

# THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

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## Our Outlook Tower.

"JOURNALISTIC SPOOKS!"

OUR psychic interview with two ex-editors in the February *Gazette* has excited rather boisterous merriment in a contributor to the *Clarion* (February 18). Under the caption of "Journalistic Spooks" he pipes out two columns of it to ridicule the very idea that editors who are now in the "nearest or next" world could possibly pass on a few friendly expressions of continued interest to another still toiling here. Of course it appears to him absurd, and he enjoys himself immensely in characterising our psychic interview as "banal and uninteresting," "debile and creachy stuff"—(whatever that may mean, for our dictionary fails to enlighten us)—"prophetic water-gruel," and "psychic small-beer!" Now if it is really so wretched as all that, it puzzles us to discover why "an old journalist"—as he claims to be—should have thought it worth his while to write two-thirds of a page about it in so ably-conducted a paper as the *Clarion*.

We are, however, grateful for his attention, even though his criticism does not, on the face of it, appear kindly meant! It serves as a trifling recognition that the truth we stand for is getting home to the hearts and minds of the people, and that consequently the dry bones of prejudice and ignorance are being rattled. That is so much to the good for the cause of progress! "The unkindest cut of all" would be to ignore us! Then one might suspect that his efforts were only stale and unprofitable! But two whole abusive, rather amusing, columns in the *Clarion*! We are undoubtedly getting on!

Now there is criticism and criticism, and it is always wise to examine it to discover whether it be true or false, really valuable or merely hectoring. "A ragged urchin at the street-corner" may with perfect assurance criticise Lord Kitchener's war tactics, or "an old journalist" may offer a critical looking verdict on a subject he knows next to nothing about. In both cases, the criticism is worthless because of the incapacity and lack of knowledge of the critics. Criticism to be worth anything must be based on experience and knowledge, and should at least present or suggest a better view than that criticised. Criticism for the mere sake of criticism, or only to buttress an old prejudice, is of the nature of chaff which the winds of discussion will soon scatter.

The writer in the *Clarion*, "Harry Beswick," fortunately gives us certain clues to the extent of his acquaintance with Spiritualistic facts and science which make it easy for us to place his whereabouts and leave us undismayed. He says:

"Nothing that I have ever read or seen (our italics) has ever come within measurable distance of convincing me that the familiar spirits who are claimed to 'control' mediums have communicated anything worth communicating, or have anything to communicate worthy of a sane man's consideration."

From which it is obvious that Mr. Beswick has read little and probably seen less! When he frees himself from that disadvantage he will know better, and will assuredly then consider himself fortunate if he is ever able to write anything half

as "worthy of a sane man's consideration" as the published "communications" given, for example, through the pens of Mr. Stainton Moses and Mr. W. T. Stead. If he will read these to begin with—say "Spirit Teachings" and "After Death"—he will recognise such intellectual vigour, moral quality, and literary excellence, as, up to the present, he has not dreamt of.

Mr. Beswick's notions of the spirit world are still rather elementary. Its denizens are "familiar spirits," "discarnate brothers," who are in "prison chambers" in "Ultima Thule," and "the Great Beyond." They are, however, subject to being "importuned . . . for a story!" (Here we catch a glimpse of old journalistic prepossession!) He supports his crude notions by a quotation from Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck thus:—

"Our discarnate brothers, indeed, are as the great Belgian writer observes, 'pale and empty shades, bewildered, puerile, and terror-stricken, like unto dreams, more numerous than the leaves that fall in autumn, and like them trembling in the unknown winds from the vast plains of the other world.'"

This is so obviously not a true description of the spirit-world that we hesitate to believe Maeterlinck ever put it forward as such, and we shall be grateful to the *Clarion* writer if he will be good enough to supply the reference. The context will probably put an entirely different complexion on it.

The quotation reminds us of the old story of the French journalist who was sent to England to write an account of the English people. When he arrived at Dover pier, he spied a red-headed policeman, and promptly jotted down in his notebook—"Policemen in England have red heads!" But of course he was too quick with his generalisation. Probably by the time he reached Dover station he had seen other policemen whose hair was not so ruddy. Then as a trustworthy "old journalist" he would recognise his mistake, score it out of his notes, and wait until he had seen a considerable number of policemen before he arrived at the proper conclusion that the colour of policemen's hair in England was just as varied as in his own country—perhaps more so!

In setting out to explore a new country, it is foolish to generalise from one or two particulars that may be observed on its outskirts or nearer shores. Such a course is not less foolish because it is adopted by a literary giant like Maeterlinck, whose too hasty errors may be utilised by humbler brothers as authoritative statements. On the confines of the shores of immortality there may be "pale and empty shades, bewildered, puerile, and terror-stricken, like unto dreams," though we have not personally made their acquaintance. But even so, a shimmering reflection of the moon must not be mistaken for the substantial orb which disperses the gloom of night and rules our tides. The spirit-world, as it has been amply revealed to us, consists not of mere ghosts and spectres, but of just as sane, intellectual and loving people as we know on this lower terrestrial plane, for are they not just the same people—released from their physical shells—that we once knew here as our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives or friends? Of course there are other persons in the realm of spirit who are not so desirable to



make friends of, for all human-kind must in due time cross "the river of death." But the same is true in this world we know, and we do not condemn humanity at large because it has unhappily in its ranks liars and thieves, and murderers, and undeveloped human beings who are far remote from perfect manhood.

Mr. Beswick closes his article with the following elegant peroration:—"Really, my good spiritualist friends, these proceedings of yours are (in the name of the prophet) FUDGE!" To which we reply—"Really, dear Beswick, you should remember the good old journalistic rule—First *know* your subject, and then WRITE!"

THE W. T. STEAD BUREAU.

The popular "Wednesday Afternoons" of this Bureau have been so wonderfully successful, and have proved so really useful in dispelling the hopeless gloom of the grave for many mourners, that it has been decided to continue them for a further three months. During this month, Mr. Vout Peters, Miss M'Creadie, and Mr. Vango will occupy the platform, and on the last Wednesday "experiences" will be narrated by members of the audience. The first April meetings will be conducted by Miss Florence Morse, the gifted daughter of the Editor of the *Two Worlds*, and by Mrs. M. E. Orlowski, who is new to these meetings, but is very highly spoken of. *Gazette* readers should not fail to invite friends who have lost relatives in the war to attend these most instructive and comforting assemblies.

#### SCOTTISH HELPERS.

It is a pleasure to us to record that a sincere spirit of practical helpfulness towards the *Psychic Gazette* has been manifested in Edinburgh, Sir Walter Scott's "ain romantic toon," which has so many happy associations for ourselves. Mr. John Duncan writes us that the members of the Edinburgh Spiritualist Society held a special meeting recently "to consider whether we ought to take up shares in the *Gazette*. The wild stormy evening prevented many of our members from being present. All who took part spoke highly in favour of the *Gazette*, and said it would be a severe blow to the Cause were it to be allowed to go down. The feeling among our members was that any sum to be given ought to be given voluntarily by the members, and not from the funds of our Society. Although we had such a small meeting the sum of six pounds, four shillings was subscribed. It will be intimated from our platform for two Sundays, so that I expect we may collect a bit more." We offer our most grateful thanks to our friends in the north, for their help to keep our flag flying! The Managing Committee of the *Gazette* has just decided that on account of the paucity of application for shares—not to be greatly wondered at in these times—the idea of forming a Limited Company must be given up. But we are hopeful that with the increase in price the *Gazette* will soon approach such a position of independence and stability as will enable it to continue its career on its own merits. That will depend on every reader giving it his or her loyal support, and this we fully expect. Our circulation goes up steadily month by month, new societies are constantly taking it up for their bookstalls, and our literary contributors are ever pouring in upon us a wealth of interesting and instructive material, which earnest Spiritualists and psychic students would certainly miss if the *Gazette* had again to suspend its monthly issue, even temporarily. We are distinctly hopeful, but we shall

be glad if our friends will continue to remember that "every little helps!" We run into no debt, and never put the printing in hand until the money to pay for an issue is collected. Sometimes there are anxious moments, but the days of miracles are not over. So here we are again!

#### FURTHER PSYCHIC COMMUNICATIONS.

Mrs. Aloysia Meredith writes us that she was recently controlled by Mr. E. W. Wallis, late Editor of *Light*, and also by Mr. W. T. Stead. She knew nothing of either gentleman during their earth life, but after her first experience, which happened when she was alone, her husband told her that his mother's old album contained a photograph of Mr. Wallis. The album was brought to her, and without the slightest hesitancy she picked out Mr. Wallis's from among all the other photographs. On a later evening she was again controlled by both gentlemen, and her husband had quite a long chat with them. One afternoon Mr. Wallis used her pen to write the following:

The future of Spiritualism lies in the balance. The time for an exclusive propaganda of phenomena is past. Useful and wonderful as such a propaganda is, if it has not served its purpose of establishing the fact of spirit-control, then it is beyond hope that it will ever do so.

To those of you who have at heart true progress, I say step higher. Surely the foundations are firm enough by now to begin the building of the Temple! Stones there are in plenty, and masons to shape and place those stones are many. Give to these masons the chisel and trowel of sympathy and support, and thus do your share in the building.

And what shape is this building to take? I will tell you—a more perfect Spiritual Life, a leaving of the beaten track of a go-easy-take-things-as-they-come type of life, for the more strenuous, more purposeful cultivation of the Spirit. Cast off the shackles of bondage and show yourselves as free men, ready and willing to suffer worldly inconvenience, and even loss, for the greater satisfaction and gain of spiritual profit.

There is no royal road to achieve this position. Let every man look into his own potentialities, and use them for all they are worth. The unit is the nucleus of the crowd. Let every one of you who believes in the possibilities of Spirit Communion, and further than that, Spirit Control of the personality, determine to be that unit, and soon there will be gathered together a multitude with one single, glorious aim—the higher spiritualisation of the earth-existence.

This is the work of Spiritualism in its purity. If you would take advantage of that great tide that is now swelling about you you must no longer be content to sit before platitudes, or to live solely for phenomena. There are heights to climb, and seas to sail. Phenomena give you a misty knowledge of the heights, and make for you a splendid seaworthy boat in which to sail the seas; but, I implore you, be not content with this knowledge; set out on your voyage across the wonderful seas, and climb—climb—climb!

#### THE CECIL HUSK FUND.

Mrs. Duffus requests us to acknowledge the following further kind contributions to her fund for Mr. Husk:—

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged ..	22	4	8
Mr. and Mrs. Watson ..	1	1	0
Miss McCallum ..	10	0	
Mrs. Richards ..	5	0	
Mr. H. Holms ..	5	0	
Mr. Wm. Jeffrey ..	1	1	0
Mrs. S. James ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Thom ..	5	0	
Mrs. Kennett ..	5	0	
Mrs. Gadsby ..	1	0	0
H. Templeton ..	5	0	
Major Dulcken ..	10	0	
Mrs. Roberts ..	2	6	
Mrs. Tuck ..	4	0	
Miss Duthie ..	2	0	

Total to date £30 2 2

Further subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mrs. Etta Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts.



## Unexplored Human Faculty.—VI.

By FELICIA R. SCATCHERD ("Felix Rudolph").

Clairvoyance : Professor BERT REESE.

IN this series of short studies it has been my aim to select examples where the facts are indisputable, whatever may be the deductions drawn therefrom.

The term clairvoyance has been used to cover such a vast field of allied phenomena, that the actual meaning of the word has been obscured and applied indiscriminately to phases of psychical activity in which sight—etheric, astral, or psychical—plays little or no conceivable part.

The *New Encyclopædia* defines clairvoyance as *power claimed by spiritualistic "mediums" of seeing things invisible to ordinary persons, when in hypnotic condition.*

This is a most faulty definition. Some of the best attested instances of clear-seeing occur in the case of otherwise normal persons, in an apparently normal condition.

I had long been looking for an instance of what I term *physical clairvoyance*, the power of seeing into closed drawers and boxes under conditions where telepathy was practically excluded. Then fortune favoured me, and I discovered in Professor Bert Reese the type I was seeking, a clairvoyant who saw things, visible in themselves, under conditions which rendered them invisible to ordinary sight, and reduced the hypothesis of telepathy to a minimum.

### I.—HOW I MET BERT REESE.

By the invitation of a Swedish friend, Baroness Barnekow, I attended a Sunday evening concert at a West End Club, on July 9, 1911.

As I was crossing the hall, Princess Karadja stopped me and told me of a case of clear-seeing of so remarkable a character, that doubts arose in my mind as to the accuracy of the narrator's faculties of observation.

"But are you sure, Princess, that he never touched the slips containing the questions? Are you certain that you did not know the question dealt with and so convey it to his mind?"

To all such queries the Princess replied: "My dear Miss Scatcherd, see this man yourself. Then discuss the matter. Until you have seen him, it is mere waste of time to argue."

