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THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

No. 29. VOL. 3.

FEBRUARY, 1916.

PRICE FOURPENCE NETT.

Our Outlook Tower.

INCREASE IN COST OF GAZETTE.

The Managing Committee of the *International Psychic Gazette* at a recent meeting decided that from the March number the price of the *Gazette* should be increased to 6d. instead of 4d. as at present. This change will scarcely surprise anyone, as on account of the rapid advance in cost of paper and other hampering conditions incidental to the war, the general trend is either towards increasing the price of journals and newspapers or reducing them in size, as the only alternatives to a suspension of their activities until peace reigns and brighter days dawn. We feel confident that every reader of the *Gazette* will meet this war-tax of a halfpenny per week on their monthly journal as readily as smokers have accepted the additional tax on their tobacco! The price of the *Gazette* ought really to have been 6d. from its new start in October as the costs of production have considerably exceeded the receipts from its sale, and it has had to rely on the financial support of a few friends to make up the difference. At the new price, the *Gazette* is expected to very nearly pay its way and achieve a position of independence and stability that will in every way be more satisfactory than the present method of relying on friendly benefactions. The desire to help is sincere enough in many people, and the manifestations of goodwill towards the paper are abundant, but in times like the present additional disbursements even for the best of objects can apparently only be made with difficulty.

THE MARCH NUMBER

promises to be one of exceptional interest and will include a most interesting article on "The Inspirational Writings of Aloysia Meredith," by Mr. Walter Howell, "Personal Reminiscences of Thomas Lake Harris," by Mr. Arthur Cuthbert, "The Clairvoyance of Bert Reece," by Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd, "The Religion of the Temperaments," by Dr. W. M. Storar, "The Healing Christ," by Mr. J. MacBeth Bain, etc.

FRIENDLY OFFERS.

As we go to press we have received a letter from Mrs. Susanna Harris, at present in Belfast, asking us what would be the best way in which she could help the *Gazette*, as she says "it contains the most healthy and interesting matter that can possibly be obtained." Mrs. Harris cannot help us better than by giving one of her wonderful trumpet seances to our friends in North Ireland for this object. Mr. J. MacBeth Bain, the well-known mystic and healer, also kindly offers his friendly services. He proposes to give a lecture in the end of March on "The Powers of Song in the Service of Healing," when he will sing original Gaelic healing melodies. We shall make arrangements to avail ourselves of Mr. MacBeth Bain's generous offer, and will be pleased to send invitations to any friends of the *Gazette* who will

send us intimation of their desire to be present. Further particulars will be given in our March number.

PSYCHIC INTERVIEW WITH TWO EX-EDITORS.

One noonday recently our faithful friend and colleague, Mr. C. G. Sander, whose instructive articles in the *Gazette* are so highly appreciated by every one, came to the office in very happy mood. He said—"This is my birthday, and I have had such a happy time! I always celebrate my birthday by going to a good medium so that I may have some conversation with my wife. I went to Mrs. Osborne Leonard this morning, and have really had a most glorious time. You must go to her. I feel sure you would get a message that would do you real good." We accordingly arranged to see Mrs. Leonard next day and here-with transcribe some of the more interesting notes of the sitting, though we expect the sceptical will probably pounce upon them! After we had sat quietly in the shaded room for a few minutes Mrs. Leonard passed into trance, and her control, named "Freda," said:—

Two gentlemen have come with you to-day—Mr. Stead and Mr. Wallis. Mr. Wallis [the late editor of *Light*] wants me to tell you that he is giving a good deal of his time to your paper, and he has been very anxious to let you know that he has been standing by your side. He says it has been very difficult to help you, not on account of yourself, but owing to others around you. There have been so many who have not done their share, it has been a disappointment to him. He says there is every reason why the *Gazette* should be a great success; it ought to be. It is badly needed, and is wanted in every direction, especially during this troublesome time. He regrets to see that those who could help financially and in other ways have hung back. They are only too ready to applaud and say, "Yes, oh yes, it is a very good thing, get on with it," but when it comes to supporting it they say, "I don't know whether I can," and there is practically silence on their part. He is not speaking of one or two, but a good many. Mr. Stead says you have been helping him, and in so doing have experienced the same difficulty he had himself. He says he has been with you on various occasions and he knew that you were aware of his presence. He says your minds seem to come into touch, and to go together in sympathy in various directions. He says he is working hard on his side, and he is glad to see some working hard on this side. He says he wishes that each and every one would shoulder their own share. It would make things so much easier for others, and would relieve them of a good deal of anxiety. He says he is not pessimistic about the *Gazette*. He says help will come not only from one direction but several. It will not, he thinks, come in large sums from individuals, but in smaller sums from the many. He says they are trying to impress a number of people to send donations, and if they do, then he says once get the paper on its legs, standing firmly, and it will do very well indeed. He says he has great hopes, though he does not go in for twopenny-halfpenny prophecies! He says that through this war there will be a great deal of spiritual development all over the civilised portion of the globe. He is going. Mr. Wallis says—"I have constituted myself a kind of sub-editor."

We said—"You should be the editor, Mr. Wallis." He replied—"I should have liked to have been, but I am quite content to be sub!" He says you should publish this interview, and say that he begs all who are seriously and earnestly interested in the occult, psychic, and spiritualistic side of life to support this helpful journal. He says—"I beg to tender my grateful thanks in advance to all and each who will do this that I ask." He says—"I am a man of few and simple words; I do

not go in for many elaborate literary embellishments; but I think I have managed to convey to you a little message." He says they wanted to get you here to-day to tell you this. They worked round Mr. Sander yesterday with that motive. He says—"I feel confident we shall pull through. There are plenty who can help if they choose." He says he fears his message will need a good deal of revising, but there is plenty of heart in it. He says—"God bless you!" He is looking very pleased. Then followed other happy messages from relatives which were of quite a personal character.

PRIESTS WHO HIDE THE LIGHT.

Mrs. Wesley-Adams at one of the popular Wednesday Afternoons of the Stead Bureau told her audience that she had recently been in the Highlands of Scotland, and had been visited in her home there by a Roman Catholic priest, who was a very nice personality and a very good man, greatly loved by his people. He saw a number of London papers on her table and seemed to be pleased to see them. So she sent some to his home next day, including the *International Psychic Gazette*, *Light* and the *Two Worlds*. A few days afterwards he returned them and said to her—"You are a Spiritualist?" She replied "Yes," and he went on—"Do you know I have read everything in that *Gazette*, and more than that there is nothing in it I don't know." Mrs. Adams asked—"But do you believe it?"—"Of course I do," he said; "I have known it for several years." She then said—"And does it make any difference to your ministry? Does it make your message more illuminating and hopeful for the people?" He said, "It's a question; I don't think it's safe for them. It is all right for me, because I know it is true; and it makes my life happier." "Then why do you withhold from others what gives happiness to yourself?" Mrs. Adams asked. "Because," he said, "I do not think spirit-communion would be safe for them." She said, "But if you realise that they are suffering intense sorrow, surely you will tell them what would so greatly relieve them?" "I would not tell them," he said. "Then if you don't tell them, I will," said Mrs. Adams, "for I could not keep such blessed knowledge to myself." "I quite expect you will tell them!" said the priest, and there the matter was left. We may add that we know of other Catholic priests who have been interested readers of the *Gazette*, and one of them kindly wrote us a letter of appreciation. But their freedom is so circumscribed by authority that they dare not publish abroad what they know and believe in. Indeed, the priest we refer to is a very notable public antagonist of Spiritualism and does not hesitate to tell the people it is of the devil!

THE STEAD BUREAU WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS

are still being carried on with great success. The audiences keep increasing in size and appear to be deeply interested in the clairvoyance of the excellent mediums engaged, who give them vivid tests of the continued life of their relatives. At the close of each meeting questions are eagerly asked, and are answered most instructively and sympathetically. Then over the teacups there is happy conversation as to the wonderful facts which have been revealed. We draw attention to the programme of these meetings which are being continued until the end of March.

A CASE OF SPIRITUAL AFFINITY.

Mr. W. H. Evans, in sending us the following questions and answers (received too late for insertion in our Question Department) says:—"There is a curious coincidence connected with

these questions. They are from an old friend of mine. I saw him a few weeks ago at Hereford station, on my way home from Glasgow. He mentioned he was going to send a couple of questions to the *Gazette*, but did not say what they were. It is curious you should have sent the queries to me. I think it illustrates the working of the law of spiritual affinities:—

TWO QUESTIONS FROM HEREFORD.

- (1) Had we *human* consciousness before physical birth?
- (2) By what method could we recognise spirituality within ourselves, if one can be psychic yet not spiritual?—G. E. P.

ANSWERS BY MR. W. H. EVANS.

(1) This question is one that reminds me of another, viz.—When is a human being not a human being? Consciousness is one, its manifestations are many. If we bear that in mind it will help us in arriving at the truth of the matter. To ask whether we had human consciousness before birth is equivalent to asking whether we existed prior to birth? It opens up the old controversial query of rotating human consciousness. We can only say that as all things in essence are eternal then consciousness is also eternal. But for us to have consciousness before birth presupposes that we have within us the results of that consciousness. There is no evidence of that and I do not think we had consciousness before birth, that is, self-consciousness. Human consciousness is a differentiation of the one consciousness. In that sense consciousness always has been, but the differentiation of human consciousness begins at conception. The answer is in the negative.

(2) The only method by which one can recognise spirituality within is by introspection. That one can be psychic and yet not spiritual arises from the fact that the psychic nature is purely emotional. Persons know when their desires are spiritual by the fact that their whole life is governed by a different set of motives than when they are merely psychic. The spiritual embraces the psychic, and it is essential to develop the spiritual with the psychic. There can be no fixed method of recognising the difference between the spiritual and the psychic except that which we have intimated. As conscience is subject to the law of evolution the spirituality of the individual must be constantly unfolding. And new light will consequently be thrown upon the life's motives. If you feel jealous that another is a better medium than you are then you will know that the spiritual is not dominating your life. The spiritual man lives for others, the unspiritually-psychic man lives for self. And as there is no royal road to spiritual development, all have to tread the path of self-sacrifice and live for the welfare of others.

J. L.

THE Rev. Susanna Harris has received a personal acknowledgment of a marriage gift she sent to President and Mrs. Wilson, of the United States, who "deeply appreciate her felicitations and kind wishes."

THE Edinburgh Association of Spiritualists which meets at Albyn Rooms, 77, Queen Street, at 11.15 and 6.30 every Sunday, will give a hearty welcome to inquirers in that city. The *International Psychic Gazette* may always be bought at its bookstall.

NEW THOUGHT IN AUSTRALIA.—The First School of New Thought and Mental Science (Registered) has been opened in Australia by Mr. Philip O'Brien Hoare since his return to that country. Twelve months' work has already necessitated a removal to larger premises; and despite war conditions good headway is being made. The new premises are established at 249, Victoria Parade, East Melbourne, and comprise a beautiful lecture hall, with every possible convenience.

LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' HAPPY REUNION.—A most successful and enjoyable evening was spent by the members and friends of the Union of London Spiritualists on the occasion of their eighth annual social and dance, which was held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, E.C., on Saturday, February 4. A good musical programme was presented by Miss Muriel Bell, Miss Edith Bolton, and Miss Mabel Parker, whose songs were much appreciated. Recitations by Miss Kathleen Jones, humorous songs by Mr. Arthur Belling, and funny stories by Mr. G. T. Brown were particularly mirth-provoking and acceptable. The dances went with a swing, and everybody seemed as happy as possible. The meeting was successfully brought to a close by the joining of hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne" under the directorship of Mr. Geo. Tayler Gwinn, President of the Union.

Where are the Dead?

II.—THE SUPREME QUESTION ANSWERED.

By G. E. OWEN.

This second part of "The Collier Author's" consideration of "The Supreme Question" will well repay careful study. It brings the next life into clear view, and should give satisfaction to the most philosophical student.

NOW, what becomes of man after having died, and where is he? As neither the blade of grass, the oak, the butterfly, the chicken, nor the child, experiences, through changing their modes of existence, any change of locality, but only of condition or externality, so all that happens to man when he dies is that the conditions composing this life, as set up by and the outcome of the forces, faculties and organs belonging to the body he has here, dissolve and disappear, through their ceasing to be active, from the field of his consciousness.

Then, after a momentary period of semi- or complete unconsciousness, varying in duration with different persons, as determined by the various circumstances under which death takes place, this world has faded away, and there dawns on man, faintly first, then clearer, a new world.

The present world disappears through the processes maintaining life in it coming to a stop. The next world, through what maintains life there being set going in consequence of death here, makes its appearance.

As this world-life is the result of the organs and senses of the physical body doing their work, so the next world-life is the result of the activity of organs and senses belonging to the spiritual body, which nature provides man with for existence there.

Death means the coming to a standstill of all the workings of the physical body, and through that the disappearance of the physical world. Then comes into activity the workings of the psychical or spiritual body, resulting in the appearance of the spirit world.

When the sun of physical existence goes down at death, it rises in resplendent splendours beyond the night of the grave, revealing to the beholders the beautiful shores of immortality, thus fulfilling the sweetest and sublimest of human aspirations.

As there is land beyond the ocean, as there is light beyond the darkness, so there is a world beyond the grave—not a life beyond the clouds.

During man's eternal career through a beginningless past and an endless future he looks out at the things by the wayside through different avenues. They periodically change, and every change gives him a different world. The avenue he employs here was picked up at birth, and will be dropped at death. As a different one was used before his birth here, so will yet another one be used after death. Each avenue is the body associated with the respective modes of existence or worlds he

passes through, during his eternal process of unfoldment. Each state or world represents a point in his unfoldment. He arrives in one, sojourns there for a while, and passes on to the next.

The time spent in each state of existence, when life is uninterrupted, is that required to unfold the qualities related to such.

At death man brings this life to a close and starts the next. The next life is a condition or state of existence, precisely as this one is. A condition is a mode of consciousness. Modes of consciousness are changed when what maintains them are broken up. Death breaks up the sum total of what maintains life and its related consciousness here.

What happens then

is that man when he dies has a changed mode of consciousness, resulting in his becoming aware of another world.

To the query where the other or spirit world is, the only answer that can be given is that it lies just beyond the ken of mortal consciousness, just outside the range of sense-perception, just beyond the horizon of physical existence. The dead are then just beyond the veil. The veil is the limitations of the senses belonging to the body of this life.

On the limitations of the senses, Professor Sir W. F. Barrett has well said: "There is certainly a world outside our normal consciousness, from which neither space nor time divides us, but only the barrier of our sense perceptions. . . . The physical organism of man is a barrier which separates him from the larger and transcendental world of which he forms a part. Occasionally in rapture, in dreams, and hypnotic trances it is shifted, and the human spirit temporarily moves in worlds unrealised by sense."

As birth is a death to a past, so death is a birth to a future state of existence. Man at birth begins, and at death ends, his career here. Both



G. E. OWEN.

processes are the methods employed by Nature to obtain the changes of conditions necessary for life's unfoldment. The birth and death chambers are means whereby life makes the adjustments essential to its evolution and progress. "A man," as Benjamin Franklin has said, "is not completely born until he is dead." How true it is that:—

"When mortals cry a man is dead,
Then angels sing a child is born."

Man dies, and where is he? He is in changed and new surroundings, in a new land, amidst new scenes; he is in his future home—the spirit world.

Where that world is, is exactly where the process of death, or change of states, took place. Man's consciousness of the present world fades away, and when the process of death is taking place, he detects dawning upon him, faintly at first, the consciousness of another world. When the process of transition is completed man discovers himself in possession of a new mode of consciousness, with its accompanying change of external things or surroundings. This is all that happens. Marvellous and beautiful are the inner workings of Nature when they are understood!

The dropping of the physical body, and the coming to a standstill of the workings of all its organs and sense channels, means his being deprived of the means whereby he obtained contact with this world.

Following that, just like what happens to the child at birth, to the chicken, the butterfly, oak, etc., man awakens into a new state of existence, bringing into activity a new set of faculties, organs, and senses, which are designed for his use there by the great law of adaptation. These changed powers in action give man the consciousness of a changed world.

It may be asked what is the nature of the organs and faculties alluded to and their source. Along with the growth and development of man's physical body, there goes on the formation of man's psychical or spiritual body, which he will inhabit and will use as his vehicle of expression in his life after death. When here all its powers are slumbering and inactive. Death, through its being a birth into a condition fitted for their use, enables them to come into operation. They belong to a higher order in the scale of organic existence and give to man a series of sensations more refined and less dense than those the body of this life can give. That is why, although the other world interpenetrates this one, we are unable to have any experience of it through our physical senses. We cannot see it with the normal sight. The senses of this body will only record what belongs to this world.

Where are the dead? If, yes if, we only opened our spiritual eyes, if we did but exercise some of the higher, finer and latent powers alluded to, hidden down in the unplumbed depths, in the submerged regions of our being, then we would discern them in our midst, living and active on a supernormal plane of existence.

The dead are not in any place removed in terms of space from this life. They have only quitted this life for a more beauteous, more ethereal one, with larger freedom than the one we are in. It is here in our midst, and a change in our organised condition translates us into it.

On the question of unrealised qualities locked up in man's nature the conclusions of that profound psychologist, F. W. H. Myers, in his "Human Personality" are instructive: "The conscious self of each of us, as we call it—the empirical, the supraliminal self, as I should prefer to say—does

not comprise the whole of the consciousness or of the faculty within us. There exists a more comprehensive consciousness, a profounder faculty, which for the most part remains potential only so far as regards the life of earth, but from which the consciousness and the faculty of earth-life are mere selections, and which reasserts itself in its plenitude after the liberating change of death."

Ye silent and tear-eyed mourners of this age of weeping and anguish, think not thy beloved, thy treasured ones of earth, who have arisen in death to the larger and fuller life, are beneath the clod in the cold grave; think not of them as having gone to their "eternal rest"; think not of them as having dissolved out of existence into nothing; neither think of them as waiting in a bodiless state in some vague and uncertain somewhere, for an imaginary somehow and sometime resurrection of the discarded body; think not of them in these and suchlike deceptive conceptions, but rather think of them as outlined in the foregoing imperfect description of death and the part it plays in life's drama. Think of them, as all legitimate analogies in this world indicates, as all the evidence in nature proves, as human reasoning and logic concludes, and human aspiration yearns, as science and philosophy tends to show, as religion believes and hopes, as life's purposive fulfilments demand, yes, think of them as Spiritualism affirms and demonstrates them to be, as Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her exquisite poem "She is not Dead" (given after her death through a medium) as "Your loved is living in some sunnier vale." Think of them in the Great Beyond, of which the most widely read poetess of to-day, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, says:—

"So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
I think I almost see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel those who have gone from here
Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find Heaven right round about us lies."

