide, so illuminating a teacher, so spiritual an inspirer, as Archdeacon Wilberforce, for example, has in a few inexpensive books provided all our correspondent could wish for. We are resurrecting in this number an old leading article which deals with one phase of "Morven's" perplexity, and trust it may be helpful. He appears to be discouraged because in Spiritualistic literature he has "found here and there the great Name (of Jesus) spoken of with patronising condescension." We cannot ourselves recall having observed that tone, but even if it were so, "here and there," it would not be surprising if we remember that in the ranks of Spiritualism are representatives of every creed in Christendom, and probably outside of it as well. Members of the Church of England, the Church of Rome, Plymouth Brethren, Methodists, and rank Materialists, when they become Spiritualists retain for the most part their distinctive religious traditions

though they are at one on the question of Spiritualism. The iconoclastic Materialist would still probably shock the reverent Churchman by his modes of expression, and they would still probably differ deeply on religious questions. Spiritualism makes no claim to supersede true spirituality, in whatever form it finds expression, and of course it does not efface personality or bring its believers into lifeless uniformity. We do not agree with "Morven" when he says "Imperator" is "very emphatic in denying the divinity of Christ." He says: "We do not dishonour the Lord Jesus—before whose exalted majesty we bow—by refusing to acquiesce in a fiction, which He would disown, and which man has forced upon His Name." If by "divinity" "Morven" insists on a miraculous birth, which was "a fiction" unknown to Jesus Himself, or to Joseph and Mary, His father and mother, he is not likely to be released from his perplexity, but if by "divinity" he means "The Son of God"—a spiritual, not a physical Sonship—who had attained such supreme and complete Oneness with God that He was able to claim "I and the Father are One," then his difficulties will disappear. Oneness with God in spirit is divinity, and in that sense, and that only, can members of the human race in varying degrees become divine like him.

"NEW DAYS" AND "DEMON TRAFFIC."

The Editor of "New Days" has sent us a copy of his issue of November 6, in which he says, "You will see that the matter is dealt with." "The matter," in "New Days" to which we took exception was the statement that "where (Spiritualistic) manifestations actually take place, as they sometimes do, demons are the mainspring." The nearest approach to dealing with this point in the article sent us is a quotation from Mr. Raupert (an exceedingly prejudiced Roman Catholic critic of Spiritualism) of the second-hand testimony of an unnamed medium, who is said to have alleged that somewhere and somewhen not stated, he once said to a spirit, "I know you are a devil!" Now similar remarks have often been addressed by coarse people to their friends, but no reasonable person was ever expected to believe them! Calling a man or a spirit "a devil" does not instantly transform him into a species of being, whose natural elements are supposed to be fire and brimstone but whose lurid existence is still mythical! The Editor of "New Days" must try again, and indeed he assures us that "when space permits, he proposes to take up this subject and deal with it more comprehensively." Very well, may he do so soon! and in addition to comprehensiveness may he add a strict adherence to demonstrable truth!

THE FUTURE OF THE GAZETTE.

We again take the opportunity of calling attention to the announcement on page 125. Up to the present there has been only a very meagre response. The calls on people's means, owing to the many war schemes and increased cost of living, appear to be hindering the success of this effort to place the *Gazette* on a satisfactory business footing, but if everyone who appreciates

the paper and wants to help it in its good work would only do a little, what is aimed at would easily be accomplished. If each Spiritualist Society, for example, were willing to subscribe for a single Share, there would be abundant money to meet all requirements, and the Movement would have its monthly organ to spread and defend that gospel which is at present so much needed by "the world in tears." Or, if every

reader gave a trifling donation of say a shilling and upwards the same good result would be accomplished. The practical interest of many doing even a little would enable the *Gazette* to spread that light which so many able apostles of the psychic Movement are so willing to contribute to its pages. But, to be quite frank, what anyone intends to do should be done quickly, if the *Gazette* is to continue publication. J. L.

A Psychic Vision.

By ESTELLE W. STEAD.

HE came one night and took me far away Who he was, I know not. His face glowed with a wondrous holy light. His garb seemed that of a monk and yet different, it was of a beautiful soft warm colour and of a texture that seemed to mould to his figure.

How long I had sat pondering over life's problems, I know not, when on a sudden I glanced up and saw him standing looking down on me. As I looked he stretched forth his hand and beckoned me saying:—

"Child of earth, I have come to open your eyes to many things, to show you visions, and to teach you, why!"

I rose and followed and we passed from the house. How I know not. We seemed to glide along above the earth. Impressions came to me of towns, stretches of country, and of great expanses of water, passing beneath. It seemed quite natural; I seemed to have known it before. I looked at my guide in wonder and he smiled.

We stopped and I found myself standing in the midst of a strange village, outside a tiny hovel. We entered without opening door or window. It was a tiny place. A peasant and his wife stood watching an old man lying on a dirty bed covered with rags. Three children sat quietly listening on the floor. They took no notice of our entrance. I looked at my guide and realised that to their eyes we were invisible. Poverty was here and terrible suffering, for the old man was racked with pain.

As we watched I saw a wondrous light spread over his face—a little movement, and then all was still. I realised I stood in the presence of death. I looked at the faces of those left, and although it meant less trouble and more food for them, they mourned and wept, for joy had gone out of their lives.

Then he who was with me explained how the old man, by his love and simplicity, had spread the Divine light from within as a great halo all around. Then we, who could see with eyes that see, saw a beautiful blue and yellow light filling that bare and wretched room, making it look like unto a holy place.

"But why," I said, "should he be taken, when he is adding so greatly to the happiness and joy of those around him?"

Then I saw into the hearts and souls of the peasant family, and the Divine spark within them was small and faint, tender as a hothouse flower. And I knew it had been kept and sheltered by the greater power from the old man. It was shown to me that the time had come when that Divine spark in each must work and grow for itself. They had been ignited by the fire from the old man, and now his work was done.

Then I seem to see his passing. The man, woman, and the children, oblivious to everything around them, are weeping and wringing their hands. The walls of the hovel disappear, and I see a

glorious host of white-robed figures approaching through a land of beauty such as I have never before seen. Hills and vales show in the distance, and the silver glow of a wonderful river, nearer; there grow most beautiful flowers, more wonderful than human brain can conceive. The scent of these flowers fills the air.

The glorious host advance, singing a strain which seems to make the atmosphere throb with joy and love. They approach the lowly bed, and as they come near a great shout of praise goes up from the throng.

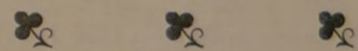
As I watch, the old man, with face uplifted and a wondrous joy in his eyes, is led away by this white-robed throng towards the hills in the distance, and a chant of joy and welcome fills the air.

As they near the hills I see a figure enveloped in radiant light come forth to meet him. They bow before him as if he were of high degree.

Gradually the glorious vision fades and I find myself still standing in the hovel but filled with the glow of inspiration. I hear the sound of weeping, and watch as those left behind gather round the remains of what was once their wondrous light.

Forms in white stand near full of pity and love—gradually over the woman's face there spreads a glimmer of recognition.

We leave, and I glide away beside my guide. Now he is gone, and I sit by my fire and wonder.



THE W. T. STEAD BUREAU.

The "Wednesday Afternoons" of the W. T. Stead Bureau are being continued at the W. H. Smith Memorial Hall with increasing interest and success. The audiences are growing in size and the number of new faces one sees indicates that the anxiety for light on other-world problems is widespread. On December 1, Miss McCreddie, a most reliable Highland seer, who has done a great work in London during many years, gave a delightful address and graphic descriptions of spirit-presences, some of whom gave messages to friends in the hall. On December 8, Miss Lind-af-Hageby, whose deep interest in many philanthropic movements is so well-known, inspired her audience by an address which is reported on another page. Mrs. Brittain, an apostle who has suffered police prosecution for her zealous advocacy, gave a most satisfactory demonstration of her gifts; and on December 22, Mr. Robert King, whose philosophical discourses are always welcome, gave an address on "The War and Death." Admission to these meetings is free, and a hearty invitation is given to all who are interested in the subject, but it is important that seats should be taken before 3.30, as the doors are closed immediately after the meetings have begun.

The Beautiful Passing of Agnes F. Maltby.

AN APPRECIATION, by MRS. J. MILLOTT SEVERN.

MRS. AGNES F. MALTBY, who passed into spirit-life, December 9, 1915, at the advanced age of 87 and 6 months, possessed a most beautiful character: she was everybody's friend; was bright, cheery, optimistic, practical, full of love and sympathy for all who needed it; and she dearly loved little children. But her great mother-heart went out especially to all souls in need of consolation, who were saddened by bereavement. To them she would hasten with the angel's message, "There is no death," and to assure them that the grave is not the goal of life but the golden portal through which all must pass to the higher, wider life of the spirit-world. Indeed, a very angel of liberation is this so-called death to those who understand.

After long years of earnest work in London and the provinces, Mrs. Maltby came to live at Brighton, and for nearly eighteen years associated herself with and worked for the Brighton Spiritualists' Mission until she came to be regarded as the Mother of the Society. She attended nearly all the meetings, in all kinds of weather, and was always in time and early enough to give a hearty welcome to friends and strangers as they entered the hall.

She was fearless in attacking all she deemed dishonouring or hurtful to the cause she loved. She was a vegetarian and an abstainer from all alcoholic liquors, holding it an article of faith that all who aspire to co-operate with the angels in spreading the truth of spirit-return must endeavour to keep their bodies as pure as possible. When nearing the end of her physical life her daughter was advised by the doctor to offer her a little brandy to help her through, but she said, "No thank you, dear; I have done without it for years; I do not need it now; water will do."

About six years ago the Spiritualist Society's funds were giving out; the president and members grew anxious as to ways and means; a meeting was called to consider matters; the men were at a loss to know what to do; so the ladies present took the matter in hand and suggested a Sale of Work. Mrs. Maltby, though 82 years of age, at once became enthused; the idea materialised at the end of the year, with excellent results, and became a hardy annual.

Each year her stall was laden with the results of her own busy fingers, such as woollen shawls, warm wraps, dainty bedroom slippers, and a host of other useful things, at which she had worked early and late during the whole year.

Last year, 1915, found her weaker in body but stronger in will-power and dauntless in courage. War conditions were making things uncertain again for the Society, so she called her friends together and said, "Friends we cannot let our grand cause languish. This year the sad world needs to hear the angel's message, 'There is no death,' more often than ever before for the blessed truth of spirit-return will comfort the bereaved as nothing else can. We must let them know that their loved and lost ones live and love them still, though hidden for a while within the veil." So last year she aimed high, and wanted to make £21 out of her own work. All

the time, we who loved her saw her strength growing less as her pile of work grew higher. At length the first week in November arrived, and the annual sale took place. We prepared her stall for her as usual, though sadly, for we knew intuitively it would be the last time she would need it. The dear mother came looking the picture of happiness, and stood at her post the whole of the three days allotted to the sale. When it finished she had accomplished her heart's desire — she had made £21, and she was jubilant. As she was bidding us good-night she said, "My dears, God and the angels have been good to me; I almost commanded them to bring me through, and they have done it; but I know this is the last time; I feel the call coming, and I shall soon go home; but, dears, I shall do my best to help you all from the other side — never



AGNES F. MALTBY.

fear." (We do not fear, we know she will.)

She then turned to a young friend who had been singing to us during the evening, and who was deputed to see the dear old lady home in a cab. "Florrie, dear," she said, "I have just one other wish; I want to make a lovely pair of white slippers for your wedding."

"My dear Mrs. Maltby," exclaimed Florrie, "why, I am only just engaged, and it may be some years before we marry."

"Never mind, dear," said the old lady, "your slippers will keep, my fingers may not."

She had just completed the slippers, in the first week in December, when she was taken ill. Then she slipped her harness, and stepped out into the light.

When we laid her dear body to rest in the bosom of Mother Earth on that sunny December afternoon, some beautiful things were said about her work with the angels for humanity. And as the friends, with whom she had worked,

gathered around her resting-place, made bright with floral offerings and loving messages, were taking their last look at the casket which held her mortal remains, they sang the beautiful hymn, "The world hath felt a quick'ning breath from heaven's eternal shore."

There was a subdued look of tranquil joy on every countenance, but no tears, and no one wore a funeral garb. It seemed like a solemn birthday party; and so it was. A saint had passed from Earth, an angel was born in Heaven.

Christmas Reflections.

By DR. J. M. PEEBLES, Los Angeles, California.

[The following reflections are written by the well-beloved Spiritualist pioneer and teacher, who is now "ninety-four years young," as he expresses it, and considers growing old "only a bad habit!" We heartily reciprocate his good wishes.]

YEARS, with their sunshine and clouds of chequered experiences, including returning festivities, come and go like the waves of the great ocean. If the new is old, it is equally true that all which was good of the old, is new in manifestation. Every Spring, with its buds and blossoms, is new; though as some archæologists and geologists say, each Spring season is at least 5,000,000 years old.

The mother in her rocking chair, face wrinkled and steps tottering graveward, should not be forgotten. Her heart, glowing with love, never dies, and her smiles are precious baptisms of tenderest affection.

"I wish you a Merry Christmas!" How these happy, inspiring words afire with good cheer, ring out from the lips of the million. How this anniversary takes the aged, whose hairs are silvered with the frosts of many winters, back to the dreamland of their youth! How it reminds them of those old family gatherings, when the youth, the children and the scattered relatives, flocked back to the old homestead! It reminds them so forcibly of those tender words, Mother, Home, Heaven. It reminds us all of that auspicious night in a far distant land when the star appeared in the East and the angels sang to the watching shepherds, "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

* * * * *

Our thought, now widening, extends over lands and seas. God's witnesses of immortality have made radiant every realm of this planet. How brilliant the evening of Krishna's birth. How musical the songs of attending angels! Krishna, Gautama, Jesus, and Gauranga, all Asian Saviours in their time and place, and all demonstrators of the law of continuity in the sphere of Divine order, whether physical or ethical.

Human life at longest is brief. We brought nothing material into this world and we can take nothing material out of it; and it is of little consequence whether anyone was born in a palace or a peasant's hut. It is reported that Jesus the Christ was born in a manger, and yet in a few hundred years, proud, imperial Rome trembled from her foundations because of the psychic forces concealed in that manger. Christmas points the thinking mind back to that humble birth, to that man, medium, and martyr who, while going about doing good, had not where to lay his head. And Christians in all enlightened countries are now honouring that inspired martyr.

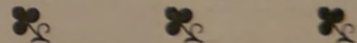
It is absolutely amazing, how this character, Jesus the Christ, strikes the minds of different people. To the uncultured and atheistic-agnostic, Jesus never lived—he was a mere myth; to the great German, Strauss, he was a wise Rabbi; to the great Jewish Rabbi Akiba, he was a magician; to the illustrious Renan, he

was a sublime moral teacher; to Fourier, a warm-hearted Socialist; to Fenelon, a most rapt mystic; to Thomas Paine, the most sincere of philanthropists; to Max Muller, the harmony of all history; to Emerson, the transcendental prophet; to Parker, a fellow brother and self-sacrificing reformer; to A. J. Davis, the great Syrian Seer; to Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, the messenger from heaven; to Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, he was the ethical reformer; to George W. Fuller, the poet-philosopher; to Robert Peebles Sudall, he was the oriental revealer, and Colonel Ingersoll spoke of him as a "most generous and self-denying man, for whom I feel only admiration and profound respect."

The above illustrious men and women, express my conceptions of that Judean Christ who, using the inspired words of that eminent speaker and author, W. J. Colville, is now undoubtedly "the reigning power of the moral universe."

While orthodox sectarists, calling themselves Christians, make Jesus of Nazareth a God, or at least a third part of God in the Trinity, Spiritualists and Liberalists in America, consider Jesus a highly-inspired man, begotten naturally, yet on a higher spiritual plane of consciousness than the masses of mankind. The world has had many Christs in past ages; and as the world develops and unfolds, there will be still more great Christ souls as saviours of the world.

Finally, on this calm Christmas evening, with heart warm with affection and a soul overflowing with love and kindness, I say to you, friends and acquaintances in this and foreign lands, A Merry Christmas; and may peace and prosperity and the choicest blessings of heaven, rest upon and abide with you for ever!



THE WORLD IN TEARS.

(Letter to the Editor.)

Dunedin, N.B., November 25, 1915.

SIR,—Following your interesting issue of October last, may I say that nothing can give the bereaved that comfort at heart which should be theirs, short of some practical understanding of life after death.

I am not writing on the surface, as some might suppose. My son has already been severely wounded, and will soon be in the front line again, but I know I can never lose him. I know he cannot meet his death till it is best for him that he should go, for God is Love, and being Love nothing ever really goes wrong in all His universe. We think things go awfully awry, but it is not so in reality. It is only that we are so short-sighted, so full of limitations, so finite.

My message to the bereaved then is, firstly, realise and look upon this life as only a day in existence, and a very short day too; and further that it is a day of trial, of sorrow, fighting the battles of cross-bearing; and secondly, that your child is *not* your child as you supposed, but that he is God's child first; and thirdly, that God is Love, love far fuller and greater than you can dream of. Consequently His arms go round His dear one entering the infinite with loving caress, and His child, your child, enters upon his own again. Into His "many mansions" the only dispeace which can enter are the murmurings rising from the earth from loved ones left behind who, steeped in the finiteness of the body, have not the "ears wherewith to hear" their loved one recounting to them the hallowed truth of it all.—I am, etc.,

INITIATE.

Real Ghost Stories.

THE annual ghost festival of the International Club for Psychical Research, 22A, Regent Street, is one of the most interesting events in its Calendar. There appear to be so many real ghost stories in the experience of its members that it is usually impossible to get through them all in one long night of weird narration. The following are a selection of the latest stories told on December 17, and some from the previous festivals when the *Gazette* itself had for the time being only a shadowy existence, and was therefore unable to reproduce them in print:—

THE RED-HAIRED SERVANT GIRL.