Then she added with unconscious humour: "I never wish to meet him again. My own conviction is that he is linked with the Powers of evil, but you will not mind that!" or words to that effect.

It was Sunday midnight. He was leaving for America on Tuesday. I wrote, asking him to call on Monday afternoon or to make an appointment. He did neither, and I concluded he had returned to America.

At 2 p.m. on Tuesday, a taxi drew up outside the house. We were at lunch. Without looking out of the window (from which he could not have seen the arrival had he wished to do so), Dr. Drakoules said:—

"Miss Scatcherd, that is your strange visitor. I should like to see him. Bring him in here if you wish." (A most unusual request.)

I went into the hall, and saw a broad-shouldered man with a big head and well-developed forehead. His keen eyes twinkled with mirth, and he moved with the energy of a man of fifty—later I learned

that he was seventy years old. He was smoking a huge cigar, and greeted me thus:—

"I knew I should find you at home at this hour. I cannot think why I had to come to you. There were over a hundred letters from which I was forced to select yours, and here I am."

While speaking he followed me into the dining-room, and shook hands with Dr. and Mrs. Drakoules, of whom I merely spoke as my friends, so as to give him no clue as to who they were. He had had his lunch, and would take nothing but a few cherries which he ate in between whiffs at the enormous cigar.

He beamed at Doctor Drakoules and then turned to me, lowered his voice so that only I could hear, and said: "Now I know. It was not you but your friend there, whom I had to see," adding confidentially, "some of us are a poor lot, only nine carat gold, or fourteen, or sixteen. But that man there is too good for this world! He is twenty-four carat gold. I am glad to have met him and am going to show him something that will interest him."

### II.—DR. DRAKOULES' TESTIMONY.

He was leaving for Greece the next day, but I gave him no peace that night until he had written the following account of what happened. I then asked Mrs. Drakoules to endorse it, and sent it to *Light*:—

#### REMARKABLE CLAIRVOYANCE.

Professor Bert Reese called at this house on July 11 to see Miss Scatcherd, who is on a visit to us. They had never met before. Miss Scatcherd was told of his strange gifts by Princess Karadja on Sunday evening, and wrote that same night for an interview.

Neither my wife nor I ever heard before of Professor Bert Reese. We were glad to have this opportunity of witnessing some exhibition of his powers in clairvoyance. He proceeded as follows: He requested that my wife and I should go into another room, and that each of us should write any number of questions upon several slips of paper—one question on each slip. One of the slips should contain only the full maiden name of my mother, and another slip should contain the full maiden name of my wife's mother. Then we were to fold all the slips (eighteen in all) and to mix them up. We both did as directed, and on re-entering the room where Professor Bert Reese and Miss Scatcherd were awaiting us, we proceeded according to his directions to place the folded slips, which had never left our possession, inside various drawers and within my four waistcoat pockets—one slip in each drawer and pocket. It is absolutely out of the question that Professor Bert Reese had the slightest knowledge of what we had written or opportunity of inspecting the slips, and, of course, Miss Scatcherd was equally ignorant. Professor Bert Reese then asked me to point to any of the drawers containing a slip. It is needless to say that neither my wife nor myself knew the contents of the several slips, or which was which, since I had mixed them up. Each time I pointed at random to a drawer, he read the contents of the slip exactly as if it were exposed before his eyes, while it was still folded and shut within the drawer. In this way he read all the eighteen slips, and also he pronounced and wrote out correctly the full maiden name of my mother (Penelope Anastasia Zulatti) and that of my wife's mother (J. B.). I may add that neither Professor Reese nor Miss Scatcherd touched the slips until after the questions had been answered.—PLATON E. DRAKOULES, LL.D., Editor of "*Erevna*."

14, Park Square (East Gate),

Regent's Park, London, N.W.

I fully endorse this account written by my husband of the wonderful illustration of the gift of clairvoyance given by Professor Bert Reese in our house last Tuesday. I was an eye-witness of it, and it is correct in every particular.

ALICE M. DRAKOULES.



## Discrimination.

### THE PERMANENT AND THE FLEETING

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

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

MATT. VI., 19 to 21.

**H**AS it ever occurred to you that most if not all your suffering, fears, and worries, your doubts and disappointments, and much of ill-health, have their origin in incidents connected with material possessions, or in activities which have for their aim the realisation of purely material ideas?

If such a thought has come to you, have you ever practised a little self-examination, and asked yourself some such questions as—Am I making the best use of my life? What is my aim in life? Am I developing my psychic and spiritual faculties? Am I steering or drifting through my existence? The great majority of men and women shrink from such self-examination, or at best would not give themselves straightforward and honest answers. Yet such self-examination is a most necessary spiritual stock-taking, and is helpful for our mental and spiritual development here, and as a preparation for life in the Beyond.

Civilised mankind may be divided into three groups: (a) those who have had a definite aim in life from their youth up, and have fortunately been able deliberately to choose a vocation according to their liking; (b) those men and women who have been "pitch-forked" into their life's work, and (c) those who by accident of birth are enjoying ease and affluence.

The great majority of mankind work unconsciously for self-expression, which they imagine to find in a fuller enjoyment or gratification of their physical or sense-life. Wealth is one means to gratify such desires, hence the mad race for wealth. In the first of the three groups above-mentioned, and very seldom in the other two, are mostly found those whose aim in life is above material possessions or fame. Very few indeed are those who prefer to devote their activities to the service of man and to the dissemination of knowledge and happiness to others.

I do not suggest that persons should be careless about their vocation, possessions, and social position—though it is an error to give them exaggerated values—for even if they are more or less indifferent on those points, they nevertheless owe certain duties to those dependent on, and associated with them. Moreover, material success and position in life, as well as mental and spiritual development, are the legitimate outcome of all real effort directed into proper channels. Nature is absolutely just, and a man is no more and no less than what he has made himself by his efforts.

In order to see what an important part our five senses play in our relations to the physical world let us imagine a man of wealth and culture, who has seen much of the world, a lover of art, literature, music and society—imagine such a man, as

the result of an accident, being deprived of his sight and hearing. What good to him, beyond a pleasant memory, would be the beautiful scenery of the world, the architecture of its great cities, the restless sea, or the starry heavens? What of the joys, the beauties, and harmonies of music? And what could he know of the faces and voices of those dearest to him? He would miss even the singing of the birds which formerly delighted him. Yet sight and hearing are only two of his five avenues of sense, which lead to the divine spirit within him, during its bondage to the illusion of matter. The sightless and deaf man would live only in the memory of what he had seen, read, or heard. His memory would be the all-important and permanent reality. Moreover, psychology tells us that the memory of a man with several avenues of sense closed is far more vivid than that of an able-bodied man, whose conscious mind is more fully occupied through all the normal avenues of sense. The former relations with his fellow-men, his deeds and motives, his errors and selfishness, as well as his kindly acts, will all engage his recollection. The knowledge which he has diligently stored up will also brighten the monotony of his soundless nights; it is one of his richest treasures.

The illustration need not be carried further to see which are the permanent and which the fleeting possessions of one's own self. Sufficient has been said to show that if we wish to gain peace of mind, health and happiness, *we must discriminate* between the material things and activities, which affect chiefly our sense-life, and the aspirations which lead to spiritual attainments and to memories remaining permanently our very own—a part of our Ego—after we have doffed our physical body. Wisdom and love are the true abiding "treasures of heaven" worth striving for—and these lie within the attainment of every man or woman, no matter what their station in life may be.

What we really work and strive for, and commit so many errors about all our lives, is the attainment of peace and joy, freedom from pain, sorrow, fear and worry, and a fuller life-expression. We may sum it all up as being a *search for happiness*, and yet happiness is not the *summum bonum* of life, but only a symptom that our higher self has succeeded in expressing itself on a higher plane, and is attuning itself to the will and purpose of the Divine All.

Man commonly lacks Discrimination. He looks for happiness in the fleeting possessions of the material world, and in the illusions of the senses. And thus he fails to realise his heart's desire. He must raise the struggle for existence to a higher plane—from the ever-changing objects, which temporarily engage the senses and emotions, to the permanent ideals of knowledge, love, and beauty, and to the service of man, all of which enrich the mind, broaden the outlook, and fill the heart with peace and goodwill, not only towards all men, but even to the dumb creation. We must hold all material possessions with a light hand, for we are rightly taught—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."



## Personal Reminiscences of Thomas Lake Harris.

By ARTHUR CUTHBERT.

WE seem now to have entered a new age; or great phases old and new in the existence of man on this planet appear to be overlapping at the present time. This fact is evident in the great and rapid changes through which we are passing. When the old-world matrix of humanity is pregnant with a great new age, it usually brings forth strange and remarkable personalities—pioneers who appear almost phenomenal monstrosities to the ordinary mortal.

Among this class was THOMAS LAKE HARRIS, who was, or was assumed to be in his time, preacher, poet, seer, King-Queen, Twain-one, Arch-natural Regenerator of humanity, a World Pivotal Personality of the Divine Breath, and Avatar.

I am the only Briton who was born in the midst of his early disciples, whom he had gathered together, about 1861, in his "Breath House" at Wassaic, in Dutchess County, State of New York. My father, a Scotch gentleman, had married a charming English lady, Mr. Harris officiating in the capacity of a Swedenborgian minister. I had only one companion born there—Ted Regna, a few months my junior, and of American (New-England) parents. This is why our Editor has beguiled me into writing these reminiscences—rather faded ones of thirty, forty, nearly fifty years ago.

First, I must be historical and refer to my father's book, the "Life and World-Work of Thomas Lake Harris."

Mr. Harris was born on May 15, 1823, at Fenny-Stratford, Bucks. His father was a narrow Calvinistic Baptist, and his mother a pious warm-hearted woman, who passed over when her only child was nine years of age. When he was at the age of five they emigrated to Utica, in New York State, and as a lad he had helped in his father's store, by book-keeping, etc.

His father remarried, and feeling himself estranged, young Harris sought consolation by joining a broad church of Universalists. He seems early to have become aware of the spiritual guardianship of his mother, seeing and hearing her; but he claimed even before this to have had "Aromic" vision, and to have seen the fairies in multitudes "weaving charming and gleeful spells round his infant pillow." His fairy spells and tales are really wonderful—of which more anon.

Before twenty he was an ardent Universalist preacher, and was deeply in love with a Miss Mary Van Arnum, whom he idolised beyond measure, and married in 1845. She died five years later after bearing him two sons, and having "received the Divine Breath."

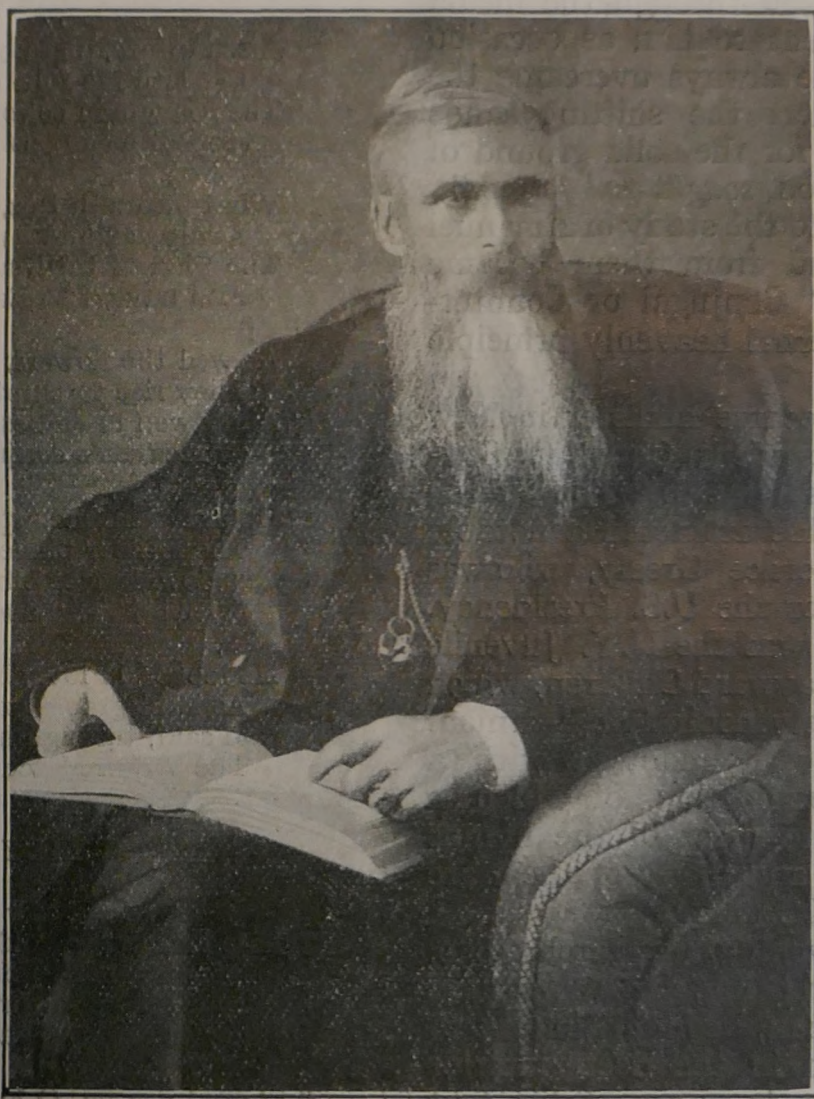
I liked his two sons John and Tom. Poor Tom the younger, was falsely accused of theft, thrashed by his father, and sent away to dwell with strangers, an outcast, at the age of twelve. I only remember him returning for a short visit as a fully-grown man—an unbeliever in his

father. He disappeared in the Western wilds, and of him we heard no more. I am always saddened by his memory—a fine character ruined.