By conceiving and realising the problem of problems, the question of the ages, thus thy anguish will be soothed, thy wounds healed, thy tear-stained eyes dried, yes and the darkness will disappear, the thorns and bitter waters of this life will be removed, the gloom and anxiety will disappear before new hopes, exultant joys, and an indescribable peace and contentment of soul. All the beauties of earth, the rolling of the ocean, sunrise and sunset, the crashing storm, the gentle breeze, the rippling brook and warbling bird will reappear for, through knowing where the dead are, the season of sadness and sorrow, of tears and sighs, will be over!

A fitting conclusion to this incomplete treatment of a great theme, designed and intended to give some measure of comfort and solace to a bereaved world, is the following illuminating poem by the inspired Spiritualist poetess, Lizzie Doten:—

Where have the world's great heroes gone,
The champions of the right,
Who, with their armour girded on,
Have passed beyond our sight?
Their hearts were strong, through truth and right,
Life's stormy tide to stem;
O Death! thou conqueror of might,
What need hast thou for them?
O Grave! O Death! thou canst not keep
The spark of life divine;
They have no need of rest or sleep;
Nay, Death, they are not thine.
They live—not in some distant sphere,
Life's mission to fulfil;
But, joined with faithful spirits here
They love and labour still.

The Valley of Dreams.

By W. H. EVANS.

This delightful essay by the inspired shoemaker, thinker, author, and lecturer, of Merthyr-Tydfil makes one wish more and more he could devote his time entirely to the higher arts.

IN pensive mood I take up my pen to write something for the *Gazette*. And as I sit with mind a blank, wondering what I shall write, I find myself going away to the "Valley of Dreams." Have you ever been to the "Valley of Dreams"? It is a beautiful place, where one finds all that heart desires, or mind can crave. And he is happy who can snatch a few minutes from the moil and toil of the day to enter the "Valley of Dreams."

How often have I wandered thither! And with what riches have I returned to waking life! Talk of living in one world at a time; why, one can live in a dozen. When the Fairy Imagination lifts her wand, hey presto! the commonplace has become the ideal. Like Tyltyl in the "Blue Bird," when he turned the diamond in his magic hat, the very flints with which his cottage home was built shone like jewels.

Aye! and not only that, the secret that is hidden from the work-a-day world was revealed to him. As Carlyle says in his "Sartor Resartus,"

"Fantasy with her mystic wonderland plays into the small prose domain of Sense, and becomes incorporated therewith. In the Symbol proper, what we can call a Symbol, there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite. The Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and is as it were made attainable there. By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recognised as such or not recognised. The Universe is but one vast Symbol of God; nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a Symbol of God? Is not all that he does symbolical? a revelation to Sense of the mystic God-given force that is in him; a 'Gospel of Freedom,' which he, the 'Messias of Nature,' preaches as he can, by act and word? Not a hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a Thought; but bears visible record of invisible things; but is, in the transcendental sense, symbolical as well as real."

And so it is. This is a wonderful world, the visible thought of God. It is carpeted with richest green; there are trees and flowers, and birds. The ocean rolls on, a visible symbol of infinitude, "the one endless chain encompassing the life of God." But in the "Valley of Dreams," the birds sing sweetest, the flowers are of rarer bloom, and wonderful perfume. The trees hang festoons of beauty, and the sky is more blue than any mortal eyes have beheld. "Trailing clouds of glory" sail across it, bringing Argosies of dreams, jewels from the Infinite Master, to decorate the soul, and inspire the mind with wonderful thoughts. I think I will stay in the "Valley of Dreams!"

Yes, it is here that we discover the creative power of the soul. You wish, and what you wish for is there. Even Caliban visited the "Valley of Dreams." You will remember that when he met Stephano he thinks him a god because he gives him wine. But though he lives on the sense plane he gives utterance to a thought which reveals the stirrings of his higher nature. And when they hear strange music in the air, Caliban assures Stephano and Trinculo that there is nothing to fear. In a passage of rare beauty, Shakespeare puts these words in the mouth of one of his most bestial

characters. And the touch at once reveals the hidden divinity of the most debased. Says Caliban,

"Be not afeard, the Isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked
I cried to dream again."

Thus does heaven bend over the lowest, and by high dreams beckon them onwards to fairer worlds, and inspire them with more beautiful thoughts, until the Caliban of to-day becomes the delicate Ariel of to-morrow.

This "Valley of Dreams" is fruitful because it is watered with the tears which spring from our heart yearnings. What the cold outer world denies this gives. One enters it aweary with the strife and contention of men; and cometh forth from it refreshed and full of high courage. I have met there many who have passed through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." And they have told me, with joy in their eyes, and the sound of happy laughter in their voices, of how beautiful is this "Valley of the Shadow of Death," which I have learned to know is on the other side of the mountain where lieth the "Valley of Dreams." Only they tell me it is not the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," but the "Valley of Light."

I wandered there once with a friend. We had been close companions. Our thoughts ran together like water. And when he went down—or rather *up*—the "Valley of Light," I companioned him a little way. I remember as we entered, the first flower I saw nestling in the grass was Heartsease. He picked it and gave it me. It was true to its name. It has lain on my heart ever since, the promise of another visit to the "Valley of Light," when I shall pass through it to the "White Country" beyond. I could not tell you much of that visit. It lies in my memory as a diffused light, Very beautiful, very clear and soft. And it has this property, it throws around the commonplace things of life a halo of glory. It teaches one that all nature is lovely. That beauty is the expression of Love. I like that thought: Beauty the expression of Love. It shows the depth of beauty. Not skin deep, but a rushing up from the deeps of Being, full of the joy of living, expressed in the beauty of God.

And like the flowers of the field, which often hide their chaste beauty and have to be sought for, is that other beauty, the beauty of the spirit. I have seen that beauty shining on the quaint homely face of some hard-worked mother. I have seen it when she bowed over her babe, nestling at her breast. And—I confess it without shame—I have worshipped at the shrine of motherhood, that wonderful mystery so full of the Glory of God. It comes from the "Valley of Dreams," from that wonderland of inspiration, where the Poet gathers his poesies of thoughts, and garlands them into lines of fire, aflame with the love-light of the Eternal.

There is a simple grandeur in all these things, and it is only as we approach them in the softer mood that we catch the more mellow glory of that

Love which bends over all. And how like the mother bending over her babe it is! How like! It is the love of man which reveals the love of God—that fuller transcendent love which is reflected in the "Valley of Dreams."

And so I return. And with me is the charm of

the Spirit Eternal. It lies all about me. And my mind is full of holy thoughts, and the desire of my heart is towards righteousness. And so will yours be, reader, if you will go to the "Valley of Dreams" and mingle with the Friends over the way. For they too visit this dream valley.

Our Deeper Self.

By HANSON G. HEY.

The Secretary of the Spiritualists' National Union herein gives the ripe fruit of his vigorous and clear-visioned philosophy.

BENEATH the veil of matter, which screens us in this phenomenal existence; beyond the mere seeming there is a noumenal self which throws the light of being into every act of our daily life, the acts being but the shadow of the deeper self, the Ego.

The personality of an individual is impressed by the amount of freedom which that deeper self enjoys. As little by little it breaks down the barriers of flesh, it is able to shine forth more brightly than is the one still immured in the fastnesses of materiality which confine the soul's activities.

Slowly and laboriously, as a man with chiselling shapes the dull cold marble into resemblance to the person whom he portrays, so does the earnest student, who seeks to realise himself, chip away the angularities which disfigure, the bonds which hold down, and cause the angel within to triumph over the matter in which it is enveloped. Our acts are the offspring of our motives, and our motives rise or fall, according as we are spiritualised and free, or earthy and clogged with sordid material sensuousness.

Development, spiritual and mental, shews itself in the way we look at things, and the awakened soul looks with charity on the waywardness of its fellows; for it, released from gyves of dogmatism and the shackles of convention, can truly enter into the spirit of the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Our deeper self impresses us with the necessity of making all due allowances for those who, blinded by passionate zeal, devoid of finer feelings, because earth-bound in thought and vision, see but one way to God, and vainly imagine that persecution of those who differ from them is pleasing to the Lord. Such are to be pitied more than blamed, for zeal, without the tempering of discretion is not a spiritual quality; rather is it the reverse.

The slender threads of being are easily warped and twisted, hence should we be most careful to prevent the loosening of the hold the deeper self has upon our personality, and to see that our outlook be kept spiritual, and our vision preserved, for truly when the vision passes, the people perish.

Up through the æons of Time, from the primordial fire-dust, through the multitudinous mazes of development, from monad to man, the ego has been working to bring itself nearer its own kingdom, away from the seeming, by moulding the material sheath to higher impulses to respond; and self-consciousness is a mighty lever to that end. In moments of self-communion we get down past the civilian line which marks the boundary of the cause and the effect, and we realise that there—in the wellspring of our being—lies the reality which all the world is seeking.

This deeper self it is which transcends the physical existence, which rises from the dissolution of the body, and with the experiences gained, indelibly imprinted upon its tablets, enters into a sphere for which it has equipped itself.

It takes with it, not merely the little which has been accomplished, but all that for which it has striven, all that which it attempted, and in mortal eyes did lose. For in the realm to which it goes, the attempt is counted, the struggle for advancement, though unrealised, is held of value. All the good we have attempted is stored up in the soul's interior Book of Life, treasured up for transmutation daily.

Be not then weary in well-doing; there is a sphere where good comes ever uppermost; and we cannot fail to realise that, if we remember that all things must ultimate in God's wide universe—which, bear in mind, means more than the mere material universe, to which the flimsy notions of Time, and Space, and Matter, usually limit the range of Being. There are worlds on worlds, spheres within spheres, in that wide universe of spirit, and never a good cause has been started but must sooner or later reach its goal; and somewhere we all shall meet our true desserts.

Let us live then a purposeful life, ever reaching forward to the good which lies before. Let us not be cast down by temporary adversity, "for oft-times Heaven's benedictions assume a dark disguise."

Let us live in all circumstances, through all opposition, for the time when we shall see clearly that which we now see as in a glass darkly.



"WHEN COLOURS FADE."

When colours fade: and all the world seems lonely,

When gathering showers hide the sun from view
That is the time I want you—and you only!

That I may hold to all that's good and true.

When colours fade: you come before my vision,

Enriched with shades of nature's lightest hue,
You break the cords; and laugh at my derision

And show me glorious purple shining through.

When colours fade: you make the darkest corners

Alight with all the love your presence brings;

I can no longer be amongst the mourners

Who do not know the glory of these things.

When colours fade: I see your lovely halo

Around the very locks I would have clipped.

I hold your hand—and in that brief forgetting

I know—that for the nonce—the veil has slipped.

When colours fade: for ever on this planet,

And I have held you in a last embrace;

I know that we shall meet twixt gold and silver,

Never to part—in God's abiding place.

* * * * *

Loved one. Your smile has made me unafraid.

I am content to be with you *WHEN COLOURS FADE.*

PHILIP O'BRYEN-HOARE.

The Dawn of the New Age.

MISS MURIEL BROWN delivered an eloquent address on this subject to the members of the International Club on Sunday, January 23—Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd presiding.

Everyone, said Miss Brown, must be demanding an explanation of the incredible events happening in the world at the present time, an explanation not according to the surface view of things, but according to a real inner and spiritual understanding of the ways of God.

There had been a tremendous amount of good taught them in the past by creed and doctrine, but they now wanted to verify these things by their own thinking and understanding. They did not want only to blindly endure life. They wanted to be co-operators with God, in working out His great plan, and they must try to realise the goal towards which they were striving.

For many years there had been those who had realised that a new age was dawning over the earth, and many had hoped that it might be ushered in without the present strife and suffering. And yet if they had studied the Law of Progress, as they saw it operating, they would see that at the present stage of the race's unfoldment this terrible upheaval was a necessity.

The great law had been symbolised in the religions and philosophies of the past in various ways. The pagan world had represented it by the idea of a phoenix. The old bird was burned and out of its ashes arose the new. The Christian world symbolised it by the life of Christ, as interpreted from the mystical point of view. There was the birth into the world, the crucifixion, and the resurrection into a glorified and spiritual kingdom. They saw the same law operating in nature. Before the new plant or tree could spring up into life, the seed had to be put in the ground and work in the darkness.

There had to be a destruction of the old, before there could be a construction of the new. That had always been characteristic of the law of progress in the past, and that was what was happening in the world to-day. When they considered all their hampering old conditions no one could desire that they should remain, and all would gladly participate in this time of destruction if only they saw a brighter era coming into being. The world was now going through a period of tremendous transition.

Now, must human progress always be through suffering and strife? The answer was, No. In the new age they would learn a new law of progression from good to better and best, a moving onward with the eternal flux of things, when there would be no sitting down in inertia and stagnation, but when they would be fully alive and vital, and thus pass on to the new. The walls of resistance to progress would be broken down without the penalty of strife, just as in lesser degree the resistance to new ideals thrown out into the world in recent times was already breaking down.

The Woman's Movement, with its ideal of the equality of the sexes; Socialism, with its ideal of throwing down artificial barriers between class and class and giving equality of opportunity to all; the Psychic Movement, with its ideal of making spiritual things real to them and destroying their vagueness and far-offness; and New Thought, with the ideal of the divinity of man, had all been treated with tremendous resistance, but if

they looked back over the past eighteen months, since the war began, they would see how all these ideas were beginning to be accepted. New walks of life had been opened up to women, class distinctions and barriers had broken down, high and low were working together without any social antagonism; and everybody was realising to-day, not merely in small companies, the reality that there was no death, that what was called death was only the gateway to a new life, as active, real, and practical, as this life. The foundations of the new age were thus being laid and the building was surely and steadily rising. These new ideals would be characteristic of the wonderful new age before them when the war was ended.

Knowledge and realisation by every soul of the power that lies within must come before they got the practical application. That involved a change of consciousness in the race. She believed that was why at the present time they found no great leaders or teachers. In the past people had leaned upon the revelation that had come through great teachers, and that was right then, but it was not right now. They had now as a race to open up their minds and consciousnesses to the vast ocean of God's wonders still left to them to explore. They would never realise them in fact, until they believed they were on the verge of discovering some more wonderful revelation than had yet come to the world.

And people were already beginning to realise this. In the new age now dawning there would be vast meetings, in which the people would make their minds receptive and realise the presence of God, in which all the yearning of their souls would go out for knowledge and revelation, and in which God's light would illumine them in the silence. Then they would sing triumphant songs to celebrate the race's having attained oneness with God. At the Steinway Hall they used to sing, "All in all we know Thee God." That was an affirmation, a claim, of oneness with God, and it had tremendous force, when they realised what they were singing. When thousands instead of only a few persons joined in this realisation, the sick, the mentally-deficient, and the poor might come to them, and the forces in these vast meetings would heal them. The true healing power would come by the realisation of God, not by human agency.

The difference between the old mystic and the modern mystic was that the old mystic when he got his realisation went away from the world, whereas the modern mystic when he got his realisation knew that he had to use it practically. They would not run away from the material, but they would take the material and spiritualise it. They would realise that spirit was the heart and centre of matter. Spirit had always been, and ever would be; the material form was constantly changing according to their thought. "Without the vision the people perish," but with the vision they would realise their creative power. The modern mystic believed in joyous activity in co-operation with God, working to bring all things to perfection. In the new age man would co-operate with man, for it would be a reign of love. There would be no more strife, for that came only through narrowness of vision, but it would no longer exist when the race saw the universe steadily and saw it whole. It was a tremendous ideal, but nothing was impossible.

Some Recent Psychic Experiences.

By ALFRED VOUT PETERS.

WE all have our own aspect when we come into touch with Spiritualism, and whatever our ideas may be concerning its philosophy yet we can all agree on the one proven fact, its foundation-stone, that we are in communication with the so-called dead.

Many critics (carping and otherwise) often ask—Of what use is your communications? Have they any practical bearings upon life? Two incidents have recently come under my notice which have a very practical outcome. Both are Scottish experiences of friends of mine, two ladies who are now professional mediums. The first is as follows: A lady, Mrs. F., a woman well known and respected in the town where she resides, lost her only son in the war. He was heir to a considerable amount of money, which his mother thought she would inherit, but as no will had been found she was informed by the lawyers that she could only claim one-third of it, the rest going to relations in a distant part of Scotland, whom the boy's father had disliked very much. Apart from the financial loss to the lady the whole affair was unjust, as her husband particularly did not wish any of his money to go in that direction. The spirit of the boy, however, returned, told his mother that he had made a will, and that it was in Alexandria. She wrote to the Admiralty on the matter, and was told that no will could be traced. Again the boy returned and insisted that a will was there. She persisted in her letters to the Admiralty and said she knew for certain that a will was made and that it was in Alexandria. At length after three months the will was found, an ordinary soldier's will which had been torn from his pay-book, leaving everything to his mother, as he had told her. I was at the lady's business premises when the letter and a copy of the will arrived.

The other case is as follows: Another friend of mine was giving clairvoyance from the platform, and obtained a message from a spirit to a work-girl in the audience—a message that whatever she did she must not sign a certain paper that she would be asked to sign. My friend had forgotten all about this when one evening the girl came to her and said—"The message I received from you on such and such a day saved my mother's life." It appeared that both mother and daughter were workers in a jute factory. The mother had met with an accident and the daughter went with her mother to the hospital. The doctors said that chloroform must be administered, but before doing so the daughter must sign a paper clearing the hospital authorities of all responsibility. The daughter was about to sign the paper, in fact had the pen in her hand to do so, when she remembered the warning and refused. Because she did so she had to take her mother home when she had recovered consciousness. She told her mother what she had done, and the mother told her by so doing she had saved her life, for a doctor had once told her never to have chloroform administered, as if she did she would die, as her heart was weak.

During the summer months I was asked to go to give a seance at the house of a lady I had never met before. The seance was, from my point of view, as a proof of spirit-identity, a good one, but I had forgotten all about it when, some time afterwards, I was reminded by a mutual friend that during the seance the husband of the lady

came back and told her he was glad she had made her will in the manner she had, but one clause was so worded that unless it was altered the money would not go to the person she particularly wished to benefit. She at once visited the lawyer, re-read the clause, and found it exactly as the husband had said. I knew nothing about the lady and have never seen her since.

All these three incidents prove to me that our spirit-friends still love and watch over us, not that they are bound to us and our earthly interests, but by their care they show us that they are part of the "cloud of witnesses" that we have indefinitely believed in in the past.

To me one of the most remarkable things I know of is the invention of Mr. David Wilson's wireless message-receiver. I have obtained messages through it of matters neither Mr. Wilson nor any one in England knew anything about, including names of Russian friends, a message in Russian, etc. The most recent message was curious in a double sense. During December, 1915, I was at my own home resting when a spirit friend came to me and said I had to take up Russian again, and soon should need it. I told my family the message and thought no more about it. A day or two afterwards came a letter from Mr. Wilson giving me exactly the same message he had received from a Russian spirit, but the latter message was fuller and more explicit.