Mr. Elliot O'Donnell, the well-known authority on haunted houses, told an authentic story of a red-headed servant girl, which had also been investigated by Mr. Baring Gould. A badly-haunted house in Bristol had been empty for some time on account of its ghostly phenomena, which were accompanied with great noise. A strange servant girl had been seen several times on her knees on the hearthstone making the fire, but when spoken to, mysteriously vanished. Mr. O'Donnell could not get permission from the owners of the house to explore it, so one night entered it by a window, accompanied by two friends and a dog. They sat at the foot of the stairs until two o'clock in the morning, but nothing happened. Three nights later he went alone. He sat in the darkness for two hours without result; then he suddenly heard footsteps as if someone was coming up from the basement. They appeared to stop in the hall; then they came nearer to him; and he could see a peculiar whitish light. He stood by the open window ready to jump out, and as he watched the mysterious light, he saw first a head, and then the rest of the person appear. Her face was pale and was surrounded with red hair. As she approached she stared straight ahead of her. She went up the staircase and vanished. She corresponded with the descriptions he had heard of the servant girl who haunted the house. As she disappeared, he heard a loud sound like splashing water. He was seized with panic and ran all the way home!

A CLERGYMAN'S VISION AND WEIRD VISIT.

The Rev. J. Brunton Aitken, of Hampstead, said, a few years ago when he awoke one morning he saw in his bedroom a lady without a head. He was puzzled by such a clear vision, which was only momentary. A gentleman with his wife came from the north of England to visit him on the same day. Mrs. Aitken and he met them at the station. The two ladies walked on, and he asked his friend: "Well, and how is your wife?" His friend replied: "She has lost her head." He regarded his vision as a symbol of a reality, for the lady had really become mentally afflicted. At a seance at Shepherd's Bush, W., he had been spoken to by five spirits. One was named Sunflower, another Mercy, and another Gipsy Queen. Two nights later, before he went asleep, he saw about four yards away from him, the head and bust of a lady, smiling and nodding to him. Then he saw the Gipsy Queen and Mercy, who each appeared for a little while, then vanished. He was so impressed with this experience, that he went back to the seance after a week and the three spirits without any hint or word from him, all said, "We have seen you since you were here last week." Gipsy Queen explained that they had not visited him, but that he had in spirit visited them at Shepherd's Bush, without having been aware that he had taken the journey.

A YOUNG MAN WITH A RING.

Miss Cunynghame said her sister was staying with a lady who was a Spiritualist, though she herself did not believe in anything psychic. On going to her bedroom one night she saw a young man sitting in the armchair by the fire! He appeared natural, and looked at her, then looked at a peculiar ring which he turned round on his finger. She was frightened, for she had never seen anything like that before. The whole thing disappeared. Next morning, she told her hostess, and when she described her phantom visitor and the ring, the lady said, "That was my son, and now I will show you the ring." She took it out of a locked box, and it was identical with the one she had seen in her curious vision.

CHILDREN'S VISION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN.

Mrs. Camus, of Edmonton, said that on Sunday before Easter of last year she was at home with two of her young children. When she went to the nursery she saw the younger child looking with her eyes fixed on something invisible to herself somewhere about the centre of the room. The other child was watching her sister in surprise. She said to the child, "What are you looking at," and the other answered, "She is looking at that pretty lady, mamma." But immediately surprise came into her face, and she said, "The lady has gone, but she did not go through the door." The children knew nothing about spirits or visions, and they immediately started playing. She asked them what was the colour of the lady's dress, and they agreed that it was blue. Miss Dorothy Kerin visited them a few days later and showed them a beautiful coloured Easter card with a picture of the Holy Virgin wearing a blue dress. Both the children exclaimed at once, "That is the lady who came to see us last Sunday; only she carried the flowers more naturally than in the picture."

A VISION WHICH SAVED A FAMILY.

Mr. C. G. Sander told of a vision he had while at Matlock, of a destitute man calling at his house in London, wishing to sweep away the snow. He was so impressed by his vision that he wrote to his wife, telling her about it, and saying she must find out all about the man and help him. When he got home he discovered that the man of his vision had actually called at the very moment he had seen the vision, and his wife had allowed him to sweep away the snow. On receiving his letter next morning, she made enquiries and went to the man's house, where she found his wife and three children absolutely without bed, food, or fire. She gave them suitable help in their extremity, and found work for him as a milkman, in which occupation he continued for two or three years, though he was really a painter.

GHOST OF A DOG.

Lady Muir Mackenzie's story dealt with the authentic haunting of the house of a lady friend opposite Harrod's Stores by a dog which had been attached to its owner, but had been put to death because of an idea that it had gone mad. The spirit of the dog was evidently hurt by this, and haunted the flat of a neighbour, to the neglect of its mistress. Many people had seen and heard this doggie ghost.

WILD CHIEF'S GHOST TAKES THE SACRAMENT.

Lady Muir Mackenzie also told a story sent her in manuscript from Mauritius, which was well attested. An English missionary there had a good influence on the wild tribes and had made friends with one of the chiefs, who had caused a great deal of trouble. The missionary went to Australia and while there someone knocked at his door. Then to his surprise, this wild chief came in, and asked for the Communion Service, and certain prayers. The missionary acceded to his request, and the chief left. The former had no idea of having been visited by a ghost until he began to wonder how the chief could possibly be in Australia. He therefore wrote to Mauritius asking whether the chief were still at home, and the reply came back to him that the chief had returned to his wild troublesome habits and had been hanged on the very day his ghost had taken the sacrament in Australia.

"A HORRIBLE FIGURE WITH A GREAT HUMP."

Mrs. Beatrice Buck said that after a ball at a large military station in the north of India, her sister and she went to sleep in the same room, their beds being separated by about two feet. Suddenly she heard uneven footsteps come across the floor, which made the matting creak. She plucked up courage to see who might be the intruder, and in the moonlight, which streamed through the windows high up on the wall, she could discern a horrible figure like two legs with a great hump coming from the bathroom towards their beds. She was paralysed with fear. It walked between the beds, and she could not keep her eyes off it. When it got to the wall, it turned round and went out again. She could feel it pressing against the bedclothes as it went past. Then she heard a sound from the bathroom as if the bath was being filled. She moved, and her sister said, "Thank God you are awake." They were both in a state of terror, and they huddled together into the same bed. They

told their father what they had seen at breakfast, but he said it was absurd; they had simply danced too much! However she noticed the native servants exchanged glances while she told her story, and asked her father to question them. They told him that it was evidently the headless Bisti they had seen, and that all the servants had seen it frequently. He had had his head hacked off by an enemy, and appeared unable to leave the place. Whenever there was any great pressure of work on the compound he was accustomed to come and help them and usually filled up the bath with water. They immediately went to the bathroom, and found it full, though no mortal hands had carried the water there!

PHANTOM OMNIBUS AND HORSES.

Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd said she was once waiting at Oxford for an omnibus at the Martyr's Memorial. The day was rather foggy. By and by an omnibus appeared and she remarked to her friend, Mrs. Platon Drakoules, on the splendid horses for an omnibus. They galloped up to them, but when quite near, horses and omnibus vanished into space. With psychical research caution Miss Scatcherd asked her amazed friend to describe the equipage. In every particular the description given corresponded with her own vision, excepting that Miss Scatcherd believed she heard the noise of approaching wheels, while Mrs. Drakoules could not corroborate that.

GHOST OF MR. STEAD.

Miss Estelle W. Stead told how her "little poet" spirit-friend sat writing at night in her room, apparently oblivious of its earthly occupant. The odd thing was that he could open the door, and her father, since his transition had also been able to open it, "having been taught to do so by Gordon Knight, the little poet."

A GHOST THAT BACK-PEDALLED.

The Rev. H. M. S. Bankart, Enfield, said he was scorching down a hill on his bicycle towards Pevensey. All at once the bicycle was nearly stopped and he had to pedal for all he was worth as if ascending a steep hill. The reason he discovered was that the road was haunted for two miles. He did not know this beforehand, but he certainly felt an invisible entity hanging on to his shoulders and back-peddalling against him. At a spot beyond the haunted region he found himself free from the incubus.

DOG SCARED BY A GHOST.

Captain Seton-Karr described a visit to a haunted house in Kent three months ago. About half-past one in the morning he was awakened by a loud knocking at his window. He lit a candle and looked at the time. A quarter of an hour later there was more knocking, the door of his room opened by itself, no one came in, then there were weird shuffling sounds in the passage, and his hostess's big dog came in looking very much scared, and lay down under his bed. Afterwards he heard groans at the window, but at daylight he fell asleep, and was not further disturbed.

A BRIDE WHO WAS SET ON FIRE.

Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B., told of a forsaken house he knew in Cumberland which was inherited by an Indian officer. He came home to take possession. On his driving up to the house he saw the windows brilliantly lit up, but was informed that no living person had occupied the place since his grandfather's death. On being told it was haunted, he laughed, and went next evening to explore the house. Then he saw repeated a tragedy that had been enacted fifty years before. His grandfather had made a fortune abroad, and had returned with a beautiful bride somewhat his inferior socially. The mother-in-law disguised her resentment, and when she had decked the young bride in the family lace and jewels for a ball she set her on fire with a candle. The heart-broken husband buried her with all the family jewels, and went abroad. He there married again, and lived some time, but after his death his wraith haunted a certain desolate part of the estate. The grandson, after he recovered from the shock of witnessing this ghostly tragedy followed instructions given by the wraith and recovered the family jewels which his grandfather had, before going away, exhumed and secretly buried. He thus released the unhappy spirit from the task of guarding the family treasures.

THE PISTOL SHOT.

Count Mijatovich related his experiences in connection with a house he took in South Kensington in 1907. He humorously referred to his success as an Oriental bargainer in securing a seven-guinea per week house for three guineas. He thought himself clever, but his

wife, who was English, did not think so! She believed they would find something lacking. But instead of that they found the house all that could be desired, with a ghost into the bargain! Practically every night between 12 and 2.30 a.m. the Countess and he heard a tramping of heavy feet coming downstairs. The footsteps stopped outside their door, as if someone were listening. Then they heard a knock. The Count called, "Come in," but no one came. There was another knock. The Count opened the door and looked out, but no one could be seen. Three days after they took possession of the house his valet said he must go home, because his mother was ill! His successor at the end of a week left saying he was going to be a waiter! Number three also left hurriedly, but confessed that he was frightened by a ghost coming into his room every night and tossing him, bed and all, to the ceiling. The fourth valet, who was a Serbian soldier, thought he heard burglars in the basement and went downstairs to explore with his revolver. Seeing no one he returned to his room and was rudely awakened by hearing a shot as of the firing of an old-fashioned pistol. The Count and Countess both heard this shot. They told his sister who had come to stay with them about it, and she amazed them by saying that the same ghost had come to her room nightly and had put his head on her shoulder! She was not frightened, but thought it advisable to soothe the ghost by stroking his hand! At the same time she prayed fervently for protection, and the ghost, who was a gentleman, ceased to trouble her. Some time later the Count had invited well-known clairvoyants to his house without giving them any previous hint of his ghostly visitor, and they identified him as a British officer who, according to his own account, had committed suicide in the room occupied by the valets in 1864. The Count left the house at the expiry of his two years' lease, and a stranger bought it, but sold it again in three months. The last he heard of it was that it had been taken by the relative of a friend of his own, who had not heard of the house being haunted.

WRAITH FLOATING IN THEATRE.

The Comtesse de Tomassevic said that on one occasion when at the theatre with her husband she suddenly saw her sister's face in the opposite box. As soon as she recognised it the form of her sister appeared to float across the theatre, and taking her hand said: "My dear, be strong, and bear up!" On her return home she received a telegram saying that her sister had passed away suddenly at that very time.

VISION OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Miss Miriam Bloch said she had once seen in a vision the busts of three men floating in the air. Two were evidently Orientals with brown beards and shining yellow garments. The other was a Greek warrior. "My soul," said Miss Bloch, "told me it was Alexander the Great." Eight hours after the vision she took a cousin to the National Gallery. As she came out she noticed the back of a bust which she had not observed before. Going round to find out whose head it was she nearly fell off the steps with the shock of seeing, feature for feature, the same great, noble face she had seen in her vision. Under it were the words: "The dying Alexander."

A 150-YEAR-OLD CRIME.

Mr. Harvey, a visitor to the club, said he had been staying with an uncle in the country. On the first day he saw an antiquated-looking gentleman walking up the staircase. The stranger did not appear at dinner and after the ladies left his uncle said: "I cannot understand what is the matter with this house. We have been here nine months and none of our guests will ever stay with us more than one night. One swears that he woke up half-choked and that he found finger and thumb marks on his throat." Mr. Harvey asked: "Who is that other fellow I saw when I arrived to-day?" His uncle, to his surprise, replied: "My boy, there is no other guest in the house but yourself." He went to bed shortly after midnight, and had just dozed off to sleep when he awoke with a start. The ghost of a man was standing in front of him. "What do you want?" asked Mr. Harvey. The ghost pointed to the open door, previously locked by Mr. Harvey, with a gesture that unmistakably meant, "Clear out!" "Oh, no!" said Mr. Harvey, "I will stop here." The ghost walked up and down apparently much annoyed, and then left the room. Mr. Harvey followed him, but the apparition disappeared on the landing. He was peering over the balustrade when he was picked up by an invisible something which tried to throw him downstairs. At the same time there seemed to be another influence helping him to resist, so that he was able to hold his own. Later

two mediums learned from the ghostly intruder that he had been murdered as the result of a love-quarrel in 1764 and his body had been buried in the hall under the wooden flags. A skeleton was found in the place indicated and the details of the story were afterwards fully verified.

THE MURDERED GROOM.

The Baroness Barnekow said that in the fourteenth century the Lady Brita Skeel Barnekow was the head of a baronial family in Southern Sweden and ruled like a sovereign her many estates. One winter day she set out to Widtsköfle Castle, expecting to arrive there in the evening, but had to spend the night at a country inn with some of her suite. The innkeeper had pretended that he had not accommodation fit for so noble a lady, but her ladyship saw confusion on the man's face and determined to stay. The innkeeper then said his only vacant room was haunted, but her ladyship said she feared neither God nor devil. In the middle of the night she was awakened by a cold wind playing on her face. "Who is there?" she called, but there was no answer. Then she saw a luminosity at the side of the bed which slowly took the form of a man. Lady Brita asked, "Who art thou, for I fear thee not?" "Thank God," said the apparition. "I have at last found a human, still in the flesh, who does not fear me." He then told her he had been murdered twenty years before by the same innkeeper for whom he had acted as groom, that his body had been buried under the floor of the third stall in the stable, and that his soul could know no rest until his remains were deposited in sacred ground. "How shall I know in the morning," she asked, "that you are not a hallucination?" The ghost replied: "Put your hand inside the top of my head, gracious lady, and you will find a ring; put it on your finger and never let it go out of your possession, for every time you or your descendants fail to wear it your castle will be set on fire." Lady Brita put the ring on her finger, and when she awoke next morning she took two of her attendants to the stable and found the groom's skeleton in the place indicated. The wretched innkeeper confessed his guilt and was promptly hung. Twice when this ring was out of the possession of the family for purposes of repair fire had broken out in the castle.

A GHOST WITH A GRUDGE.

Madame Clara Irwin said her grandfather lived in an old-fashioned farmhouse, near a manor-house where Captain Preedy lived with his maiden sister. The Captain married a lady whom his sister disliked. At her death she left the house to her brother, who continued to reside in it with his wife and two daughters. Mrs. Preedy one day returned from a walk and heard someone giggling in her dressing-room. She thought one of her daughters was possibly larking, but when she went downstairs she found both her daughters, who knew nothing of the laughter overheard. Giggling and laughter were thereafter heard all over the house, and the servants complained that the bedclothes were mysteriously pulled off them in the night. Miss Preedy's ghost used also to meet them on the stairs and giggle at them. Madame Irwin once accompanied her grandmother to the manor-house and from the lawn they all saw the ghost looking out of a bedroom window. It was broad daylight. A clergyman was sent for to "lay the ghost," but his prayers had no effect. The hauntings continued until the family quitted the house; then they were no longer troubled. The maiden lady had apparently retained after death her grudge against her sister-in-law.

THE NARRATOR TELLS ABOUT HIS OWN GHOST.

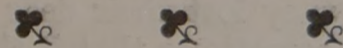
Mr. Lonsdale said as he lay resting on his bed one Sunday afternoon he dreamt that he went through the woods to see a patient. He woke up and thought no more about it. On Tuesday his patient asked what he was doing on Sunday afternoon, and he said sleeping. She said, "That's strange, for I saw you come into this room and stand in front of me; then you disappeared." Two gentlemen came to the house at that moment, and one of them asked him the same question, and he gave the same reply. The gentleman said, "That's funny, for I was walking in the woods, and when I came to a stile I saw you on the other side." Thus two independent witnesses testified that his ghost had been wandering about while he himself knew nothing at all about it. Mr. Lonsdale added that he once visited a haunted house and received a blow on the side of the head, and the imprint of a finger was left on his cheek, but he did not see his ghostly assailant. The ghost was a dissolute revengeful husband, who used constantly to torment his wife, who was then engaged to marry his successor.

A SPECIALLY WICKED SPIRIT.

Miss Junius Stallard said she had once visited a ruined castle near Ryde, and saw there the white figure of a lady waiving her away. She, however, examined the ruins and was returning by the way she came when the hazy misty ghost stood before her in a very determined way. She turned back and went through the woods, wandering until helplessly lost. Ultimately she found her way out by following a dog until she heard a train, and on reaching the railway she knew where she was. When she got home very late her friends said surely she had never been to the castle on that day of all others. They told her that a specially wicked spirit haunted the castle and on every anniversary of that date would allow no one near it, so the people of the neighbourhood simply did not go.