John was of a highly-strung, changeable nature. He met with two or three bad accidents. Sometimes he would champion his father, at others, differ seriously from him, and at about thirty-two he died journeying to California when fatally ill, intending to tell his father what he thought of him (so I was told by my mother, who was at Brocton, N.Y., when he left), and to emphasise his opinion he was carrying a revolver. I had much companionship with John in my childhood, and we were good friends.

Their father, while a Universalist minister, in 1847, had become disheartened by the materialistic unbelief of his congregation, and had turned his attention to Spiritualism, which was then exciting the enmity of the churches. He heard of Andrew Jackson Davis, "the Poughkeepsie Seer," also in Dutchess County. Harris consulted him, and all the other mediums he could find. Becoming convinced of spirit-communion and our survival of bodily death, he then, rather to Davis's embarrassment, constituted himself Davis's ardent missionary, preaching the gospel of Spiritualism far and wide for some months.

Then there was a split, Davis and his guides were teaching individuals to develop their own inner power and faculties, leaving humanity to find its own salvation afterwards, and quite independently of his own personality. But Harris was out for the regeneration of the world, and to personally lead all mankind in the divine way they should follow. The tendencies of these two men could never coincide.



THOMAS LAKE HARRIS  
At age 68, when he declared himself rejuvenated.



Later in life, Harris refers to this episode with Spiritualism as a time when he strayed in the wilderness, and was tempted, for a purpose, but he did not blame A. J. Davis for it. He explains in his "Concept of the Word," 1878, that the birth of Christ was preceded by phenomenal manifestations of spirits from lower worlds, as a counter movement to the divine descent. In his own day, it seems, there were again counter movements of the spiritual enemies, and no true believer in the manifestation of the Twain-one Pivotal Personality of this New Age would credit these movements, nor be a party to them!

Estranged from Davis, Harris continued for a time in close friendship with Mr. S. B. Britten, editor of Davis's periodical, "The Universcoelum." He then developed mediumship in himself, and suffered greatly in his peculiarly sensitive nature from spirits who were "infuriated by his prayerfulness to Jesus Christ as Almighty God," and from this time he claimed to have been "guided entirely by the Lord Himself through the media of good angels specially sent to him as occasion required, by whose help he always overcame the evil spirits." He had "left the shifting sands of the guidance of spirits for the solid ground of the absolute guidance of God, *sought and found*."

At this juncture he took to the study of Emanuel Swedenborg's writings, and from them became imbued with the idea of "Conjugal or Counterpartal" marriage as an eternal heavenly principle of human relationship.

The year following he became minister in New York City of the "Independent Christian Congregation" and changed its name to "The Church of the Good Shepherd." He attracted a notable congregation, including Horace Greely, who was an elder, and later stood for the U.S. Presidency. One fruit of his work here was the N.Y. Juvenile Asylum for Orphans and Wayward Children, which was the result of his first purely inspirational sermon.

From early youth he was endowed with a remarkable faculty for versification, of which he was first shy, but he wrote most of the hymns used by his congregations, and many of them are now in our own hymn-books.

About ten o'clock one evening, in March, 1850, when wide awake before retiring, he was visited by "a majestic angel-man, commissioned to announce the insemination in the deep interior of his mind the substance in germ of his first heavenly, God-inspired poem, that would be safeguarded from all intrusion of disordered or illusioning influence." Three years and nine months later, in partial trance, he dictated the whole of this poem of some six thousand lines, "The Epic of the Starry Heaven," to friends who took it down in twenty-one sittings, from 24th November to 8th December, 1853, the time occupied being twenty-six hours, sixteen minutes. In this poem the special character of the poet's muse first appears in his setting of moral principles, and the wedding of planetary world-souls. Here are some of the verses:—

There are twelve great chords in the Solar Harp,  
One chord alone is unstrung;  
That chord is touched with a living spark,  
And again it finds a tongue.

There are twelve great angels above the stars  
And they sit on their thrones of gold;  
But the throne of one by Death's iron bars  
Was crushed in the ages of old.

Joy! Joy! Joy!  
For Earth's throne is again among the stars  
And she sits in the angel fold.

For God's great love o'er all who love doth lie,  
And all who love are stars that beam on high.

Star unto star in ethers wed,  
Heaven is to heaven in marriage led,  
All Loves and Wisdoms interflow—  
Goodness and Truth commingling glow.

And thus material worlds give birth,  
And thus unfold the flowers of Earth;  
And thus the golden East renews  
The glory of its deathless hues.

Delivered of this poem, another still longer and more advanced was likewise "inwrought," 1st January, 1854, and was given forth in thirty hours, from 4th to 18th August following. In this work conjugal ideas are carried further, and Harris introduces us to his "Counterpart" Lily, who is the queen of a special heaven, which she prepared for him, called Lilistan, and which she peopled, we learn later, with children who had passed from this world as infants. These are some of the verses:—

A sea of fire, a sea of fire,  
Beneath me rolls on every side;  
The Planets in celestial gyre,  
Appear as angels glorified.

What meaneth this, what meaneth this?  
I only ask and I am told—  
The Planets thrill with Angel bliss,  
And have, like Earth, their age of gold.

As wed the flowers, as wed the flowers,  
They rise to Nuptials vast and grand,  
And dwell in endless bridal bowers  
In Heaven's conjugal Morning Land.

Upon his throne, upon his throne,  
The Hesper planet sang to me,  
His glowing face effulgent shone  
With strength and grace and majesty.

He looked in love, he looked in love,  
As Bridegroom on transfigured Bride,  
And said, through heavenly space I move  
The Virgin Mercury beside.

#### LILY QUEEN.

... I saw a lovely maid,  
Whose locks were golden, with a hazel shade,  
Whisper in a little infant's ear—  
A fairy child—and through the atmosphere  
He flew towards us, and, in music said,

"Blessed are ye, O lovely spirit pair!  
Like a twin star your coming tinged the air  
With purple radiance; welcome to our strand,  
Welcome to airs by fragrant odours fanned."

The Lily Queen lay sleeping, and her head  
Was fanned by swaying turquoise flowers, that fed  
The air with incense. O'er her form was spread  
A mantle, sparkling like the ocean's foam.

With divinest art  
She touched the inmost lyre-strings of my heart,  
I trembled as a dewdrop when it blends  
With the pure lily's fragrance, while she bends  
Her silvery leaf to drink the fragrance in:  
I felt a new-born life in me begin.

The third of this series, "The Lyric of the Morning Land," purports to voice the thoughts of three great poets since their ascension—Byron, Shelley, Coleridge. It is considered the finer poem of the three. But we must hurry on, for it is not possible to comment here on all Harris' poetry—running to some quarter million lines!

My next Article, in the April *Gazette*, will unfold the most wonderful scheme of salvation ever yet presented to the mind of man.



# The Return.

## A DREAM PLAY IN ONE ACT.

By F. A. H. EYLES.

This vivid Dream Play by Mr. Eyles was written towards the end of last year. It was offered at the time to a well-known manager, and the postcard acknowledgment bears the date December 2, 1915. The morning papers a fortnight ago mentioned the case of a child who actually saw his father about the same moment that he was killed on the battlefield. This story will be found on another page. It shows that the dream of the child in the play merely preceded and differed little from the experience of the child of reality.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Any Child, who can believe in dreams.

Any Mother, who has lost through the war all that she holds dear.

Any Man, who has fought and died.

*Scene I.*—A dining-room, simply furnished. On a table in the centre breakfast is laid for two. A cheerful fire burns on the hearth. Standing by the fire is the Mother, who looks lovingly at the portrait on the mantelpiece of the Man.

*The Child* (running into the room and breaking the silence).—Mummie, dear, I've had such a beautiful dream.

*The Mother*.—Have you, dear; what did you dream?

*The Child*.—I dreamed that Daddy came into my room and stood at the side of my bed, just as he used to do before he went to the war and got killed. He wasn't altered at all.

*The Mother* (evidently interested in the child's dream).—Did he speak to you, dear?

*The Child*.—Yes, Mummie, he said, "I'm so glad you see me and know me at last, Beryl. I've been coming to you and Mummie every night for such a long time trying to impress you with the thought that I am here, and now I have succeeded!"

*The Mother*.—What more, dear?

*The Child* (slowly).—I'm just thinking, Mummie. I got up out of bed, and stood by the side of Daddy, and placed my hand in his. And then he said, "I want you to tell Mummie that I'm not really dead. No one is really dead. All who have been killed in the war just seem to lie asleep a little while and then wake up with new bodies without any wounds at all."

*The Mother*.—And did Daddy seem very real to you?

*The Child*.—Oh yes, Mummie, just as real as when he was at home.

*The Mother*.—Did you talk to him?

*The Child*.—Yes, Mummie. I told him how we had cried every day for a long, long time, after we heard he had been killed and that we should never see him again. He said he knew, for often he was standing beside us when we cried, and our tears made him sad.

*The Mother* (reflecting).—I wonder; did he give you any message for me?

*The Child*.—Yes, Mummie. He said, "Tell Mummie that I am often with her, and that now I have been able to make myself known to you I shall be able, perhaps, to appear also to her." He took me in his arms as he used to do, and kissed me and said, "Good-bye," and then all I remember is that he faded away, and I woke up and was in bed. Do you think it was only a dream, Mummie?

*The Mother*.—It was certainly a dream, dear; but sometimes those who die do come back to us in our dreams, and we live with them again.

*The Child*.—It didn't seem like a dream at all. It was all so real—more real than many things that happen when I'm awake.

*The Mother*.—Well, we must see if Daddy can come to us again. But come now; let us have breakfast. (They go towards the table, and the curtain descends for two minutes.)

*Scene II.*—The same room. It is after supper on the same day. The Mother is sitting in an armchair by the side of the fire, reading from Mr. E. M. Martin's "Dreams in War Time."

*The Mother* (putting down the book).—I wonder whether it was only a dream of Beryl's, or whether her Daddy really came to her? There have been many singular dreams since the war started. Mr. Martin's friend dreamt of the drowned sailors of the *Aboukir*, looking through the window of a friendly inn, where they had once been welcome guests, and trying to bring to the living some sense of their duty to the dead. I do wish I could meet Harry in my dreams!

She falls asleep. The curtain behind her chair is drawn aside, and the Man who has fought and died is seen standing in khaki in a mystic light.

The Man stretches out his arms towards the Woman, and calls in a quiet, sympathetic voice, "Margaret, Margaret."

The Mother stirs in her sleep, rises slowly from her chair, and walks towards the Man.

*The Man* (calling softly again).—Margaret, Margaret, it is I! Try to see me, dearest, I have been trying so often to show myself to you. Can you see me now?

*The Mother* (drawing nearer to the man).—Yes, Harry, I see you. Is it really you, or am I dreaming?

*The Man*.—Your dream is real, Margaret, for I am really here beside you, as I have often been. Every night I come to watch over you, and every day when difficulties cross your path I try to give you counsel.

*The Mother* (who goes close up to the Man and rests her head upon his shoulder).—Do all the men who have been killed come back like this?

*The Man*.—Many of those whom the world calls dead are engaged in similar work for those still living. They do not always succeed in making their presence known, nor are their counsels necessarily perfection. But we who have come into the spirit-world can sometimes see just a little farther than those on earth, and thus we are in a position to try to impress our dear ones with thoughts that can help them.

*The Mother*.—Oh, Harry, what a weight it lifts from my heart to know that you can return like this. Can we often meet?

*The Man*.—Yes, dearest; in your dreams, whilst your body sleeps, you can come to me, and sometimes your spirit and mine will visit the battlefield together and help the wounded.

*The Mother*.—So you work in spirit-life!

*The Man*.—This is one of our many duties. We who have been killed and have entered the new life are often sent to watch over the troops



still fighting at the front, to warn them against the hidden danger of the enemy.