I could go on multiplying incidents showing the experience of all truth seekers in this realm, that there is no death, no ceasing to be, but just one big wave of life sweeping through the whole creation on this and other planes. The manifestation of this life may be different and finer on higher planes, but I am assured that the more we attune ourselves to receive the highest by our life, conduct, and mental and spiritual outlook, the Great Power will come to us. I am assured that abstaining from tobacco, alcohol and flesh-eating brings us nearer to the spirit-people; but above all, common-sense and reason should be used, for the spirit people are not fools, nor have they lost their sense of humour. Those who mourn should remember that God still reigns, He is Life, Light, and Love Eternal.



TO THE WORLD-SPIRIT.

[This fine poem is from Lily Nightingale's mystical "Songs of the New Day," which may still be had by sending 12 stamps to Mrs. Duddington, Bridles, Talland, Polperro S.O., Cornwall.]

World! Thou art winged with beauty and wonder,
I but a poet, at play on thy shore,
Loving thy lightning, joy-thrill'd at thy thunder,
Wingless and wandering, child in thy lore.

World! Thou art weighted with sorrow and terror,
I but a dreamer, who linger and sing,
Maimed by mortality, blinded by error,
Nay! I'll aspire, till Song grant me wing.

World! Thou art waiting, while passion and colour
Darken and dazzle man's knowledge and sight,
World! where is wisdom? Past thee and thy dolour,
And yet, through thy port I Love leadeth to Light.

LILY NIGHTINGALE.

Forms of the Living Word, as I have seen them.

By A. M. MILLOTT SEVERN.

The following account of a little-known class of wonderful psychic phenomena is written by a most trustworthy witness, and is worthy the attention of serious students, whose efforts at explanation we shall welcome.

I AM not a clairvoyant in the ordinary sense of the term, but occasionally I see things that appear to be somewhat unique in character, which, for want of a better appellation, I have named "forms of the living word." I give the names of the persons with whom I have seen this curious phenomenon as there is no need to withhold them.

The first time I perceived these "forms" was from eight to nine years ago. Mrs. G. Curry was giving clairvoyance to a small circle of friends at the hall in Compton Avenue, Brighton. As she was speaking to a lady who sat nearly opposite to me, on the other side of the room, I was astonished to see issuing from her lips what seemed like round discs about the size of a crown piece. They were bright green in colour, with a spot of cerise hue in the centre. They seemed to slide out of her mouth as she spoke, and to float a little distance from her towards the lady spoken to, and thereafter to return and settle near to her own person. I watched them for a few minutes and thought something was wrong with my eyes. When she addressed her remarks to some other persons on the side seats the forms altered in shape and colour, and looked like small bags of vivid green crinkled paper without the cerise centre. I wondered what they could mean, but failed to understand the phenomenon, and as I feared it might be only a subjective appearance, for a long time I did not mention it to anyone.

A few months later I was listening to a lecture given by Councillor Milner Black to a party of Socialists at their meeting place. The speaker was very earnest and eloquent, and to my surprise I saw coming from his lips forms shaped like a small egg, bluish-grey in colour, with a pale pink centre. They had what looked like luminous wings attached, one on each side, and shaped like those of a butterfly. They sailed over some of the people assembled, and stayed near them or returned to the speaker as before. This phenomenon lasted until towards the end of the lecture and then gradually ceased. I still doubted the evidence of my senses.

A short time afterwards I was in the same place, listening to Mr. Pay, from Tunbridge Wells, and again I saw the forms. This time they took the shape of blocks about an inch square, the colour being bluish-grey, with cerise centres. They came in the same way, sliding out of the speaker's mouth, floating around the room, or going back to the speaker, and they ceased with the lecture. Again I was puzzled, but was not yet convinced that I was seeing anything actual and objective. Indeed I felt a little frightened, as the vision appeared so fanciful.

Many months passed by ere I saw the "forms" again. One Sunday evening I was watching Mr. E. W. Wallis talking, while he was entranced, when to my delight I saw the same phenomena again. This time they took the shape of large ovals; the outer rim was a beautiful deep clear blue, such as one sees in the old stained-glass windows made ages ago, a colour loved by the old

masters. The centre was a vivid rose red. I only saw five ovals, and they came towards me, as if in answer to my longing to see them. Mr. Wallis was with us many times afterwards before he passed on, but I never saw those beautiful forms with him again.

Some time afterwards I saw the forms coming from the lips of Mr. A. Cape, who was at that time President of the Brighton Spiritual Mission, when he was speaking from the platform. They were about the size and shape of a hen's egg, of a dullish blue-grey, and without the usual pink centre. Mr. Cape was, I imagined, in a somewhat depressed state at the time.

At a bazaar held in the Wesleyan Chapel Schoolroom, Dyke Road, Brighton, the young minister, Mr. Chapel, was giving an opening address, when I was delighted to see my old friends the "forms" again. They were oval or egg-shaped, and of a bluish-grey colour, with rose pink centres. A little later on, during the afternoon, a young lady, Miss Taylor, sang a song about the summer-time. Again the words took shape. This time they were quite of a different variety; they looked like small bars about three inches long, and about an inch wide; the outer parts were a most beautiful purple, and the inside a vivid magenta, or a rich red wine colour, very beautiful to see, and such as no painter could easily imitate.

Only a few days elapsed, and my husband, Mr. J. Millott Severn, was taking the chair for a friend at the Manchester Street Hall, part of his duty being to read a short essay. While doing so I noticed the "forms" coming in the usual way out of his mouth. This time they took the shape of a shield, such a shield as one sees in pictures as carried by the old crusaders. The colour was a vivid green, usually called "emerald green," with a bright magenta centre. These acted rather queerly. Instead of floating away, as the others did, they seemed drawn to the book from which he was reading aloud, and rested there point downwards for some seconds. I have never seen them since.

Sometime after the above occurrence, Mr. George Douglas was speaking at Manchester Street Hall. He was very earnest and sincere. Again the forms became visible to my sight, assuming the shape of small bags, about an inch and a half in diameter, a little drawn in at the top as a bag might be, and they were as though made of peacock blue crinkled paper, with a rose red centre. These forms seemed for the most part attracted towards our blind organist, Mr. G. Lambert, and they stayed with him, seeming to grow less as the power waned, and then ceasing just before the end of the lecture.

Many months passed by without another sight of them. Though I often looked for them they never appeared until, towards the middle of a truly eloquent address by Mr. Taylor Gwinn at Manchester Street, I was delighted to see the "forms" appear again. They also were quite of another order from those that had preceded them. They assumed the shape of wheels, with the spokes inverted, and they were turning rapidly around as they approached. I cannot recall the exact colour of these strange wheels,

but I fancy they were blue. Only a few came, and they seemed to fly, or rather to wheel straight to one or other member of the audience. It was a very curious phenomenon to watch, and I have not seen it since.

More than a year elapsed before I saw the "forms" again. I cannot command the phenomena to appear, and they seem to come when I least expect them. On this occasion I was taking the chair for Mrs. Fielding, and during her discourse they came flying out of her mouth, and passed straight on to some receptive friends. These took the shape of a rather large figure eight, blue in colour, and with a pinkish centre.

One morning during a small public circle in daylight, at the Manchester Street Hall, the words of Mrs. Clarke assumed the shape of a small dumb-bell. These were blue-grey in colour, and first floated around, and then like a bubble disappeared.

I remember, Mr. W. J. Colville was once giving an afternoon address, and all the time, whilst he was speaking, what seemed like showers of luminous small silver stars drifted from him towards his interested audience, resting there for a moment, and then disappearing.

During Easter Week, 1914, at the Church of the Seers, Dyke Road, Brighton, I was listening to a sermon being delivered by the Rev. Father Thompson, of that Church, and as he proceeded I saw the living-word-forms floating a short distance from his lips. They assumed the shape of two cubes, one resting on the other. They were coloured blue, and had cerise centres. I only saw four or five of them, and they were soon lost to sight.

Miss F. R. Scatcherd, on Sunday, December 6, 1914, was lecturing on the latest phases of materialisation, and it was as curious as it was interesting to watch the phenomena proceeding from her as she discoursed. She seemed surrounded by a beautiful luminous aura, and from her aura came floating constantly a soft substance till it reached the auras of a lady and her daughter who sat in front of me. Then the faces of the different people she was naming, such as W. T. Stead, Alfred Russel Wallace, and others, showed themselves for a moment and faded away, but stayed long enough to be recognised. There was on that occasion no colouring, only the white luminous substance.

These are the forms as I have been permitted to see them, but I do not understand their meaning, nor how, or why they come.

The Problem of the Spirit.

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

[Dr. Peebles, the ever-young "Pilgrim" of ninety-four, in sending us the following short article says: "Here is my hand—give it a hearty shake! Heartily do I wish that 6,000 miles were not between us; but this does not check sympathy, fellowship, and a thousand good wishes for your health and prosperity. . . . My health is good, and I am on the fighting line for the truth." The doctor may accept our assurance that a great volume of friendship and goodwill is ever being "wireless" to him from this side of "the pond," for, as we think we have mentioned before, he is universally regarded as "The Grand Old Man of Spiritualism."—ED. I.P.G.]

THIS is decidedly an age of research. Nothing is considered too sacred for criticism.

Often the inquiry arises, What is this spirit that so vividly manifests through the human form, and what is the difference between the spirit and the soul?

Allow me to state as a long cherished opinion of mine, that the spirit (*ruach*, Hebrew and *pneuma*, Greek) is the Deific unit, the non-particled, the non-compounded, eternal ego—an influx from, and related to, the conscious and causeless Causation of the universe, whom we call God. But in Greek literature, and in St. John's Gospel, this Infinite power is denominated Spirit: *Pneuma ho Theos*. Spirit is God—or the reverse. And man, according to the biblical record, being made or evolved in the image of God, is necessarily a spiritual being, able under proper conditions to converse with the dead; and so we have the very appropriate word, Spiritualism, which by the way is the direct antithesis of materialism.

The most learned in all past times have made a wide distinction between the words spirit and soul. For instance, Schubert, a follower of the illustrious Schelling, states that "The soul is the interior part of every intellectual nature, the interior organism; while the spirit is that part of our nature which leads to the purely lofty and the divine."

The distinguished Delitzsch in his work on psychology, assures us that the "Psychical func-

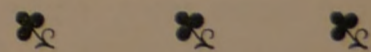
tions of the soul are types of spiritual functions, the broken rays; but the soul is not the ego. It is too definitely distinguished from the spirit. The spirit is related to the infinite spirit from whom it had its origin."

Professor George Bush, of the New York University, declared that "The spirit, unlike the soul, or soul-body, is that principle in man that constitutes his individuality, that being the highest element of his being."

Paul, as recorded in his Epistles, wrote: "I pray God to preserve you, body, soul and spirit."

The martyred Stephen exclaimed when dying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And another noted biblical seer said, "Then shall the dust return to dust as it was, but the spirit to God who gave it."

If memory serves me, the noted A. J. Davis, in speaking of endless duration, uniformly used the word spirit; and the invisible intelligences with whom I have conversed for over half a century, pronounce man a four-fold being, constituted of a physical body, a soul-body, a subtle etheric-body, and the conscious controlling spirit—virtually a finite God; and accordingly the legitimate heir of immortality.



MR. M. S. THOMSON, Secretary of the Johannesburg Psychical Research Society, South Africa, writes ordering a dozen copies of "your very interesting *Gazette*."

MR. J. A. M'LAREN, President of the Durban Spiritualist Church, South Africa, writes: "I was truly delighted to see once again the familiar cover of the revived *I.P.G.*, after about a year's rest. The magazine should have a long and useful career before it, and long may you be spared to superintend its issue. Things have been moving indeed during the past year, things physical, psychical, and, let us hope, also things spiritual. What an advance has been made with the extension and solidification of our spiritual philosophy! I wish every success to the *I.P.G.*"

Will-Power.

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

"THOUGHTS are things" is a dogmatic statement often met with in the literature of the New Thought Movement. It implies, as used, that one has only to think strongly of a given object—wealth or a motor-car, for instance—and one's thoughts will in due course materialise. The phrase is understood in this sense by many people, and I have no doubt it has led oftentimes to disappointment. The idea may act usefully as a self-suggestion if it be accompanied by sufficient enthusiasm, self-confidence and effort, but as to actual realisation of thoughts on the earth-plane in the automatic way suggested, I am very sceptical.

The reason I have paid attention to this phrase is because I want to show that, in order that a given thought should materialise and become a thing, there is a connecting link required between the thought (or mind-plane) and the thing (or material plane), or any expectation of materialisation will remain a mere abstraction.

We are familiar with the men and women of strong thought, excellent ideas, and great enthusiasm, the busybodies who appear as if about to "set the Thames on fire," and yet who never accomplish anything worth mentioning. Their ideas fizzle out like the froth on a glass of soda-water. Their thoughts are not things. Why is that? It is just because in their case the connecting link is wanting between the world of thought and the world of matter. That important fact was known in Ancient Egypt and was impressed on every candidate for temple-initiation. Such was "Old Thought."

In the so-called fourth-dimensional space or spirit-land, when persons are freed from the fetters and limitations of matter, pure thought is probably all-sufficient to realise desires and aspirations, for self-expression there does not mean materialisation of any description in dense physical matter. However, while persons live on earth, the bulk of their activities result in some objective or physical form, and so the actualities of this incarnation must be taken into account. Philosophic, logical, geometrical and similar thoughts and problems afford instances, where thoughts are not things. The man of the world, however, usually expects his thoughts to assume a material and tangible shape.

The connecting link between the thought plane and the physical plane, where thoughts become things, is the Life-plane or the Vital Principle, which a few years ago was so wonderfully elaborated on by M. Henri Bergson, and formed the basis of his philosophy of "Vitalism." It is Life which connects mind and matter.

Man's faculty of consciously acting on the material plane through the medium of the vital principle, and thereby giving his thoughts expression in material or physical form, is *Will*.

Will-power is the strongest power on earth, and is irresistible except when it is opposed by another will of equal or greater intensity. In the average man and woman the natural will is very weak, but it can be very much intensified by rational training. A naturally strong will is rare, but when combined with good reasoning power it makes the possessor a leader in some sphere of activity.

Generally speaking, all human activities result

from the interaction of four active or positive faculties, namely—(1) Desire; (2) Conscience; (3) Reason, and (4) Will. Of these, the first two are subjective faculties and are part of the subconscious mind. The last two are objective, and form part of the conscious or waking mind.

Desire may be defined as the Ego's effort at self-expression, while the Conscience is the divine or moral guide of desire, which will unflinchingly tell those who listen to it whether any given action is morally right or wrong.

The Reason or mind-principle is the mental or rational part of man, which perceives (cognitive faculty), remembers (conservative faculty), reasons (comparative faculty), and imagines (constructive faculty). It is this thinking faculty which links one's spirit-self or ego to the world of matter, and it also plays a most important part in directing the energy which constitutes one's will-power. An important fact to be noted is that reason is influenced by desire on one hand, and by the stimuli (through sensation and feeling) of the outside world on the other hand.

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Will-power acts as vital energy in various modes, such as—(1) effecting or inhibiting physical movements of the body; (2) as mental or verbal suggestion, personal influence, telepathic communication and other effects of mind on mind; (3) creative power or energy, which serves to materialise the ideas, desires and aspirations of the ego.

As will-power can only be exercised through the life-principle it follows that the man of iron will must also be a man of strong vitality—the man who can breathe, feed, and digest properly. The consumptive and the dyspeptic usually lack the vitality to make a sustained effort to materialise their ideas, and to powerfully influence others.

To strengthen and educate the will, the following essentials must be observed: (1) *Deliberation* to form a reasonable judgment as to one's purpose of action. This involves perception, concentration, memory, and imagination. Here the ignorant, the senseless, and the immoral man fails, he cannot reason. (2) *Decision* as to plan of action, or the method by which the goal is to be reached. This includes the selection of one of several alternatives.

but I fancy they were blue. Only a few came, and they seemed to fly, or rather to wheel straight to one or other member of the audience. It was a very curious phenomenon to watch, and I have not seen it since.

More than a year elapsed before I saw the "forms" again. I cannot command the phenomena to appear, and they seem to come when I least expect them. On this occasion I was taking the chair for Mrs. Fielding, and during her discourse they came flying out of her mouth, and passed straight on to some receptive friends. These took the shape of a rather large figure eight, blue in colour, and with a pinkish centre.

One morning during a small public circle in daylight, at the Manchester Street Hall, the words of Mrs. Clarke assumed the shape of a small dumb-bell. These were blue-grey in colour, and first floated around, and then like a bubble disappeared.

I remember, Mr. W. J. Colville was once giving an afternoon address, and all the time, whilst he was speaking, what seemed like showers of luminous small silver stars drifted from him towards his interested audience, resting there for a moment, and then disappearing.

During Easter Week, 1914, at the Church of the Seers, Dyke Road, Brighton, I was listening to a sermon being delivered by the Rev. Father Thompson, of that Church, and as he proceeded I saw the living-word-forms floating a short distance from his lips. They assumed the shape of two cubes, one resting on the other. They were coloured blue, and had cerise centres. I only saw four or five of them, and they were soon lost to sight.

Miss F. R. Scatcherd, on Sunday, December 6, 1914, was lecturing on the latest phases of materialisation, and it was as curious as it was interesting to watch the phenomena proceeding from her as she discoursed. She seemed surrounded by a beautiful luminous aura, and from her aura came floating constantly a soft substance till it reached the auras of a lady and her daughter who sat in front of me. Then the faces of the different people she was naming, such as W. T. Stead, Alfred Russel Wallace, and others, showed themselves for a moment and faded away, but stayed long enough to be recognised. There was on that occasion no colouring, only the white luminous substance.

These are the forms as I have been permitted to see them, but I do not understand their meaning, nor how, or why they come.

The Problem of the Spirit.

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

[Dr. Peebles, the ever-young "Pilgrim" of ninety-four, in sending us the following short article says: "Here is my hand—give it a hearty shake! Heartily do I wish that 6,000 miles were not between us; but this does not check sympathy, fellowship, and a thousand good wishes for your health and prosperity. . . . My health is good, and I am on the fighting line for the truth." The doctor may accept our assurance that a great volume of friendship and goodwill is ever being "wirelessly" to him from this side of "the pond," for, as we think we have mentioned before, he is universally regarded as "The Grand Old Man of Spiritualism."—Ed. I.P.G.]

THIS is decidedly an age of research. Nothing is considered too sacred for criticism.