A GHOST SAVES A HORSE.

Miss Fleming said she was at a farmhouse for Christmas festivities. They were up till five in the morning and she slept with four other ladies in one room. Suddenly she heard a distinct noise and sat up in bed. She saw a figure in the doorway which seemed to beckon to her. She was terrified and put her head under the bedclothes. In ten minutes or so she peeped up, and the figure was there beckoning to her still. She plucked up courage and followed the figure along the corridor and downstairs, but when the ghostly man appeared to want her to go out to the stables, she rushed back to her bedroom but could not get in, as the door appeared stuck. She got very frightened but managed to wake up one of her friend's brothers, and told him about it. He laughed at her, but at her earnest entreaty accompanied her to see what it might mean. The ghost still beckoned them to go to the stable, and her companion, who was a veterinary surgeon, found one of the horses in a dying condition. He was just in time to save the horse by giving it his skilled attention. Miss Fleming said she did not know why the ghost should have come to her, as she was not psychic and did not believe in ghosts, but anyhow the poor horse was saved.



REFLECTIONS.

My soul is like a deep, clear pool,
Secluded from the world—
A tranquil place of sweet repose,
Upon whose crystal stillness cool
God's benediction glows.

My spirit wrestles 'mid the din
And strife of life's unrest;
And, weary, when the conflicts cease,
Dips deep my soul-depth's calm within,
And finds refreshing peace.

For, mirror'd on the surface clear
Of that translucent pool,
Eternal mysteries break through
Obscuring clouds, and bright appear
Before my spirit's view.

And so, to bear its part content
My spirit strives, until,
When mists of earth shall melt away,
God's truth shall light the world's extent
With everlasting day.

DOROTHY EDITH WEBSTER.



The immortal man remains poised and steadfast under all changes, and the death of his body will not in any way interrupt the eternal consciousness in which he abides. Of such a one it is said, "He shall not taste of death," because he has stepped out of the stream of mortality, and established himself in the abode of Truth. Bodies, personalities, nations, and worlds pass away, but Truth remains, and its glory is undimmed by time. The immortal man, then, is he who has conquered himself; who no longer identifies himself with the self-seeking forces of the personality, but who has trained himself to direct those forces with the hand of a master, and so has brought them into harmony with the causal energy and source of all things.—James Allen.

The Theory and Practice of Spirit Intercourse.

IN the December number of the *Psychic Gazette*, we reported the first of a series of four lectures on the above subject, delivered in the Queen's Hall during November by Mr. James Hewat McKenzie. As all the lectures are about to be published in a half-crown volume, lengthy reports of the remaining lectures are not called for, and we therefore content ourselves by giving some notes of interest incidental to the course.

On November 10, the chair was taken by Mrs. Despard, the well-known Suffragist leader, and sister of Sir John French. She said that the lecture that evening bore the fascinating title of "Life Beyond Death." At the present moment that subject had very peculiar importance for all of them, because sorrow and anxiety had taken hold upon them. They tried, as it was indeed their duty, to do what they had to do, but all the time they were haunted by the grim shadow of pain, the continual pain of loss, and above all of separation, for it was that which seemed to hurt the most. She remembered years ago, when she herself had what she considered the great knock-down blow of her life, a young woman came to her full of the deepest woe. Her husband had been summoned to America on most important business, and she did not know how long he might be away. She, the speaker, comforted her by saying—"You happy young woman, you can get letters from your husband, and your separation will not be so awful." When they lost their dear ones through death, they felt sometimes that if they could only have one letter from them, something to make them understand and know that their lost ones were still alive, and loved them, that would be such a comfort. Not for all that was in her could she glorify or even justify war; it was most hateful to all who loved humanity; they all felt its horror and its inhumanity, and that it was all horribly illogical; and yet in these sad days, it had come to her that there were certain aspects of it from which they might draw hope, perhaps even consolation. This was a moment of revelation. The veil was being drawn from their faces. In this great cataclysm, they had come to see that the European world would never again go on as it was before the war. Falsehood, hatred and fear, were being purged from their souls, and they must go forward into the future in the spirit of love. Like Miss Cavell, they had all looked too often in the face of death to fear it. Death was but the dropping of a gown, and while God lived man could not die. By and bye, they would all look on life here as a mere incident in the career of the growing spirit, and so death would be robbed of its sting, and the grave of its victory.

On November 17, Mr. Ernest Meads presided and intimated that the subject for the evening was "How Man's Present Life affects His Future Happiness." He said that just as the prospect of a larger and fuller life sustained and inspired them during their school days, their college days, and when they were beginning a trade or a profession, so there was great inspiration in the knowledge that before them all lay a larger fuller life than this, and that the dull routine and the monotonous struggle that had to be endured from day to day was just the prelude to a rich, glorious, and transcendent life beyond the vale they called death. Mr. McKenzie had studied this subject deeply. He had found the path of communication with the denizens of the spirit-world, and he had discovered

that the spirits of those who had passed on were only too glad to come back and make their love and interest known to those who were left behind. He had found this knowledge to be such a pearl of great price that he was anxious to share its possession with all others ready and willing to accept it. If his audience approached the subject with a large heart and an open mind they would find the way opened out for them by Mr. McKenzie a good one.

On November 22, Mrs. Hewat McKenzie was in the chair, and read the following interesting letter from Miss Estelle W. Stead who had intended to preside but was prevented by another engagement:—"The subject for this meeting, 'The Laws of Spirit Intercourse,' is one in which I am particularly interested. It is one which cannot help but appeal to all in these days when so many are passing on. It is when dearly loved ones have passed out of our sight to the spirit-world that there comes the real longing to know where they are, to hear from them, to prove for oneself there is no death. I can say, as one who has and does communicate with the Departed, that I know without doubt there is no Death. My father has never been dead to me. I spoke with him a fortnight after he passed on and have never lost touch with him since. Our loved ones are around us longing to make their presence known, if we will but open the door. They are not dead. They are, as Sir Oliver Lodge says, grieved and distressed when spoken of and thought of as dead and unapproachable. It is through ignorance we fail so often, therefore, I am sure all will be deeply interested to hear what Mr. Mackenzie has to say on this subject."

We recommend all who are interested in psychical science to look out for Mr. Hewat McKenzie's forthcoming volume which should prove to be one of the most reliable and instructive guides to the subject.



DISCIPLESHIP.

Wouldst thou lead men to Me,
That they My face might see,
Wouldst thou that I should be
To them, what I'm to thee—
In thy degree,

Thou must become as I,
All earth-born cares must die—
As sun in midday sky,
Thy soul must mount on high,
Must heavenwards fly.

Thus, thou'lt become a bright
And upward-pointing light,
A guide through Doubt's dim night,
Till faith, on Zion's height,
Be merged in sight.

FELIX RUDOLPH.



"Death is but the opening of a door through which the man passes into the next room; or rather it is the waving of a curtain behind which one enters, but which is always waving, and never a fixed barrier. The continuity of life renders this change perfectly natural. There is nothing startling in the new experience. It is the natural sequence and outgrowth of the old, as youth is the sequence of childhood, and maturity of youth. It is not the supernatural, the phenomenal, but the natural, the recognisable life, only more highly developed in spirituality."—*Lilian Whiting*.

Mental Healing.

By PAUL HONEY.

[The following article by a new contributor to the *Psychic Gazette* is so deeply interesting and instructive that we earnestly commend it to the attention of readers who are troubled with those "ills the flesh is heir to." We shall be pleased to hear that the author's instructions have been followed and found effectual.]

THE most hardened materialist will not deny that the mind exerts *some* influence over the body. It is now generally conceded that this influence is vastly more potent and real than was formerly imagined.

In some insufficiently understood way the mind changes (sometimes instantaneously) the various fluids of the body. For instance, in blushing and turning pale, we have two well-known instances of the influence of the mind on the circulation. Another example of a change in the fluids of the body is cold perspiration. Fear has frequently been known to liquefy the contents of the bowels suddenly, and its effect on the kidneys is sometimes very definite. There is a classical case of an infant being poisoned and dying as a result of being fed from its mother's milk immediately after she had had a fit of anger.

These conditions were not realised or, if realised, not well understood until Professor Elmer Yates shewed that definite emotion-poisons are formed in the body by anger, fear, worry, etc., which can be examined chemically, through the poisonous precipitates they form. We have, therefore, definite knowledge that the mind not only influences, but can suddenly change certain conditions of the fluids of the body, and herein lies the scientific groundwork for an understanding and use of mental healing. The great desideratum is to know just how we can "switch on," so to speak, this mental influence when we wish to use it for healing.

So far the illustrations brought forward have been of the involuntary character, and of a subconscious nature. It will now be useful to know definitely that conscious effort also affects the fluids of the body. Experiments have been conducted with a man whose body was delicately balanced horizontally. He was first told to think of his head. This resulted in a deflection of the scales in that direction. Next he was told to think of his feet and down went the scales in the opposite direction.

Now, supposing the student of psychic healing wishes to put into practice this wonderful method, how can he best go about it? First, it is best (though not absolutely necessary) for us to understand the true nature of disease, and in order to do this we must free ourselves from the idea that it is an entity in itself—a microbe, a malicious demon, or some similar power, that has entered our bodies unaware, and for some unknown reason. If you think the above is a far-fetched description of most people's conception of disease just ask the next man you meet what he considers a cold is for instance. A relic of barbarity this conception perhaps is, but it is none the less a very popular, though vague and ill-defined, superstition.

Disease in reality is a disharmonious condition, caused by the presence in the organism of encumbering material. This encumbrance is usually food which has not been properly dealt with and assimilated, or has not been eliminated.

This may arise from a variety of causes, such as lack of exercise, shallow breathing, eating too often, eating unsuitable foods, wrong thinking, such as worry after or during meals, etc.

Illnesses are a provision of Nature to expel this obstructing material. Note how the word "illness" is used as distinct from "disease," the former indicating the process of removal—the latter referring to the encumbrance itself—the dis-ease.

The methods adopted by Nature to rid herself of this effete material are varied. To indicate a few that are readily recognised, there are, diuresis (elimination via the kidneys), sweating, as in fevers; diarrhoea, and the discharge from the mucous membrane of the nose and throat during catarrhal affections. Skin eruptions also, such as abscesses, eczema, etc., are all provisions of Nature for our protection. If such did not take place the morbid matter accumulated in the tissues would become more than the body could accommodate, and the Life would cease to manifest through such a body.

We have seen how by mental effort we can cause stimulation to the blood and other fluids in the body, and it will now be evident that if such stimulation can be directed to the eliminative organs it will be a practical means of removing disease. If the stomach be at fault let the patient direct his thought to the stomach, consciously willing the healing power there; if it be some other organ or limb or part of the body let the thought be directed there.

The best conditions for such healing are absolute quiet, while lying in a relaxed pose. First take some deep but easy breaths, and while exhaling let the whole body "flop" (there is really no better word). Try to get the sensation while breathing out, that you are going down in a lift. When you have succeeded in getting the whole body in a thoroughly restful condition thus, centre the thought on the particular part that you wish the curative fluids to stimulate. Do this on the inward breath, merely holding the thought during exhalation.

It is within the writer's experience that the excruciating pain of neuritis can be greatly eased by such a method as well as other long-standing disorders. Where there is acute pain one finds, on trying the above method, that the very relaxation itself has an immediate and marked effect, shewing perhaps that a good deal of increase of pain in an affected part may be caused by an unconscious grip put on that part.

We must guard against being discouraged if success be not as rapid as we expected, remembering that though, through lack of training in mental control, our mind power may be scattered, that power (the great Unseen Force or Mind) never decreases.

The writer knows of a lady, a sufferer from insomnia for many years during the first hours of retiring, who gained peaceful sleep the first time she tried the method of exhalation here advocated. On the other hand, some cases require more time.

One important point which is likely to be overlooked is that mental healing should be directed towards the mind. It is useless to try mental healing for a dyspeptic stomach when the

patient needs the treatment to his mind to strengthen his will to resist the pleasures of the table! If the mental treatment is directed towards the mind, it will lead us to establish better conditions for the physical, and instead of wasting great effort in an attempt to get clogged

tissues and gross thickened blood to obey our mental behests, we shall have clear tissues and a clear blood-stream which will so readily obey our minds that we shall have a reserve to direct towards intellectual and moral improvement leading to the growth of the spiritual.

Can War be Justified, and Ought Christians to Enlist as Soldiers?

By F. PURVIS.

THESE are vital questions, and ought to be answered. If war can be justified, then Christians ought to enlist as soldiers. We must first define war; and if we agree with the definition, then we can agree in our answer to the questions. What then is war? It is Right, as a last resort, asserting its Might. This definition covers all righteous wars. But no unrighteous war can be justified. Wars of conquest or aggression are unrighteous, and cannot be justified or defended.

Might has no right to take from another what righteously belongs to him, whether it be land or property. Hence, no nation, however powerful, has the right to wage war with a less powerful nation to take from it its national birthright, or its treaty right, for smaller nations have as much right as larger nations to keep and enjoy what is theirs by right of birth or treaty.

When a larger nation with no higher right than its might, attacks a smaller nation for the sake of conquest, then it becomes the duty of a combination of righteous nations to protect it from the aggressor. It is the business of righteous nations to see that smaller nations, and lesser states, should not be trampled upon and destroyed.

I trust that one result of the war now raging will be that it will become for ever unthinkable that any independent people, great or small, should be politically annihilated. I trust that after the present war there will be formed such a strong combination of righteous nations that in future the smaller nations may live in peace under its protecting wing.

I have defined war to be—Right as a last resort asserting its Might. All available efforts to prevent a war must first have been tried, and arbitration is the common-sense method of equitably settling any international dispute. Only when that fails should war be resorted to.

Having shown that a righteous war is justified, there arises the question—Ought Christians to enlist as soldiers? This question bristles with difficulties to many. They ask—Can a God of Love sanction the killing of His children by His children? Can the Prince of Peace sanction war? Can Christians lawfully kill their fellowmen?

These important questions may all be answered with an emphatic *Yes*, in perfect keeping with the teaching of Moses in the Old Testament; and of Jesus of Nazareth in the Gospels of the New Testament. Both Testaments sanction righteous men going to war. This is how the Old Testament gives its clear sanction, and encourages the believer to fight. "Be not afraid of them: remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, AND FIGHT for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses." (Nehemiah IV., 14.)

If you ask why they should "remember the Lord"? the answer is given—"The Lord shall

fight for you." (Exodus XIV., 14.) They were to rely on God for help for "Our God shall fight for us." (Nehemiah IV., 20.) Can clearer sanction be desired than that?

But what does the New Testament say? Does the Prince of Peace also give His sanction to fighting in a war to save "our friends," which expression includes all who have a right to rely upon our friendship in time of trouble. Again I answer, *Yes*. Jesus says—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John XV., 13.) John, the beloved disciple of Jesus, echoing the words of his Master says—"We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." (1 John III., 16.) For that spells Saviourhood.

The Christian who enlists shows by that act that he is ready to lay down or sacrifice his life to save those who have called for his help. It is his noble duty to save his country, his countrymen, and his countrywomen. Then surely a Christian is justified in enlisting in such a righteous war as we, along with France and Russia, and Belgium, Italy and Serbia are fighting against Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria in their unrighteous war of aggression and conquest. These Central Powers have reversed the law of both God and righteous men in declaring that might is right, and that a larger nation has the right, if it possess the might, to take from a lesser nation its birthright and treaty right.

I feel it on my heart to say a few words to those who have been bereaved of friends and relatives by the war. First, with respect to their burial in a nameless grave in a foreign land, now let me say their dead loved ones cannot be buried. The man's outer shell, the material body, may be buried, but the man whom they loved never enters the grave. My loved one, who died about fifteen years ago, opened my eyes to that fact. She told me, after passing over, that she saw her own funeral, "followed it to the cemetery"—(now mark her words) "where *they buried my body, but not me.*" So one who dies on the battlefield, away from home, is not buried anywhere. His body is simply not needed by him now.

Soldiers who have laid down their lives for king and country, take them up again with the crown of eternal life and a reward of blessedness in the near future life.

The All-Good is mine, the All-Good is me,
I'm human, yet also divine;
And fellow mortal, whoe'er you may be,
Whatever is mine is thine.

—Elizabeth L. Silverwood.

The law of continuity leads us to believe that whatever unknown and perplexing phenomena may confront us, in the seen or in the unseen universe, in this world or in any other, we shall never reach the limit of the natural, and never be put to intellectual confusion by the discovery of a chaos instead of a cosmos.—Professor W. F. Barrett.

Mysticism and Life.

By W. H. EVANS.

IN some minds mysticism and mistiness are synonymous terms. The mystic is a dreamer of dreams, and his philosophy is one that is woven out of his inner consciousness. The ultra-practical people, that is those who lack vision, see no use for either dreams or dreamers. Everything for them is measured by the standard of use, which is as it should be, only their conception of use is not the highest one. For them the fact is the thing. And limiting their vision to the fact alone they overlook the necessity for vision. Facts as facts are like scattered bricks; it is only when the bricks are made to conform to the laws of constructive development that they serve their purpose. So it is with facts. In both cases vision is needed.

The Mystic then, is not oblivious to the facts of life. He interprets them in terms of his own experience. He endeavours to see what a fact symbolises; and for him the universe is not a vast aggregation of facts, but a living organism obedient to the laws of Being.

It is this perception of the consciousness lying at the root of the cosmos which gives him that knowledge which is summed up in the phrase, "To know God." There are degrees of this knowledge. In the sense that all realise that they live in the universe, it may be said that all know God. All know that God is expressed therein. But it is not all who plunge beneath the seen, plumb the vastness of Being, and realise that their life is hid in God.