*The Mother* (meditatively).—The life beyond seems very like the life here.

*The Man*.—It is, very like it. It is only a continuation. When we pass into this life we do not immediately give up our callings and vocations when they can be continued with benefit to others. The appearance of the Angels at Mons was no dream. It was a reality. At a profound crisis a spirit army—an army formed of many thousands of those whom the world calls dead—made its presence seen and felt. Had it not been for the help that was given in that way the remnant of our force would most surely have been utterly annihilated.

*The Mother*.—But are the enemy not similarly helped?

*The Man*.—So far as we know, each side helps its own; but the Powers that fight for justice and for right will eventually triumph over those that are striking in the dark. England and her Allies will win after great sacrifice, and peace will come again to the land—sooner, perhaps, than you expect. And wherever love remains, the spirits of those who have fought and died will visit their old homes and watch over those who are bereaved, trying to impress them with the thought that they are not really dead, but are often present with the living.

*The Mother*.—And you will be always with us through our lives, till we join you in the spirit-land?

*The Man*.—That will be seen hereafter. There may be other work for us to do, and other influences may possibly enter your own life. The living cannot be for ever with the so-called dead. But so long, dear, as you and Beryl need my love and care, and want me to watch over you and guard you, I shall be here. A thought will bring me in a moment, even if I am hundreds of miles away.

*The Mother*.—We shall always want you, Harry!

*The Child* enters and gazes in wonder.—Mummie! So Daddy has come to you, too!

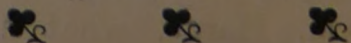
*The Mother*.—Yes, dear; come to me, so that he may bless us both!

*The Child* goes towards her mother, and slips her hand into the father's.

*The Man* (slowly and impressively).—Thus every night some fallen soldier meets his wife and children. They are not able always to recall their dreams when morning breaks, but the knowledge that the dead return will ever bring them happiness and peace.

*The curtain is re-drawn behind the Mother's chair, and the Man disappears. The Mother returns to her chair before the fire. The Child kneels at her side. There is a great sense of peace.*

*The Mother* starts, opens her eyes, and exclaims—How beautiful it all is!



A SON'S VISION.—Just after Corporal M'Donald, who was the fourth son of Mr. John M'Donald, retired bookseller and stationer, of Roxburgh Street, Kelso, had been killed at the front, and before official intimation had been received of his death, his little son told his mother that he had seen his father and that the latter had spoken to him. The story is all the more interesting in that the six-year-old boy asserted that his father had a black badge in his cap. This was the badge of the East Surreys, but the child had only seen his father wearing a brass badge.—*Hawick News*.

## OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

THE author of the Rose Queen allegory in this issue, asks an interesting question as to flowers and trees in the next world, and Mr. W. H. Evans supplies a most instructive answer:—

*Question*.—Are all the beautiful trees and flowers which we are told make the Summerland so lovely—are they really the souls or spirits of flowers and trees which have previously existed here for a time and then have died?

ANSWER BY MR. W. H. EVANS.

This is an interesting question. It goes to the root of many other problems, and it will be necessary to deal with it as fully as space will permit.

First, the term Summerland is one coined by Dr. A. J. Davis, as descriptive of the spirit-world; and if we study his philosophy we shall learn that the spirit-world is really a further evolution of the material world; that throughout all material nature there is a process of refinement, or sublimation, continually going on. The refined particles go to make up the spirit-world. So all departments of nature, such as the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms, are laboratories in which these processes are going on. Thus the spirit-world is *real*; it has form, and locality. It is not a mere reflection of consciousness, but a world of substance—matter in a highly refined state.

*All life is immortal, but all individualised forms of life are not immortal.* The only individualised form of life that is immortal in form as well as essence is man. All beneath man emulates, and in a sense aspires to be man. Thus trees and flowers are not immortal in the sense our questioner asks. If they were, it would mean that all individualised, or organised, forms of life are immortal, and there are quite a number of organised forms that are repugnant to us; for example, snakes and reptiles, not to say insects of various kinds. But the life essences of these probably rise to higher planes in the course of development.

All the flowers and trees spoken of as existing in the Summerland are indigenous to it; and are not the translated spirits of the flowers and trees here. A great deal more could be said on this, and perhaps (if the Editor is willing) a series of short articles dealing with the teaching of the Harmonial Philosophy of Dr. A. J. Davis will be helpful to all readers. But this is the line of inquiry, and I think indicates the unbroken continuity of nature in all her developments.

[Yes, the articles suggested by Mr. Evans on A. J. Davis's Harmonial Philosophy will be most welcome to everyone.—Ed. *I.P.G.*]

QUESTION FROM MISS LILLIAN PALMA.

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

ANSWER BY MR. C. G. SANDER.

Animals have souls, which soon after death are absorbed in the ocean of universal life, with the exception of such animals who, by long and close affectionate association with man have been endowed by the latter with a temporary Ego, which survives and exists in the spirit-world as long as kept alive by the affection of its former owner. We may, therefore, expect to meet our pets in the Beyond. The animals in the Book of Revelation are symbolic.

## "CLOTHED UPON."

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

Fragrance of growing rose permeate me,  
Light of the dewy morn enlighten me,  
Love, where Fruition's sure, my solace be.

Let not my darken'd days prayerless go by,  
Let not my tuneful praise tearfully die,  
May I, in all things, Thy beauty descry.

When I would scale the heights, be Thou my guide;  
When I to hells descend, let me not slide.  
May I be strong in Thee, though Man deride.

Never in selfish ease may I repine  
Though Thou Love's chalice break, bid the new wine  
Flow through the soul of me, make my will Thine.

Grace Thou Love's marriage feast, O Guest divine,  
In things material evermore shine.  
Father, sustainer, Creation is Thine.

E. P. PRENTICE.



## Rational Views of a Spiritual Life— Here and Hereafter.

By W. J. COLVILLE.

The author of this able article needs no introduction to psychic students, as for thirty years he has been known the world over as a distinguished psychic lecturer, author and novelist. In sending the article Mr. Colville says:—"I hope and believe your admirable periodical will meet with great encouragement, and do much good in these agonising times."

FROM very many quarters in these greatly perturbed times we are apt to receive tidings and teachings concerning spiritual conditions which savour more of undue excitement than of clearly reasoned philosophy. It is therefore necessary that all who may be seeking to give solid comfort to the newly bereaved, and in other ways to help clear away the thick mental mists which obscure the spiritual vision of honest truth-seekers, should endeavour to rid themselves of sensationalism, and tackle the mighty problem of life here and hereafter fearlessly and reasonably.

In times of unusual mental stress and strain it is inevitable that every conceivable phase and variety of theology should put in its claim for acceptance as in some measure a panacea for doubt and sorrow; but, as the columns of the *Psychic Gazette* have recently shown, there are still Christians who entertain views of Deity and immortality immeasurably more depressing and harrowing to loving hearts than any cold materialistic denials of life's individual continuity beyond physical dissolution.

It seems incredible that human beings with intelligent minds can accept and advocate the worst theological views which have recently found place in your correspondence columns, but certain well-meaning people are evidently afflicted with spiritual myopia, and cannot realise how utterly inconsistent with reason and love are the hideous assertions which they delight in making continually, despite all appeals to their better judgment.

Christianity, as interpreted by Archdeacon Wilberforce and many other spiritually minded writers and preachers, is undoubtedly an ark of refuge and a tower of strength to many sorrowers in these war-stricken days; but how any one can derive comfort from the thought of the everlasting misery of any spirit in the universe is incredible, unless we attribute diabolical sentiments to our fellow human beings.

It seems clear to intelligent and thoughtful persons that one of the chief strongholds of cruelty alike in theory and practice, is lack of adequately sensitive imagination. This was publicly declared a few years ago by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, at a time when his famous Thursday noon services in the City Temple were in the height of their popularity. We sometimes find children—boys more frequently than girls—torturing living creatures thoughtlessly. To accuse such children of deliberate wanton cruelty would be altogether unjust, and it would testify to the accuser's bluntness of perception and consequent unfitness for the work of child-training. But absence of criminal accusation by no means implies justification of unrighteous and unreasonable acts. If the modern world would only face the problem fairly and squarely, it would soon be decided that savage or barbaric

theology is a survival from distant periods in human development, antedating the development of humane sentiment; and as present events are abundantly proving, savagery still lurks in many instances under a veneer of seemingly high civilization. It need not, therefore, be difficult to attribute all harsh and needlessly repellant doctrines to a survival of intellectual barbarity, rendered tolerable by familiarity.

The extraordinary anomaly often confronted is the fact that so much kindness and so much cruelty are interwoven in the same religious concepts. A God of love is preached earnestly and effectively at times, and with evident sincerity, by the very persons who at other times harp ferociously upon the idea of divine vindictiveness, and whenever one attempts to convict one of these distorted theologians of inconsistency a plea is entered on behalf of *justice*, which is indeed as truly divine an attribute as mercy.

It is on the ground of a better understanding of justice that the battle must now be fought between rational and irrational, as between humane and inhuman theology. We are referred to the justice of God; we are told that if we protest against the nightmares of mediæval theology that we are extolling mercy but denying justice; a proposition that needs to be flatly contradicted and vehemently disproved. Justice may well be regarded, for all practical purposes of law and order, as that divinely human and humanly divine attribute of consciousness which seeks the general good and therefore will never consent to an elevation of private over public rights and liberties. Courts of Justice should be places where the welfare of entire communities is impartially considered, and where judicial sentences are pronounced with the sole purpose of protecting and benefiting society at large.

The old plea of recommending a prisoner at the bar from justice to mercy is based on the fundamental misconception of justice entertained in Shakespeare's day in Venice—if we may regard Portia's famous speech in *The Merchant of Venice* as a true reflection of prevalent misconceptions. Portia, on the false assumption that in the course of justice none of us will see salvation, trumps up a plea for needlessly overlooking the defendant's misdemeanour, in such manner as to work a gross injustice on the plaintiff.

Clumsy subterfuges and frantic endeavours to escape from difficult situations may easily be attributed to imperfect men and women, but never can we be justified in arguing as though Deity is *in extremis*, and is obliged to resort to cruel and reasonless courses of action to maintain the moral order of the Universe. At the same time we are not on safe or solid moral ground if we gloss over iniquity, and excuse everything on the basis of the assumption that God is too merciful to cause suffering to any of His beloved children.

Useless or endless suffering is an utterly irrational concept, but remedial suffering or corrective chastisement is a totally different matter. "Flowery beds of ease" do not usually develop heroic character in those who recline upon such over-luxurious couches, nevertheless there may be



periods in a life-career when such a resting-place affords exactly what is immediately most highly beneficial for the reposer.

The wise author of Ecclesiastes hesitated not to say that a time of war might alternate with a time of peace during certain aeons of human evolution, but no wise man who ever lived could possibly have upheld warfare as an end in itself, however justifiable it may sometimes appear as a means to an end. Sickness in like manner may be a blessing in only very thin disguise, for we are often painfully ill while foul humours are being excreted from our polluted systems.

If we never erred and went astray we should never suffer any distressful eliminative processes. Therefore it is rational to teach on all planes at once, that if we learn effectively to avoid falling into error we shall escape penalty both here and hereafter. But having once incurred the necessity for suffering we must suffer until, through suffering's agency, the causes which led to it are overcome.

A philosophy of life which faces all contingencies fearlessly, and dares not attempt to gull the ignorant or flatter the superficial-minded, is by no means a comfortless one. Comfort in the long run is gainable and retainable only when we are holding on to a view of the universe which neither science nor sound philosophy can possibly disprove.

Haeckel, who counsels resignation to a hard inevitable, and sees no hope of individual immortality, is not voicing the highest and latest scientific and philosophic thought of this century, but unsatisfying though his hard Monism proves to be, it is immeasurably better than the perverse theology of many who prate glibly of their "joy and peace in believing."

A few years ago we were all asking, "Do we believe?" Let us now ask, "What do we believe?" and furthermore let us inquire, "Why do we believe whatever we believe?"

The *Psychic Gazette* comes out boldly for faith in spirit-communion, in addition to simple belief in human survival of physical dissolution. This being the case, contributors to its columns may often feel called upon to ask questions regarding methods of spiritual intercommunication, and the nature of the various evidences forthcoming to prove the validity of the central claim. Americans of late have been widely discussing two volumes brought out by Elsa Barker, purporting to contain direct messages from Judge David P. Hatch, formerly of Los Angeles, California. These very peculiar books are intensely interesting and brimming over with doctrines and statements which challenge thoughtful consideration. Whether Judge Hatch was or was not the inspirer of all that these remarkably fascinating volumes contain is, of course, debatable, but from whatever source the exact statements may have actually emanated they are all of a character to make readers ask themselves whether it is not at least highly probable that the accounts of the "astral plane" therein recorded may be substantially correct, and if correct then how intimate and perpetual is the relation between seen and unseen, whether we know of this great fact or not.