Often the inquiry arises, What is this spirit that so vividly manifests through the human form, and what is the difference between the spirit and the soul?

Allow me to state as a long cherished opinion of mine, that the spirit (*ruach*, Hebrew and *pneuma*, Greek) is the Deific unit, the non-particled, the non-compounded, eternal ego—an influx from, and related to, the conscious and causeless Causation of the universe, whom we call God. But in Greek literature, and in St. John's Gospel, this Infinite power is denominated Spirit: *Pneuma ho Theos*. Spirit is God—or the reverse. And man, according to the biblical record, being made or evolved in the image of God, is necessarily a spiritual being, able under proper conditions to converse with the dead; and so we have the very appropriate word, Spiritualism, which by the way is the direct antithesis of materialism.

The most learned in all past times have made a wide distinction between the words spirit and soul. For instance, Schubert, a follower of the illustrious Schelling, states that "The soul is the interior part of every intellectual nature, the interior organism; while the spirit is that part of our nature which leads to the purely lofty and the divine."

The distinguished Delitzsch in his work on psychology, assures us that the "Psychical func-

tions of the soul are types of spiritual functions, the broken rays; but the soul is not the ego. It is too definitely distinguished from the spirit. The spirit is related to the infinite spirit from whom it had its origin."

Professor George Bush, of the New York University, declared that "The spirit, unlike the soul, or soul-body, is that principle in man that constitutes his individuality, that being the highest element of his being."

Paul, as recorded in his Epistles, wrote: "I pray God to preserve you, body, soul and spirit."

The martyred Stephen exclaimed when dying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And another noted biblical seer said, "Then shall the dust return to dust as it was, but the spirit to God who gave it."

If memory serves me, the noted A. J. Davis, in speaking of endless duration, uniformly used the word spirit; and the invisible intelligences with whom I have conversed for over half a century, pronounce man a four-fold being, constituted of a physical body, a soul-body, a subtle etheric-body, and the conscious controlling spirit—virtually a finite God; and accordingly the legitimate heir of immortality.



Mr. M. S. THOMSON, Secretary of the Johannesburg Psychical Research Society, South Africa, writes ordering a dozen copies of "your very interesting Gazette."

Mr. J. A. M'LEARN, President of the Durban Spiritualist Church, South Africa, writes: "I was truly delighted to see once again the familiar cover of the revived I.P.G., after about a year's rest. The magazine should have a long and useful career before it, and long may you be spared to superintend its issue. Things have been moving indeed during the past year, things physical, psychical, and, let us hope, also things spiritual. What an advance has been made with the extension and solidification of our spiritual philosophy! I wish every success to the I.P.G."

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Will-Power.

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

"THOUGHTS are things" is a dogmatic statement often met with in the literature of the New Thought Movement. It implies, as used, that one has only to think strongly of a given object—wealth or a motor-car, for instance—and one's thoughts will in due course materialise. The phrase is understood in this sense by many people, and I have no doubt it has led oftentimes to disappointment. The idea may act usefully as a self-suggestion if it be accompanied by sufficient enthusiasm, self-confidence and effort, but as to actual realisation of thoughts on the earth-plane in the automatic way suggested, I am very sceptical.

The reason I have paid attention to this phrase is because I want to show that, in order that a given thought should materialise and become a *thing*, there is a connecting link required between the thought (or mind-plane) and the thing (or material plane), or any expectation of materialisation will remain a mere abstraction.

We are familiar with the men and women of strong thought, excellent ideas, and great enthusiasm, the busybodies who appear as if about to "set the Thames on fire," and yet who never accomplish anything worth mentioning. Their ideas fizzle out like the froth on a glass of soda-water. Their thoughts are not things. Why is that? It is just because in their case the connecting link is wanting between the world of thought and the world of matter. That important fact was known in Ancient Egypt and was impressed on every candidate for temple-initiation. Such was "Old Thought."

In the so-called fourth-dimensional space or spirit-land, when persons are freed from the fetters and limitations of matter, pure thought is probably all-sufficient to realise desires and aspirations, for self-expression there does not mean materialisation of any description in dense physical matter. However, while persons live on earth, the bulk of their activities result in some objective or physical form, and so the actualities of this incarnation must be taken into account. Philosophic, logical, geometrical and similar thoughts and problems afford instances, where thoughts are not things. The man of the world, however, usually expects his thoughts to assume a material and tangible shape.

The connecting link between the thought plane and the physical plane, where thoughts become things, is the Life-plane or the Vital Principle, which a few years ago was so wonderfully elaborated on by M. Henri Bergson, and formed the basis of his philosophy of "Vitalism." It is Life which connects mind and matter.

Man's faculty of consciously acting on the material plane through the medium of the vital principle, and thereby giving his thoughts expression in material or physical form, is *Will*.

Will-power is the strongest power on earth, and is irresistible except when it is opposed by another will of equal or greater intensity. In the average man and woman the natural will is very weak, but it can be very much intensified by rational training. A naturally strong will is rare, but when combined with good reasoning power it makes the possessor a leader in some sphere of activity.

Generally speaking, all human activities result

from the interaction of four active or positive faculties, namely—(1) Desire; (2) Conscience; (3) Reason, and (4) Will. Of these, the first two are subjective faculties and are part of the subconscious mind. The last two are objective, and form part of the conscious or waking mind.

Desire may be defined as the Ego's effort at self-expression, while the Conscience is the divine or moral guide of desire, which will unfailingly tell those who listen to it whether any given action is morally right or wrong.

The Reason or mind-principle is the mental or rational part of man, which perceives (cognitive faculty), remembers (conservative faculty), reasons (comparative faculty), and imagines (constructive faculty). It is this thinking faculty which links one's spirit-self or ego to the world of matter, and it also plays a most important part in *directing* the energy which constitutes one's will-power. An important fact to be noted is that reason is influenced by desire on one hand, and by the stimuli (through sensation and feeling) of the outside world on the other hand.

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To strengthen and educate the will, the following essentials must be observed: (1) *Deliberation* to form a reasonable judgment as to one's purpose of action. This involves perception, concentration, memory, and imagination. Here the ignorant, the senseless, and the immoral man fails, he cannot reason. (2) *Decision* as to plan of action, or the method by which the goal is to be reached. This includes the selection of one of several alternatives.

Here the vacillating man fails, he cannot decide which road to take. (3) *Determination* and effort. This is volition proper, acting on the vital-plane, the energy which materialises the idea formed by deliberation and decision. For this purpose not only vitality but courage are necessary. Here the weak and the timid man fails, for nothing paralyses the will-power more than fear and doubt. Courage and daring often make up for errors of judgment, while timidity and lack of effort will nullify the wisest decision. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Do not procrastinate or your vital tension may relax. "Do it now." Have confidence in your own powers and do not easily give in. You can do whatever you think you can do. Do not relax your efforts, but

persevere, for grim determination is one of the secrets of success. And lastly: keep your own counsel or you may be opposed by powerful counter-suggestions. "A still tongue maketh a wise head." The ancient hermetic maxim: "To know, to will, to dare, to be silent," is full of practical wisdom.

The man of strong will-power rules others and thus creates his own circumstances. Even when he meets with adversities, he does not permit them to injure him permanently. They may hinder but he rises superior to them and gains valuable experience from what would prove a calamity to the weakling. Only the man of weak will obeys and is led by others, or is ruled by circumstances. *Thoughts by the power of will become things.*

The Twelve Tribes of the Zodiac.

V.—LEO THE LION. By LEO FRENCH.

Leo the Lion—The Solar Sign.

L EONINE! "A word to conjure with," "the word of power," for Leo, the great sign of the Sun, fixed quality, fiery element.

Though naturalists do not agree as to whether the leonine reputation for courage and magnanimity is deserved, or founded on fable, rather than fact; nevertheless, the fiery solar tribe possess the virtues and vices attributed to "born rulers." For "Leos" are "born in the purple" of some strange sovereignty, none the less potent in that it is often a kingdom of the *heart*, rather than that of outward crown and sceptre.

The typical Leo is born to reign, because he has learnt the art of loyal obedience to superiors, therefore he commands "from within," by divine right. His crown, natural nobility; his sceptre, the power of intuition. While his compeers are "laying down the law," or "arguing the question," or bringing out the tarnished regalia of custom and precedence, Leo "gets at the heart of" the question, or the individual, and . . . it is done, the victory won, without strife or dispute. . . . It is the King's pleasure!

Certain words and phrases appertain to certain signs. It is said that a student of astrological ontology, sitting "blindfold" in a room listening to discussions involving a certain freedom and mental intimacy, can tell the respective specimens of Zodiacal tribes by their phraseology. Such words as "radiant," "splendid," "august," and a tendency to revolve round such subjects as "The Infinite" and "Eternity," are characteristic of Leos true to their type.

Irrepressibility is a gauge of the "Leo typical." However dark and deep the thunder-clouds of catastrophe, however long the exile of continued repression in an atmosphere of *artificiality*, or of dead *mediocrity* (both terms anathema to Leo), sooner or later the clouds disperse, and Leo shines out once more, making the very clouds his ministers, suffusing them till they become "dark with excess of light."

"Behold! I make all things new," declares the Creator. And creation, the gift of the bestowal of sentient life, is the great spiritual gift of these Torches of the Sun. Conversely, the Leonine vices are those terrible deeds in connection with the destruction of life, born of passionate excess; "playing with fire," gives a hint as to the decadent Leo. Devastation, however, is a necessary act in the drama of life,

and Solar Torches must be used to ignite what fire alone can cleanse, that which must be destroyed as a preliminary process in the divine art of re-creation. For Leo is also High Priest of the Ritual of Spiritual Alchemy. Only sentimentalists will deplore the process of purging away dross. While they stand wringing their hands, pitying the dross, Leo's white fire does the Master-work, and the individual comes forth from that furnace "clothed with the Sun."

The Kingdoms of Leo are diverse as those of men, and wide as the poles asunder. From temple to tavern his divine right ranges. Exactly wherein his sovereign "worth" consists, it is difficult to say. In wit, wisdom, rank? Sometimes, it seems, in none of these. But by virtue of some innate royalty, he will be found, by universal acclamation, the centre of the circle. He does not *seek* to rule; this is one of the signs and tokens of a pure typical Leo, the faculty of kingship is within himself. "A royal priesthood, a peculiar people," these Leos. Strangely childlike, passionate, proud; one moment "towering over" their comrades, the next their boon companion, but none the less, it is Leo, more than any of the twelve tribes to whom is given the knowledge of "the hearts of men."

And this because of their power to give and spend themselves for others. It is their nature, nay, their office, to give. Life radiates from them, streams through them, but for this. For a Leo, the unforgivable sin (*i.e.* that which "puts back" his progress) is that of self-conservation. To spend is the law of his life. As the Sun shines upon the evil and the good, so these Fire-Sons go among the sons of men, their task to radiate forth that Life-force which Apollo has bestowed upon them, that they may kindle the divine spark glowing in many a heart whose outer courts are ruined and deserted. Yet, within the shrine the sacred light is not yet extinguished.

Fire is a dreadful force. To *live* (rather than to exist) is a high and perilous emprise. But any Leo who does not live—with a concentrated white fire of life, on every plane, from physical to spiritual—is a renegade and traitor to his tribe.

Self-purification is the law of his inner life. Sacrifice the joyful ecstasy of his outpouring. Sacrilege one of his perils, for which he will pay the full penalty, drawing nigh to the very gates of death. Yet the penance duly paid, the profaned vessels cleansed, he is "saved, so as by fire."

Interview with Mr. Cecil Husk.

MRS. ETTA DUFFUS was kind enough to call for us a few days ago on her way to visit the genial old gentleman who figured so largely for many years in the world of psychical research. We had expressed a wish to interview "Cecil Husk, the blind medium," as we felt that readers of the *Psychic Gazette* would be glad to know how things fared with him. We remembered him in his prime when those wonderful manifestations of materialised spirits, described in detail in Florence Maryat's books, "There is no Death," and "The Spirit World," were attracting keen scientific investigators, and also many thousands of inquirers who were anxious for proofs that the life of the spirit did not cease with the death of the body. We remembered the stentorian voice of "John King," the bluff maritime heartiness of "Uncle," the modest helpfulness of "Christopher," the jocularities of "Joey," the wisdom of "Ebenezer," the benedictions of "The Greek Priest" and Cardinal Newman; the weird music of the fairy bells which used to fly around the room playing tunes that had some special reminiscent significance for one or other of the sitters, the heavy musical box which used to be wound up and lifted on to the table by unseen hands, and which then played its familiar melodies; and we remembered also those diverse spirit-beings who showed themselves in temporary physical form, and who were recognised by their friends and relations, while Mr. Cecil Husk was himself sunk in the torpor of deepest trance. Of course, we remembered also the incredulity and the scepticism that were prevalent among timorous orthodox people, and the confidence of the conjurers that such manifestations could only be fraud and trickery. How much comfort was lost by the former, and how much self-deception was indulged in by the latter, is now pretty well understood.

Mrs. Duffus' swift motor-car soon sped us to 30, South Grove, Peckham, S.E., which has been Mr. Husk's residence for many years. Miss Simpson, his loyal and faithful housekeeper since Mrs. Husk's passing over, bade us welcome, and at once led us to the veteran's bedside in an upper room. His face was illumined with a smile as he greeted Mrs. Duffus, whom he thanked for the generous fare she had sent him at Christmas-time. He was unable to shake hands, as they are both helplessly paralysed. But he was able to smoke a cigar as he chatted quite freely, and in answer to our questions he said, "Of course I remember Florence Maryat quite well. She was introduced

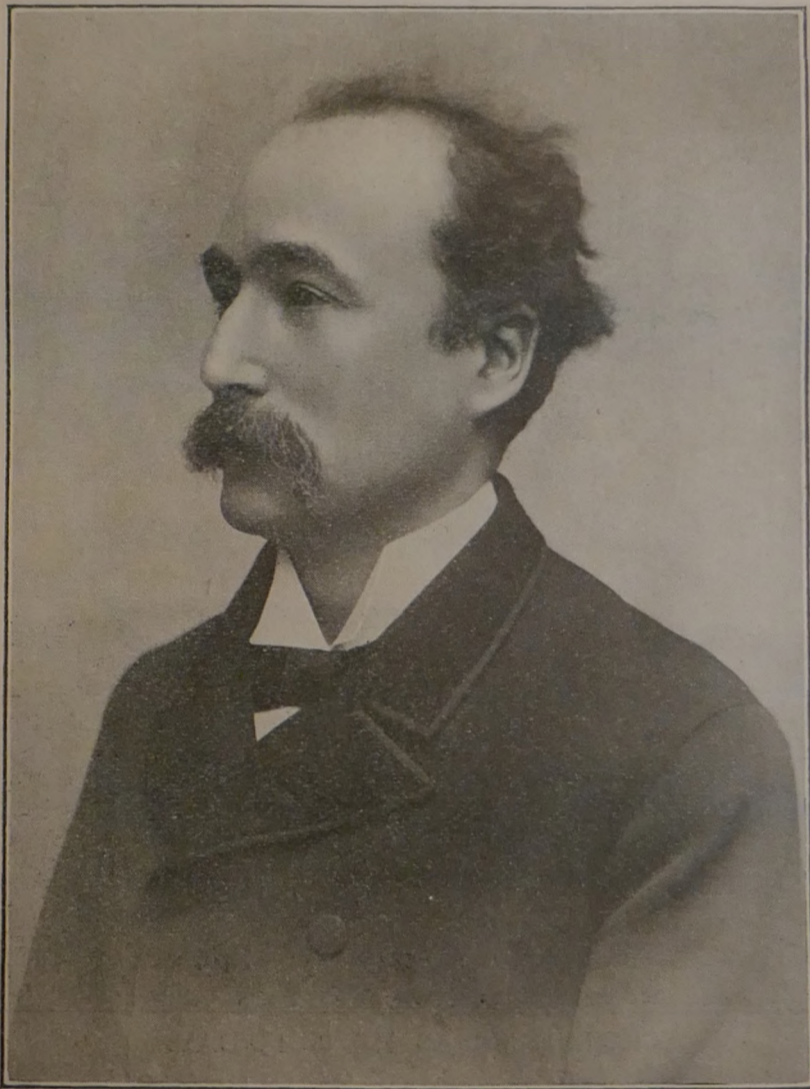
to me by my sister Rose who was with her in the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Florence Maryat, as you know, was an actress as well as an author. My sister played the part of Lady Angela and Florence Maryat played—I forget now what her part was. I have not had Sir William Crookes at my house, but I have met him several times at private seances.

"From my earliest childhood I had the gift of clairvoyance, and also when quite a child curious phenomena accompanied me in the form of unexplained movements of various objects. That was in the days when gas was not generally used in private houses. I remember in our breakfast-room we had a couple of candles on a tray, and snuffers standing between them. The snuffers had a knack of knocking two or three times on the tray, then they would rise up into the air, wander round the room near the ceiling, and then fall back on to the tray. I would be about eight or nine years of age. My father, mother, brothers and sisters all saw it. They all thought it peculiar, and my father who was a Spiritualist, was especially interested. I do not think they referred it to any particular power associated with myself for some time, but other people's attention was drawn to the phenomena, and when some explanation was sought for my father recalled other strange events that had occurred in my earlier childhood. They then thought it must be me!

"I quite early had the gift of prophecy. I used to say certain things would occur about the house, and as I had foretold so they would happen. During the latter part of the Crimean War certain victories to our arms were predicted

through my mediumship, and sure enough they came about. I was not then in trance. It did not seem to me that there was anything peculiar about it; everything seemed natural and normal.

"I knew nothing of the phenomena of materialisation until I was about fifteen or sixteen. Then I noticed on several occasions persons that I did not recognise would open the door, walk into the room where I happened to be sitting, and without a word would just walk out again. They were like ordinary persons, and my wonderment was not even excited. Later they would melt away before my eyes, and then I knew they did not belong to the earth-plane. They did not speak to me directly, but I seemed to know intuitively what they wanted. They impressed me sometimes that they wished me to understand that they regretted they had not lived a better



CECIL HUSK, THE MATERIALISING MEDIUM.

life, and they tried to induce me to find out certain things in connection with their past life. And I did so in some instances, and I could bring many things to mind that would be very interesting; but at the present time I am a little at sea; my memory is not a very good one when I am lying ill.

"For my development as a medium I used to sit regularly two or three times a week with my father at a little round table, and we used to get messages by knocks and tilts. My mother was always rather nervous about it. Bulwer Lytton was the first personage of importance to take an interest in my peculiarities. My father was a professional singer and had met Lytton in society. No doubt he had told Lytton, who was deeply interested in occultism, about me, and he used to come occasionally to our house and sit with us. He was a very genial man, though he had rather a brusque manner. He never came to any of my public seances, which were later on.