The true Mystic has experiences which are incommunicable to others. It is this which lays him open to misunderstanding. He has to speak in parable, and by symbol endeavour to lead his fellows to the same perception. These inner experiences of the soul, however, make the Mystic the most rational of men; as it does the most tender and sympathetic. If he perceives the underlying causes of certain actions it makes him more tender and less harsh than those who see only the surface manifestations of conduct.

He would heal and save. He stoops to uplift his fellows. He shares their burdens, their joys and their tears. His heart feels their sorrows, and rejoices in their gladness. He is one with all, and lives in all. Because the God-consciousness is his personal realisation. He and the Father are one.

In the life of his fellows he lives. He has nothing but love for all. Acts of cruelty and brutality evoke his love for the victim, and pity for him who commits such. He loves his enemies, because he perceives that all are his brothers. To speak personally for the moment, if a man chooses to regard himself as my enemy he may. The point for me is, to see in him a brother misguided and gone astray. One who has ceased for a time to respond to the love chords of Being. My duty is to bring that love to the surface again, to make it active. And such a perception renders it impossible for me to regard him as my enemy.

But are we to allow them to ride roughshod over us? cries the practical man. By no means. Love does not mean that you should allow the vicious and the wicked to work their will in unbridled licence. Love seeks to restrain. Tigers we keep behind closed doors. We recognise the

danger of allowing them to be loose in society. So with the evil and the debased; or, as I would rather put it, the undeveloped. But while you would restrain, love does not demand that you must treat them harshly, but rather that in tenderness and sympathy you must strive to evoke from them that love which lies buried beneath the crust of sinful action. For the love and fellowship of the spirit realises the unity of life, and the joy of service.

All this follows as a natural consequence of certain experiences. The way to this is one of sorrow and pain. And I feel in this respect that this mystic consciousness is attained by a greater number than we suppose. How rich is life, how boundless is love! And while a few may be soured by life's experiences, the majority develop that patience, that quiet resignation, which hides a wonderful strength. All life leads to this, leads to the keener perception of spiritual truth, and ultimately to the quiet joys of the spirit.

The mystic path may be likened to the rugged mountain pathway, strewn with boulders. But is not that symbolic of life also? The development of this consciousness does not mean that you have to go away from your fellow-men. In fact you cannot unfold those finer faculties if you are cut off from converse with your kind. The development of the higher consciousness necessitates the interchange of spiritual energy with your fellows. This can only be gained and effected by living amongst men. Isolation means desolation. Solitude unduly prolonged makes for selfishness.

And here let me impress upon you the distinction between mystical perception and mystical realisation. The one is of the intellect; the other is of the soul. The one is an abstraction; the other is a reality. The one sees with the intellect; the other feels with the heart. And it is possible to have one without the other. The ideal is to have both. To both see and feel. Unless there is this union you will have on the one hand frigid beauty, and on the other misdirected heat.

At the present time there is a great difficulty for many to view life in its right perspective. Our vision is warped by the narrow vision of patriotism. There is a solemn warning contained in the last message of Nurse Cavel. As she perceived, patriotism is not enough. What the world needs is love. That greater love which all the great masters have spoken of. Swept away in the tide of national passions we are apt to overlook the only true way of salvation. Standing apart from the welter and the woe one perceives the great need of a better understanding. Hence we seek to weave all experiences into the garment of life. It also seeks to point out the better way. Live in love and you will live in God.

But as sorrow tempers the heart, and lifts the soul upward on wings of aspiring thought, so does there grow out of life's experiences the quiet joys of the spirit. Life becomes tinged with heavenly glory. In the heart is the song of life celestial. Nature's *Te Deum* is ever sounding in the soul! *Gloria in Excelsis*. "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." For Thy house, O God, is this glorious universe; the temple of Thy Divine Spirit.

Desire.

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

"HOPE deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life," says the ancient Hebrew proverb, with an intensely human touch in it. We all have at times gone through the same experience: worked hard for a given end, failed, and felt sick at heart; and yet, when perhaps after all the unexpected happened, our desire had been realised—it came as an intense joy and supreme happiness to us like new life.

So intense and irresistible can desire become that man has ever regarded it as akin to evil, but, as I shall show, that is an erroneous notion. Desire may be said to be the steam which drives the machinery of life. But just as physical steam can be useful and beneficial if properly directed in a well-constructed engine, or explosive and destructive if mismanaged, so desire is the making or marring of human existence, according to how it is directed. The monk, the recluse, and the ascetic try to find salvation in suppressing desire. They suffer from the fear of life, and shun the experiences it has to offer. They thus miss the very object for which nature placed them in the world. There is no need to suppress desire; there is no more sense in that than there is in trying to run an engine with little or no steam and then to expect to get the best result out of it. But it must be wisely directed.

Desire, broadly speaking, is the effect of the co-operation of the two great cosmic principles, Love and Life, manifesting in the human ego, seeking for individual self-expression and self-realisation in matter and form. In other words, it is the urge or effort innate in every human being—

(1) To gain or to assimilate an idea, a spiritual quality, knowledge, or experience, not previously possessed, or material objects such as wealth and property of all descriptions, or to indulge in the sensation of physical pleasure.

(2) To transmit either spiritual qualities, knowledge, or ideas; to give material objects or to render spiritual service, yea, even sacrifice.

In the latter category must be included all the continual efforts of self-expression, or, in other words, the effort to transmit one's own ideas, ideals, and aspirations to the outside world, and to mould others in accordance with the contents of one's own mind. That is really the object of influence. The desire for power is the effort to dominate others, so that they should be the means of expressing the ego of him who rules or dominates, or endeavours to do so. Slaves, servants, soldiers, sailors, and workers in various callings, through their discipline and their activity, carry out the ideas of their immediate overseers, who in turn work out or express the thoughts or desires of their own immediate masters. The latter, again, may be controlled by others. This system of spiritual power, gradually converging to single controlling points, is really a reflection of the fundamental controlling or ruling laws on which the government of our pluralistic universe is based.

Desire, the urge of self-expression, in itself is good, and is the energy which alone by its realisation produces development of the ego, even if errors of judgment in that realisation are committed. The only difference between the right and the wrong way of realising our desires is, that

while the former brings happiness, the latter causes suffering, pain, and sorrow, and is the way of sin.

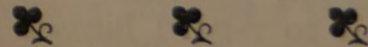
A man will sooner or later accomplish his strong desires, good as well as evil, for they will never be beyond his capability of realisation. The Self is an unfailing judge on that point. "Castles in the air" are but desires capable of materialisation, and he who has forgotten how to build them deserves our pity, for he lives in the past.

Man's actions, in fact his whole life, are determined by three factors—desire, will-power, and necessity, which represent respectively the spiritual mental and physical planes, of which the first is the most important. Desire is necessary for the development of the inner life, and without it there would be stagnation. The most important point is how to direct it, so that it should lead to permanent spiritual development, happiness, and freedom from suffering.

Let me here tell you that *the unfailing guide to direct your desires is your conscience, the still small voice of God within.* The conscience is the link between the microcosm and the macrocosm, between the individual and the Universe. The conscience is the just arbiter between man and man, if it be listened to and obeyed. Here you have the whole secret of *directing* your desires—how simple, yet how difficult, of accomplishment!

Keep your thoughts and your desires on the higher planes, the mental and the spiritual, and away from the physical or sensational plane. The first two planes alone will lead to development and happiness, while the latter is transient and evanescent. Pleasure in moderation as a means of enjoying life is wholesome, but if made an aim of life it is pernicious. If the love of pleasure becomes a habit, its enjoyment lessens. Then it is gradually translated from the sensational or physical to the emotional plane, and finally to the spiritual plane, where it takes on a permanent form, shaping a man's character here and hereafter. He has become of the earth earthy, and the dross with which he has soiled his spirit-body must be eliminated through shame, remorse and sacrifice. Enjoy life and its pleasures by all means, but direct your desires towards the service of man, the gain of knowledge, the realisation of harmony and beauty in music, art, and literature, all of which will remain "treasures in heaven," when you have doffed this garment of flesh.

From the desire and the thought results the act; the repetition of the act becomes a habit; habits constitute character; and character determines man's destiny here and hereafter.



THOSE GUESSES.—When a doctor makes a guess about a disease he calls it a diagnosis. When a lawyer makes a guess about the law he calls it an opinion. When a stock gambler makes a guess about stock he calls it a speculation. When a preacher makes a guess about the next world he calls it faith or revelation.—*Life.*

Seeking the Silence daily, we not only bring the peace which passeth understanding into our lives, but the humblest becomes a mighty power, to help the sad world, that has not yet found that the Kingdom of Heaven is within. The door is open wide, it only needs the earnest desire, the conscious effort to detach ourselves from the unreal, the daily blending of our human will with the Divine, in the Silence, and Heaven is ours now.—*E. G. Owen.*

Astrology and the Physician.

A PREDICTION OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S CAREER.

DR. W. M. STORAR, Ramsgate, lectured on this subject to the International Club for Psychical Research, London, on December 3, and delighted his audience not less by his breezy personality than by his racy account of twenty-five years observations concerning the influence of the sun, moon, and planets on the lives of his patients.

The doctor began by pointing out that the study of astrology was ancient when Abraham left the land of Uz to settle in the land of Canaan, and all ancient literatures had taken the science for granted. Hippocrates recommended that no physician should be trusted with the treatment of diseases who was ignorant of astrological science, and maintained that the rising and setting of certain planets at birth had a great effect on diseases. Lord Bacon, the biggest-brained man of his age, had a firm belief in the old science, and in the time of the Stuarts every physician professed some acquaintance with it. At the end of the eighteenth century the great genius Mesmer, the originator of mesmerism, graduated at Vienna with a thesis on "The Influence of the Planets on the Human System." But since then, said the doctor, no respectable physician had associated himself with the subject. (Laughter.)

A friend of his own used to regale him with full-flavoured stories as to the wonders of the science, and he could not refrain from laughter. His friend, chagrined by his sneers, undertook to prove to him its value. He cast the doctor's own horoscope and picked out the month and year when he should have had ill-health. His friend was quite accurate, and that was the only time in his life the doctor's health had given serious concern to his friends. "And thus began my wisdom," said the doctor.

His friend assured him that a knowledge of astrology would help towards a better estimation of his patients' original constitution, and throw great light on many problems of diagnosis and prognosis. So he began the study, much prejudiced against it, but soon discovered there was something in it. He found in cases of deformed patients that the deformity was accounted for by certain malific planetary aspects at their birth. He took such a horoscope to his expert friend, who immediately on looking at it said that if the man were alive he was a hunchback. In another case he showed him the planetary map of a young woman, and his friend said at once if that girl had not a bad back she would have. She was at that moment being treated in London for spinal curvature.

The result of his own observations in thousands of cases during the past quarter of a century had led him to conclude that many illnesses, their nature, and the time they would occur were predicable from the moment of birth. He had found the science helpful, and believed the official medical attitude towards it to be a mistake. He exhibited to his audience horoscopes in which spinal disease, asthma, heart-disease, epilepsy, Bright's disease, and other complaints were clearly indicated, and cited two cases where astrology had cleared up delicate points in

diagnosis and led immediately to appropriate and successful treatment.

He stated also that it was possible to tell whether new-born children would grow up from a study of their planetary maps. Many children were not fitted from the moment of their birth for the stress of the world, and they fell out early. The positions and aspects of the Sun and Moon were most concerned in matters of vitality, and each planet when on the ascendant at birth had a marked influence on appearance and temperament. He mentioned as a curious fact that children tended to be born either close to the date of their parents' birth-times, or about four months from them, and quoted as an example that four children of the Queen of Spain were born on June 20, 21, 22, and 23, while her own birthday was on October 24, four months later.

The doctor said happy marriages would be perfectly assured if the horoscopes of the man and woman were harmoniously complementary, and he suggested that marriage broking, based upon astrological knowledge, might some day become a useful profession!

Each sign of the zodiac, when emphasised in a horoscope by being on the ascendant or having the sun in it at birth, produced its own type and temperament. In the Acts of the Apostles they were told that the men of Lystia called Barnabas Jupiter because he gave gifts, and Paul Mercury because he was the chief speaker. The late King Edward was a typical Jove, the soul of kindness and good nature. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain were born with Mercury just peeping over the eastern horizon, and they were the chief speakers of the past generation. The doctor said he had been asked in 1891 how he would regard a young man born on January 17, 1863, at 8.55 a.m., at Manchester. He cast a horoscope for the time and said—"The gentleman then born has a remarkably fine nature; he has good health, a pleasant appearance, much talent of a high order, and a very graceful elocution. In fact, he is an orator. He has great love of humanity, likes popular applause, and has great capacity for winning it. I should judge him to be a first-rate actor, or someone high in public estimation, with a brilliant and honourable career before him." That young man was now The Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, His Majesty's Minister of Munitions, and the doctor said that his prediction of twenty-five years ago could scarcely be regarded as fortune-telling in an opprobrious sense, as everything he said was clearly in evidence in the horoscope.

Dr. Abraham Wallace, the well-known Harley Street physician, evinced much interest in Dr. Storar's lecture, and asked him at the close of the lecture for a list of the best books on the subject so that he might look into it.



"Grant me a soul
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly, with its weight of care."—*Juvenal.*

"The Manes are no dream; death closes not
Our all of being, and the wan-visaged sage
Escapes unscathed from the funereal fires."—*Propertius.*

New Thought Stepping-Stones.

By GERDA LINDE.

WHEN we first come into New Thought, it seems as if we were in a blaze of light, where there was nothing but darkness before. We have found the royal road to Health, Wealth and Love, and we think it can be trodden without much effort, for everything appears so easy.

The old nightmare of evil, inherited sin, and a devil has entirely disappeared like a morning mist before the sun. We have learnt about our own wonderful creative power, and in our newborn enthusiasm we bring some of our desires into form. It seems all so easy that we may just sit down and wait, and everything we want will be brought into our open hands. We have said good-bye to troubles of all kinds, and see the future as one long vista of brightness and joy. It may be that some are so well prepared through many lives, that they are just ready to step in and gather the harvest that New Thought has to offer. They have hardly any negative Karma to work off, their last initiation is taken, and they can stand up as Masters or Adepts, pointing the way for the crowd to follow.

But the average man or woman does not find things come quite so easily, because the real application of New Thought involves an entire change of consciousness. Our old enemy, fear, creeps in through the smallest loophole, first into the subconscious mind, where it can get a footing almost without our notice, and from there into the conscious mind at the first opportunity.

As a result, there comes a time, when discouragements are rife, and when everything we try seems to go wrong. We almost lose heart and think that New Thought is not what it promised to be. Such reflections only prove, however, that we have only a superficial knowledge of the subject. There is nothing wrong with New Thought; the fault lies in our application of it. It has an infinitely deeper mission to perform than the carrying out of our slightest whims.

The Universal Guidance is always upwards, but the quicker we want to climb, the steeper becomes the hill. A complete understanding of the New Thought philosophy enables us to recognise as stepping-stones events and conditions in our lives, which we used to look upon as hindrances. We see that they promote our growth, and instead of resisting them as before we meet them cheerfully and regard them as so much of the old debt paid off.

If our health fails us, and we have to give up work that was all the world to us, we may be apt to think there cannot be a merciful God to have thus taken all joy out of life and given us only pain and misery. As long as we resist the illness, and blame God and everyone else for what has happened, we shall certainly advance no further on the path. But if we try to find out the real cause of all this inharmony, we shall get the following answer:—

We have been sowing innumerable seeds of fear, worry, criticism, anger, and jealousy during all our life, and these seeds cannot get smothered the minute we get into New Thought. By resisting our illness and grumbling over our fate, we simply water these seeds and make them grow, and thus produce a whole harvest of inharmony, which only increases the illness.

New Thought shows us the true road we have to follow. We must acquire a consciousness of health, and believe in health as the one reality. Until the full expression of health is made manifest in our body, we must face our limitations with courage and patience, knowing that we have a lesson to learn from them. In this way our illness is used as a stepping-stone. As soon as we have learnt that lesson, the Universal Law will lift our burden, and we shall be free.

We may have had the most excellent education, and thought deeply on many subjects, but may never have got to know ourselves, and our true relationship to the problems of life. Through pain and weakness we get a chance of hearing the inner voice speak—not only the voice of our own spirit, but the inner voice of everything around us. Nature at such a time opens her secrets for us in a way we never dreamt of. The birds teach us their songs and the flowers refresh us with their sweet perfumes and lovely colours.

Not only external nature appears changed, but our interest in our fellow-creatures takes on a new aspect. We were often impatient with sufferers, thought we had enough of our own troubles to bear, without bothering with other people's, but this illness of ours has worked some good in us by developing that human sympathy which is one of the attributes of love, and whose outward sign is "service."

When one day the illness disappears and we are out of bondage, we shall find this stepping-stone has been a great help in our climb upwards. We have got on further than we could have done without it.

Now some of us may have had health all the time, and lack of supply has been our trouble. We may never have known what it feels like to be without meals because our purse is empty, but there are many who fear the empty purse, loss of work, and lack of opportunities. And when the law actually does work in answer to our foolish creations, we blame the results? As a rule we do not see that the fault lies in our own attitude.

New Thought teaches that each person can only take what really belongs to him. The man who was given the place we wanted, had sown the seeds of success; and the place was consequently his by right. When we applied for it, we had the consciousness of loss at the back of our mind, and the place passed us by. We never demanded it from the Universal. Our rivals only became the instruments by which our own law worked. We sowed the seeds of fear, of antagonism, of the empty purse, and by the law of creation our own thoughts materialised. But these same laws, which we have set in motion in ignorance, will also give us a lift in character, if we use them in the right way.