Clairvoyance and clairsaudience must be frequently the means whereby sensitives are made aware of the presence of spiritual entities whom they graphically describe as living in conditions closely resembling many scenes with which we are all terrestrially familiar. Elsa Barker has informed readers of *The Channel*, a fine quarterly magazine published in California, that since her

psychic interviews with Judge Hatch she is prepared to regard the poems of Dante as far more real objectively than most literary reviewers and students are supposed to consider them.

The descriptions of the heavens and hells furnished by Swedenborg are being considered in a similarly objective manner by many modern seers, who were formerly disposed to treat Swedenborg's visions very much as Emerson regarded them—as subjective results of mental introspection chiefly if not entirely.

A wise middle course may well be mentally pursued between the two extreme positions with which we have become historically familiar. Subjective and objective are so inseparably interblended that it seems impossible to tell exactly where one begins and the other terminates.

But this inability of ours to precisely determine the respective limits of objectivity and subjectivity need cause no mental confusion. Rather should it lead us to take more definitely individual views of happiness and misery, so that we may grow away from those arbitrarily localisable ideas of heavens and hells which take too much account of circumstances and far too little of interior condition.

If Dante's Inferno actually existed in the thirteenth century, when he described it, and if Swedenborg's hells were actually beheld in the eighteenth century of the present era, we are not by any canon of logical reasoning compelled to infer that they are static or stable, any more than visions of various external states, no matter how correct at the time of vision, need be regarded as portrayals of permanent realities.

The battlefields of Europe exist to-day, and many a frightful scene can be witnessed by a clairvoyant who may remain physically in Britain, America or Australia. Supposing we subsequently verify the accuracy of such clairvoyance, we do not thereby prove, or in any way logically intimate, that the present war will last indefinitely, and that consequently such scenes will be enacted in endless perpetuity.

In like manner we may be fully justified in believing that seership as it extends to post-mortem states may be a reliable means for gaining definite knowledge concerning life in the astral world, with some glimpses of a much higher life on more exalted planes of consciousness than those denominated "astral," without in any degree consenting to the inference that the darkest and most painful conditions now extant will remain for any definitely protracted period in their present lamentable estate.

Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter, and a few other exceptionally brave and widely comprehensive philosophers have dared to describe everything, and positively condemn nothing. Their works are consequently often objected to (Whitman's in particular) by narrower-minded persons, who cannot as yet take the wider view, and reconcile earnest work for betterment with lack of condemnation of particular persons and immediate conditions of existence. The fallacious habit of attempting to Eternalise in thought an immediately existent *inferno* beclouds judgment, prevents careful weighing of evidence, and terrifies many, while it makes sceptics or scoffers of the rest.

What is so essentially sound and sober in Elsa Barker's curious testimonies is the sublime insistence upon the active and successful benevolence and beneficence of dwellers in realms of consciousness widely separated in state, but not necessarily



in place, from dark conditions. If Swedenborg's insistence upon the essential difference between *states* and *places* were more fully accepted a vast amount of mental debris would soon get cleared away. Dr. Garth Wilkinson's insistence upon "placed states" *versus* "stated places," in the spiritual world, was a masterpiece of philosophic acumen.

The preposterous notion that quitting the material body alters the relation of a human soul to God is one of those deep-seated fallacies fostered by religious fanaticism which neither reason nor conscience can possibly endorse. God is Spirit; man is spiritual. The outer body is not the man, who is an enduring spiritual entity, but only a very temporary vehicle through which that entity may be at present manifesting. A man is not a warrior in disposition or intent because he dons a uniform; nor is one a pacifist because he refuses to go to the front in time of war. To decide who belongs with warriors and who with pacifists in the spiritual world it is necessary to become acquainted with the interior life of men; for it is their desires and aspirations, their real affections, that place them in *states* wherever they may outwardly appear in *places*.

Such considerations as these are both sobering and exhilarating, comforting and warning, at the same instant. Our status in the spiritual spheres can only be determined by the quality of our affections. Therefore it is impossible for individuals of widely separated aspirations to dwell and work together in spirit-life. But it is by no means difficult for the wiser and holier ones in spirit-life to minister effectively to those in lower states who are aspiring, even though but very feebly, to attain a higher consciousness.

"Beautiful Beings," and self-sacrificing philanthropists, never lack opportunity for exercising their benevolent desires, translated into beneficent activities, among those who have passed out of the flesh immured in thick darkness, for it is indeed a most important part of their holy mission to fan the faintest spark of aspiration into glowing flames. But the spark must be inherent, or there would be nothing for the celestial ministrants to work upon.

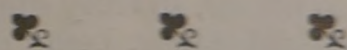
In "War Letters from the Living Dead Man" there is so complete an answer to the priggish doctrine that higher intelligences have no contact with depraved surroundings that, were it only for the stinging rebuke administered to that uncharitable fallacy, we should gladly recommend the volume to the attention of seekers for more light on psychic problems.

We surely do not need to be told that it is not agreeable to fastidious taste and to refined susceptibilities to come closely into contact with defilement; but is fastidiousness and self-considering aloofness to be mistaken for genuine spirituality? The gracious ladies who go to "the front" in Red Cross and similar movements for the relief of suffering, are not supposed to be destitute of fine feelings and love of beauty, because they count it a privilege to minister to men whose condition must be outwardly repulsive. These noble women are many degrees nearer a celestial state, even though in some cases destitute of any definable knowledge of a spiritual world objectifiable in imagery, than are those shrinking self-indulgers whose indulgences are mistaken for spiritual refinement, because the form of selfishness encouraged is subjective and pietistic, instead of frankly and physically luxurious.

One of the effects of the present war is already an increased disposition to count sacrifice greater

than pleasure; and though we shall all rejoice when war has ended and an honourable peace has been proclaimed, during these trying days of international conflict we can do no better than turn our thoughts deeply toward spiritual realities as the only source of genuine consolation, while outwardly neglecting no duty of service which may be brought to our attention.

Rational and spiritual religion can live through any war, and justify itself in all conditions; but such religion can permit no wavering doubt as to the essential goodness of the universe, and the ultimate triumph of righteousness over all forms of inequity. A fresh study of Parsifal is helping many troubled minds in these days of strainful anxiety on behalf of many very near and dear to us. Klingsor's defeat is certain; the ultimate victory of Parsifal is sure. Klingsor is the incarnation of unrighteousness, without regard to place or period; Parsifal is the embodiment of opposing righteousness. There is a fundamental principle of truth, but none of error. Christ can vanquish Satan, but Satan when vanquished by Christ is on his way back to becoming Lucifer. Such is the teaching of all who look below the surface of world-wide allegories, and who peer below the obvious letter of psychical discoveries to trace the outworking of the Divine Plan of the Ages, which can only be fulfilled in the complete justification of all evolutionary processes in the revealed light of involutionary purpose or intention.



### SOLILOQUY.

Deep in the confines of a thoughtful mind  
I lose the outer world, and freedom gain  
To weave an image of a fairer kind,  
To live a little life in fancy's name.

I pluck the roses in a garden fair,  
And walk a moss-strewn lane where violets grow;  
I meet with happy faces everywhere,  
That bid me welcome wheresoe'er I go.

I meet the dear, sweet friends I'd lost awhile;  
I bask again in memory's radiant sun;  
Finding once more the cherished word and smile,  
That I had missed in life's eventful run.

Where are the scenes that meet my mental view?  
How hear I voices that long since have fled?  
Can they be real these flowers of lovely hue?  
Is it a heavenly light that shines o'erhead?

This fleeting glance across the Rubicon  
Is yet my share until the fetters break,  
And I am free to cross the stream anon,  
Into a land where thoughts my heaven shall make.

So let me feel when I am sorely pressed,  
That I may absent be for just a while  
From mortal things, and for a moment rest;  
In contemplation sweet the time beguile.

H. H. YELF



IMMORTAL LIFE.—As life deepens, with every succeeding day, in beauty and in meaning, in absolute trust in God and in love to all it becomes increasingly immortal. This is the life of the spirit, and what power can the change called death hold over Spiritual treasures? In a sense we conquer the territory of immortality.—*Lillian Whiting*.



## The Healing Christ.

MR. J. MACBETH BAIN, M.A., in an address to the International Club, said he would talk intimately and familiarly on the theme of The Healing Christ.

You are, he said, children of the Spirit; you know the ways of the Spirit; and you believe in the Spirit being allowed to have its way. Our theme is so vast; it is cosmic in its vastness. There is no power of the human nature that is not concerned with the unfolding of this holy principle within us. There is no richness of our humanity—our whole universal humanity, incarnate and discarnate—that appertains not to this great richness of The Healing Christ.

I would invite your interest to that part of the theme which is related to the powers of the unseen in their service in The Healing Christ. That aspect lies very near to your hearts and minds, because you know that just as you in these bodies of earthly matter mediate into the souls and bodies incarnate around you, all the good things you have received in superior degree from our risen humanity—that is, the spiritual body of the great human cosmic Christ—they have even so mediated into you. That is a cardinal doctrine. It stands sure, steadfast. It is essential to a true understanding of the powers and service of The Healing Christ.

This sense of the spiritual Presence becomes so intense, so fine, so *intime*, so truly soul of your soul, substance of your substance, being of your being, becomes so truly at one with your inner spiritual consciousness, that by and by it is no longer Thou or I: it is Christ, the body of power, all and in all, the wholeness of God for you.

Just as when in the innermost of your soul, the holy relationship, the essential oneness of your nature with the divine nature, becomes established, when you know with the knowledge that can never, never be moved that Thou art I, and I art Thou, for ever—just as that knowledge is to you an abiding reality, a sure comfort, and the sense of a Presence that never fails you, night nor day, in any circumstances, at any time, so with the knowledge of the consciousness that is embodied in The Healing Christ.

As I said at the beginning, our whole nature is drawn into, is absorbed into, the potency of the health of God. There is no doubt of it, that if we become consciously, wholly, altogether, in the Christ ideal; if we can say—It is no longer I but Christ; if there is no longer a personal I and a personal Christ; if we can say in the innermost of our heart, when speaking the truth of ourselves—God alone is for me, then we cannot fail to have gathered unto the strength of this health-receiving, health-generating, health-giving power, all the virtues and potencies of our whole human nature. That is of course the Redemption and Assumption of the healing virtues of God.

This is so vast a theme that we can only name it. It is so all-rich that we can but look at it, here and there. There is no element of our desire, no attitude of our affectional nature, no forthgoing of our personal will, that comes not altogether under the sway of The Healing Christ. And thus it is, if we are altogether given over to that one holy thing, then there is nothing left to you or me that is not voted unto God. Such a consecration raises you not only in all the ways of thought, word, and deed—to pass the finest judgment, the surest censorship of that all-knowing, all-seeing,

all-judging wisdom of God—but it draws beauty and life to the whole physique: it draws into the health of God all that pertains to you as a man or woman.

Well, now, what can we say of this beautiful thing as it works in us and through us? Can we say that it is a mere idea? Merely the working of a law? or the forthgoing of a perfect principle? Can we say that such a definition would satisfy our realisation of this great consciousness? I cannot say that I would be satisfied with these definitions of this holy thing, this relationship so familiar that this One who is thou, and whom thou art, remains the nearest, the dearest, as it were the very darling of your nature. This relationship, which when all other human relationships, however fondly they rise in your vision, have passed, yields to you the sweetness of God. Such a relationship, more intimate far than can exist between two comrades in life, is the true expression of this knowledge of God, this knowing, knowing, knowing that I am Thou, and Thou art I.

I have discoursed upon this relationship because it means to you and to me the healing of our whole nature. It means the bringing of all our good into the health of God, and it follows, according to my seeing, that all our virtues, strength, and human goods—psychic, mental, volitional, physical, are drawn into the health of God as a sure result of The Healing Christ in our souls.

[At this point in the Mystical Prophet's meditations, a loud screech of Scottish bagpipes came from Jermyn Street below, which utterly drowned his voice. He stood silent, then listened, then laughed. "It's 'The Tinker's Wedding' they're playing," he said, "isn't it a sweet thing? We shall wait till it passes!"]

Continuing—There is no department of our human nature that comes not under the power, and is not drawn into the service of The Healing Christ. And that explains why in all manner of services your virtue—your personal virtue and my personal virtue—can be used, and how without the actual touch and contact of the healing hand, the mere physical presence can be used by The Healing Christ. For if your whole strength is gathered into, and you are subservient to, the One Power of the life-giving Love, then it matters not what may be the mode of the outcome of your personal activity, there will be healing in it—whether by your word, or touch, or presence, or smile. No matter how insignificant your physical life may appear, even in your breathing will be the power of The Healing Christ.