"I went into the musical profession and accompanied Charles Keen in one of his tours, and also played musical parts in Shakespearian pieces in the Princess Theatre. I never really dropped my mediumship, for there were always people in the dramatic companies who were eager to get some knowledge of the subject. After the passing away of my sister in 1870 I had regular seances, and about 1875 my materialising seances began. John King used to come, and as I had sung at the Greek Church, no doubt the Greek Priest had been drawn to me in that way, and they have remained with me ever since. Cardinal Newman came not very long after he passed over. When materialisations were taking place everything was void to me. When going into trance, one's sensations are not very pleasant. They are I should think very much like the feelings of someone who is going to faint, though I have never fainted myself. When coming back, I felt as if I was passing through another state, as it were, not of this world."

"Tell us about how you got the iron ring on to your wrist, Mr. Husk?"

The ring referred to has been on Mr. Husk's wrist for many years, and is of so small a diameter that it could not possibly have been passed over his hand, either to put it on, or take it off.

"When the ring was put on," said Mr. Husk, "it was placed on the table around which a circle of sitters was gathered. My hands were held by a sitter on either side of me. These people were told by the spirit friends they must keep a very tight hold on my little fingers, and not let them go even for a moment. After sitting a little while we heard two or three sharp knocks on the table

with the ring, then suddenly I felt a shock go through my arm, and immediately felt the coldness of the ring encircling my wrist. I was not in trance at the time.

"Some time afterwards I was invited to one of the entertainments got up by the Spiritualist Alliance at St. James's Hall, and the ring on my arm was shown to all who were curious to see it. I suppose I must have had my arm tugged and pulled at by hundreds of people that night who tried to take the ring off, but there was no way of moving it. I am very much thinner now than I was, but it still cannot be taken off. The spirits said they would never allow that particular ring to be removed, but they have frequently put on and taken off another iron ring, of precisely the same size. That has been taken off in the light, and thrown on to the floor, with a whirl and a spinning noise.

"I have had my share of sceptical unbelievers upsetting the seances, perhaps a little more than most. Plenty of people were always ready to call

me a fraud, and that used to hurt my feelings, and I prayed very earnestly that these people might be led to see the error of their ways and thoughts, by learning the truth about these wonderful phenomena. I have been very close to death at times—my guides have said so—through the foolish tricks of unbelievers. My arms have been pricked with pins and needles during the seance to see if I was really in trance, but I only discovered what had been done afterwards through finding the stains of blood on my clothes. I was also laid up for days on one occasion by the light being suddenly turned on during a materialisation. I never had any visits from the police, or suffered any persecution from



CECIL HUSK AS HE IS TO-DAY.

them, though they may have been at my seances without my knowing it.

"I was once weighed in the presence of a large number of scientific men, at Great Russell Street, some time during the seventies. Mr. Harrison, the editor of the *Spiritualist*, arranged the affair, and it was discovered I had lost over half my weight while the materialisations were going on. I believe there is some record of that in existence.

"I have been often pestered by deceiving spirits. They have told me that they intended to harm me in some way, and would accomplish it when I least expected it. I frequently felt dubious about going into trance for that reason. Before I have gone actually into trance, or the trance was not deep enough for me to have quite lost my consciousness. I could feel my hands being made use of to take hold of something, or to simulate a manifestation of some sort, but I have been suddenly pulled back to consciousness by my own trusty guides.

"I have watched my physical body lying on the bed, or while lying in bed I have seen my spiritual form at the foot of the bed."

At this stage in the conversation the room appeared to be filled with the most beautiful perfume, which is one of the manifestations associated with Mr. Husk's guide named "Uncle."

Mr. Husk continuing said, "I should like to say that I am most delighted by the many kindnesses that have been shown to me during my illness, which proves to me how many have been assured of my sincerity. It is pleasant to think that my life has been of some use to the world. My guides are still around me, and John King often speaks out quite loudly."

Miss Simpson here narrated that on the occasion of the *Titanic* going down, Mr. Husk was ill, and seemed to be sleeping until about three o'clock in the morning, when he woke up dripping with perspiration. He said he had been in the water; he had heard a band playing rag-time music, and then all at once "Nearer my God to Thee." He had also seen Mr. Stead and spoken to him. When she, Miss Simpson, went out in the morning she saw the newspaper bills announcing the sinking of the *Titanic* but she had no idea that Mr. Stead was on the ship. He was so, however, and Mr. Husk's vivid dream experience must in some way have been caused by Mr. Stead's thought, for he and Mr. Husk were well known to each other.

"John King" then spoke to us with all the strength of his former resonant tones, saying—"You will not be able to draw much further upon our friend to-day, Mr. Editor. Give my very kind love to all your readers; tell them I am deeply grateful, as I know my boy is."

Mr. Husk—"Yes, indeed"; then—"He always used to call me his boy."

"Joey" came in for a moment to say "God bless you; I am glad to meet you," and "Uncle" said, "Are you feeling better to-day, Jimmie?" Mr. Husk replied—"Yes, but my skin is in a state

of irritation. I am getting a new coat." "Uncle" replied—"So I see; but it is the wrong colour; it ought to be khaki!" "John King" said we must now stop. "Some other time, Mr. Editor, you may be more fortunate."

We replied that we had been very fortunate. Mr. Husk said—"I have been very happy, John. Our friend is most zealous, and Mrs. Duffus is—as you know." John King, in a deep bass voice—"That is so." Miss Simpson—"Yes, I don't know what would have happened to us without her, during your long illness."

Then we took our departure and "John King," "Ebenezer," "Joey," "Christopher," and "Uncle" kept shouting to us—"Good-bye, and God bless you," until we were downstairs and out of hearing.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO CECIL HUSK FUND.

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Balance in January, 1916	1	2	2
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Further subscriptions should be forwarded to Mrs. Etta Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts., who hands the money over to Mr. Husk in sums of £5 per month. We hope to have an even longer list of subscriptions in our next issue, but the above is very good as a start-off.

THE SUNSHINE OF PARADISE.

"Nothing is more beautiful than the thought of those we loved growing in character and grace in the sunshine of Paradise."—The Bishop of London.

You—her parents—do you picture
How your little girl has grown,
Since she took that silent journey
To the silent great unknown?
You can see her now, before you,
As in memory's certain eye
She oft looked, and played and prattled
Ere she passed beyond the sky.

But since then, how very often—
In the morning, in the night,
Or throughout the day, it may be,
She almost appears in sight.
And you stop your work to listen—
Whose that voice? You heard a call,
And you haste, in answer to it,
To the room, or to the hall.

Then a vision of your girlie
Glides across your mental view,
And so real, at the moment,
That you thought it must be true—
That you saw her smile and beckon
Standing there in her old way;
But the room and hall are empty—
It was fancy—so you say.

Ah! these "fancies" and these "visions,"
Who can tell you what they are?
Perhaps you thus incline to think them
Sent out through the "gates ajar"—
Showing that your child, still loving,
Cares for you just as of old,
Comes from her new home in glory,
Opening wide those "gates of gold."

But, however you regard it,
Oh! believe that here or there
She is growing, in all goodness,
Through a maidenhood more fair
Into womanhood exalted,
Nobler than your visions high—
Growing character and graces
In her home beyond the sky.

"Home," or "Paradise" or "Heaven,"
Without doubt 'tis "Summerland,"
With its warmth and wealth of sunshine,
And its active angel-band;
Give what names and thoughts of beauty,
Howsoever bright you may,
Yet you will at last discover
Better than your thoughts are they.

H. HALLETT, B.

The International Psychic Gazette

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

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

Whence and Whither?

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY made an observation of far-reaching importance when she told her audience the other day that "Physical science, when it developed along the broader lines of investigation, absolutely needed psychical science, which dealt with astral or etheric matter; for the Borderland dividing these sciences was becoming narrower and narrower." Those supreme questions, for example, which have baffled the greatest thinkers of all times—"Whence have I come?" and "Whither do I go?" are quite incapable of solution until physical and psychical science join hands.

The answers of the former science have hitherto been of an exceedingly negative order. They have taken us no further towards light as to our origin and destiny than could be found in such commonplace and unilluminating sayings as "Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return!" and "Death is a bourne from which no traveller has returned." That is to say, that before the great facts of our coming hither and our going hence, the official sciences have had to admit their helplessness and hopelessness.

And this is only what might have been expected from the nature of the case. Scientists have been wholly obsessed by the predominance of the physical side of the universe. They have microscopically and telescopically examined physical facts, classified them, and built up great bodies of splendidly systematised knowledge in every department. But as to anything beyond, they have been chiefly agnostics; they have accepted a position of stale-mate; they have told themselves "Thus far can we go and no farther"; and they have derided the idea of a spiritual kingdom, which might be explored, as a mere dream of superstitious minds.

They have acknowledged no psychical instruments as appropriate to spiritual research, and they have accordingly remained ignorant of the most important side of truth available for men. They would have acknowledged the folly of attempting to prove Neptune's existence somewhere in the starry heavens without a telescope; they would have considered a man idiotic who said he would not believe such a fact unless he could secure the evidence through a microscope; but when psychical and spiritual phenomena were alleged they adopted just such an attitude in their demand that the facts must be "laid on the tables" of their chemical and biological laboratories.

Persons who believe in the Spiritualistic philosophy consider they have arrived at a fairly satisfactory (if still incomplete) solution of the problem—"Whither do I go?" Great light has been shed upon it by the study of psychical faculties which have been long known to exist in the race. Research along scientific lines has proved that these faculties are not imaginary. The theory of a spiritual body co-existing with a physical body, and with senses of seeing, hearing, and feeling things beyond the limits of physical sense-perceptions, has explained much that was formerly thought incredible or

miraculous. This theory, which was long ago proclaimed by the Apostle Paul, has been developed from carefully ascertained data, into what is now beginning to be recognised as scientific knowledge, and the confident beliefs of Mr. W. T. Stead are now becoming general that "death makes no break in the continuity of our personal consciousness," that "our personality persists with so vivid a sense of its own identity that there is often at first some difficulty in realising that death has taken place," that "the environment is changed, but the principle of growth, of evolution, of endless progress towards ideal perfection, continues to be the law of life," and that "it is not only possible but lawful, and not only lawful but an absolute duty on the part of mortals, to renew and keep up a loving intercourse with the loved ones who have gone before."

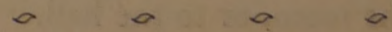
But instead of only casting our searchlight forward we must also turn it backward and try to find some answer to the problem—"Whence have I come?" Our physical body has been inherited from our ancestors, but as Mr. Richard A. Bush says in his suggestive book (advertised in our columns), "The problem not yet solved is, how are the millions of individual spirit units that are born year by year produced? Is it by special repeated acts of creation, is it by the incarnation of spirit entities awaiting birth, is it by the re-incarnation of people who have passed through the earth experience before, or is it by the natural laws of reproduction that govern the reproduction of all physical life?"

Mr. Bush himself offers an explanation of our spiritual origin which is extremely interesting and so far as we are aware original. Briefly stated, his suggestion is that just as we derive our physical bodies from the physical bodies of our parents, so we derive simultaneously our spiritual bodies from our parents' spiritual bodies. He suggests that the same natural law of generation operates in both the physical and spiritual worlds. There is thus no need to rely on either the idea of "special creation" or of re-incarnation. He dates our spiritual origin, our first beginning as a separate soul or ego from the moment of physical generation. We simply mention the theory here to start the thinking readers of the *Gazette* on an examination of his remarkable hypothesis. It is a subject they are especially equipped to consider, and they will surely find it as fascinating as it is important. There are many facts which appear to justify Mr. Bush's conclusions, and we should not be surprised to discover that he has somehow stumbled upon a great truth which has eluded previous thinkers.

J. L.



If at any point scientific investigation finds a limit, what is beyond is only a part of nature yet unknown. So that, however marvellous and inexplicable certain phenomena may be, we feel assured that sooner or later they will receive their explanation, and be embraced within some part of the wide domain of science.—*Prof. W. F. Barrett.*



The things we now esteem fixed shall, one by one, detach themselves, like ripe fruit, from our experience, and fall. The wind shall blow them, none knows whither. The landscape, the figures, Boston, London, are facts as fugitive as any institution past, or any whiff of mist or smoke, and so is society, and so is the world. The soul looketh steadily forwards, creating a world before her, leaving worlds behind her. She has no dates, nor rites, nor persons, nor specialities, nor men. The soul knows only the soul, the web of events is the flowing robe in which she is clothed.—*Emerson.*

A New Impetus to Psychical Research.

ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY.

Under the auspices of the W. T. Stead Borderland Library and Bureau, and in aid of the *International Psychic Gazette*, an "At Home" was most generously given by Mrs. Bayley-Worthington at her residence in Balfour Place, Hyde Park, on the afternoon of December 14. In the absence of Lord Leigh, Count Chedo Miyatovich presided, and a large and fashionable assemblage was gathered together to hear Miss Lind-af-Hageby discourse on "A New Impetus to Psychical Research." Miss Lind gave her address with the kind hope that a substantial sum towards the funds of the *Gazette* might possibly be subscribed by those present, but whether her audience had been transported by her matchless eloquence into ethereal regions, so that they were unable at once to come back to mundane concerns, or whether the numerous guests were too eager to participate in the good things spread for their material refreshment in another room, it is hard to say, but the fact is that no sooner was the address over, and Miss Lind heartily thanked for it on the motion of the Chairman, than there was a precipitate exit from the drawing-room! Miss Lind called out as the ladies and gentlemen were disappearing—"Now, please, take the cards and put down your name for a good sum for the *Psychic Gazette*—the more pounds the better!" One gentleman only was good enough to fill up one card undertaking to subscribe two guineas, and that was all! But every little helps, and "NEVER SAY DIE" is the true Spiritualist's motto!

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY began her address by saying they had met that afternoon in connection with the publication of the *International Psychic Gazette*, which had been suspended at the outbreak of the war owing to lack of funds. There was now an attempt being made, owing to the generosity of certain friends, and the kindness of more friends, to republish the journal, and to bring it out on a permanent footing. A Committee had been formed which would be responsible for the publication. During the earlier period of its existence, the editor, Mr. John Lewis, had been personally responsible for it, but it was now being made an impersonal publication, though the personality of the editor which was so important a factor in the success of any periodical, and which was so strongly impressed on this periodical, would be continued. She thought a very earnest effort should be made to maintain the publication of this journal month by month, and thus carry on the message for which it was originally founded.

Miss Lind, continuing, said they would consider that afternoon whether there had not been directly through the war, which had caused so many ideas, and causes, and movements, and Bills in Parliament, to die or to slumber temporarily, whether there had not been a new impetus given through the war to psychical research on account of the personal loss, suffering, and deprivation which the war had caused all round to the nations of the world. Those who had become interested in psychical research may have been stirred by very different motives. First of all there was the intensely personal motive. A man or a woman had lost some one dearly loved. There was a terrible void, an intense realisation of the reality of death, and what death means. Naturally the questions came to the mind—Where is he? Where is she? Can they see me? Can they know what I am doing now? Is there any personal individual connection between the dead and the living?

The man wrapped up in his sorrow goes to the Church and tells his tale of woe, and asks these questions, but the only answers he gets are that he must have faith, he must wait. The Church

says—"There are things we do not know, and you must wait indefinitely." There was, they were told, to be a reunion in the hereafter, but that reunion was described in such vague terms that though it touched their hearts it did not feed their minds. Her audience was no doubt familiar with the fact that the modern spirit was by no means attracted by the old vision of an ultimate paradise, where they would all sit on the clouds, and play harps, in a future of ceaseless doing-nothing. There was therefore a keen incentive to take an interest in psychical research through the sense of personal loss.

Then there was another reason in the soul-hunger and dissatisfaction of those who had appealed to orthodox religion, to Christianity, as Christianity was understood by most people, for soul-hunger in some people was as keen and strong and bitter as physical hunger. In her own view, Christianity was an inexhaustible ideal, a system of thought and feeling which was intensely elastic, and therefore the fault lay not in Christianity itself but in the very imperfect realisation of Christianity which had been generally reached as yet. M. Miyatovich had touched upon this point, and it could not be denied that the more thoughtful, the more intellectual, cultured, and educated portion of Christian peoples were turning away from the churches. They had been told that they must have faith, and they had been given creeds to believe, and dogmas to accept, and certain historical religious facts to lean upon; and, if they were readers they were given Reports and Church history, and theological discussions and theological views to interest them. But all that did not feed the modern heart and mind. And so they found to-day very many people suffering from soul-hunger who were turning to the theories of Spiritualism, of Theosophy, of New Thought, of Christian Science, of the occult sciences, in one form or another. She knew quite well that the adherents of these various systems did not like her to stand there and class them all together as one and the same thing. Some of these things they would say were of the devil, and others from God, and consequently they were incompatible. But for the purpose of this short address, which was merely skimming on the surface of this great question, she would class them together.

People, then, who were suffering from this soul-hunger were turning to these unorthodox movements, and were personally investigating the information they offered, because they felt that no creed given to the world 2000 years ago could be soul-satisfying unless it were sustained and helped by their own living personal experience. After all, it was what people at the present time believed to be true that was of avail to them, that made life worth living or otherwise, and not something that was said thousands of years ago. She was not saying that from the point of view of history and study; she did not think that the piecing together of the accumulated knowledge of humanity generation after generation were not of intense value; but in addition to that study there must be the living personal knowledge, something which they had struggled for, fought for, and which alone would enable them to withstand sorrow and suffering, and such great human

tragedies as the present war. For this war had proved to be a rock against which so much dogmatic superficial faith had been hopelessly shattered. There then in intensified religious craving was the second reason for psychical research.

Thirdly, this living truth was the need of the truly scientific man. It was Hummel, she thought, who had spoken of the scientific mind as characterised by a passion for facts. Science had also been classified as organised common-sense; and it had been differently described according to the varied bent of scientific minds—biological, sociological, psychological; but there was in the world to-day, as there ever had been, a great army of men and women who were eager in the search for truth—for truth beyond everything and above everything; and psychical research and the investigation of the occult had obtained a great impetus by having recruited into its ranks the minds of great scientists from other fields of inquiry.

It was a commonplace of thought that there was practically nothing impossible to sincere endeavour. The history of scientific thought and development showed that every scientific discovery had been a march into what were once the realms of superstition, the realms of the supernatural. The telephone, telegraph, cinematograph, aeroplane, which were now the commonplaces of life to-day, considered from the point of view of the barbarian and the unlearned were all supernatural. The discoveries of chemistry, biology, the marvels of cell-life, and the theories based upon them, all these from the point of view of the uncultured belonged to the realm of the absolutely impossible.