Through the experience of poverty we are taught to understand, as we never could any other way, what it means to be dependent on others, and this awakens in us a wish to divide even the few things that we still possess with someone who is worse off than we are. I do not mean that giving money puts the recipient on to the road of supply; it will only tide him over an awkward position. No one can get

permanent supply until he has acquired the consciousness of supply. The fact of learning generosity and sympathy is, however, a great lift in the unfoldment of our own characters, and through it we step on to the road of the Universal. Our attitude towards others changes; they are no longer our rivals or competitors, who take the bread out of our mouth, but brothers and sisters whom we are anxious to help.

As soon as this lesson is learnt, we shall be ready to draw on the Universal Abundance for all our needs; all fear will have vanished. Through our power of conscious creation, the great nightmare of poverty is then for ever dispelled, and we are free.

The roughest stepping-stone of all is the lesson of love, and the reason why it is so hard to master is that in reality it embraces all there is to learn in life, for "love is the fulfilling of the law."

When persons have learnt enough of the personal and become strong individuals, who can stand alone in the world, a spark of love is kindled for one or two others. Although this love is still limited, it is a move in the right direction. It is the cosmic urge of the spirit within enlarging the horizon. There will be knocks and stumblings before this lesson of love is learnt, many heart-breaks and much despair, and I think most of us

are only plodding along learning this lesson. We often get impatient; that precious personal self gets hurt too often; and we feel that it is more than we can put up with. But time is kind, and the wounds get healed.

When we begin to send out kind thoughts in all directions, we are apt to think that the minute we do they must come back to us in full measure. But some patience is needed here as with everything else. When we sow a seed we know that we have to leave it for a while in the earth, with the perfect faith that the flower will come in due course. The same law holds good when we sow the seeds of love and kindness. The harvest is certain; the Universal never forgets a debt owed.

It is not easy to get the personal self merged in the Universal; to attain this we shall have to set a constant watch on our thoughts, words and actions. With repeated conscious efforts, however, we shall at last reach perfect poise, when we can say with St. Paul: "None of these things move me." We will then find the road is perfectly smooth. It will prove essentially one of usefulness, of conscious co-operation with the Universal. While still remaining strong powerful individuals. Our life will be entirely dedicated to "service" and "The Light will shine through us to bless the world."

The Atonement—A Sacrifice of Willing Obedience to the Will of God.

IN his illuminating book on "Spiritual Consciousness," the Venerable Archdeacon Wilberforce, D.D., Chaplain of the House of Commons, writes:—

The true scope and nature of the sacrifice of Christ is luminously expressed in the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, emphatically contradicting the conception of propitiation, and asserting that the only sacrifice imperatively demanded by God is a yielded will, and a forcible change of thinking. Read it and see if there is any possibility of confusion in its interpretation—

"For it is impossible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin; wherefore when He cometh into the world (that is Jesus), He saith: Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou prepared Me. Then said I: Lo I am come to do Thy will, O God. He taketh away the first (that is, the conception of propitiatory sacrifice) that He may establish the second (that is the sacrifice of filial obedience to the will of God), by the which will we have been sanctified by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all."

In other words, the Perfect representative of the race atoned—at-one-ed—the limited human will to the universal Divine Will, and so offered Himself without spot to God.

And in this at-one-ment, through the organic spiritual identity of all human beings with the historic Christ, humanity is potentially at-one-ed to God through the attained perfection of one member of the race.

Thus does a clearer view of the absolute identity of humanity with the historic Christ, and a deeper knowledge of the relation of man to Infinite Divine Love, clearly demonstrate that the only sacrifice man can offer to God is his own personal self-dedication.

Thus does it convince that the atonement is not a single isolated propitiatory fact, but a demonstration, a symbol of the process which

takes place in the soul of each individual member of the race.

Thus are we encouraged to discover and appeal to the God within us, and say: "Power that worketh in me, Mind of God embodied in Jesus and immanent in me, take me, make me, break me."

Thus, when we "survey the wondrous Cross on which the Prince of Glory died," instead of shudderingly thanking Him for hanging there in our place, we shall realise that it is a manifestation of the Eternal passion of the Immanent God, and aim at recapitulating in ourselves the same perfectly yielded will, the same readiness to endure the cross, despising the shame, the same perfect at-one-ment of the human and the Divine; and when, by "beholding, we have become transformed," and a higher, holier, purer life has blessed us, and our God-consciousness is awakened, and school-time is almost over, and home-coming near, we shall be ready to make the same triumphant parting committal, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit."



Some one has written that love makes people believe in immortality, because there seems not to be room enough in this life for so great tenderness.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

Let love and truth, and all, forsooth!
That nations prize, be held aloof,
Until it reach the skies.
Let error, greed, rapine, and fraud,
No more be fathered on the Lord
By Kaiser or his kin.
Arise, O God, in Thine own might,
Uphold the truth, defend the right;
Dispel the clouds of darkest night,
Victory afford to those who fight
Along with warriors clothed with light,
For love and liberty.

D. S. Ward.

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The Church's Santa Claus.

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WHAT a shock Childhood suffers when, in due time, all its happy illusions in regard to Santa Claus have to be given up! Since ever the little ones were conscious, the smiling, generous, long-bearded, long-robed old gentleman, with the capacious bag, has come down the chimneys on Christmas Eve to fill their stockings while they were asleep. With what joy and glee and gratitude have they romped with his gifts on Christmas morn! Hitherto, all whom they loved and trusted have participated in creating and continuing their belief in Santa Claus. But now disillusionment has come! He is now only a myth and a fairy tale! There never was any real Santa Claus! Childhood's absolute trust and holy wonder is profoundly shocked. Can the young minds ever again be absolutely sure that they are not being deceived—that their fathers, mothers, uncles, and aunts are not mere'y pretending when they tell them of something that is very wonderful? Can they ever believe trustfully in anything or anyone again? Santa Claus is dead. Their idol has been destroyed. Their faith has been rudely shattered. Their implicit belief is now only a matter for jest. They are sadly bereaved. Why could they not have been left alone with their joy and their illusion? The fairy tale has given them many merry Christmases. Their disillusionment is one of the cruel tragedies of childhood.

But it was unavoidable. For the youngsters have been growing up. Their intelligence has been opening its eyes. Their dawning reason has begun to ask questions. Those who are older and wiser think the time has arrived when they should be told the truth. The tale of the old man coming down all these hundreds of thousands of chimneys in Christendom, hundreds of miles apart, with thousands of well-filled sacks, containing just what each child wished for, all in one brief night, is no longer suited to their understanding. They must be taught that there is a world of phantasy and a world of fact. They must learn to distinguish, and not to accept all that is told them without question. The day for unreasoning belief is over. All truth must stand the test of examination. The impossible story must no longer satisfy them as true. And so, dear old Santa Claus must be relegated to the lumber room of broken toys. Good-bye, Santa! we did love you so, but now we know you are only a myth, and Truth has taken us by the hand and is leading us forth into the less romantic world of hard facts. Perhaps we won't be nearly so happy as when we thought you the very best saint in all the world. But we shall always think kindly of you as one of our childhood's beautiful fancies. We throw a kiss to your vanishing spectre!

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

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

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

The German work, as might be expected, arrives at the same conclusion not less frankly, albeit not less reverently, if somewhat more critically, that "an evangelical Christian is no longer able to believe in the supernatural origin of Jesus."

Now these two writers, who represent widely different points of view, are only stating what grown-up Christendom has known for at least a full generation. Biblical and historical research have abundantly proved that the story of the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth is a pure myth, borrowed by early Christian writers from Greek and Roman sources, that it had no foundation in fact, that it is a story which was not even dreamed of during the life of our Saviour—which neither He, nor Joseph, nor Mary, nor his brothers and sisters, ever heard of. It is however, a myth so beautiful, so poetical, so picturesque, and has been so long an essential part of the Christian faith, that good, simple-minded, pious, trusting, religious people cling to it with crab-like tenacity. It is the Church's Santa Claus! The fathers of the Church are at present anxiously wrestling with the problem whether Christendom is yet "old enough" to stand the shock of disillusionment. They are fearful of the consequences to Christianity as an institution if it were bereft of this wonder tale. Adoration, reverence, religion itself might suffer, it is thought, if instead of the myth, the people were told the naked truth, the commonplace fact that Jesus was the son of earthly parents, just as all other children are the sons and daughters of men. But they need not unduly tremble. The people, without overmuch prompting from their spiritual guides have outgrown the biblical account of the creation, the temptation of Eve by the serpent, the sun's standing still at Joshua's command, the story of Jonah in the whale's belly, the belief in a flaming hell of eternal torment, and the crude and hopeless teaching of fore-ordination and pre-destination "from all eternity." Twentieth century Christendom is sufficiently intelligent for a frank disillusionment in regard to the borrowed Incarnation myth, or any other pseudo-history which has been introduced into the sacred scriptures. It knows that there is no religion higher than Truth. It knows that the Divinity of our Saviour rests, broad based, on His incomparable spiritual altitude rather than on any fanciful birth story. It will advance to perfect knowledge with or without its leaders. For truth alone will satisfy it. Fairy tales were well enough in its childhood. But Christendom, unlike Peter Pan, has grown up!

J. L.

Miss Lind-af-Hageby says Psychical Research is The Tip-Top Science.

UNIVERSITY CHAIRS WANTED FOR PSYCHICAL SCIENCE.

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY, who originated the Purple Cross movement for wounded horses, and whose great eloquence when she conducted her own case in the Law Courts two years ago excited general admiration, lectured on December 8 to the "W. T. Stead Bureau" on "The Search for Light." She said there were many materialistic and religious people who considered the search for light on problems of a psychic nature were not worth while, but she was present to emphasise that there was nothing in the whole world which could be more worth while. All that was spiritual within them, all that was man, all that constituted the soul in man, had been engaged from the dawn of all ages in the search for this light. The search for physical knowledge was admirable and excellent, widening their minds, and making life beautiful, but all the great religions of the world had desired to get into touch with divine knowledge, and had tried to explain the mysteries of the universe and human existence, by shedding a divine light on problems which the human brain unassisted had been unable to solve.

Religion and religionists had occupied themselves chiefly with two ideas—the immortality of the human soul, and how best to prepare oneself in this life for the larger and greater life which they believed would follow when their physical life was at an end. They believed there was something invisible within them, which they could not define in biological or philosophical language, which they could only sense in a poetical way, and which would survive and go to heaven or perhaps to some other place, or to a sort of between place, where it passed through various purifying processes to make it fit to enter the presence of God.

Theosophists told them that this invisible principle, this reality behind delusions and illusions, passes into a waiting place where it learns, absorbs, dreams, and rests; that it is re-incarnated, reborn

on this earth, and that this process goes on for many thousands of years as a never-ending evolution of the human soul. That was a plausible picture from a superficial point of view, but it did not explain everything.

Men wanted to know the truth about these problems, not simply to believe or have faith. And that was where Spiritualism came in and boldly de-

clared that it was not necessary for them to have faith without knowledge. They could have knowledge first and faith afterwards. For anyone to say that Spiritualism dealt with insignificant or trifling matters, or with things that did not matter, was folly and absurdity, for its interest came right on top of all other questions. Miss Lind said she was not there to say there had been no foolishness in so-called Spiritualism. There had been, as in everything else—a great deal of superstition, a great deal of ignorance, of misplaced faith, of frivolity, of superficialism, of humbug, of very bad humbug. But was that not equally true in other spheres of life? Was there not humbug in the churches, in the universities, even in the House of



L. LIND-AF-HAGEBY.

Commons? She did not claim that Spiritualists were the tip-top people; they were human and full of frailties and mistakes. But she was there to say that spiritualistic science, and the faith based on that science, were tip-top.

The birth of interest in psychic affairs was usually the loss of someone very dear to them, and the bereaved person was tortured by the thoughts—Is he really alive, are we going to meet again, is there really a life after death? Have all the things I have been told about a future life been true or false? The fact of Death before such a loss was generally but a name, but it then became real, horribly real; and the questions connected with death and immortality became real, terribly real, for now they touched themselves personally.

Spiritualism stepped in and said—"Go to a reliable medium and see whether he cannot help you, whether he cannot get some token that the friend you have lost still sees you, and loves you, and follows you with interest. Come and see whether you may not get some word of comfort, some piece of identification which is absolutely true."

And the person goes. In many cases the result may be disappointment, but in hundreds and thousands of cases the result has not been disappointment. Comfort has been given, life and new hope has been derived, and the seekers have come away feeling that here they had been in communion with their loved ones, that they were still alive, thinking, feeling, loving as before, that death had simply been a passing into another room. Life then became entirely changed, full of hope and joy instead of misery. Was not that worth while?

There were many ways by which the proofs they sought could be given them, by clairvoyance, clairaudience, by materialisations, and by spirit photography.

These phenomena had been scientifically observed and tested by Sir William Crookes and Professor Alfred Russel Wallace in England, by Professor Richet in Paris, by Cesare Lombroso in Italy, and for any so-called scientists to sit down to-day and dismiss the whole subject as being the product of hallucination on the part of people without knowledge, was pure nonsense. No subject was of greater scientific importance, and

she would like to see a properly-equipped Institute established in London for psychical research along truly scientific lines. They should have Chairs for psychical research at their universities, as they were already having them for the new psychology.

Biologists forgot that just as there had been an evolution in the past, so there would be an evolution in the future. Progress went on as it had begun, and from that point of view there would be no end of man. Higher psychic organs and faculties were being evolved; in some persons they were already in full play, and in many others they were latent, only awaiting stimulus and opportunity to unfold and develop fully. The exercise of these higher psychic faculties, these higher powers of sight and hearing, these senses above the senses, would transform and transfigure all the powers within human life.

In this war, millions of people had lost everything that was dear to them, had given up everything for the sake of a great idea, and for most of them there was horrible darkness. Let them imagine what it would mean to the world to-day if those who cared for the truths of Spiritualism could bring this great light into the darkness. Was it not worth while to undertake this labour of love and to help forward such work as that in which the W. T. Stead Bureau and the *Psychic Gazette* were engaged, to create a better realisation of the truth that there was no death. In that way they would give to the world something really worth having. (Applause).

Letters to the Editor.

AN APPEAL FOR LIGHT.

SIR,—I am one wandering in the dark, and appeal to you for assistance. To speak of myself as a Spiritualist would not be correct, but I am much interested in the Movement, and have read something of the literature connected with it.

The contradictions and inconsistencies, however, between the various authorities and "intelligencies" make it impossible for one in my present state of information to arrive at any definite conclusion. To reconcile, or at least explain, if that be possible, these apparent contradictions and inconsistencies; to state the position claimed by Spiritualism as a professedly religious movement, more particularly with reference to the teachings of Christ (I do not say Christianity, for Christianity has departed in many ways from the teachings of Christ); in short, to bring the whole subject into a focus—this would be to him who possesses the requisite knowledge, catholicity of tone, and a balanced judgment a task worthy of his powers.

The *Psychic Gazette* is the ablest journal of its kind that has come my way, and the Editor appears to be eminently capable of the task outlined above. If he could see his way to write a series of articles dealing with the subject he would confer an inestimable benefit upon many who, like myself, are wandering in the gloom, unable to find the path that leads to light and truth.

As examples of the contradictions that are to me inexplicable I mention the following. I should explain that I am more particularly interested in the religious and philosophical aspect of the question, and the ablest book I have read dealing with this phase of the subject is Stainton Moses' "Spirit Teaching." The beauty of the style, well befitting the majesty of the theme, and the logical cogency of the argument make the book a pleasure to read. Viewing it as literature it takes high rank, whether we agree with its conclusions or not. But "Imperator," while asserting that his mission comes from Christ, is very emphatic in denying the divinity of Christ. In this he disagrees from other alleged spiritual intelligences, who are equally emphatic in asserting the divinity of Christ. What is the explanation?

In one of the back numbers of the *Gazette* I find an alleged message from Shakespeare confessing that he was an impostor and that the works that pass under his name

are really Lord Bacon's. On the other hand, I find in a book recently published a message from the same alleged author, in which he makes no such statement, but in a very crude and un-Shakespearian way says very much to the contrary! I find in this same book two Christmas Carols alleged to be transmitted by the spirit of Charles Dickens, which Carols would not, from a literary point of view, be accepted by any good magazine or periodical. Does the literary faculty deteriorate when we pass within the veil?

I am deeply interested in what Spiritualism has to say of Jesus Christ, but my reading has, so far, given unsatisfactory results. In Spiritualistic literature I have found here and there the great Name spoken of with patronising condescension. If such an attitude is in truth the outcome of Spiritualism I would drop the subject without further preliminary.

I trust the Editor may see his way to carry out the suggestion I have ventured to make.—I am, Sir, Very respectfully yours,
MORVEN.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SOUL.

Edinburgh.

SIR,—In the December issue of the *Psychic Gazette* there is a letter on the above subject by Mr. Alfred Kitson, of the Lyceum Union. He says, "The soul is the eternal ego, the divine spark, derived from the source of all life and being whom we call God."

As a Spiritualist I have looked upon man as a "Trinity"—body, soul and spirit, the body being the outer or material garment, which we discard and are done with at the change called death; the soul I take to be the spiritual body or spirit's covering, which is being formed or built up within each of us and liberated along with the spirit at death; and the spirit or ego being the divine spark.

I may be wrong, but it is the conclusion I have reached, and is in accord with those of Andrew Jackson Davis, Judge Edmonds, and other eminent Spiritualists, who have described in their writings what they have witnessed at a transition.

It is a subject I do not wish to be in any way dogmatic upon, the object of my letter being to elicit information. Probably some of your numerous contributors can give us their views.—I am, etc.,
"MORE LIGHT."

Visions and Peculiar Experiences in Borderland.

By GERALDINE DE ROBECK.