I could not take you into any serious talk upon the manifold modes of healing that are thus brought into our consideration, suffice it to say that the physical, the mental, the volitional—all the powers of our *psyche*—are brought into this service, and whether it be by power of will, by power of thought, by power of desire, or by power of personal presence, the healing work shall be done through you, if so be that your strength is thus gathered into the strength of The Healing Christ.



AMAZED!—"What amazes the attentive observer is the astonishing ease with which some of these scientific men pass over into the spiritistic camp."—J. Godfrey Raupert.



## Aloysia Meredith and Her Inspirational Writings.

By WALTER HOWELL.

MAY I introduce a remarkable Psychic to the readers of the *International Psychic Gazette*? Aloysia Meredith is a lady in the prime of life, so far as age is concerned. She has always been in poor health from early childhood. The particulars which I have carefully obtained should interest psychic students. Doctors who are interested in pathology as well as psychology will find here a fascinating case.

I am concealing the lady's identity to prevent her family being troubled by the morbidly curious, but I shall be pleased to give her name and address to any real psychic student who wishes to investigate the case seriously.

The following details will show under what circumstances and conditions her inspirational writings are received, and the poems and short compositions will give an idea of their literary merit and beauty. They may speak for themselves.

I have heard rendered some of her musical compositions, and though I am not a musician, I may be allowed, as one who loves harmony, to express the verdict of "excellent." I have heard the poems and essays read to me, and they have impressed me with their grace.

About four years ago Aloysia Meredith heard a voice, clairaudiently, asking her to "sit for writing," which she did. Since then writings have been given to her continuously by her inspirers. This lady and her husband have no connection with Spiritualism, and I believe it is correct to say they have never attended a Spiritualist meeting. They are both of them communicants of the Church of England.

Prior to her first reception of inspirational writing, there was no preparation or preliminary investigation. The work was entirely unsought. It has continued, and has been of a gradually increasing efficiency, until now the script is ready for publication as received, no revision of the slightest description being necessary. The poetry is written at an average rate of a line per minute, the prose at a very quick rate. She has written for six hours consecutively, without adversely affecting the use of her fingers, while in normal condition letter-writing is a great tax, on account of weakened tendons. There are some twenty

constant and prominent inspirers, with the circle seemingly ever growing. The whole scheme of control is under the organised direction of one or two spiritual heads.

The health of Aloysia Meredith has absolutely precluded any attempt at study from earliest childhood, also matters of finance were unsurmountable obstacles in that direction. Being the eldest of seven children, with a delicate mother, who had but a very moderate working man's income from her husband, she was early compelled to work in a factory despite her delicacy, until her health utterly collapsed at the age of seventeen, after which ensued a period of years which were simply an existence of weariness and pain. Then came for a short space a gradual improvement, but still a great delicacy.

About the age of twenty-five she entered into married life, after which the delicacy increased rather than abated. Anæmia with severe neuralgic headaches, and constantly recurring breakdowns of utter nervous exhaustion have therefore banned reading or study. She has had no inclination to literary matters at any time. Education has been nothing beyond that given in a public elementary day school to a child too ill to attend regularly. Doctors' bills have been the rule rather than the exception, but since the beginning of this inspirational work there have been none, the health being guarded and advised upon most sedulously by her spiritual guardians.

The variety of her

work may be judged from the following list:—

- Prose—including essays, sermons, and novels.
- Letters.
- Psalms and prayers.
- Music—Hymns, chants, glees, and songs (contralto, soprano, tenor, baritone, and bass).

She usually hears the music given by unseen players on the violin, by orchestra, by voice, or by suggestion, with hints on the accompaniment. Sometimes music is first received, followed by words; sometimes the reverse; sometimes simultaneously; her husband taking the tune down in tonic sol-fa, as she is not musical.

*Painting.*—She does not paint either normally or inspirationally, but gives instruction (received inspirationally) to her husband with very gratifying results, as the water-colour paintings on her walls testify.

*Singing and Elocution.*—Normally incapable of either,



ALOYSIA MEREDITH.



but under inspiration both thoroughly well done. This power came quite suddenly and without development.

*Speaking.*—Not as yet public, but trending that way. The efforts in private are all very beautiful, and are in duration from a few minutes to one hour.

The quantity of the work is great, comprising :—

27 Shilling Exercise Books filled in 4 years.  
Novels—7 long ones, and several smaller ones.  
Sermons—40.  
Essays—30.  
Letters—20.  
Musical Efforts—Quite 400.  
Poems—Well over 1,000, including many with between 100 and 200 verses.

When working under inspiration she is fully conscious of the matter written, at the moment of writing; of what is to follow the words immediately under the pencil she is (except in rare instances) entirely unconscious. Word follows word in sequence, as if dictated from matter of which she is entirely ignorant. Her condition is normal, with this exception, that her physical weakness for the time being is most marked, and that she is to all intents and purposes oblivious of the matters of every-day life. This applies to all her receptivities whether they should be for writing, music, or speaking. At the conclusion of all efforts she has but a hazy conception of the context, and she is gradually but painlessly restored from the physical weakness. I might also add that at all times when under the controlling powers of her inspirers she suffers pain in the right arm—often acute, and at times excruciating. This has as yet been found unavoidable, due to her extreme physical sensitiveness.

#### A FEW EXAMPLES OF HER WORK.

##### PEACE.

O, wondrous Peace! thou mighty, silent river  
Whose waters flow in one perpetual calm,  
Whose soothing rhythm rocks all strife to slumber,  
Whose pulsings are infinite breaths of love.  
O, wondrous Peace! flood thou each thirsting spirit,  
Till from those arid lands whereon they lie,  
Shall rise up perfect fields and spreading pastures,  
And sheltering woods and garden bowers of rest.  
O, wondrous Peace! thou mighty, silent river,  
Flow from the clouds, as softly falls the rain  
To wake the tender shoots of Springtime's verdure,  
Where Winter's harshness stripped the cold earth bare.  
And lift upon the volume of thy flowings  
The turbulence of all of Life's great storms,  
That thou mayst hold and teach their troubled seethings  
The prayer for self-control and trust in God.  
Oh, make thy way through all these hidden byways,  
Where sin, and ignorance, and vileness lurk,  
And lend the 'lumined gleam of thy pure waters  
To mark an open path to dawn of light.  
Where Pain and Suffering drag their days of anguish,  
Oh, spray thy sweetest dews in Mercy's name,  
And lave the lagging feet of fettered toilers,  
That they may gain the heights from which you sprang.  
O, wondrous Peace! O great and mighty river,  
Flood all the world that strife may cease to be,  
That earth and heaven may be as one vast kingdom,  
And Love rule man throughout Eternity.

##### CONSOLATION.

There are no flowers but soon must come to wither,  
There are no joys but know some breaths of pain,  
No stillest day but leaves will set a-quiver,  
No radiant star but with the dawn must wane.  
There is no song but must for some be broken,  
No radiant hope but must to ashes fall,  
No rose to bloom but bears its thorny token,  
No Life but comes to know Death's shadowed pall.  
But surest roads are hewn where flints are scattered,  
And roses bloom more sweetly where are tears,  
And stars still gleam when Hope's fair dreams are shattered,  
Life's fullest radiance glows beyond Earth's years.

Oh, heart of grief, thy chords may all be broken,  
Thy days bereft of song, and love, and light,  
But one day thro' the clouds a way will open,  
And morn will bring an ending to thy night.

##### A SUNSET DREAM.

A glorious sunset swept the western skies,  
As if God had ta'en a brush in hand  
And painted there the Golden Strand  
Of Paradise.

And from a couch, where long he'd wasting lain,  
A little child with failing sight,  
To westward looking in delight,  
Forgot his pain.

His earth-dimmed eyes, in rapture, visioned bright,  
Amid the glorious crimsoned gold,  
An angel's wondrous wings unfold,  
Of gleaming white.

And floating to the earth the angel smiled  
Upon the little form of care,  
And softly whispered, "Heaven is there,  
Wilt come, my child?"

"The pearly gates God's angels opened wide  
That thou might'st see the glorious light—  
Before the falling of the night—  
Where they abide."

"Beyond the Gates are children such as thou,  
And joyously their voices ring,  
And on bright pinions ever wing  
As birds below.

"And music such as earth has never known,  
From harp and lute now soars, now dies,  
And harmonies in rapture rise  
About the throne.

"And shimmering rivulets of light are there,  
And waving trees to lend their shade,  
And wondrous flowers that never fade  
In gardens fair.

"And past and gone are all the pain-filled hours,  
And God Himself takes every tear  
That such as thou hast anguished here  
To dew Heaven's flowers.

"I know thou'rt sadly weary, little one,  
Come, let me hold thee to my breast,  
And bear thee where thou'lt find sweet rest,  
Thy day is done."

And o'er the couch bent, oh so tenderly,  
The beauteous, radiant form of Light,  
Then spread his wings for upward flight  
As failed the day.

The sunset glory swiftly paled and passed,  
And swooned and flickered every ray,  
As twilight, veiled in sombre grey,  
Came hastening fast.

Swung close again the massive Gates of Heaven,  
Scarce lingered one pale, quivering gleam  
Of that entrancing, golden dream  
That Heaven had given.

But, ere were barred the glorious Gates, was seen  
An angel with a child, at rest  
Upon his tender, radiant breast,  
To pass between.

##### A NOCTURNE.

Night falls softly and greyly; no shadows, but a pearly transparency, which veils while yet it reveals; no stars, but yet a translucence which shimmers and ripples indescribably. It is as if night had concentrated all the beauty of the earth, and under the magic hand of peace were wafting it to a slumb'rous land of dreams. Beautiful is the rhapsody in the music of the theme, and Peace the flowing undercurrent of the rhythmic measure. Glory there is not—that were to wake one from the delicious langour of relaxation; ecstasy?—yes; but 'tis the ecstasy of a perfect rest. The sigh of the wind, the answering tremor of the leaves, the raising spirits of the flowers—each lend of their weavings to the robing of Night. Trickling waters, invisible, scarce audible, the rising dews of delicately-perfumed moisture, bathe the soul, until it also floats in an atmosphere which seems to belong to angels rather than to men. The stillness is exquisite, intensified only when broken by the music of a splashing pebble, or by the note of a dream-hushed bird.

O, Soul of Man! O, Soul of Man! drink deep, drink deep; for such nectar of peace from the shadowy hand of pearly-mantled beauty is a cup of joy to which even angels would stoop in eagerness to press their raptured lips.



# The Religion of the Temperaments.

By W. M. STORAR, M.D.

IT should surely be possible to clear up much of the confusion which attaches in common talk to the words "God" and "Religion." "Who by searching can find out God, or know the Almighty to perfection?" Not one. What do we mean then when we as individuals use the word "God"? My answer is—only a personification of those qualities which seem best to us.

Sir Thomas Browne extols the "Religio Medici," or the ideals of a Physician; Mr. le Gallienne advances the "Religion of a Literary Man"; Professor Huxley said that to do his duty as it ought to be done, when it ought to be done, whether he liked it or not, was religion enough for him. The inference therefore is that members of different professions may naturally have quite different notions of religion.

We shall come most quickly to a correct estimation of the substantial fact if we admit that the "God" of common phrase is anthropomorphic, or made in our own image, or according to our own peculiar imagination of what is greatest and best in human nature. We all have different imaginations of what is greatest and best; therefore we all have differing notions of "God."

If it can be shown, as it may be, that there are seven distinct temperaments in men, then we may conclude there are seven distinct types of idea of "God" of necessity worshipped by mankind.

What are these types or temperaments? They are outlined for us in the names of the days of the week—rather curious, is it not?

(1) Persons of the Sunday (sun-day) temperament are noble, dignified, courageous, humane, faithful friends, and generous foes, never unkind.

(2) Persons of the Monday (moon-day) temperament are usually refined, engaging, courteous, rather variable, artistic and easy-going, never unkind.

(3) Persons of the Tuesday (Mars-day) temperament are martial, fiery, headstrong, furious, often cruel and destructive. The Norse god of war is Tiw; the name Teuton is probably derived from it.

(4) Persons of the Wednesday (Woden or Mercury) temperament are mercurial, clever, witty, sarcastic, precise, inventive, hustlers in business, very smart, often tricky.

(5) Persons of the Thursday (Thor or Jupiter) temperament are jovial, honest, good-natured, genial, humane, just, merciful, liberal, faithful, and generous, never unkind.

(6) Persons of the Friday (Freya or Venus) temperament are good-humoured, merry, artistic, fond of gaiety and pleasure, convivial, careless, and thoughtless—never unkind.

(7) Persons of the Saturday (Saturn) temperament are saturnine, cold, slow, patient, calculating, shrewd, prudent, rather solitary—never actively unkind.