As science had advanced it had undoubtedly reached to broader lands, and on those broader lands were constant wars and strifes. There had always been adventurous men and women who were not content to walk on the well-trodden paths of ancient knowledge, who had set out to win for scientific knowledge the treasures hidden in unexplored fields. Their researches had taxed not only the limits of their five perceptive senses, but also scientific instruments had been used of such precision that they could weigh and measure phenomena beyond the compass of the senses in a degree formerly unattained. And in this way science had won many new territories, and so had enriched and empowered the human mind. All that new territory had been within the realm of the impossible and supernatural not so very long ago. Wireless telegraphy would even to-day be regarded as a miracle by a savage; and one hundred years ago even the most intelligent and enlightened persons would have honestly scouted its possibility.

The field which science had last of all invaded was the field of human personality, the psychology of human nature. And here was still a vast field of research for the future, including elements that were still regarded as impossible and even truly mischievous. Take hypnotism for example. The hypnotist puts a somnambulistic subject, a sensitive, into a hypnotic sleep. He then tells the subject that his body feels nothing and that all his sensitiveness is now in a glass of water. A glass of water is placed next to the sensitive. After a few moments the hypnotist pinches the subject and there is no response or pain whatever. Then he pushes his finger into the glass of water, and there is immediately a violent scream of pain. This fact is known as the exteriorisation of sensibility. Countless experiments along these lines had proved that there are mysteries attached to

human consciousness which, whether they were explained by the theory of an astral or etheric body, which is the counterpart of the physical body, or by the theory that the subject is deluded by the powerful will impulse of the operator, were no less remarkable and no less strange. The phenomena of hypnotism had simply turned the world upside down from the point of view of old physical science. Here there was a vast field of activities of the human mind which had not yet been mapped out.

Then again there were the phenomena of clairvoyance. It was an undisputed fact that a great number of persons living to-day had a gift of seeing things at a distance. Like Swedenborg they could tell what was taking place miles and miles away, and they could also see the shapes and forms of the dead. They had the power to see through a closed envelope, and read whatever might be inside it. And then there were the corresponding Röntgen rays, which went through physical matter, and displayed the hidden bones of one's body.

Physical science, when it developed along the broader lines of investigation, absolutely needed psychical science, which dealt with astral or etheric matter, for the Borderland dividing these sciences was becoming narrower and narrower. Hence psychic students might now without madness—and they were supposed to be mad!—begin to see approaching the time when the old divisions between that which was religious, spiritual, and divine, and that which was called earthly and physical and carnal, would break down. Then the world would have a science which was religious and a religion which was scientific. (Applause.) There would in the future be no difference between them.

Psychometry was another promising field for scientific investigation. A sensitive who had this special gift would on touching a chair in a room be able to perceive the unseen emanations that had gathered in it from the life around it, and could present them with a picture of the persons who had sat on the chair, and of those quarrels, love scenes, and aspirations which had at some time taken place or been expressed wherever the chair had been an unconscious and unsuspected witness. Miss Lind said, amid laughter, she was glad that every one was not a psychometrist, for in that case life would be unbearable. When a pair of gloves worn by some one unknown to him was handed to a psychometrist, he was able to visualise the whole personality of the wearer and to tell one all about his past life and present conditions. This miraculous power was not fancy or imagination, but was absolutely a power and gift possessed by many people living to-day. Explain it she could not, and science could not yet fully explain it, but the actual existence of such a gift was surely a tremendous incentive to psychical research, study and investigation.

Such study was a source of joy and hope inasmuch as it revealed the subtle unseen vibrations which were constantly going on all around them. There was great joy in overtaking new knowledge and each discovery held in it the promise of still further joy and knowledge beyond.

In an old number of the *Psychic Gazette* she had been reading that morning she came across Mrs. Besant's introductory greeting to the journal, in which she said—"For myself the eager welcome of new truth is as joyous at nearly sixty-five years of age, as it was at twenty-five, nay, far more joyous; for then new truth was as an earthquake,

shattering old beliefs, whereas now I know that Truth's earthquakes can only shatter error, and lay bare virgin soil which shall repay human culture." That was a very fine spirit, and the woman who had written that might well be proud of her record in life as a truth-seeker. (Applause.)

They were met that day under the auspices of the "W. T. Stead Borderland Library and Bureau" which, in Mr. Stead's own words, was "not established to solve scientific problems, nor for the purpose of psychical research. Its one and only object was to help those who mourn to communicate with their loved ones." Here they had an entirely different field from that of scientific investigation, undertaken from scientific motives or its soul-hunger. They came to the phenomena of spiritism or Spiritualism—whichever word they liked to use. They went to a medium who in an unconscious trance, or in some other stage in which she was semi-conscious to this world, was actually conscious of impressions from another world. There were states of trance in which the medium was the tool and instrument of another spirit—just as one was able to play music on a piano, which did nothing of its own accord, but simply gave a certain response to the fingers of the player. There was another form of trance in which the medium through an effort of will rose out of her physical consciousness, through the mental consciousness, and reached to her own highest divine consciousness, and became lucid—a prophet, a seer, a speaker with tongues—and uttered that which was normally impossible to a lower consciousness. Now people wanting comfort visited professional mediums and these sensitive people often succeeded, though they sometimes failed, in giving actual messages from "the dead."

Then there were what was called "materialising mediums." She had herself sat at many materialising séances. From the religious point of view these might be considered very unsatisfactory, but from the scientific point of view they were exceedingly valuable. In a materialising circle, the spirit of some one they knew was able to build up a recognisable form in the midst of the circle of sitters. They first saw a luminous cloud gradually assuming a human shape, generally clad in white draperies, until finally a face was fully formed, and they could distinguish the features of the friend who had formerly lived on the physical plane. Many people flatly denied this. Because they had not seen it done, they said it could not be done. But a great many people had seen it, and had carefully investigated it. In the classic case Sir William Crookes had so thoroughly examined, Katie King, the spirit had actually taken on flesh and blood and bones, and had built up into a perfectly normal human form. She was photographed, weighed, her heart-beats were counted, and she was to all intents and purposes for the time being a living human being. Miss Lind said she could herself speak from what she had seen. She had seen a spirit, clad in draperies, fully materialised, with beard and eyes and ears, perfectly alive, and then it disappeared, the features first becoming blurred, and then the whole form sinking swiftly into the ground. She had seen thus people she had known and cared for, and they had been able to give her messages. After the death of Mr. Stead some very interesting seances had been held at his house at Wimbledon, and very remarkable manifestations of visible phenomena had taken place. At one seance with Mrs. Wriedt, nine or ten personal friends of Mr. Stead clearly saw his face and figure and they made a written record of the fact at the time.

Of course, there were many explanations of these manifestations. Some persons said it was a kind of astral or magnetic fluid from the sitters which was utilised by their own will or imagination so that they could see the thing they wanted to see. But against that theory was the fact that very often people saw what they did not want to see. But whatever it was that happened on these occasions, whether it was really the dead who built themselves up temporarily, or whether it was unseen forces emanating from themselves that could be built up through one sort of agency or another, it was nevertheless a most marvellous thing, well worthy of research.

She wanted to see established in London a Research Institute, built for psychical research, where scientific methods could be used for the elucidation of such phenomena. These were just as worthy of investigation as any problems in biology, chemistry, or physics, and she felt sure the day would come when the Universities of this and other countries would include experimental psychology and psychical research among the subjects of legitimate study.

People who believed that spiritualistic investigation, and the seeking for communication with the dead were wrong, very often quoted the Bible and said that these communications were straight from the devil. They said they were forbidden and that they ought to rest content and have nothing to do with all these phenomena. Now, there were two kinds of scoffers at this field of deeply important human inquiry; there were the silly religious scoffers and the silly scientific scoffers, and both were equally bad—(laughter); because that spirit which rejected anything without investigation was a very poor spirit. (Hear, hear.) They were all of them very ignorant, and the longer one lived and studied the more they found how really ignorant they were. Every day they had highly interesting experiences and one did not even meet a cabman—she had a terrible quarrel with one the other day (laughter)—from whom one did not learn something. Everything was worth studying.

They were told that the Christian Church forbids communication with spirits, but the early Christian Church did nothing of the kind. That Church was imbued with the idea of the hierarchy of spirits and of spiritual communication. Thermas, the disciple of the Apostles, the same to whom St. Paul sent salutations, indicated the means of distinguishing between good and evil spirits, and his book was read in the Churches until the fifth century. The receiving of revelations from spirits had been continued long after the Apostolic period.

Miss Lind said she had that day been asking a Protestant friend what the Church's conception of death, and what happened afterwards, really was, and she did not get any satisfactory answer. The idea seemed to be that one died and went to one place or the other—she need not define it—and that he remained there during a long period prior to the re-union of his spirit and body. The Catholic idea was that they entered an intermediary state where they were prepared for one place or the other, and from a human point of view that seemed more rational. In an interesting book by Dr. Lucock on "The Intermediate State," the idea of ministering spirits was put forward from a purely orthodox point of view, and as his ideas were not unlike those put forward by Spiritualists it was interesting to compare the two. The book spoke of legions of angels, officered by spirits of different ranks, from the

princes and rulers, with archangels at the head, and Gabriel over all. There were ministering spirits, who bore a part in the worship of the temple, fulfilling a priestly office. The exact point of contact was that Spiritualism supported the idea of a vast hierarchy of disembodied spirits, of different degrees of perfection in knowledge and spirituality, between man and God. The idea in both cases presupposed the perfectibility of the human spirit, and that, by contact with higher spirits, not only with those they had loved, but with those who knew more, who had perhaps travelled from planet to planet and learned more than was possible on one plane of existence. These higher spirits could impart to them greater wisdom, greater desire for perfection, and more of that divine light of which at present people were able to see so little, but which they felt was all around them. Surely it seemed more reasonable, more normal and natural, that there should be such a hierarchy, than just the spirit of man and nothing between that and the Godhead. Emerson in all his writings had the idea of circles of spirits, ever rising and ever expanding circles.

They were sometimes told that communications received from the beyond were often stupid, and that was quite true, because people could only

get what their limited senses and limited experience could comprehend. If an angelic messenger were to bring them tidings from planes where there was not the same life or dimensions, where nothing was the same as down here, they could not understand it, not even misunderstand it, because it would pass above them or beneath them. Of course in the vast universe of planets there must be many different means of understanding and comprehending things, but at present they were non-existent for persons on the earth plane. If that room were filled by inhabitants of say Mars or Venus they probably would not see them, because they might not have the same dimensional bodies. When people complained that they were not at once given all light and beauty and wisdom, they must be told that the only path for them was patiently and slowly to train themselves by desire, will, study, contemplation, and above all by seeking greater receptivity and knowledge, so that they would be able to come into touch with the higher and better. Meanwhile they would agree that Spiritualism and psychical research offered to mankind most comforting and most helpful knowledge, and that they were well worthy of the attention, religious and scientific, of the best in the land. (Applause.)

An Angel Unawares.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

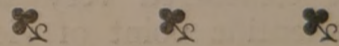
"One man is quickened into life while thousands exist as in a torpor."—Tupper.

PERHAPS we are justified in regarding genius as a materialising angel: Man's heaven-born visitant and divine stimulus. Heated in life's ceaseless chase, and "athirst for the living God," he grovels despairingly in darkness (a spirit in prison), yearning, praying and entreating for the shackles to fall off, that he may go forth blessed with the light and liberty that are the heritage of all God's children. And then, when despair has reached its culmination, the watchful directing Angel flashes a light into the darkness, touches, hints, insinuates, suggests, and from the gloom a sublime thought emerges, a wonderful picture, a tender poem, or a divine melody, and the pure in heart uplifted, and fired by the zeal of a universal love, gaze upon the face of "their Father who is in Heaven."

A genius is one who touches alike the spiritual and the phenomenal. As the true artist, he rises above his sense-impression, and laying hold of the eternal becomes Nature's divine interpreter. Viewing her from a heavenly standpoint as unifact, he has the "power of the keys," can unlock the mighty barns, and give to the famishing soul of her abundance.

Like love, genius is prodigal, careless, indifferent, hence the power of its progress. Casting out the self-element for the admission of being (true action), the work is done in strict obedience to a subjective one. The knowledge is altruistic, yet genius submissively learns from the angel the right application, and sitting as a little child at the feet of the Great Master, does not seek to hasten the fulfilment of its dream, but "abideth alone" until a fitting season, when finally perfected by suffering, it enters Heaven's Kingdom rejoicing in the beatific vision.

Genius is the world's white light, the angel clad in dazzling robe, that rolls away the stone of materialism and bids the soul go free. It represents Heaven, rejoicing in a perfected humanity.



WHERE ARE YOU SLEEPING TO-NIGHT, MY LAD?

Where are you sleeping to-night, My Lad,
Above-ground—or below?

The last we heard you were up at the front,
Holding a trench and bearing the brunt;—
But—that was a week ago.

Ay!—that was a week ago, Dear Lad,
And a week is a long, long time,
When a second's enough, in the thick of the strife,
To sever the thread of the bravest life,
And end it in its prime.

Oh, a week is long when so little's enough
To send a man below.

It may be that while we named your name
The bullet sped and the quick end came,—
And the rest we shall never know.

But this we know, Dear Lad,—all's well
With the man who has done his best.
And whether he live, or whether he die,
He is sacred high in our memory;—
And to God we can leave the rest.

So—wherever you're sleeping to-night, Dear Lad,
This one thing we do know,—
When "Last Post" sounds, and He makes His rounds,
Not one of you all will be out of bounds,
Above ground or below.

JOHN OXENHAM in "All's Well!"

The Rationale of Clairvoyance.

By LEWIS FIRTH.

I KNOW of no other psychical gift that can be so easily demonstrated and abused as clairvoyance. Its name is a French term derived from two words, *clair*—clear, and *voyance*—vision. Although the term is open to criticism, by implication it conveys much more than appears on the surface, and in consequence it is in daily use and universally comprehended amongst psychical researchers.

There is overwhelming evidence that clairvoyance has been in use from time immemorial. The priests, priestesses, medicine men, prophets, bards and artists have utilised it oftentimes unconsciously—to enrich their work, or hold in awe and subjection the devotees of their cults. In the inner sanctuary, associated with all religious mysteries, the value of this gift was well known to every hierophant. The long fasts and purificatory penances imposed upon the initiates were undoubtedly enforced with the ultimate object of developing clairvoyance or allied medial powers.

In the temples devoted to the healing art, as I-em-Hotep, in ancient Egypt, as well as the Asklepia of ancient Greece, clairvoyance was in daily use, and now this valuable aid in healing is being revived by the modern physician.

The sacred books of the world teem with evidence that clairvoyance was known in every age, and amongst all tribes and nations, savage as well as civilised. The visions of St. John, on the Isle of Patmos, stand as a classic example of the faculty.

The "developing circle" has been in use amongst primitive tribes down to the present. The life forces generated within each member of the circle produce a human battery. The magnetism circulates from positive to negative, and the sensitive—always the true negative, be he priest, medicine man, or the modern prototype the medium—becomes the focal centre of dynamic powers, which unlock the inner vision.

The Neo-Platonists, Gnostics and Alchemists, especially, employed this faculty not only to discover the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life, but in a spiritual sense they endeavoured to discover the true solvent, which would transmute our baser natures into the pure gold of a divine life.

Now, what is Clairvoyance? It is the perception of a plane of life and consciousness beyond the frontiers of what we usually designate by the term death, and is due to a centre within the human form corresponding to ordinary vision. If once we can grip the idea, that involution precedes evolution, it may occur to us that instead of our spiritual body being gradually built from the physical form, as many believe, it is the reverse; the physical body is a denser garment drawn from the womb of nature to clothe the spiritual body, to enable the ego during the present life to adjust itself to the physical plane.

If this is correct, then clairvoyance is due to the perceptions of this inward eye, and the knowledge thus gathered in some way not yet comprehended, is transmitted to our normal consciousness. The clairvoyant perceives life on a fourth dimensional plane, where he can see round corners and through stone walls, matter offering no obstacle to his inner vision. And precisely as the "psychic extra" is precipitated upon the photographic plate, in-

dependent of the camera, so the visions of the departed, associated with us in the descriptions of the clairvoyant, are perceived independently of the visual apparatus.

We may roughly tabulate the kinds of clairvoyance under three heads—(1) objective; (2) subjective; and (3) mental.

Objective clairvoyance is the natural phase which enables the seer to perceive the forms of disembodied persons as objectively as the bodily forms of his earthly friends. Many natural clairvoyants are aware that their visions are not determined by their physical eyes, for they often perceive them, either through the forehead, side, back and top of head, and in some cases on record, through the pit of the stomach and tips of the fingers.

Subjective clairvoyance is generally induced in trance states, and the percipient usually gives descriptions with his eyes closed. Its phases range from induced clairvoyance to trance descriptions, the medium becoming the passive instrument in the hands of disembodied intelligences.

Mental clairvoyance is a valuable acquisition to the possessor, as in all probability it is the high water mark reached in clairvoyant development. That kind of clairvoyance was manifested in such eminent blind people as Milton, Helen Keller and Eva Longbottom. In describing forms the main factors are perceived quickly with an awareness that only those who are subject to this aspect can comprehend. Moreover, it is not limited to the description of form, or evidence of post-mortem life, but becomes the intuitive instrument for the reception of knowledge explanatory of problems which hitherto have baffled the keenest minds. The hidden heart of nature may be unlocked, and the symbols presented to us by the Infinite mind may yield their truths to the eye of the mental clairvoyant.

The mysterious and the unknown have always had a fascination for the majority of minds. Wonder was man's first schoolmaster, and in essence it remains to-day a primitive attitude, readily and easily exploited. Our first introduction to the phenomena of clairvoyance is one of wonderment. The evidence, if not convincing, is disturbing and suggestive, and apparently bordering on the miraculous. This factor is sometimes taken advantage of in some spiritualistic societies in a way that I must regard as an abuse of a valuable faculty. Assuming that the motive underlying all public exhibitions of clairvoyance is to bring conviction to the inquirer, it is open to this serious objection that it is repellant to the spiritually minded, and savours too much of the showman's business either to interest or convince the man of science. In many cases it is used to swell the finances of the society. To draw crowds becomes a primary motive, and in consequence the growth of fortune-telling and irregular Societies, as they are called, is indirectly due to this fact.

Every year the conviction grows stronger within me, that the public demonstration of clairvoyance is placing the cart before the horse, and is like casting our pearls before the spiritually blind, thus abusing and degrading one of our finest psychical faculties to the level of a vulgar show.

The legitimate uses of clairvoyance are many and important. In the sciences of chemistry,

physics, bio-chemistry, psychology and medical work of every kind, an insight into the inner causes and operations of each science can, for example, be obtained thereby. The composition of matter, viz., the aggregation of ultra-electronic, electronic, atomic and molecular systems, may thus pass from the theoretical province into the region of scientific fact.