I SHOULD like to say before I commence my little account of the experiences which led me to take so great an interest in Psychical Research, that I by no means pose as an authority on any of the questions which may be raised. Dating from my thirteenth year until about eight years ago I almost always saw things that were not really supposed to be there—in my bedroom when the lights were out (sometimes, also, with the light turned on) and when I happened to wake during the night. To me it seemed nothing alarming; I always thought there existed worlds within worlds, and I imagined I somehow possessed a key into a world peculiarly my own, though inaccessible to people differently constituted. I was never afraid, because I saw in that world nothing but beautiful things and I felt at home there.

When I find myself in that peculiar physical state which results in strange happenings of this sort—I mean an excitable, very nervous condition, in which I feel almost too large for my environment, and as it were ready to break out, like a thunderstorm and be in several places at once—I am asleep, and seeming to wake I find myself either in another bedroom or in another house altogether, or maybe, in some ancient temple, or some mediæval building, living, apparently, in earlier times, yet possessed of a duplicate consciousness all the while, so that I immediately begin to reason with myself, saying—"Yet all the time I am lying in a little bed, in an ordinary bedroom, and the candle is not alight, nor have I ever possessed a nightgown like this with flowing sleeves embroidered with armorial bearings!" I feel my body to make sure that I am awake and I blink my eyelids to see if the vision will vanish.

At times the visions are mental ones only, and this is the case when I have them by day—especially on lying down in the afternoon to take a siesta. On such occasions I have seen things happening that really happened at the time, either to friends at great distances away, or to people unknown to me at the time. I have also seen faces, flowers, &c., by day, but this happens more rarely.

Often I merely see lights in my room; sometimes a very faint light seems to come from behind my head, just enough to throw a sort of shadow in front of me. By this light I can just distinguish things close at hand, but so faintly that I should hesitate to say that it was really possible to find one's way by it.

My first very clear vision was on this wise. I was about thirteen at the time and lived in Malta, in an old palace which had belonged to the Knights of Malta. I slept in a little bed in the same room with my small sister. In those days I was so backward, mentally, that I could not be induced to read, and was in no way interested in mediæval things, being a peculiar, dreamy, delicate little creature whose head soon tired of lessons. Well, on this particular night I woke to find myself in a totally different room; no longer a child, but a fine, rather stout young woman, and amid surroundings of such magnificence that I cannot help surmising that I must

have been a person of some importance, for in the Middle Ages commoners were not usually possessed of enormous wealth, nor did ordinary individuals have separate bedrooms, and certainly not magnificent beds to sleep on. The bed on which I lay, propped up with fat cushions, was an enormous one with gold carvings, and I wore a wonderful gown of some white material with long, pendant sleeves, slit up to the shoulder, and embroidered with a coat of arms that struck me as being most elaborate. I looked at my hands, long woman's hands, and at my figure which was well developed (I was, in reality a skinny little brat at the time), and let my eyes wander round the room, all the time saying to myself: "I have seen it before." Beside me on a small table was a Bible with letters of gold, and from an inner room came a rosy light; the pictures on the wall were in gilded frames, and the coverlet of the bed was very beautiful. With extraordinary suddenness I found myself in darkness again, but I have never forgotten the scene or the experience, and I told everyone next day about it.

Between my thirteenth and twentieth years I had almost continuous experiences of this sort; but between my twentieth and thirtieth years I had, perhaps, the most extraordinary ones. I was staying then with friends, and was very happy, but not very robust in health. On one particular night I woke to find myself lying in a very splendid bed, not close to the wall, as mine was, and beside me slept a very beautiful being unlike anyone I had ever met. I was so astonished that I sat up in bed and moved the bed clothes about to make certain that this was not a dream. I looked down at my own body and it was there right enough, and I had a good look at my vision-companion who was fast asleep. I thought to myself: "This is very odd, my own bed is so small and right up against the wall, there would be no room for anyone else!" but as I looked the light faded and I found myself once more in darkness and alone.

At Malvern, when staying with friends at a vicarage, I woke once in a great state of mind to find the body of a woman lying beside me in the bed. I was apparently in the right bed and the right room, but it was lit up, as usual, by the faint light I generally see these visions by. I sat up to have a good look at the woman, but found that she was dead. Some days later my friend came into my room and began to discuss the photographs on the walls. She drew my attention to one likeness—that of the same woman, who she said had died in this very room after her confinement, not many months previously. Now, if she had told me this story first, and I had had my vision afterwards, you would probably have said: "Mental suggestion!"

Between my thirtieth and my fortieth years I saw many visions. I particularly remember waking one morning, when staying near Liverpool with friends, to see the walls of my room, by daylight, simply bushy with glorious white flowers—unlike our flowers of earth, but not unlike tube-roses, only enormous sheaves of them. They did not fade at once but went on growing and springing out of the wall. This was a beautiful

vision and I felt happy all day in spite of ill-health.

On one occasion I saw my own face, as if in a looking-glass, quite close to me—the face was haggard and seemed that of a dying woman. As it happened I was very ill at the time, though not aware of the extent of my danger. This was during the crisis of an illness, and my doctor told my sister, when she informed him that I had been having visions, that this often happened to the dying.

My most remarkable daylight vision I shall never forget. I was in bed ill, and lay wondering when things would go better for me. It seemed to me that I called out aloud, "When, Oh, Lord, when?" for I was weary and lonely. I turned my face to the wall, hoping to sleep, and there I saw a large oval light, and in it the face of a wonderful being—perhaps a man, but beardless and with magical eyes that seemed to fill the whole face. The hair was long, and gave the impression of darkness. Twisted in it, over the forehead, was what looked like a bramble or briar branch, and this suggested to me the idea that the face was that of the real Christ, although almost all painters have portrayed Him as a bearded man of fair colouring. I was much comforted by this vision and shall never forget it. It was not merely a mental picture, but had all the appearance of life.

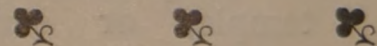
I presume that you would now like to hear about my "mental visions," those that appear to me with closed eyes, or that form themselves in my mind by day. These have usually been either prophetic or have turned out to have been scenes that happened at the time of the vision and referred to people at a distance. I can recall one very distinct one which proved to be correct. I saw the back of a man in khaki uniform, sitting at a large desk covered with papers. I recognised the shoulders and back of the head of a friend. Suddenly the man threw himself forward, laying his head on his arms, scattering the papers on the table, and by the heaving of his shoulders I saw that he was much affected. At about five o'clock that afternoon he came to see me but he was quite cheerful. I told him of my vision, and he grew uneasy. "Where were you?" he asked. "It is just what happened; I got an attack of the blues, I thought this war would never end, and that I should never see E. again." He said I was uncanny, and that he would expect to see me appear in his office some day.

Once, when a friend needed help, I saw her distinctly (although she was on the other side of the Atlantic), and her face was so pinched and wretched that she seemed to need my help badly, so I wrote and told her about the vision. At the time, as it happened, she was almost dying, and had been starved and without means. She confessed that her thoughts were always of me and of what I might do for her "if I knew!"

Some years ago I made the acquaintance, by letter, of a man abroad. We used to correspond about literary subjects. One night at about eleven, as I lay with closed eyes about to fall asleep, I found myself walking in a wood, close to the sea, and I saw a man in white walking under the trees, his hands behind his back, his head thrown back. I walked beside him and took his arm. When writing to my friend, again, I said: "Do you by any chance ever walk far into the night, under trees beside the sea in a white suit?" He replied, "I am unconventional; that is my hour for walking and studying; and I am wearing

white now as it is so hot—you must be a witch!" In later years I met my friend (never seen before excepting in this vision) and walked under the same trees beside the sea holding his arm.

Long ago I succeeded in projecting myself to a distance and appeared to two people. I have still in my possession a letter which proves that I was actually seen, but the men themselves who saw me have passed over. I wanted very particularly to convey a message to a friend who was in a small fort near Johannesburg where I then was. I thought I rose from my bed, threw a white dressing-gown over my night-gown, and descended the steps of the house into the open field. Then I did not know which way to turn, so I decided to walk along the railway line which I did until I reached a sort of camp, with a tent and a barbed-wire fence, and a gate at which stood a sentry. I was afraid of the sentry so I glared at him, hoping to frighten him, and then I passed in and went to the tent, but fell asleep at this moment. I did it three times, once a week, in the month of March. Not long after this I received a letter from my friend. He asked if I ever walked in my sleep, as I had been seen (or a lady in white rather) entering his tent, and the sentry at the gate had been alarmed by me. He saw me three times, once a week, in the month of March. He himself, the young man, said he had dreamed of me, and woke thinking he saw me standing beside his bed. I remember having felt absolutely exhausted after these journeys.



DO ANIMALS EXIST ON THE SPIRIT PLANES ?

(Letter to the Editor.)

Whalley Range, Southport.

DEAR SIR,—During my experience many things have led me to wonder if it is possible for animals to have souls or spirits, and if so, do they exist on the spirit planes to be of further service to our departed ?

I have seen psychic animals and described them clairvoyantly on many occasions, but never thought very seriously on the subject till I lately received a spirit photo from a pupil, on which is portrayed the form of an Arab seated on a horse.

What puzzles me is to know whether there was really an animal there in spirit form, or was it the great love that had existed between the man and his horse that gave him power to show himself on his favourite steed ?

I was amused one day to see a look of horror on a lady's face when I suggested that animals might possess souls, and have an after life. Who has not at some time possessed a pet that has proved its worth, over and over again, to be of greater value than that of many human friends. The deep love that is shown in the dog's eyes, the patience he shows in waiting weary hours in all weathers for his beloved master, the sense shown in danger when he is often the means of saving precious lives, his great grief at the death of one to whom he has become attached, are all soul qualities and attributes.

The animal's soul is perhaps not so highly spiritual or able to attain to great heights, still I feel convinced that the intelligent animal has some sort of spirit. Many times in the book of Revelations are animals spoken of, animals so strange that human eyes have never beheld them; and apparently they are both of evil and good purport.

It would be interesting to know the opinions of animal lovers on this subject.—I am, Yours truly,

LILLIAN PALMA.



If the whole existence of man be circumscribed within the circle of a few fleeting years man appears an enigma, an inexplicable phenomenon in the universe, human life a mystery, the world a scene of confusion, virtue a mere phantom, the Creator a capricious Being, and His plans and arrangements an inextricable maze.—*T. Dick.*

Where are the Dead?

I.—LIFE'S SUPREME QUESTION CONSIDERED.

By G. E. OWEN.

[The writer of the following article is sometimes described as "the collier-author." He pursues the precarious calling of a coal miner for his material subsistence, but his spiritual satisfaction is attained by working to open up minds which are sealed to the sublimer realities of life. He was brought up in the Anglican Church, which was satisfactory to him while his psychic and intellectual faculties slumbered. Twelve years ago he lost a little girl by death, and what the Church had to tell him as to his child's condition and whereabouts he found woefully insufficient. Thus began his inquiry into Spiritualism, which he says supplied the knowledge he sought and needed. An irresistible desire came to him to unravel the obscure problems associated with the subject. His early education had been most meagre, but his psychic nature and mental faculties became awakened, his outlook on life was widened, and he was soon engrossed in the deeper aspects of science and philosophy. Just as shoe-making and meditation often go together, so Mr. Owen discovered that digging for coals and digging for truth were not incompatible pursuits, both leading to great comfort and illumination. His æsthetic tastes became developed, and his spare time was given up to study, writing and lecturing. He is honorary secretary of the South Wales Spiritualists' Union. He used to hear voices which frightened him, but now that these are intelligible to him he is frightened no more. They have become proofs to him of the close interblending of what are usually called "the two worlds."]

EXCLUDING those who have paid attention to and obtained some measure of understanding of the part death plays in the great and perplexing drama of life, it seems as if the words of Shelley:—

And the future is dark, and the present is spread
Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless head,

have to-day an almost universal appropriateness. The obscurity of the future, the tomb's curtain of darkness, are unaffected by the soul-agonies of humanity. The distress, the anguish, the heartrendings of bereavement and despair, becloud rather than clarify our vision of life's workings.

To many, alas! the glory o'erhead has vanished. Sunrise and sunset have been robbed of their beauty. The music of the rolling ocean has ceased. The rippling brook no longer charms them. The warbling bird on the bough hath no more melody. All the world is dark, dull, dreary, cheerless—and life has lost everything that made it worth living. Then, indeed, we can say existence here is "a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless head."

The question has through all ages in the past been asked by man; it is as eagerly being asked to-day: "Where are the dead?" It has in the past and does now puzzle scientists, philosophers, and thinkers in all walks of life. Poets have made it a theme for poetic composition. Algiers has sung:—

One question more than others all
From thoughtful minds implores reply:
It is, as breathed from star and pall,
What fate awaits us when we die?

Sir Edwin Arnold in his exquisite poem, "He and She," known also as, "The Surprise," tersely interrogates Death thus:—

Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice—no language of death?
Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?
See now! I listen with soul, not ear,
What was the secret of dying, dear?

Where are the dead? Ah, yes, where are they?
What a question! What relief, what comfort,

the answer to it contains! What is death? What purpose has it in life? Is it to agonise and terrorise human nature? Why does man die? Is he alive somewhere after death has brought his life here to a close? Does he survive death, or does death extinguish his existence? If so, then, what has become of him, and if not, and he lives on as himself after death, then where is the world he is in?

What is the reply to these and numerous similar questions sealed up in the secrecy, the intense silence, and apparently impenetrable darkness of the tomb? Every funeral sets them surging through someone's brains. Every grave suggests them. They haunt the recesses of the minds of thinkers and non-thinkers, rich and poor, the religious and irreligious, the believer and unbeliever in a future life.

Varying and conflicting interpretations are given to death by different thinkers. Life, some hold, is a tragedy because it ends in death. Is it true we are, as Shakespeare said, "such stuff as dreams are made of, and our life is rounded with a sleep?" Again, probably feeling it is not the end he says:—

Death is a fearful thing—
To die and go we know not where.

Ah, yes! and in the words of Edmond Holmes—

Are we born of the clash of atoms?
Do we pass into dust and clay?
Though the years of man be sunshine,
Is darkness the end of day?

When the shore of the sea of death is reached by one that is near and dear to us, all seems so dark. We watch the changing pallor, the glassed and fixed eye, we feel the pulse getting feebler, we notice fainter breathing, we seek to catch a whisper, alas! from the lips of clay. "Dead, gone," we tremblingly say. What then? Is there no sunshine beyond the clouds? Is there no land beyond the sea? Is there no light beyond the darkness? Is there no life beyond death? When the sun of human existence goes down on this life will it not rise on another?

Those who subscribe to the philosophy that life is the co-ordination of conditions, a result, an effect of atomic arrangement, or, in the words of Professor Felix Le Dantec, a French chemist, regarded as the foremost champion of the mechanical theory of life, that: "Life is only a surface accident in the history of the thermic evolution of the globe," will give a negative answer to the foregoing questions, as death means, they hold, the dissociation, the breaking up of the conditions which gave in effect life. Hence, they say, as death ends man as such, we are not to look for the dead in another state alive and active.

That view represents the materialistic conception of life. Its philosophy of death is based on an inference. That has been arrived at by the mistaken notion of expecting what is not related to this life to be recorded by experimental instruments capable of being only affected by what belongs to this world. Its conclusions are, therefore, wrong through being based on inaccurate propositions. Its philosophy on the ultimates of life is gloomy, cheerless, unsatisfying, and in

conflict with the finer and deeper, the intuitive, feelings of human nature. Last century in the scientific world this view flourished. It is on the wane now, and the trend of scientific thought and outlook is towards the converse view.

The following lines represent an entirely different outlook on death, and lament it is not seen in its true light by all thinkers :—

Alas! for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play.
Who has not learned in hours of faith
The truth to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever loved of death,
And love can never lose its own.

Standing in opposition to and destroying the whole fabric of Materialism's negative philosophy of man's destiny is Spiritualism, positively declaring as its main affirmation, based on incontestable phenomena, that death does not mean the end of man, but is only a change in his mode of existence. The enormous mass of evidence in a variety of forms from various sources we have to-day coupled with the personal experiences and testimonies of a galaxy of powerful and influential minds the world over, places Spiritualism in the minds of all save the uninformed and prejudiced, in the sphere of certainties. Its claims are only disputed, opposed, and disbelieved by those not understanding it through not having subjected it to investigation.

To understand where the dead are it is necessary to comprehend the real part death plays in the processes of life. Various conceptions are held of death which, as they are all more or less misleading, need not be dealt with here. In virtue of its demonstration of man's survival beyond death Spiritualism enables us to obtain the real and true character of death in its outward and inward, its visible and invisible aspects. When we understand what happens to man when he dies then we are enabled to see the nature of death, and seeing that where he is after having died becomes clear to us.

We will now proceed to describe the process of death and its effect on the person who has died. That done and the answer to, "Where are the dead?" is perfectly clear. The terms "death," "died," etc., are here used in their true sense, denoting a change of state or conditions of existence, the transition from one world into another, or the passage from a lower into a higher form of life.

According to the weighty words of Dryden :—

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of a future state.

Spiritualists, as they alone search the secrets and unravel the problems of the future life, are the only persons qualified to say where the dead are. To the query: "Is there no voice, no language of Death?" their science in a manner that is absolutely conclusive answers, "There is."

Death, they say, means only a change in man's condition or state of existence. The place he is in after death must not be sought for in space. Many err in doing so—an error born of viewing death in the wrong light. To think of the next life in terms of locality as determined by physical consciousness is to think in vain. In other words the place where those who have died live cannot be localised in the sense we localise a planet in space, as it is a condition—appearing it is true and having to those who have had the change

the qualities of substantialness, solidarity and externality, precisely as we experience in this life.