Each of these types imagines a "God" in its own likeness. It would seem that the peoples of the Tuesday and Wednesday (Martial and Mercurial) types—those who worship force, cruelty and inventiveness—have gained the power to impose their authority upon all the other types of humanity, especially in Central Europe. The god of all cruel men is Mars or Tiw, of all tricksters and thieves Woden or Mercury. We do not need to

look far among our own fellows to see crooked Martial and Mercurial characters, always working and scheming for the subjugation and exploitation of their more kindly neighbours.

The only way to limit the pushfulness, greed, cruelty and trickiness of these two types would be for the noble (Sunday), the refined (Monday), the good (Thursday), the merry (Friday), and prudent (Saturday) types to combine, and by their united influence exclude those dangerous and ugly types from positions of influence and power, keeping them in their proper places as very efficient *servants* of the body politic.

The God of the churches is a variegated blend—according to time, place and circumstance—of all of these human attributes. The God of the individual is what he most loves—what he most seeks after, is his dominant passion. Am I greedy, pushful, and cruel? then Mars is my God. Am I also tricky and unscrupulous? then Mercury has much share in my devotions. If nobility, refinement, goodness, joy, and prudence are supreme, and the directors of my force and talent, then my religion will be good enough—no matter what it may be called.

So many minds, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
Whereas the thing the whole world needs  
Is just the art of being kind.—E. W. W.



## SANCTUARY.

Panting I come across the desert plain:  
Oh, heart of mine, what sanctuary to gain!  
Athirst I stand, within cool marble halls,  
Sheltered from heat and sun: around the walls  
Of this mysterious place great beakers stand,  
Filled with clear water; and, on every hand,  
Goblets of silver, set with precious gems,  
Vessels of gold, with chased and patterned stems,  
And crystal cups, with fretted base and bowl:  
And voices cry, "Choose, drink, poor thirsty soul."

But I am spent, my consciousness I lose;  
I'm weary, fainting, spent, I cannot choose:  
Water I cannot tell from priceless wine,  
So tired am I; so, friends, the choice be thine.  
I hear your bidding as I sink to rest—  
"Drink deep, drink deep, of wine that Love has  
blessed."  
Your voices echo through my fitful sleep—  
"Drink deep, drink deep, from Sorrow's cup, drink  
deep,  
And you shall find, amid the base alloy,  
'Neath Sorrow's draught, the priceless pearl of joy."

LILIAN HOLMES.



THE DISCIPLES OF JESUS.—"Such was the group which, on the shores of the lake of Tiberias, gathered around Jesus. The aristocracy was represented there by a Custom's officer and by the wife of one of Herod's stewards. The rest were fishermen and common people. Their ignorance was extreme; their intelligence was feeble; they believed in apparitions and spirits. Not one element of Greek culture had penetrated this first assembly of the Saints. They had very little Jewish instruction, but heart and goodwill overflowed."—*Ernest Renan*.



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### "Spirit-Psychometry."

THE general theory adopted to explain the wonderful phenomena of Psychometry is that in a sense not even suggested by Shakespeare when he used the phrase, "walls have ears," no event taking place in a room can elude the vigilance of these silent unsuspected auditors, that some portion of the aura of persons enacting some comedy or tragedy is in some subtle way appropriated by "the dead walls," or by the furniture in the room, and that a psychometrist, sensitive to these aural impressions, is so aware of their presence, and so responsive to their occult vibrations or colourings, that he can by merely coming into contact with them, reconstruct the tragedies and comedies, and even trifling circumstances, that have happened there, no matter how long ago. This truly miraculous faculty exists in many persons to-day.

A somewhat remarkable book on the subject, bearing the title "Spirit-Psychometry," was published by Messrs. Rider about two years ago. It claims to be a careful record of phenomena noted as they happened by a gentleman who was high-sheriff for his County in Wales in 1910-11, and the editor of the volume vouches that "everything recorded in this book may be accepted as absolutely truly uttered." Both gentlemen reserve their real names—possibly to save themselves the inconvenience of being considered mad by their friends at the present stage in psychic knowledge!—but "Mr. Jaybee" the high-sheriff, his wife, who is a joint witness, and the editor, an unemotional M.A. and trustworthy clergyman of the Church of England, are known and esteemed by well-known psychical researchers of our acquaintance. They emphasise their belief that psychometry is a phase of Spiritualism, and that the visions and impressions they have published "are largely, if not wholly, imparted to the seer by unseen agencies."

The medium, who is given the name of "Olwen," is described as "a remarkably ignorant Welsh woman of humble birth, and now in domestic service." She is forty years of age, of buxom figure, and bucolic in face! She has never been out of South Wales, knows only the Welsh language, and is only capable of understanding "yes" and "no" in the English language, and yet her psychometrical readings were often given through her in English. She has never received any fees, and thus had no motive to trick her customers! And, most wonderful of all—

Though she repeatedly went into trances, and several controls spoke through her during between two and three years, to this day *she is totally ignorant of the fact*. The gentleman who wrote down in English whatever was spoken, whether by herself, of what she saw clairvoyantly or heard clairaudiently, or what was spoken when she was in trance, has kept everything about the *spirit controls* as a profound secret from her. She used to apologise for going to sleep!

Her communications are of an extraordinarily varied and interesting kind, far beyond the intellectual scope of such a woman. While holding a piece of an earthen jar, found in a field in Cardiganshire, she "sees" a prehistoric man building a hut of peat or sods. Another

man arrives, and they are busy about some object lying on the ground, about the length of a man. She goes through the agony of piercing or stabbing sensations, she is terrified, she feels as if the lower part of her leg was pulled off. Then she sees a fire burning, and smells a most obnoxious smoke; something about the height of a man is standing erect in the centre of the fire. The huge bonfire is now on the wane. She sees the men gathering remains and putting them in a crock, burying the jar, placing a stone on it, and covering it up with sods. Then she has sensations of sinking down deeper and deeper, until she is smothering and gasping convulsively for breath. All this prehistoric drama comes to her through touching part of a cinerary urn, which had been found on the shore of a now vanished lake.

She has visions of the Glacial epoch, as well as of Kenilworth Castle, through a "flint-core" flaked by a prehistoric man, and found at Kenilworth. She describes a curiosity-shop in Cairo, on touching a carved wooden figure purchased there. She sees present-day scenes in Tartary and Tibet, when handling a Tibetan teacup. But her crowning achievement is the description of the crucifixion and burial of Our Lord, and the fate of the two thieves, while she held a piece of wood brought "from the east," place unknown. Part of this is worth quoting:—

The vision at present is very indistinct. There is a great darkness overshadowing my vision. I can see a long pole, or something similar to a clothes post about ten feet high. There is something hanging on it, a garment or something. It is so dark that I cannot possibly see clearly. This pole is now showing a cross-piece extending near the summit. I think I can see something crawling about, as of persons on their knees. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I am smothering, suffocating. Oh! the needles again being pushed through the backs of my hands and through the backs of my feet! Oh! the pain! I am having something thrust into the right side of my breast. . . . I now see about four men at this present moment; they are about to do something. Now they are uplifting their arms as if to reach something. I think the cross has been taken down. I see now a man lying on his back. He is very long; he wears a covering over his loins, otherwise he would be naked. He is now being covered over with a white sheet which reaches up to his chin. I feel this man is dead. I see now three crosses. I saw them before, but had no time to mention it, because of that terrible pain which came so suddenly upon me. These two remaining crosses, with something hanging on them, are still visible, and there is no sign of their disappearing.

When the sitting was concluded, Mr. Jaybee asked Olwen if she knew what she had been describing, and she replied, "No," and was quite surprised when told that she had been describing Christ's crucifixion.

The book is a valuable record of most curious phenomena, which will assuredly interest psychic students. Whether it maintains its suggestion that psychometry consists chiefly in impressions conveyed to the medium by discarnate controls is, we think, doubtful. Psychometry is an art often enough successfully exercised without the help of such agency. In that case it is regarded as "normal" psychometry. Where the medium goes into trance the psychometry is, of course, given by the disembodied persons controlling her, but their help is not essential at all times. In the same way we have mediumistic clairvoyance, but that does not eliminate normal clear-seeing through the sensitive's own unaided psychical faculties. It may be useful to distinguish between the two phases of the art, which are both necessary to account for the varied manifestations, but "Spirit Psychometry" must not be reckoned as covering the whole field.

J. L.



## Interview with Mrs. Etta Duffus.

### REMARKABLE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

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After lunch, a visit to the stables of her famous stud of Shetland ponies, and a walk through the gardens and conservatories of the demesne, we had an opportunity of asking Mrs. Duffus about her interest in spirit intercourse and how it arose.

"Twelve years ago," she said, "I lost a young son, three years of age. He was operated on for appendicitis, and only lived for a year and three months. When he died I was not a believer in Spiritualism, but a Mrs. Crossley talked to me

on the subject and presented me with her book, 'The Company of Heaven.' I remember I laughed about it to my husband, and said, 'She is a Spiritualist!' I read the book, but it did not much appeal to me until my husband also died, three months later. A Mrs. Watson then invited me to her room in a hotel, where we sat at a table, and my husband's name was spelt out by tilts. He gave me quite a clear proof that it was he who was there, for he spelt out at my request the familiar pet name by which I used to call him. And that was my first beginning!

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but was woefully disappointed. There were physical manifestations for every sitter excepting Mrs. Watts and myself. My husband gave a loving message, but said he could not show himself as he was himself too excited and I was too anxious."

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pleased to see me. At the same seance my husband appeared. His features were quite clear, and we were both very delighted to meet again face to face. I did not see my boy for some time, but afterwards he materialised quite close to the floor between Mr. Husk and myself.

"I have often seen my husband since then and have talked to him, and he has embraced me. He also cured my eyes once. When I was sitting with a Mrs. Millar, I said 'I seem to see everything double.' She thought I could not be well, so I went to a Harley Street doctor, who told me that it might be six months before my eyesight would be right. When I went next to Mr. Husk's my husband massaged the eyes with his materialised hand. There were little lights on the tips of three of his fingers. I watched the process by keeping one eye open while he was massaging the other! My husband also got Dr. Mesmer (in spirit), to massage them, but there were no



The Inventor of "The Cheer-up Club."



## The International Psychic Gazette

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

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

### "Spirit-Psychometry."

THE general theory adopted to explain the wonderful phenomena of Psychometry is that in a sense not even suggested by Shakespeare when he used the phrase, "walls have ears," no event taking place in a room can elude the vigilance of these silent unsuspected auditors, that some portion of the aura of persons enacting some comedy or tragedy is in some subtle way appropriated by "the dead walls," or by the furniture in the room, and that a psychometrist, sensitive to these aural impressions, is so aware of their presence, and so responsive to their occult vibrations or colourings, that he can by merely coming into contact with them, reconstruct the tragedies and comedies, and even trifling circumstances, that have happened there, no matter how long ago. This truly miraculous faculty exists in many persons to-day.

A somewhat remarkable book on the subject, bearing the title "Spirit-Psychometry," was published by Messrs. Rider about two years ago. It claims to be a careful record of phenomena noted as they happened by a gentleman who was high-sheriff for his County in Wales in 1910-11, and the editor of the volume vouches that "everything recorded in this book may be accepted as absolutely truly uttered." Both gentlemen reserve their real names—possibly to save themselves the inconvenience of being considered mad by their friends at the present stage in psychic knowledge!—but "Mr. Jaybee" the high-sheriff, his wife, who is a joint witness, and the editor, an unemotional M.A. and trustworthy clergyman of the Church of England, are known and esteemed by well-known psychical researchers of our acquaintance. They emphasise their belief that psychometry is a phase of Spiritualism, and that the visions and impressions they have published "are largely, if not wholly, imparted to the seer by unseen agencies."

The medium, who is given the name of "Olwen," is described as "a remarkably ignorant Welsh woman of humble birth, and now in domestic service." She is forty years of age, of buxom figure, and bucolic in face! She has never been out of South Wales, knows only the Welsh language, and is only capable of understanding "yes" and "no" in the English language, and yet her psychometrical readings were often given through her in English. She has never received any fees, and thus had no motive to trick her customers! And, most wonderful of all—

Though she repeatedly went into trances, and several controls spoke through her during between two and three years, to this day *she is totally ignorant of the fact.* The gentleman who wrote down in English whatever was spoken, whether by herself, of what she saw clairvoyantly or heard clairaudiently, or what was spoken when she was in trance, has kept everything about the *spirit controls* as a profound secret from her. She used to apologise for going to sleep!

Her communications are of an extraordinarily varied and interesting kind, far beyond the intellectual scope of such a woman. While holding a piece of an earthen jar, found in a field in Cardiganshire, she "sees" a prehistoric man building a hut of peat or sods. Another

man arrives, and they are busy about some object lying on the ground, about the length of a man. She goes through the agony of piercing or stabbing sensations, she is terrified, she feels as if the lower part of her leg was pulled off. Then she sees a fire burning, and smells a most obnoxious smoke; something about the height of a man is standing erect in the centre of the fire. The huge bonfire is now on the wane. She sees the men gathering remains and putting them in a crock, burying the jar, placing a stone on it, and covering it up with sods. Then she has sensations of sinking down deeper and deeper, until she is smothering and gasping convulsively for breath. All this prehistoric drama comes to her through touching part of a cinerary urn, which had been found on the shore of a now vanished lake.