The complex influences that determine or modify character and produce in extreme cases obsession and insanity may also thus find their solution. The invisible emanations from metals, crystals, plants, animals and human beings may be photographed and compared with the visions of the clairvoyant. The "influence" of houses, churches, abbeys, ancient temples, flat, undulating or hilly countries, forests, rivers, lakes and seas, will ere long be recognised as factors shaping the destiny of individuals and nations. The occult study of

colours, their effect on the physical health and mental harmony, and their power of dispersing psycho-plasmic matter and allied phenomena in the séance room will, in all probability, be accurately determined by the use of the clairvoyant faculty.

The conditions which retard or permit post-mortem intelligences associating with us, the conviction of their presence by the aid of clairvoyance, will be obtained, not promiscuously and publicly as at present, but either in our inner circles, the laboratory of the mental scientist, or in the inner sanctuary of all progressive religious systems. We cannot place too high an estimate on the value of this fine faculty, and I hope to see the day when science will use it, and on the morrow of the great revolution, whose fringe we are touching, clairvoyance will play its true part in the spiritual renaissance of nations.

More about Mental Healing.

By PAUL HONEY.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires, anent my former article on "Mental Healing," if we shall ever be able to do without drugs, and asks for further exercises in mental healing.

The first matter needs clearing up, as so many people fail to get more than about 10 per cent. of the value of their efforts towards true healing, through clinging to the superstitious belief that a dead, inert drug can by some wonderful means add vitality to the body; for, remember, all curative processes are vital, not chemical.

Let us, then, clear the air by realising that any addition to the body corporeal, of that which is not food (*i.e.* not appropriable by nor usable for the building of the body), must result in the establishment of an *irritant* within the physical organism.

To be more clear, let us look upon the material which can be assimilated and built into the organism as *food*, and that which cannot as *poison*.

Now, it is never suggested that, under any circumstances, there is a sane reason for poisoning a healthy body.

Yet, by inference and practice, it is apparently considered beneficial to poison a sick body.

One can forgive the ignorance of the ancient "witch doctor" who arrived at the bedside of a patient with his tom-tom and made a terrific din to frighten out the "devils" that had entered the sick man, but a "science" that has hedged itself round with all the dignity and conservatism that present-day medical science has, should provide us with something better than that; but does it?

We saw in the last article that illness is a provision of Nature to rid the body of accumulated encumbrance, effete matter; and it was pointed out that there are many and varied methods that Nature adopts to accomplish her end.

Yet the prevalent method of drugging means that, to this collection of encumbering material, already existent, is added further inappropriable matter.

Verily do they try to "fight out devils by Beelzebub," and diseases are on the increase in the case of those in their worst form, such as cancer.

For those who are convinced that true healing is vital, and must come from the spirit, a few additional exercises may be given, though such healing should be considered as a *permanent*

attitude of mind, rather than a temporary concentration only.

First it will be well to commence the day with a powerful thought for accumulating knowledge that will help. So, on arising, inhale at an open window, and while so doing demand from the great All-Wisdom that amount of knowledge necessary to your cure. Think of directions in which you may have been ignorant, such as wrong feeding (this is the chief), or belief that drugs contain vital healing-power, and then you will attract to yourself the conditions necessary to gain the knowledge you seek.

At any time during the day when you can be quite alone, practise slowing down the mental activities until you can retire within yourself. As soon as you have achieved this, do not suddenly return to outer activities but do so gradually.

When this slowing-down process can be accomplished (after perhaps considerable practice) do it on retiring at night. Now slowly centre the mind on the part to be healed and, as you inhale, absorb from the Source of all Energy that which you need for yourself to achieve wholeness.

Then, if you have, through knowledge of right conditionings, changed the way of living that caused the illness, you will have that feeling of uplift so seldom known by those who rely on the crutches and props of potions and pills.

TINY WAR-BABY.

Tiny war-baby,
Why did you stray
Out of the blue of Love's heavenly way,
To mingle your tears with the blood of the fray?

Tiny war-baby,
Smiling and fair,
Why did you climb down the bright golden stair,
To take up a burden grievous to bear?

Tiny war-baby
With eyes of blue,
Why did you leave the hearts tender and true,
Where lilies bloom sweetly—to gather Life's rue?

Tiny war-baby,
We'll not despair,
Though shells burst wildly, and swords cleave the air,
Angels are holding us safe in their care.

E. P. PRENTICE.

The Control of the Turbulent Mind by the Higher Consciousness.

By J. CHILLINGHAM DUNN, Yokohama, Japan.

"For the mind is verily restless, O Krishna ; it is impetuous, strong, and difficult to bend. I deem it as hard to curb as the wind."—Thus Arjuna to Shri Krishna, as set down in the Sixth Discourse of the *Bhagavad Gita*.

IF any one doubts the truth of the statement that the reasoning, kaleidoscopic, ratiocinative mind is difficult to rein in, to bend, and to control, a very simple experiment will quickly prove it. Form a picture mentally, and endeavour to hold that mental picture still, and look at it just as any picture might be looked at but with the inner eye. About the last thing this turbulent mind wishes to do, apparently, is to render obedience to the command of the will, and on the first attempts of the kind will try and intrude a thousand-and-one mental pictures on the attention, rather than capitulate and allow the consciousness to observe and contemplate the one it wishes to. And yet the power to bend the mind to just the purpose required at any moment, and to keep to the subject upon which it is desired to concentrate the attention, is one of incalculable value in any walk of life, and is a factor of tremendous importance in adding to efficiency, in any vocation or avocation.

The Commander-in-Chief of an army, whose mind was diverted hither and thither by the hundreds of variegated confusions around him in the progress of a great battle, and who could not bend his mind, amidst all the tumult and din, to a quiet and concentrated consideration of his strategical ideas, would be of small value as a leader. A man like Napoleon would surely have been capable, when he so desired, of dominating the lower mental activities in moments of emergency to a more or less marked degree.

In moments of danger, the value of the controlled mind is an obvious advantage. The mind which, when an emergency arises, is at once plunged into a frenzy of turbulency and excitability of thought, will not be so apt to think of the trifling or subtle thing that will save. To the calm and reined-in mind, however, will very likely occur the clever idea, the subtle inspiration, that is needed. A good illustration of this occurs in the play of *Sherlock Holmes*, so admirably enacted by Mr. William Gillette. Confronted by four enemies at midnight, in a Stepney gas chamber, and with a girl to save as well as himself, the

detective thinks of the misleading effect of a glowing cigar-end in the darkness, and therefore effects the escape.

On realising that it is possible to bend and control the mind, a very interesting reflection arises. What is it that does this controlling? A simple line of reasoning will demonstrate that man is something deeper and beyond what he is often considered to be. It must be admitted that something that can control is necessarily something greater than that which it controls. Man can exercise and control his body; therefore he is greater than the body. Man can check and control his emotions; the consciousness which can do this is therefore something more than the emotions. A man can check a train of *thought*, can stop his reasoning mind from forming pictures on one subject, and force it to form pictures about some other subject; therefore, again, emerges the significant fact that the consciousness of man is something more than the reasoning mind, *because it can check and control that reasoning mind*. It is demonstrable then, that the human consciousness is like the iceberg, only part of which is seen above the surface. It is also something greater than the bodily movements, and is greater than the usual kind of feelings and thoughts which most people are apt to regard as the whole individual.

We have seen that the consciousness which transcends the reasoning mind can control that mind, to the extent of checking its running along one line of thought, and switching it on to another, and it is a natural conclusion that if the consciousness can *control* the mind sufficiently to direct its movements like this it may also acquire sufficient command over it to hold it in the shape of a mental picture, for just so long as it wishes to gaze upon that mental picture with keen concentrated attention. The ability to do this perfectly would be an inestimable benefit to artists and sculptors.

Of course the training in controlling the mind to which students of Yoga have subjected themselves, and concerning which much valuable information is to be found in Theosophical literature, is not pursued in order just to be able to hold a picture for the inner eye, but for a much deeper reason, necessitating the ability to command the mind and still its turbulency at will. This stillness,



J. CHILLINGHAM DUNN.

February, 1916.
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ENTICE.

I may say, is a very different thing from empty passivity or vacancy of mind (as Mrs. Annie Besant points out in her "Introduction to Yoga") for this empty passivity is undesirable, and involves danger. The stillness of mind aimed at by the occultist is a *positive* one, maintained for as long as desired, by the *will*.

A very fine experience may reward proper efforts along the line of training referred to. The surface of a lake, when ruffled by wind, will not reflect a clear and unbroken picture of the moon, but when calm and still the water of the lake will reflect a perfect picture of the moon in all her loveliness.

The reasoning mind of man, the ratiocinative mind with which we are most acquainted, is in a constant state of fuss and activity as a rule with its surface, so to say, always ruffled by the storms of everyday thoughts. On such a ruffled surface one does not look for a reflection of some vision of a finer and inwardly higher world or state. But when the mind can be calmed and stilled, so as to present an unruffled surface, into that mind may flash a vision of transcendent beauty, or such inspiration as may add a new "genius" to the list of those now adorning the records of the world's achievements. Thus *comes* genius. The higher consciousness is at times able to flash something of priceless value into the lower consciousness, when, perhaps only for a few moments, the requisite condition is provided.

In the quiet of their studies, their workshops, their studios, an inspiration, an invention, an idea for a masterpiece, suddenly flashes into the mind of an Emerson, an Edison, a Michael Angelo. It probably happens that just before the flash of inspiration comes into the outer consciousness of a genius, he has been concentrating his attention with very one-pointed fidelity to one line of thought to such an extent that, more by accident than design on his part, his mind is brought momentarily into just that state of positive stillness of strenuous concentration which enables the flash of inspiration to dart down into the lower mind, and give birth to the masterpiece or new invention.

It has been stated that one of the aids to acquiring command over the activity of the restless mind is by the practice of concentration in daily life, and by performing all the duties, small or otherwise, whether adding a column of figures or what not, with as much *one-pointed attention* as can be brought to bear upon them. Quite apart from the greater and keenly interesting purpose which the small things of life can thus be made to subserve, there is no doubt that work done in this way will benefit one enormously, from the point of view of accuracy, and so tend to save labour by correct results being arrived at the first time instead of one finding, as is the case so often with figures, that the whole thing has to be gone over a second time owing to a slip which occurred when the attention wandered.

A Spirit Temple in the Sixth Sphere.

By A PSYCHO-SCIENTIST.

RECENTLY I was the victim of a short, sharp illness which caused me intense pain and great loss of vitality. When it was at its height, I lay one evening in a more or less exhausted and comatose condition. I became oblivious of my surroundings and unexpectedly found myself in a temple so immense in size that it would be impossible to conceive such an edifice being built on the earth. The architecture and ornamentation were of exquisite and ethereal beauty, and I stood for a long time gazing at it in a kind of ecstasy. Not even in the dreams of fiction had I ever read of such a sublime temple. There was a large congregation assembled within it, all wearing beautiful robes and sandals. An elaborate and impressive ceremony was performed, and I listened to a very fine ethical and spiritual address given entirely through thought-impression. I seemed to be present for a considerable time, but suddenly I found myself back again in my terrestrial surroundings.

How long I was spiritually absent I cannot tell, it may have been an hour or two, for I had lost the reckoning of time. My daughter was in the room, and although I was in great pain, I asked her to get paper and pencil, and dictated to her fairly full details of what I had seen. Fortunately my subconscious mind had amply impressed my brain, which is somewhat rare with dreams, or so-called visions or astral journeys.

A week or two afterwards, on my recovery, I went to have a sitting with a well-known lady psychic. Her spirit-control, a little Hindu princess, said to me suddenly—"You have had a very interesting and beneficial experience during your illness. You were taken to one of the great temples

in the sixth sphere." I became intensely interested and asked her if she could see the temple, and if so would she describe it. To my delight and astonishment she exactly described the temple which I had seen during the crisis of my illness.

Some readers may feel inclined to take the view that perhaps the medium clairvoyantly saw what was in my mind, and described what is supposed to be there indelibly impressed. The sequel, however, seems to refute such a conclusion, for after the medium emerged from her trance, she told me that a short time ago she lay down on a couch for a rest between two sittings. She had a few minutes' sleep during which she was taken to some celestial temple of great beauty and large proportions. I asked her to describe it, and although she did not recollect it in great detail, owing probably to the very short time she was in it, yet the principle features were such that there was no doubt about its being the same wondrous place I had visited, and which appears to have a very real existence.

I am wondering if any *Gazette* readers have visited such a temple in their spirit-flights, and could possibly identify it, or throw a little light on what appears an interesting problem. Dr. Hartmann well says in misquoting Shakespeare: "There is more in heaven and earth than is understood by our philosophers."



MR. WM. GARLAND, Melbourne, Australia, writes:—"Pray accept my hearty congratulations on the re-appearance of the *Gazette*. I am told two dozen copies went off like hot cakes at Cole's last week, but unfortunately I was not there at the time, and so missed them. Every success to you and yours this coming year."

Our Question Department.

ANSWERS TO "QUESTIONS FOR FRIENDS ON THE OTHER SIDE."

THE first replies to our correspondent's eight interesting inquiries reached us from Mr. F.

Purvis, Tynemouth, who says in his covering letter: "I have daily intercourse with those in heaven who have knowledge beyond the common. They are teachers in the schools of heaven, and instead of giving their names I have used the word 'we,' but all I state comes not from book learning, but direct from 'friends on the other side.'" Mr. Purvis's inspirers appear to us to be of a highly enlightened order, but their replies must be left to each reader's faith and intelligence. The capacity to understand or appreciate them—or even to believe in them at all—must depend on the measure of one's individual illumination. To those who have made some progress in spiritual and spiritualistic truth they will probably appear to be sane, reasonable, and even convincing; to those whose intellectual and religious ideas are ruled and restricted by tradition they will more probably appear to be nonsense, or at best shrewd guesses.

ANSWERS FROM F. PURVIS.

(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 for one long drift or one long holiday." (See *Psychic Gazette* for Jan., page 124.)

We answer, No. We have no night. We do not speak of either day or night. We do not count by days, weeks, months, or years. We know only the Eternal Now, or ever-present. We have no meal-times, because we have no meals. Our Spiritual bodies do not need material food, and no time is taken up by baking or cooking, or by washing days! But we have employments. Every inhabitant of heaven has work given him to do that is best for each. The work is given according to capacity and taste, or inclination and fitness for the work given to do. But there is leisure as well as work. During our leisure we do as we please. We read or study or play, provision being made for books and apparatus. If musically-inclined we have the free use of a variety of musical instruments, and any amount of music. We can and do visit our friends in our own sphere. Our seasons of work and leisure are so adapted that we are never weary or tired, or longing for what we have not. We are eternally blest.

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

In answer to your first question (a) we answer, No. To your second question (b), we answer, Yes. We have perfect organisation as families, and Love is our Law. Love controls all our actions and behaviour to each other, as brothers and sisters, children of our Father God. To your third question (c), we answer, In Heaven, everyone does right according to heaven's standard of rectitude. (Note our answers refer to heaven, because in the spheres outside of heaven too many do only what is right in their 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?"

In answer, we reply, Yes, but with this difference. There are no introductions needed before speaking to strangers. We are all on a level as children of the same household, and we soon become acquainted with each other. Perfect freedom exists because Love both reigns and rules in our happy homes.

(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?"

In answer to your first question, You are quite right. To your second question we answer, Yes. Those who are nearest heaven's standard of rectitude—the Christlike character and conduct which goes about doing good—

rank highest with us. For to enter heaven there must be meetness for heaven—harmony of will, harmony of taste, and harmony of character with God's will, taste and character. Before being allowed to enter heaven as your eternal home, you must have obtained complete deliverance from all unholy thoughts, desires, feelings, and actions. Until this standard of character is reached you are kept in one or other of the spirit world spheres, where the imperfect characters find the home their characters have fitted them for.

(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?"

In answer to your first question, we answer, No. The "Great Ones" who have been good as well as great reside in the higher spheres of heaven. These spheres can only be reached for purposes of visitation after special permission has been given.

In answer to your second question, "We say Jesus dwells in the highest sphere as his home, where he is seen and known by all in that sphere, better than He was ever known on earth. Jesus reigns and rules as God's Agent (for God is Spirit, and Spirit without form cannot function among beings who have spiritual bodies who can neither see nor hear nor know pure spirit without form), over the whole of the spheres, and occasionally visits the spheres of heaven. Some have been many years in heaven and never seen Him. We have seen Him and taken orders from Him, and received His commendation for doing the work well that He gave us to do.

(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?"

If your first question be to ascertain if we can be in two places widely apart at the same time we answer, No. In reply to your second question, we answer, Yes. We glide (just as Jesus ascended to heaven) without wings. We need no wings or mechanical power. We can and do glide slowly or swiftly at will, faster than any bird or machine of man's contriving. Gliding is the easiest and pleasantest mode of locomotion known.

(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 the same sense from childhood to youth, from youth to adult age? If so, when does the growth cease? Does growing imply any change, akin to decay or death, of the original state?"

Here we have an assertion and three questions. We know there is truth in kindred statements of fact. In our own family six children died in infancy. They grew from babyhood to youthhood, and full-grown manhood and womanhood in heaven. They each claimed my father and mother when they went to heaven, and now father and mother and ten of their children reside in one lovely home.

In answer to your first question we say, Yes.

In answer to your second question: When does the growth cease. The spiritual body is fully developed according to the terms used on earth but not in heaven, at twenty-five years of age. But the powers of the soul develop and grow on for ever without ever ceasing.

In answer to your third question, we reply, No. There is nothing akin to sickness, disease, decay, or death, only eternal youth. You keep at your brightest and for ever in the Eternal Now. In heaven there are no aches or pains or infirmities. In heaven you enjoy eternal health.

(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?"

In answer to your first question, We do dwell here in families, in homes; and others, not married, live in communities. We in heaven know the meaning of home as you cannot know with the same fulness on earth. My father and mother and ten children and two daughters-in-law live in a beautiful mansion, standing in its own grounds, with flower gardens all round the mansion, that are a delight to the eyes and perfume the whole atmosphere with a heavenly perfume that surpasses earth's grandest conceptions. The mansion is well furnished with the best of furniture. The bookcase is well filled with the best books, and the walls are hung

with paintings only to be seen in heaven. Only one item is missing. No beds are found because we do not need them. We need no sleep, and there is no night in heaven. Those who are unmarried live in communities, where as many as twenty find a common home. Love reigns and rules there.

In answer to your second question, Are you wandering for ever in limitless space, No. We dwell at home. We work in other spheres sometimes, but we glide home as soon as our work is done. We have perfect blessedness in our homes. We never tire of our home, or of those who are in them, because eternal blessedness is our portion.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7 FROM "UNITY."