The following examples from the activities of Nature around us illustrate what is meant. Just as the blade of grass springs up into a world of light and increased freedom from the seed; just as the oak emerges from and dies to its acorn-state into a world where its majestic branches can move; just as the butterfly in the chrysalis stage changes from its previous cumbersome life into one where it floats gracefully about; just as the chicken emerges from its egg-world into one where it has scope to use its organs and limbs; just as the child at birth passes from its pre-natal environment and world, where it was unable to use its limbs, sense organs, and mental faculties, into a state of existence where their functions can take place; so does man, when his life here draws to a close at death, break through the limiting conditions of this world and pass into the next, where he obtains increased freedom and scope which permits the bringing into use a group of organs, senses and faculties which were incapable of being exercised here.

[The brilliant second part of this article, under the subtitle—"Life's Supreme Question Answered," will appear in the February *Gazette*.]



"THE CREWE CRUX."

(Letter to the Editor.)

3, Harewood Terrace, Darlington.

SIR,—Having made a close study of psychic photography, and having given public lectures on the subject in many parts of the kingdom, I may possibly have some claim to express my opinion on the subject of the photo in dispute.

Doubtless there is a very striking resemblance between the photo claimed by Archdeacon Colley to be that of his mother, and the photo of Mrs. Spencer's grandmother, but it hardly justifies Admiral Moore in labelling it "the record lie of the twentieth century."

Because the same face undoubtedly appears again on another negative (taken under test conditions) the Admiral expresses his opinion that "Mrs. Spencer's grandmother is a stock spoof at Crewe." Add to this the Admiral's remarks in his reply to Miss Scatcherd, "She is one of the Crewe Circle (?), and no sensible person expects accuracy from that source"; also his statement, "I have formed my own opinions about the Crewe proceedings generally," and one can only deduce that Admiral Moore's judgment is blinded by prejudice.

It is within my knowledge that the Admiral has never visited the Crewe Circle, neither has he personally tested their genuineness or otherwise. I HAVE, and can testify to their honesty, and the power of their mediumship, having secured indisputable evidence.

The Admiral admits that "he believes in the possibility of photographing the simulacra of Spirit friends who have gone before" and "that he is fully acquainted with the problem of copies and resemblances." Why then is he not generous enough to admit that whilst the Archdeacon might have been mistaken, still the likeness to his mother was sufficiently striking to also deceive eighteen friends of the Archdeacon's mother?

On the other hand, if the photo is a spirit copy, or simulacra, of the photo of Mrs. Spencer's grandmother (which the Admiral admits is possible) then why describe it as "a record lie."

I wonder what Admiral Moore would think, if I asserted that Dr. Sharp was a stock-in-trade spook of Mrs. Wreidt's seances, simply because Dr. Sharp's voice was again and again repeated at her circles.

Like all the rest of us, Admiral Moore has much to learn, for there are many psychic problems yet to solve. I hardly think he is of quite the right temperament for a successful student of the occult; he certainly seems to be lacking in sound reasoning and Christian charity.

The Crewe Circle are willing to submit to (and can withstand) all tests. They have hundreds of friends who can testify to their integrity. They can afford to treat with contempt the criticisms of one who has never even troubled to personally test their mediumship.—I am, yours truly,

W. G. MITCHELL.

The Varied Gifts of Mediumship.

By LEWIS FIRTH.

WE may for convenience sake divide mediumistic gifts into two main groups: (a) physical or objective, and (b) psychical or subjective.

The phenomena occurring in the presence of physical mediums, such as levitations, apports, psychic photography, etherialisation, and materialisation, occult perfumes, direct-voices, spirit-paintings, symbolical drawings, slate-, automatic- and inspirational-writings, healing, etc., all appeal to the sense perceptions, and are capable of being verified by any intelligent observer.

But while they make their appeal to sense perception, they are the expression of laws which are both psychical and spiritual, and bear the hallmark of intelligence and direction.

The psychical or subjective phenomena such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, trance-mediumship, etc., are in all probability more directly in touch with borderland states, often manifesting a knowledge of facts beyond the capacity of the medium, and most certainly bringing to light evidential matter unknown to him or to anyone present, at the time the messages are given. No unbiassed observer can doubt that the origin of these messages is outside the power of the percipient in his normal condition, and in the majority of cases the results are assuredly the work of discarnate entities.

How are one's psychic faculties developed?

There is only one royal road to development: first, discover the faculty, then use it unselfishly and wisely, and follow wherever it may lead.

Of course the question naturally arises, how is one to know whether he is a medium? Just by the same logical process of acquiring any kind of knowledge. He has to prove that mediumship is a fact, and that it is a priceless treasure, an inborn faculty given without price or favour, and often independently of one's position or moral stability. He must, if possible, witness the phenomena dependent upon different kinds of mediumship, observe carefully the trances which are the most common variety in the seance room, and come into personal contact with some well-tried medium and seek his advice. He must not follow advice blindly but let both intuition and reason be his guide. Commonsense here as elsewhere is a necessary factor if he is to acquire a correct knowledge of the subject.

Failing to meet with some reliable medium, he must study the best books on the subject. There is no finer work than the "Guide to Mediumship," by E. W. and M. H. Wallis. He should fight shy of "courses" advertised at so many guineas, guaranteeing to develop some phase of mediumship.

If he is in a position so to do, he should invite a few interested friends to meet regularly and punctually in his home. Take as a working hypothesis, that all persons are spirits, here and now, living some portion of their time in the presence of the living dead, and be willing to receive evidence of their continued presence through the development of mediumship. The function of the home circle is to discover mediumship.

Music, conversation, passivity, meditation, and concentration, are a few methods which,

appealing to different minds, assist in development. Experience will be a guide, philosopher and friend. A complete reformation of one's habits is often indispensable to ensure an entrance into the higher branches of mediumship. One may live a gross and sensual life, and his psychical gifts be a wonder to everyone, but he will lack the discernment that comes to a chaste soul. Abstention from alcohol, tobacco, and flesh foods, eliminates from the body factors which retard and refract the light of a holier revelation. At the same time, it must be recognised that abstention from all forms of gross living will never produce mediumship—for like genius, mediumship is an inborn gift.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of righteousness," that is, live a clean, upright and virtuous life, "and all other things will be added unto you," is a command that in its application to the development of mediumship is as true to-day as when originally uttered.

Meetings should be continued if necessary for years, and in the end the reward in one form or another will be great. Various phases of mediumship such as levitations, raps, trances, clairvoyant visions, and later, if continued, some of the rare forms may make their spontaneous appearance. The home circle will become a holy of holies, where the two worlds will surely meet and the sacred fires of inspiration will breathe into all a revelation not merely of earth, but from heaven.

Many Theosophical friends look askance at mediumship. They believe—often without evidence or very little—that the medium loses his individuality, is a tool in the hands of either elementals or earth-bound spirits, and in consequence that mediumship is dangerous and degrading. Like every other instrument of research, it is dangerous only in proportion to the wrong use made of it. Mediumship is one of God's priceless gifts to His children, and in a virtuous soul enables him to perceive that there is no "high or low," but simply infant souls climbing the ladder of progress, leading eventually into the full-orbed grandeur of the real inner higher self.

There are those who talk glibly about seership as if it were an exalted state, far removed from mediumship. But mediumship and seership are only convertible terms, descriptive of faculties that some day will become the common heritage of all.

As to the future possibilities of this great instrument of research, I believe the day is not far distant when mediumship may become an instrument of precision in the hands of the palæontologist, enabling him to discover links in the genealogical history of plants and animals. The mediumistic archæologist will some day enter through the fragments of ancient temples, tombs, barrows, tumuli, and sun-burnt bricks into the life's history and upward struggle of nations of antiquity, enabling him to solve problems which at present are shrouded in fable, myth or allegory. The medical practitioner will similarly employ this instrument with its X-ray vision in the diagnosis of disease. The surgeon will be guided aright to the morbid spot, and in

a much wider sense than at present the therapeutic art will pass from its empirical state into an established science, through the wise application of mediumship.

Criminal jurisprudence will no longer be retributive, education will draw forth individual

genius, and every branch of science and art will enter on a new lease of life.

But the supreme mission of mediumship is to bring to Humanity the knowledge that death—or rebirth—is but the entrance to a fuller and grander life beyond the tomb.

Letters to the Editor.

“SEVERE CRITICISM FROM BRIGHTON.”

9, Hastings Road,
Brighton.
December 16, 1915.

DEAR SIR,—May I be allowed to thank you, not ironically, for the December number of your *Psychic Gazette*. Certainly I did not anticipate such generosity on your part. You also condescend to call me Brother, I suppose ironically, as I fail to see any family likeness between us.

You misrepresent my belief when you state that I believe only those who participate in my own form of belief have the slightest chance of being saved. I have not a copy of my letter to you, but I believe my assertion was, in effect at least, that there was no good hope for salvation unless in the sinner's sins having been atoned for by the Lord Jesus Christ on Calvary's tree. God has not made known any other way; neither is there any other way; and I defy you to produce any other that will be accepted by God, when you or I stand at the bar of a righteous God. It is that time that will test the religious ideas you have now. Except a man or woman be born again, he, or she, cannot see the kingdom of God (John III., 3).—Yours in truth,

A. OLIVE.

[Mr. Olive's letter appeared in the December *Gazette verbatim et literatim* as he sent it. That we have not misrepresented his belief is made abundantly clear by the above. If he will read what Archdeacon Wilberforce has said on The Atonement, quoted on another page, he may begin to understand that there are more intelligible and spiritual interpretations of Christ's Atonement than the crude old notions about which he is still so dogmatic.—ED. I. P. G.]

“I HAVE LOST A SAILOR BOY, BUT GAINED AN ANGEL SON.”

[The following is copy of a letter sent by the writer to Mr. Olive, Brighton. It has been forwarded to us for publication.]

13, Arundel Street, Brighton.
December 20, 1915.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I have just read your letter to the Editor of the *Psychic Gazette*, which appears in the current issue.

As such a letter takes time and trouble, I conclude you are earnestly interested in what you believe to be Truth and Light, and the welfare of humanity. Under this belief I give you the personal experiences of myself and family. In doing so, I do not claim that they are unique, or contrary to Bible teaching, but if they were it would not alter my stand one iota. Truth is Truth whether contained in any Bible or none; if all Bibles (and there are several) denied the following facts, to me and mine they would remain true.

Our one and only son, aged 23, was in H.M. Navy, and was on the ship “Bulwark” when it was blown up in Sheerness Harbour on November 26, 1914. He was a most promising young man, a life abstainer, devoted to his calling, and highly recommended by his commander. A more devoted son to parents and sisters could not be found, and it is impossible for me to tell you what effect the news of the disaster had upon all of us, on that sad Thursday evening when it reached us.

When on the Friday night I got in touch with the Admiralty, and the only news I could get was that our poor boy was on that boat at the time it was blown up, the world was very dark indeed and remained so until the following Sunday evening.

We had just finished tea. His five sisters, my wife and I were still sitting at the table, when one of my girl's face brightened up, and she said, “Mum, George has just come in, between two other sailors, and he is now standing

between you and Dad, with a hand on each shoulder. He says, ‘Mum, I have come home.’” (Mum was the term he always used in addressing his mother.)

He was also seen by my youngest girl, who was able to describe his two companions, and pick them out of a photographic group we had of some of the crew. One of these was a young man we had seen, the other was quite a stranger to all of us.

From that day up to the present he is being continually seen at short intervals by two of his sisters, and by his mother, who are all blessed with the clairvoyant gift. Messages of love and advice are being continually received from him from time to time. He tells us he is quite happy, and would not come back to the earth state even if he could, that he can and does continue to work on, and that at present he is engaged in helping others who have lost their lives to realise their position, showing them how to find their friends. He tells us there are bands of spirits who devote themselves to this loving service, and that he is attached to one of these bands.

Are you a parent, sir? Can you realise what that revelation means to us since that Sunday evening? Of a truth I have lost a sailor boy, but I have gained an angel son.

If the *Psychic Gazette* can be the means of bringing such joy into other homes as I have experienced, all I can say is—God bless *The International Psychic Gazette* and its Editor.—I am, sir, yours most sincerely, in search of truth,

J. J. GOODWIN.

P.S.—I am sending copy of this letter to the Editor of *I. P. Gazette*.

MR. A. OLIVE'S THEOLOGY.

DEAR SIR,—I have read Mr. A. Olive's letter in the December issue of the *Psychic Gazette*, and your crushing rejoinder.

He says he wishes to draw his “conclusions from an infallible source—the Word of God, the Bible.” In making this assertion he gives not one iota of evidence in support of its infallibility. Presumably he refers to our English authorised or revised version, for the original documents have long since disappeared. It is difficult to imagine any man of ordinary intelligence believing in the verbal inspiration of our present Bible, which consists of sixty-six books, written by different men at various periods, centuries before the English language existed, and, like other scriptures, for all sorts and conditions of men. That which is applicable in one case is inapplicable in another. To quote texts indiscriminately is to rob the Bible of its intrinsic value, and oftentimes makes it a curse instead of a blessing. A thing is not true because it is in the Bible, but a great deal is in the Bible because it is true, men and women having witnessed to their own experience. Spiritual truths must be spiritually—not carnally—discerned. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

The callousness and egotism with which Mr. Olive relegates all who differ from him to an eternity of torture would be amusing were it not pitiable. He speaks of God's justice and yet postulates a Supreme Being who is so unjust that He punishes with an infinite punishment the majority of His own children for finite sin, and so unholy that, although omnipotent, He allows a ghastly hell to exist to all eternity. Verily Mr. A. Olive's god is my devil.—Yours faithfully,

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.



The Light of Day will not reach us so soon if we are content to await its coming in the valley. So let us climb through the gloom of night to the mountain top. It will mean a hard struggle, and possibly many a rough tumble. But the height attained, the Sun will soon arise, and fill us with its glorious and joyful light, while the world below still slumbers.—J. L.

The Twelve Tribes of the Zodiac.

IV.—CANCER THE CRAB. By LEO FRENCH.

CANCER : (a) The Moon-Child ; (b) The Crab.
"Revisiting the Glimpses of the Moon."

ELUSIVENESS is a racial characteristic of water as an element, in cosmic and human worlds. When, to elusiveness, is super-added innumerable varieties within the type, the inevitable conclusion follows that Cancerians are difficult to classify, impossible to consider, except under the Group-System.

For the purpose of this glimpse at the Moon, however, they will be imaged as those who swim, float, and drift through life respectively. The drifters are the derelicts of Cancer, the two distinct and equally representative types, being the swimmers and floaters.

First then, the floaters, with Biblical authority. "The first shall be last," etc. The "Moon-type" have all the grace and charm lent by "floating clouds" of watery vapour. These natives are elusive, sprite-like, feminine in nature irrespective of sex. There is something insubstantial about them, a vague fantasy of atmosphere, as though they still revisited "the cold lunar beams," and reflected their grace and glamour. This type is *temperamental*, first and foremost, and is subject to despicability and rejection by none more summarily than the more practical members of their own clan. The "floating" Cancerian mirrors the mood of the moment; the atmosphere and environment by which he is surrounded becomes "his own" for the moment. Sometimes he (or she) shines "full-orbed with her own delight," a harvest-moon of serenity and fulfilment. But the next day, there may ensue total or partial eclipse, or at the best, a wan silver sickle, floating distraught and obscured by clouds of misunderstanding, or the thousand and one obstacles that come between Cancer and the bright and perfect mirror of its ideal type.

Many artists (using the term in its true sense of inclusion, not confined to painters only) are born under Cancer, i.e., from June 22 to July 22, or thereabouts. Their art is exquisite and delicate, "wrought in ivory, woven of moon-beams" cloth of silver, shimmers the fabric of their dream. There is a distinct "motif" belonging to all Cancerian art-work—a reflection of something afar, an intangible web of fragile longing, a suffusion of tenderness and charm, "most musical, most melancholy." Indefiniteness and vagueness are the weakness, as beauty of fancy, and a kind of faëry lightness and elfish skill in fashioning, constitute the charm of Cancerian Art. At its best, it revisits its ancestral lunar palaces of dream, and takes us thither for a brief moment "beyond ourselves." When art does this, it has fulfilled its purpose. Cancerian prototypes of this group will occur to the reader at once, from "Undine" to "La belle dame sans merci"; legend is full of them, the Moon-Myth of charm and enchantment is universal. "Most beautiful—a faëry child," their birth-song. Their epitaph? "We were all slaves of the Moon."

Turn we to the Crab-type, the swimmers and movers on the face of the waters. Here is shown the cardinal qualities of Cancer. Desire for movement, progress, and a strong idea that these consist in active motion, in organisation, and a ceaseless movement from outside to some other point in

space. Yet here again, the lunar nature of "reflection" asserts itself, for the strong "hydraulic" Cancerian workers are not creative or originative.* They require a "lead" from someone else, from something outside themselves. They reflect, develop, organize, adapt, carry out plans, with fertility of resource and intelligent co-operation, but the preliminary initiative impulse is wanting. Once started, the pressure of power is immense, the quality of output superb. The springs of action are within, waiting for the word, the spirit must "move over the face of the waters."

It is most interesting to watch the extraordinarily swift progress of some Cancerians when once the word has gone forth, and the waters flow. They do not develop much initiative so long as they remain in harbour, but once out of port, skill, knowledge, and power, as well as tenacity, are displayed.

The two great Cancerian weaknesses are *prejudice* and *an undue insistence on the personal note*, in all affairs, public and private. There is a tendency to "contract into a span rather than to enlarge into a sphere," to become blinded by dark mists of intolerance, until "the light of reason" cannot pierce the gloom, and then *sensation* usurps the throne of *reflection*, and opinion becomes crystallised into a habit of thought, whose "next birth" takes place as a fossil of prejudice.