Many years ago my wife had a child prematurely born. I thought nothing more of the affair till one day, years afterwards, when talking to one of my spirit friends through a trance medium, I was told that a daughter of mine was present. Never having lost a daughter I replied, "There is a mistake somewhere; no child of mine has passed over." The spirit then informed me that the daughter in question had never really seen earth life, gave approximately the number of years since the premature birth, and further informed me that the child was now a very beautiful full-grown woman spirit. The medium who was under complete control knew nothing whatever of my family, while I had not only forgotten the incident but was quite ignorant at the time whether even a completely formed baby, if still born, existed hereafter. Since then I have had several talks with my discarnate daughter. This shows that not only does a child who passes over as a baby grow up in Spiritland, but even if the child's body is not fully formed it grows up in the spirit world. I have been told also that while children grow up, old people appear younger in spirit life—at least those who are not in the dark astral spheres where some of them dwell for a time—constantly approximating to what is perhaps best expressed as youthful middle age, ever growing more and more beautiful and refined, increasing in knowledge and wisdom, at the same time ever becoming more active. There does not appear to be any change corresponding to decay and death as on this earth.

ANSWERS THROUGH AN EDINBURGH SPIRITUALIST.

1. On the astral plane, time, as it is on the physical, is unknown. The astral body requires no food; its vigour is preserved magnetically. Our work is our recreation, and consists in helping ourselves and others to rise ever higher and higher.

2. Generally the human entities who have crossed from the same town or district keep together on the astral. We do right, in so far as we know the right, but obsession and inhibition are also rampant on the astral.

3. There are on the astral, as on the physical, friends, acquaintances, and strangers.

4. Of rank, as it is known in the physical, there is none; all are on one level.

5. The Astralites who are using this clairaudient have seen no "Great Ones of History." Jesus is known here, only as He is known in the physical.

6. We are practically omnipresent. We can flash through the astral with the speed of light.

7. Unanswered.

8. Each entity lives in his or her own chamber; several of these, the occupants of which are mutually attracted by love and friendship, correspond to the home of the physical.

ANSWERS BY MISS LILLIAN PALMA.

Question No. 1.—The conditions of life in spirit are more ideal than those of our material existence in a physical body, and we shall certainly not have the same limitations of time.

Question 2.—We are perfectly aware of the anxiety of souls living in the present physical state, as to where they shall in future be. Often the spiritual law will answer that the first shall be last, and the last shall be first. The physical world is divided into states for the convenience or regulation of the communities therein. The Spirit World automatically adjusts itself without divisions, creeds or parties, for there are no physical advantages of wealth, place, or position in the form in which we know them.

Question 3.—We are not a martialled army in the spirit land, but an automatic brotherhood, governed and controlled by laws which we understand through our spiritual senses.

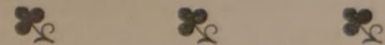
QUESTION AS TO TIME IN THE NEXT WORLD.

I have been told by two friends on the other side that they have no idea of time as we reckon it. In one case the friend passed over fourteen years ago, and said it felt like a month. The other, who has lately passed over, said "Our twenty-four hours was like five minutes." If that is true, they will not have the same sense of separation as we do, for years would pass with us and seem only like a few hours to them.

I am only an inquirer and confess to being puzzled at times with the messages received when sitting with one or two friends. I am quite unacquainted with any phenomena other than raps. Sometimes we get coherent and quite characteristic messages, but not always, and at times it seems to me that we just get what we think of. How far may we rely on these? I may say that we never ask for anything that may be called "fortune telling," we are seriously investigating. Is a circle at home the best way to begin?—E. M. B.

ANSWER BY C. G. SANDER.

In the Spirit World time is not reckoned as on earth by hours, days, months or years. There are no seasons, no day and night, no youth, middle age, and old age. Much of our time is taken up by meal-times and sleep, which are not required in the beyond. Spirits only observe the old-acustomed divisions of time if they have occasion to temporarily come back into the earth-sphere, but in their own sphere there is only the *Eternal Now*—constant spiritual activity and progress, and evermore perfect attunement to the will and purposes of the living God. There is, however, a measurement of time, which is determined by the individual progress in spirituality, a looking back upon the road traversed. Thus will be understood the meaning of the Scripture text—"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed."



THE WARRIOR'S BOURNE.

Fair patriot, with God-like frame, he left
His native land to meet the aggressor's might,
To 'fend the land he loved, the hearts he shared,
Reck'ed not the cost to him, all fear bereft,
The call of duty led him to the fight
That claimed his sacrifice, with bosom bared.

All through the night he lay, a muddy wreck of pain,
Half conscious, yet he seeming heard sweet sound
Of heavenly music; saw a living face he knew,
That beamed compassion, love; that woke again
Sweet memories of his earlier days, and found
Him calling her—his Mother—as he used to do.

Day broke—but not for him the sordid battle aftermath,

But 'stead, in peaceful light and calmer sphere,
He gazed around him to a scene divine,
With a sweet Presence pointing him a path,
That led to habitations new and waters clear,
Bidding him welcome to a heavenly clime.

Gowned he in robes of radiant hue that shone,
Yet pleasant to his feel, he asked,
"Where, yet, he'd come?" His earthly garments lost,
His bloody wounds without, his pain now gone;
And far from clash of battle, here he basked
In sweeter atmosphere, wherein no tempest tossed.

Where were his "pals," that with him bravely faced
That shell-swept space, and, like him, bit the dust?
For now he knew he'd passed to an eternal shore.
Still strange it seemed to him; still he embraced
Those shibboleths he'd held in life; yet must
They error be, for lo! this heaven was more.

Kindly those spirits fair took now his hand
And led him on; they brought him to his "pals,"
And those he'd lost before; they brought him solace
dear.

Initiate of another plane, they broke the spells
Of earth, and made him welcome in the Summerland,
Leading his yearning soul to still a higher sphere.

H. H. YELF.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE DREAM KICK."

DEAR SIR,—The solution offered by Mr. Ernest Udny in the January number of the *Psychic Gazette*, of "A Dream Kick" is most interesting and illuminative.

My brother is particularly struck and pleased with it. He has had many local explanations of the mystery, such as "It's a warning," or "an enemy," or even "the devil" had done the deed!

A Cumberland man meeting my brother a fortnight ago drew from his pocket a cutting from a Cumberland weekly paper, entitled, "The Print of the Pony's Hoof on his Cheek," an extract from the *Psychic Gazette*. The whole thing was given, but the title was more expansive!

I wonder if any of your experts in psychical research have come across anything similar to the following—or would consider it possible:—A man had an enemy, whose astral body—"double or spirit," the narrator used—continually followed him, causing him untold agony. The man was told that if he "struck backward at the spirit with a dagger or knife, the physical body of his enemy would suffer death." One night, in despair, the man plunged a knife through the double, and suddenly realising what he had done went to his enemy's home. He found him lying dead before his fireside.

It would be interesting to have Mr. Udny's opinion upon the gruesome incident. The story was told me by a person whose veracity is beyond doubt, but as the narrator and the folks concerned have all passed away, the "facts" cannot now be substantiated.

We think this month's *Gazette* remarkably fine.

Yours truly,

CHRISTIAN CALLISTER.

MORVEN'S "APPEAL FOR LIGHT."

EDINBURGH, 19th January, 1916.

SIR,—In reading the January number of *The Gazette*, I have come upon "Morven's" letter, page 114, and am afraid from the latter part of letter, there is little hope of satisfying the writer.

With your kind permission I would like to reply to one or two points "Morven" raises, and try to point out the Spiritualists' position regarding the person and work of Jesus. The greater number of professing Spiritualists have at one time been connected with orthodox churches, and some of us after embracing Spiritualism have had strange "qualms" and felt the severe wrench it has been to discard many long-cherished beliefs; one of the last we were willing to part with being, the early teachings that had been instilled into our young minds during childhood as to the character and work of Jesus.

In the past there have been many bitter disputes on such subjects as election, foreordination, and the Trinity, all of which have long since ceased to be vital to one party or the other. They are hardly ever mentioned in any pulpit, or discussed in any theological school of our time.

It is entirely different with the doctrine of the nature and work of Jesus; the conflict between progressive Christianity and Conservative orthodoxy on this one topic is being fought more bitterly than ever. By a great many who really know little of the truths of Spiritualism, Spiritualists are denied the name of Christian, not merely because they cannot give their assent to the doctrine of the Trinity, but also owing to the fact that they do not believe in certain hard and fast interpretations of the nature and work of Jesus.

I glory in being a convinced Spiritualist, I never conceal it, but I consider that being a Spiritualist ought to make me a more consistent Christian than ever I was in my orthodox days, for I take the true meaning of a genuine Christian to be simply a follower of our Master; to try and live daily up to His ideal; a constant striving to overcome self, and every form of selfishness; and the cultivation of the "Christ Spirit within." To believe in Jesus according to evangelicalism is to believe in Him as God; to follow Him, is to follow Him as the appointed Saviour of mankind; and it is because many Spiritualists cannot believe in these that they are considered by many orthodox friends to be "outside the pale of Christianity."

I always remember when a young man reading one of Frederick Robertson of Brighton's discourses on "Unitarianism," wherein he said, or words to this effect: "Who can tell but what the love Unitarians bear to Jesus may not be accepted by God in place of the worship and adoration rendered to him by others?" These words are often present with me, and I especially commend them to our friend "Morven." Jesus is our leader,

not because he did something for us which we could not do for ourselves, but because in his life and teaching he showed us how to do for ourselves that which was necessary for our salvation. What Jesus did, we can do; where Jesus went, we can follow; where Jesus has gone, I am going.

We believe with Emerson that "Jesus of Nazareth is alone in all history, as belonging to the true race of prophets." "Jesus," said Theodore Parker, "is the greatest person of the ages; the proudest achievement of the human race; the greatest fact in the whole history of man." It is this that Spiritualists ought to look to—Jesus as their leader and example. It is thus we ought to be willing to leave all and follow Him.—I am, &c.

"MORE LIGHT."

"CAN WAR BE JUSTIFIED?"

DEAR SIR,—The article by Mr. Purvis on this subject in your January issue at once attracted my attention, and I turned thereto in the hope that some new light had been given to the world.

The writer naturally desires that his definition of war should be accepted as the premises of his argument. He says—"War is the final effort of Right to vindicate itself over Might."

This definition is, to me, quite a novel one. Moses is quoted in support of war, but can also be quoted against it. The command, "Thou shalt not kill," represents the letter of the law. Jesus made reference to it, and illustrated the difference between the letter and the spirit by saying—"He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Mr. Purvis appeals to Right, but that is no better than others less instructed would do, from orthodox Christians to less civilized barbarians.

If war is good, in contradistinction to right, then we ought to have as much of it as possible, coupled with plague and pestilence and many other evils which may be regarded as right according to the standards of men.—I remain, yours sincerely,

THOS. FREEMAN.

GLASGOW.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your contributor, Mr. Purvis, who writes on the subject, "Can War be Justified, and Ought Christians to Enlist as Soldiers?" does Mr. Purvis really believe that Jesus referred to war or anything like it when He said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"? For if so, it is very superficial thinking, and thinking without studying the Nazarene or His work. And in quoting the disciple John, he surely omitted reading the preceding verse, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." Does the Christian soldier, so-called, go to war with love in his heart for the brother he is trying to kill? To me it is a false interpretation of the Master's and servant's words.—I am, Yours respectfully,

JOHN BROWN.

[We insert the above letters as indicating a different point of view from that of our valued contributor, Mr. F. Purvis, but we by no means assent to their assumption that the motive of the British soldiery is that of hatred! Indeed as a nation we may justly claim that we are comparatively free from that diabolical passion. Our goodwill towards all nations, even our past enemies, is well known. Persons who wish to condemn the spirit of hatred should preach to the nation which has so ruthlessly upset the peace of the world in its lust for world-domination and avowedly adopted hatred as its frenzied and obsessing "gospel." During this great war we have heard continually—"Gott strafe England" from the enemy; but who has heard—"God curse Germany," from the British people, notwithstanding all they have cruelly suffered? We consider it highly regrettable that there should be a small class of misguided (if conscientious) persons in this country who appear to wish senselessly to apply the word "murderers" to our heroic defenders. For the most part these have forsaken their peaceful avocations and all that is dear to them in the endeavour to assert the right of smaller nations to live their own life, and to save their own country and its people from the iron heel of a merciless usurper. They are surely worthy of our highest honour and affection. Their hands ought surely to be strengthened and upheld by their countrymen's whole-hearted loyalty and admiration, and not be weakened in so gigantic a life-and-death task by oblique attacks from those who should know better. It is surely as right to chain up the wolf, as it is wrong to smite the lamb. Our Christian warriors are neither haters nor murderers, and their critics are neither as wise nor as patriotic as we should like to see them.—Ed. I.P.G.]

"THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS" AND ITS NEW EDITOR.

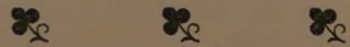


The New Editor.

THE February number of *The Review of Reviews* contains "A Personal Announcement" which will be of considerable interest to many readers. Miss Estelle W. Stead says that, owing to her brother, Mr. John Stead, having joined the Army—he having for some time edited the *Review*—the duties of editorship have been transferred to her by the proprietor (Mrs. W. T. Stead). It is pleasant to know that Miss Stead will have at her disposal the services of a staff that has for many years been associated with the maga-

zine. At the same time, the new editor has enlisted other well-known and capable writers to make *The Review* even more interesting and informative. Recognising that the present is a time of difficulty for magazines generally, Miss Stead relies upon the continued support of the immense number of readers who have followed the fortunes of *The Review of Reviews* for well over a quarter of a century; and she unhesitatingly pledges her best energies to develop the traditions that have made the magazine so welcome a visitor in the homes of almost every country in the world. As a bit of inside information we are glad to know *The Review of Reviews* has stood the shock of war, and at the present moment its circulation does not decrease, but on the contrary shows an upward tendency. To maintain and develop this, the Editor looks to her friends for loyal assistance, and thus hopes to widen the sphere of the magazine's influence. The future policy of *The Review of Reviews* is one of progress, and an enlargement of its size is announced for the March number, while the price will be increased to one shilling net. In its enlarged form the Editor intends to add to its Leading Articles, and proposes to give a more comprehensive survey of the principal magazines. The notes on "The Progress of the World" will be extended, and a special writer will give a monthly survey of "The Progress of the War." Cartoons—always an entertaining feature—will be printed in a more amplified form, and additional space will be found for signed book reviews by writers of authority. In a word, the Editor assures her readers that *The Review of Reviews* "will be the best shilling's worth of reading matter on the market."

H. H. SANGUIN.



FOOTSTEPS.

Dear little footsteps, footsteps softly pattering
Over my head, across the nursery floor;
Dear little voices, voices sweetly chattering;
Happy your baby thoughts, untinged with war.
In bygone days another voice was sounding
In that dear nursery land above my head;
And other feet, at Mother's call, came bounding,
That now the stricken fields of Flanders tread.
Swift, at the calling of a greater Mother,
Nobly, her sons all other voices waive:
England! we yield you husband, son, or brother—
Yours a rich guerdon, e'en tho' ours—a grave. . . .
List! whose are these, these phantom footsteps
pressing
On, past my couch, but list again! they stay—
Ah! whose are these, these phantom lips caressing,
Hands, gently fondling me; ah! whose are they?
And whose the loving arms about me twining,
Whose the dear voice, what message does it bring?—
"COURAGE, THE PASSING CALLS NOT FOR REPINING,
TO DIE FOR ENGLAND TAKES FROM DEATH ITS STING."

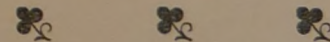
LILIAN HOLMES.

BOOK NOTICES.

"ALL'S WELL!" This is the title given to a new shilling book of "helpful verse for these dark days of war," by Mr. John Oxenham (published by Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, W.C.). The author's distinction as a novelist is known by every one, but as a poet he is a new star in the firmament. In 1913 he published "Bees in Amber," a little volume of verse, and its success was immediate. Over 50,000 copies were sold before October, 1915, and the sales were then increasing week by week. "All's Well!" shows that Mr. Oxenham has a living sympathetic word for the suffering heart of the nation in its present tribulation, and we wish for this new volume a hearty welcome, notwithstanding that the author has not yet arrived at the clearly-defined, soul-comforting knowledge of the life beyond which Spiritualistic philosophy could give him. We recently attended a Church parade of Volunteers, where the Bishop of Chelmsford delivered a most eloquent Spiritualistic sermon, and we were pleased to note that the hymn sung by the civilian soldiers with greatest heartiness on this occasion was written by John Oxenham. Its first inspiring verse was as follows:—

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In Peace and War Thy Will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.
Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

"IF A SOLDIER DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?" By J. Hewat McKenzie. Published by the author at 1, Stanley Gardens, Bayswater, London, W., price 2d. net. or 2½d. post free.—Those who were interested in the lectures which Mr. McKenzie delivered at the Queen's Hall, London, and at Edinburgh and Glasgow, will be pleased that the lecturer has now published a pamphlet dealing with all the aspects of death, post mortem-survival, and spirit-communion. The sub-title of the pamphlet states that it gives "the latest evidence of psychic science on death and the hereafter." It meets a vital need at the present time. A bereaved mother wrote to the author: "I received no comfort from the church which I attend, nor can my minister give me any light as to whether my boy lives a conscious existence now beyond death, and knows my deep sorrow, or whether he is asleep in the grave and will awaken at some distant time." Mr. McKenzie has acquitted himself admirably in the task to answer the cry of anguish and inquiry which the church had failed to deal with satisfactorily. The pamphlet is produced in a popular style, and is easy to understand. Even those who have not lost anyone in the war will find the information given of great interest.

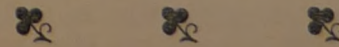


SOME READERS' OPINIONS.

MR. HANSON G. HEY writes:—"I must not close without complimenting you on latest issue. It was fine. Keep it up! I find it has won the hearts of a few of the Celtic Spiritualists in Belfast, and trust it may continue to win adherents there."

MR. EBEN LEWIS, Caeran, Glamorgan, in writing for a copy of our Consolation Number, says he has had several articles from the *Psychic Gazette* read as lessons at the Spiritualist Society of which he is a member.

MR. S. STANSFIELD, Secretary of the Glossop Spiritualist Society, writes ordering a regular monthly supply of *Gazettes* as "I think the one you sent on to me is simply fine."



Each day is so full of you, darling,
That I cannot know grief or regret
In this interlude fair in its promise,
Its richness, its solace; and yet—
Ah, Love! my supreme consolation
Is a dream that will one day come true;
That lends all its cheer to the present—
The dream of reunion with you.

—Lilian Whiting.

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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