Thus, the cultivation of reason, "the light of the soul," and the control and discipline of the psycho-physiological centres constitute the "necessities" for all Cancerians who wish to quicken their evolutionary progress. The "Cancer Discipline" is not an easy one. For Crabs will part with their claws, *upon occasions*, rather than relinquish hold upon that which tenacity assures them is theirs; also the centre of Cancerian response is built up by impacts from sensations, more or less violent, and it is difficult to change the "focus of attention" from "feeling after things" to endeavouring to "see things as they are."

Nevertheless, Cancerians possess the powers of self-control and self-discipline to an unusual degree, and are invaluable workers in any cause. Feeling must *precede* thought, but it is a necessity that feeling should lead to, not away from, the reasoning faculties.

Eloquence is another Cancerian gift. "His voice was as the sound of many waters." To Cancer belongs "the watery way" of dealing with obstacles, when once its full energies are aroused. The waters rush onward to their goal, with silent insistence and gentle might, alternated with foam, crash, and roar. Ocean, lake, river, cataract, torrent, whirlpool, all these elemental forces dwell in those born between June 22 and July 22, or thereabouts. Cancer must "keep itself in hand" when once "the slumber of the floods" is broken.

Cancer in degeneration *drifts*, this way and that, at the mercy of the tidal current of circumstance, the winds of chance and change. "Blown about by every wind of vain doctrine."

To conclude with the invariable paradox, the tenacity of Cancer is only commensurate with its faculty of "letting itself go."

* The type does not omit to include those exceptions which exist, to prove every rule.

The apotheosis of Cancer is *Power*, the great hydraulic force. The extinction of Cancer is beneath the waters of Lethe. The great Moon-Mirror of our system reflects all that is. But—the waters must be stilled, ere the perfect picture can be seen. The ideal image is that which unites

Repose, Activity and Plasticity, the three graces of Reflection.

The measure of progress for Cancer is the power to reflect *truth* and *purity*. It is one of the signs of Self-Abnegation. Its ordeal that of Water-Immersion.

Letters to the Editor.

"DOING HIS BIT."

69, Birch Lane, Longsight,
Manchester.
January 6, 1916.

DEAR SIR,—I was much obliged for your circular and copy of the *Psychic Gazette* the other week, and am pleased to tell you that your paper was introduced to me by our friend Mr. Walter Howell, when he was on a visit to us some little time ago, and that for the last three or four months I have been most interested in the various articles that have appeared in it.

It is such a journal as this that we are so much in need of in our Movement at the present time, and you may rely on my doing my little bit to promote its success by introducing it to as many as I can.

If you keep the standard of your magazine up to its present high-water mark it will be much sought after by the thoughtful amongst us.—Yours truly,

S. R. PENNY,
President.

Longsight Spiritual Institute,
Chell Street, Stanley Grove, Manchester.

"A DREAM KICK."

SIR,—At page 90 of your December issue, among "Letters to the Editor," is one entitled "A Dream Kick." The writer gives, as nearly as possible in the words of the person to whom it occurred, an interesting story of a vivid "dream" which her brother, a farmer, had two nights before. The details of this dream are so coherent and so clearly remembered as to convey to the mind of one familiar with the subject a strong impression that the incident narrated was no dream in the ordinary sense, but a real occurrence, while he was wide awake in the astral body, which body we all possess, although we do not all use it for conscious activity while we are temporarily out of the physical body in sleep.

The farmer found himself, to use his own words, "passing through a stable, when I came in close proximity to the heels of a smallish young horse, a pony. It was not one of my horses. I did not know the animal, but I felt it would certainly kick me if I did not get out of its reach. . . . The creature shot out his foot and struck me in the face. I felt the terrible impact of his hoof on my cheek. The shock was great. I sprang forward, awoke, and found myself in bed. . . . Although it was only a dream, my cheek continued aching. Putting up my hand, I felt moisture. Springing out of bed, I struck a light. My cheek was bleeding. After bathing my face, I looked in the glass and saw this wound. It is three inches long, and exactly the impress of a portion of a pony's shoe."

His sister describes the wound as a livid streak three inches long and about a quarter of an inch wide, just below the cheekbone, and asks "what explanation can be offered for my brother's wound, other than that it is—what he calls—a dream kick"?

Now there is another and more probable explanation. In the first place, as has already been said, the occurrence was no dream, but a real experience in the astral body. Secondly, the wound is only an instance of a phenomenon which is perfectly familiar to the few who are active in the astral state, during sleep, and are able to bring through into the waking brain afterwards some recollection of their activities. The dreams that some people, myself among the number, occasionally have of skimming over the ground without touching it, are a familiar instance of such activity. In the astral, which is almost infinitely lighter than gas, one can and does skim over the ground by the mere effort of volition.

Of course, the pony, who was in his physical body, must have been (like Balaam's ass) clairvoyant, to be able to see the man's astral, and equally, of course, the physical kick could have no effect on that astral. The wound which he discovered on waking was due entirely to his own thought.

Effects of this kind are so common and well known that there is a scientific name for them. They are called "Repercussion." It is very difficult to escape from the notion that what would be injurious to one's physical body will be equally so to one's astral; and, if one is

frightened by some imagined accident to the astral, a wound, or in some cases only a bruise, is produced, not in that but in the physical. This result comes from sympathetic vibration between the mind or thought-body, which is subtler even than the astral, and the physical.

An instance of the effect of thought on the physical will be familiar to every reader of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, who by long-continued meditation on the Crucifixion, brought about in his own body the "Stigmata" as they are called, or wounds represented in the Gospel story as having been inflicted by the nails on hands and feet. Of course, for such a result of thought, it does not in the least matter whether or not the Crucifixion was, as the orthodox believe, an historical fact, or whether, as some think, it was introduced into the Gospel story with purely symbolical intent, to serve the purpose of an inner meaning, in which the story of every man that treads what is called the "Path of Holiness" is deliberately described as an event in the life of the Great Teacher.—I am, Yours truly,

ERNEST UDNY.

"SOUL MUSIC."

My soul was swept to sound,
Across the night profound
Came wondrous music, rhythmical in beat.
The soundless sound drew near,
It entered: mortal ear
Ne'er caught those strains, nor could, for what of earth
so sweet?
Wave after wave that surged
Till I was wholly merged
In that far tune. An ecstasy was mine.
"In very perfect way,
"Could I reach souls, and they,
"Must feel," said I, "this vast attunement so divine."
It seemed that Heaven's peace
Within me took new lease
Of life. I heard it breathing o'er the sod;
A calm wind stirred the air.
Out in the darkness there
Went up a silent chant of praise and thanks to God.
I felt rejoicings rise,
From the whole earth I prised
Mysterious currents wafted from far shore,
Stretching from out the space;
Moving from place to place,
Those subtle fine vibrations sought the inner door.
And to the soul that's nerved,
Aright there are reserved
The countless treasures of the Infinite.
The inward senses catch
A beauty naught could match,
For colour light and sound, for depth and mystic
height.
The music of the spheres
Fall softly. He who hears
The message of the spaces, ne'er forgets,
Attuned his soul vibrates,
Refreshed he ever waits,
No earthly jar or discord now his spirit frets.
An orchestra of sound
Went up; my note was found,
I joined in that One Vast Eternal Song.
My soul an instrument,
Swept to a deep content,
Did to the rhythm of the whole give and belong.

V. BEVAN.

“Babette.”

By ALICE M. M. EDWARDS.

THE apple trees were in full bloom. In the orchard the kitten frolicked, bounding and skipping at the petals which fell to the ground shaken off by the slight breeze that now and again stirred the air. Babette stood watching her, half interested, half listening. For what? Ah! Presently she heard the click of the gate, then a footstep, and a man's voice calling softly, “Babette!” As she heard, a sly light of coquetry came into her eyes—she made no sign of hearing, rather kept the quieter, as he came in the direction of the orchard. “Ba-bette!” No answer. “Ba-bette!!” The voice was louder. He was getting nearer, and at last espied her standing amid the trees, apparently lost in contemplation of the blossom on some of the lower branches.

“But then, did you not hear me, petite?” he said as he went towards her.

She slowly turned, with a slight gesture of surprise, “Ah! Is it you, Monsieur Gaston?” she asked.

“But yes—who else should it be?”

“I know not, but I scarce thought *you* would take the trouble to come across the village to see me, when a greater attraction lay so near home.”

“Is not that subject then finished,” asked Gaston, “I thought, at last, I had made you understand that I meant no harm.”

“Meant no harm!” she repeated, “when you bought Marie a brooch from the pedlar's basket, and gave it her before the whole village, in the face of the world.”

“But, dear one, I had given you those earrings earlier in the day—and surely you did not begrudge poor Marie that one little trinket, when you know her Alphonse is away fighting—and she had no one to give her a gift, when all the maidens were receiving them, and also she is my cousin. That reminds me that she and her mother are again in sad trouble, Jacques has been called for the Conscription, and if he goes (which he must do, unless a substitute be found), they will be ruined. He is their sole support.”

“This then is why you came,” exclaimed Babette in a tone of irony, “to pour out to me once more your griefs concerning the troubles of this poor cousin Marie! Do you not think you would have been better employed in consoling her, than in asking me to console you?”

“But what is it you say there, Babette? Have you no pity in your heart for others? Think what all this trouble must be to Marie.”

“Marie, toujours Marie! Surely 'tis no worse for her than for others! But, since you seem to feel so deeply that her brother Jacques should leave her, I wonder you do not take his place and go in his stead.”

Gaston stood looking at Babette, and as she spoke a hard fierce look shone in his dark eyes, a pallor overspread his countenance, his mouth became set, as that of a man taking a stern resolution. When Babette ceased speaking, he was silent. Suddenly pointing to the gate, Babette cried mockingly, “But why do you still stand there, staring, silent? Leave me! Go quickly to that poor Marie; no doubt words will come to you for her!”

Without speaking he went slowly away—at the gate he turned, “Babette,” he said, “I go.”

“But yes, certainly,” she replied with a shrug—and, she added to herself, under her breath, “he will return in one little half-hour.”

Then she dropped on one knee, and rustled her hand in the grass to play with the kitten. The half-hour passed, he came not, nor in an hour—a day—a week—months—years. . . . Gaston was gone to the wars.

* * * * *

In the sunlight, outside the cottage door, Babette sat spinning. A robin whistled cheerfully in the orchard close by, as though he would add a few glad notes to the moaning whirr of the wheel. Time had changed Babette, as it does most things in this world. She was older and less sprightly than of yore. The restless coquetry had passed from her eyes and face, leaving in its stead a somewhat sad and weary expression. She had not married, which was a never-ending source of grief to her mother, especially since she had many opportunities of being “*si bien mise*.” But to everyone, Babette always made the excuse that she could not possibly leave her parents, who were old, and required all her attention; also she desired no other home than the one she had, and on each of such occasions her mother broke into voluble lamentations, that she had been given a daughter, who was so wanting in common sense as to refuse all the eligible “*partis*” selected for her by her parents, and remain true to the memory (a mere phantom) of that “*perfidé Gaston*,” who had gone away so suddenly, and never from that day been heard of.

Babette ceased spinning; her hands dropped idly into her lap; and she sat motionless, lost in thought. Suddenly a sound roused her; she looked up. A wayfarer stood before her, one sleeve of his coat was empty, a bandage was over one eye, and across his face was a deep scar such as a cut from a sabre would leave.

“Mam'selle,” he muttered.

“But, what is it?” asked Babette. “Are you hungry? Do you wish to rest?” She spoke sharply, she was startled.

“No, Mam'selle, I do not beg, I am from the battlefield. I heard—I thought”—he stammered. . . .

“Sit down there,” said Babette pointing to the bench near. She was strangely stirred. In some way the voice seemed to awaken old memories. The man seated himself, and appeared to take courage. He commenced to speak again. . . .

“Yes, Mam'selle, I am returning, and I thought possibly some who were my comrades out there may have friends who would like to hear of them. As I go through the villages I ask if there be any such. Have you any names that I am likely to know?”

With an effort Babette mentioned several young men whom she had known to leave the surrounding neighbourhood at different times, among others that of Alphonse Dégard.

“Ah, yes, that last,” said the man, “I know him well, he like me has had his losses (he glanced

at his empty coat sleeve). He came with me as far as the village, and I had the pleasure of witnessing the meeting between him and his fiancée Marie. It was very affecting, she had not forgotten him in the least, the moment she heard his voice she rushed to him and flung her arms around all that remains of him, weeping with joy. There was no one to welcome me," he added, "and I was certainly *de trop*, so I strolled on, and seeing you sitting alone, thought you might remember some one to hear of. Are you certain there is no other name?" Surely the one eye looked wistful! Yes, there was *one* other name, but Babette could not utter it. She sat staring at the man, her lips parted, her heart palpitating, her mouth and throat dry, gasping, speechless. He continued, "So then, there is no other!

Your silence answers. I am unrecognised, as I thought. I scarcely wonder at it. . . . But, Mam'selle Babette, I obeyed you well. I went when you said so, and I return as you see, to prove to you that I have really been in the fight. Are you not pleased to see me? and well content with the result of your orders? Why do you not give me one word of commendation? Is it that you still do not recognise my altered appearance?"

As he spoke Babette made a supplicating gesture, and sprang from her chair, then she stood before him sobbing, her hands covered her face, and the tears ran between her fingers splashing on to the ground. Again the robin whistled cheerfully in the orchard. . . . Gaston had returned from the wars. . . .

Our Question Department.

OTHER world-questions are in the air at present, and no Spiritualist meeting closes as a rule without many inquiries from new investigators as to the life beyond. Answers to most of these are within the reach of earnest students who study the great and growing literature of the subject, but many persons have not the leisure to avail themselves of the excellent "W. T. Stead Library and Bureau" or other psychic libraries. Consequently, we propose to open a question department in our February issue, and we now invite readers to write us concerning their perplexities. Clear and succinct answers to their questions will be printed, provided they bear the stamp of sincerity and a desire for knowledge. Captious or frivolous questions will be ignored. All inquiries must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, as a guarantee of good faith, but initials or a nom-de-plume may be used in the inquiry. The replies will be written by Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie, Mr. W. H. Evans, Mr. C. G. Sander, the Editor, and others who may have special knowledge bearing on the subject of inquiry; and no pains will be spared to make this new department useful and interesting.

"A correspondent has sent us the following "Questions for Friends on the Other Side":—

(1) Our time is divided into night and day, and the day is taken up by meal-times, different occupations and pleasure. Have you in the next life anything to correspond with these, as it seems inconceivable that your existence should be one long drift or one long holiday?

(2) Are you divided into nations, tribes, or denominations? Have you any organisation, any law, any control? Does everyone do right, or only what is right in his own eyes?

(3) You have, I presume, as in your old life, those you know well—friends; those you know a little—acquaintances; and those you do not know—strangers. Is this so?

(4) I presume all are not equal in authority and power? Have you rank, not of course of wealth as here, but of sanctity, perhaps, or spiritual influence?

(5) Can you, at your wish, see and know the Great Ones of history? Is Jesus, the Master, seen and known among you, any better than here?

(6) Can you be present, say, with friends in Australia and with friends in England, at the same time, or on the same day? Do you travel from one place to another, as we do?

(7) I heard of a baby, who passed over, presenting herself years afterwards to her mother as a beautiful "grown-up girl." Do you grow up in this sense from childhood to youth, from youth to adult age? If so, when does the "growth" cease? Does growing-up imply any change, akin to decay or death, of the original state?

(8) We dwell here in families, in homes, and live in communities; have you anything to correspond with our idea of "home"; any local habitation, or are you wandering for ever in limitless space?

These interesting questions to denizens of the other world cannot well be answered excepting through those finely-organised ladies and gentlemen endowed with the blessed gifts of mediumship. We therefore invite our mediumistic friends to put one or more of these questions to their spirit-guides and controls, and to send us on a note of their replies. They will thus not only help to resolve human perplexities, but prove to all concerned that a way of communication has been opened up between "the world that now is and that which is to come." We shall be grateful for replies to such questions, which would baffle the most brilliant intellects on earth. The best answer we could expect from "the wise and learned" would be to "wait and see," which would be no answer at all.



NOT YET.

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

Not yet; my sweetest songs are yet unsung,
My purest love, my highest joy untold,

I may not spread my pinions like the dove,
While crucible glows red with untried gold.

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

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

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

E. P. PRENTICE.

To READERS of The International Psychic Gazette.

The under-mentioned Committee, who have undertaken the temporary management of the *The International Psychic Gazette*, have been delighted with the warm response accorded to it from all quarters of the Kingdom, and from across the seas. To ensure future issues, and to give the magazine time to make itself a self-supporting concern, during this time of stress when many publications find it difficult to exist, some present assured support is required. For this the Committee do not think they can do better than appeal to readers old and new, who can appreciate at this time, as no others can, what it means for the various aspects of the new truths for which the *Psychic Gazette* stands, to have this excellent means of communication with the outside world. The present is the psychological moment to win the ear of the public, and to increase the circulation, for the Committee confidently feel that there is no monthly paper in the market which is placing the subject so well before the new investigator, nor a magazine of any kind which one can feel so much confidence in handing to members of the general public.

A suggestion has been made that a small Limited Liability Company should be formed, in which subscribers and readers could secure shares of £1 and upwards, to subscribe for a capital of £500. Judicious advertising can be undertaken to increase the circulation. It is in support of this object that the Committee appeal to the readers. £150 has already been promised if the further amount of £350 can be raised.

The Committee are aware of the tremendous calls being made on every one's resources at the present time, but to spread the truth of Spirit Intercourse is a bounden duty to its believers, affording as it does a great alleviation of the distress abroad in the nation. All have to give of their means in many ways for urgent physical needs; it is the plain duty of such as believe in the contact of spiritual forces with the world to provide means whereby this can be understood and investigated, and in doing this the *Psychic Gazette* occupies a foremost place.

The Managing Committee confidently expect a generous response to this appeal, but if the support should be insufficient and no allotment be made, all moneys received for subscriptions or donations will be returned in full.

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