She has visions of the Glacial epoch, as well as of Kenilworth Castle, through a "flint-core" flaked by a prehistoric man, and found at Kenilworth. She describes a curiosity-shop in Cairo, on touching a carved wooden figure purchased there. She sees present-day scenes in Tartary and Tibet, when handling a Tibetan teacup. But her crowning achievement is the description of the crucifixion and burial of Our Lord, and the fate of the two thieves, while she held a piece of wood brought "from the east," place unknown. Part of this is worth quoting:—

The vision at present is very indistinct. There is a great darkness overshadowing my vision. I can see a long pole, or something similar to a clothes post about ten feet high. There is something hanging on it, a garment or something. It is so dark that I cannot possibly see clearly. This pole is now showing a cross-piece extending near the summit. I think I can see something crawling about, as of persons on their knees. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I am smothering, suffocating. Oh! the needles again being pushed through the backs of my hands and through the backs of my feet! Oh! the pain! I am having something thrust into the right side of my breast. . . . I now see about four men at this present moment; they are about to do something. Now they are uplifting their arms as if to reach something. I think the cross has been taken down. I see now a man lying on his back. He is very long; he wears a covering over his loins, otherwise he would be naked. He is now being covered over with a white sheet which reaches up to his chin. I feel this man is dead. I see now three crosses. I saw them before, but had no time to mention it, because of that terrible pain which came so suddenly upon me. These two remaining crosses, with something hanging on them, are still visible, and there is no sign of their disappearing.

When the sitting was concluded, Mr. Jaybee asked Olwen if she knew what she had been describing, and she replied, "No," and was quite surprised when told that she had been describing Christ's crucifixion.

The book is a valuable record of most curious phenomena, which will assuredly interest psychic students. Whether it maintains its suggestion that psychometry consists chiefly in impressions conveyed to the medium by discarnate controls is, we think, doubtful. Psychometry is an art often enough successfully exercised without the help of such agency. In that case it is regarded as "normal" psychometry. Where the medium goes into trance the psychometry is, of course, given by the disembodied persons controlling her, but their help is not essential at all times. In the same way we have mediumistic clairvoyance, but that does not eliminate normal clear-seeing through the sensitive's own unaided psychical faculties. It may be useful to distinguish between the two phases of the art, which are both necessary to account for the varied manifestations, but "Spirit Psychometry" must not be reckoned as covering the whole field.

J. L.



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lights on his fingers. The result was that in two days my eyes were all right again.

"I also had most interesting seances with Mrs. Tomson. I went to her twice a week for fifteen months. My husband used to come in full form every time. There was always sufficient red light in the room to read by. I always took my own people and personal friends to these seances; there were never any strangers.

"My daughter was a wonderful medium at sixteen, and used to see her father clairvoyantly sitting at home in his chair, and could give me messages from him. She, however, did not believe in the possibility of spirits showing themselves in physical form. She was very fond of horses, and as a girl she had always regarded Fred Archer as an ideal jockey, so she said, 'If I could see Fred Archer I would believe!' I took her to Mrs. Tomson's, and after we had sat some time, we heard sounds of a scuffle in the cabinet, and Mrs. Tomson came running out. She asked me to go with her to her dressing-room. There she told me that my husband was in the cabinet with some jockey man, and my husband did not want the jockey to come out. Hence, the scuffle, which totally broke up that sitting!

"However, next time we went Fred Archer came out of the cabinet in his jockey's coat, with a blue band across his body, and a whip in his hand which he flicked in characteristic fashion. After that he came every time my daughter was at the seance, and he used constantly to talk of horses. She rode then every day, and Fred used to tell her what horse to go out on, and what not to ride. He told her once, 'Don't take the mare out to-morrow, or something unpleasant might happen.' As a matter of fact the mare had a narrow escape of an accident next day, but she was not on her.

"One night after dark she was coming in from the stables and saw, as she thought, Fred Archer. She took to her heels and ran quickly into the house, in her agitation dropping her pocket-book in the drive. Her uncle found the pocket-book and brought it in. Next day, at Mrs. Tomson's, an old school-chum appeared and said to her, 'You have lost your school-badge. It fell out of your pocket-book last night, but your father picked it up in the drive and will give it you when he has the power.' At that time she had not missed the badge, but when she came home she looked for it in the pocket-book and found it missing. At the fourth seance after that her father handed her the badge of the Tonbridge Wells School! It was the actual one lost in the drive at Penniwells in the dark, and here it was handed to her by her father in Bedford Mansions, London!

"One day, I was sitting here and remarked to my daughter how much I should like to have a canary! She replied, 'Why don't you buy one?' I said, 'I haven't the faintest idea why.' That same night six of us sat with Mrs. Tomson. Twice I heard a curious buzzing sound in my ears, which no one else heard, and they said they could not understand my hearing it. During the seance Mrs. Tomson's control, 'Eloise,' asked me to go to the cabinet, and on my doing so she put a canary into my hand. In the half-light I could not see what it was, and it lay as if hypnotised in my hand till the end of the seance. 'Eloise' had told me to keep it from the light or it might die, but when the light was turned up I forgot, in my eagerness to show it to everyone and it drooped its head as if it were really dying. So I put it in a basket and took it home. It lived for three years. It was somehow different from all other canaries I have ever seen. It was brought from nobody knows where, and when it died I had it stuffed and it now hangs in my room. I have since heard it singing in the middle of the night, and I

seldom went to Mr. Husk's when it was not seen sitting on my shoulder.

"The same sort of thing happened on another occasion. My daughter said she would like to have a piping bullfinch. At Mrs. Tomson's next day, Fred Archer materialised, and put a bullfinch in her hands. She gave it to me to hold till the end of the seance and we brought it home. It lived for two or three

years until a mouse killed it. We got it stuffed too, and it hangs also in my room. But we have never heard it singing again.

"My little boy once asked his sister if she would like a dog, and described a young fox-terrier with a spot on the top of its head, which, he said, he could get for her. I said to him, 'Where are you going to get it?' He said, 'Mummy, I am not going to steal it; I am only going to take it!' My daughter said she would like to have it, and he tried in vain at two or three sittings to bring it to her. One day we heard him weeping in the cabinet, and I asked him what was the matter. He sobbed out that he could not bring the dog! His father then came out of the cabinet, draped in white, and asked if he might bring it. We said 'Yes,' and he said we must open one of the windows. We did so. That was on the top storey of Bedford Mansions, four or five flats up. Shortly thereafter, my daughter saw a puppy being carried in through the open window by no visible hands, and a moment later, her father handed her the little dog, which answered the description previously given by her brother.

"One day I was sitting alone with Mrs. Tomson,



Group of Shetland Ponies at Penniwells.



when a very tall evil-looking spirit stood at the cabinet. His face was the colour of death, and he said nothing, but he glared at me in such a way that I was terribly scared. After the seance I told Mrs. Tomson I would not go again to that house, and I never did, but I used to send my car for her, and she came down to Penniwells, where the conditions are so beautiful.

"I remember a strange thing happening once at Mr. Husk's. It was his first seance after an illness, before this last long illness, and Miss Simpson and myself were the only sitters. 'John King' told us to stand up when he told us to rise. We did so, holding on to Mr. Husk's hands, and immediately Mr. Husk was lifted bodily, chair and all, on to the centre of the small round table. The table was a rickety thing and we wondered however we could get the poor old man down again. But he came out of the trance, and we put his foot on a chair and so helped him down.

"Three years ago I had a motor accident and was thrown out through the glass, being severely cut about the face and neck. I was to have gone to Mr. Husk's that night, so when I was taken home I wired that I had met with an accident. When my telegram was delivered the sitting had begun, but before the envelope was opened 'Joey' said, 'It's a telegram from Mrs. Duffus to say she's had an accident! That night I was suffering from shock, and had a good deal of pain, and I said to myself,

Oh, if only some of my spirit friends would help me to get to sleep!' Im-

mediately I heard 'Joey' say distinctly, 'We are all here; we are all here!' I felt them magnetising me, and I was soon soothed into a good sound sleep. Afterwards at the seances my husband used to come and massage my lip, which was cut open. Dr. Mesmer used to advise him what to do. Sometimes when I am sitting alone my husband rattles and taps among the books and he answers to my thoughts. He taps one for 'no,' and two for 'yes.'"

"And are you never scared?" we asked.

"Oh dear no, I am just as happy as can be! I have sometimes seen forms of persons in my room, but only spasmodically. I remember an old woman coming in, with a shawl over her head. She was leaning over me, and I put my hand up to her. She just came for sympathy. One of my soldier friends also showed himself a few nights ago. He had been killed in the war, and, poor fellow, he seemed rather distressed."

"Please tell us about the soldiers. We saw some pictures in a motoring paper the other day which referred to you as 'A Soldiers' Friend!'"

"I have been motoring out a number of wounded men from the hospital. I take them a nice run into the country. We go about a hundred miles

in the afternoon, and have tea somewhere. Then I bring them back again. On their long marches I sometimes pick up the men who have fallen out and take them back to camp. I have taught some of the convalescents motor-driving, and after being duly licensed they have been offered situations. I used to write every week to twenty-four 'lonely soldiers' in the trenches. An evening paper put the idea in my head, and I sent to the paper for some addresses, but they were so long about it that I simply sent off letters to 'Lonely Soldiers' of the Black Watch, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and the Seaforth's. The officers handed these letters to men who had no friends at home to write to them, and they also put me in communication with others. I have written to them and sent them parcels since. I am at my desk almost from morning till night! They send me very nice letters in return, and I would not miss these boy's letters for the world. A number of them have been killed, and others when on leave have come to see me, and have brought all sorts of relics from the battlefields. I have quite a museum! I have photographed

a number of the lads when here. There are some of them, and here are three convalescents from the hospital dancing the Highland fling, as happy as larks!

"On another occasion a soldier who had been killed came back to me. I was having a sitting here with Mrs. Etta Wriedt, the famous trumpet-medium. The soldier made his presence known, gave his name 'Nicholls,' asked

which of us was Mrs. Duffus, and when I told him, he thanked me for my letters and parcels. He was one of my first 'lonely soldiers.' He asked how I knew he had been killed. I told him a Mr. King had written me. He then tried to say more, but the power failed, and his voice died away."

"We have, of course, heard of your interest in Shetland ponies!"

"Oh, yes, when we came to the country six years ago, we thought we should like to have a hobby, and bought two Shetland ponies at a sale in Scotland as a nucleus. Now we have a stud of thirty-six, and they have taken prizes and medals and championships at many shows all over the country."

[At the Hackney Horse Show just held (March 1916) at Islington, these ponies had a Field Day; winning the Supreme Championship, the Muir Championship, the Reserve for Silver Cup, besides three first prizes, and four third prizes.]

"And have you any other hobbies, Mrs. Duffus?"

"No, I think not, but before the war broke out, I used to have a sort of club in London. It was at St. John's Wood and met every Tuesday night during the winter. It was called 'The



"Dancing the Highland Fling, and as Happy as Larks!"



Cheer-up Club! There were eighty young, middle-aged and old tired women, and they had a good tea and enjoyed the gramophone! They used to dance and sing as if for their very life's sake! They often got themselves up in fancy dress, and they were all quite ready to be happy. Their husbands had to stay at home and mind the children on these nights. The meetings put a touch of brightness into their grey lives. I had been to a Mother's Meeting before that, and I thought it would be a nice thing to have a club with no other kind of religion than just

making each other happy. If you had only seen these poor women! They had each a nickname besides being a 'cheer-up.' One was called 'Harry Lauder,' another 'Dan Leno,' one 'Mother Hubbard,' another 'Wobbly,' and so on; and on fancy dress occasions they appeared in character! When they were dancing, singing, and playing games, I am sure they forgot they had a single care in the world. There ought to be lots of 'Cheer-up Clubs,' for I feel sure they are needed, and they would do the world a world of good!"

## The Twelve Tribes of the Zodiac.

### VI.—VIRGO THE VIRGIN. By LEO FRENCH.

The Sign of Service and Discrimination.  
The Votive Worker.

FITLY between Strength (Leo) and Sweetness (Libra) comes VIRGO, the Sign of Service.

Service is the essential quality and distinctive attribute of Virgo, hence the golden robe of ministry, its zodiacal colour.

There can be no acceptable service without constant exercise of the discriminative faculty; and as the preliminary stage of selection is rejection, it should be no matter for surprise that the average Virgo is a specialist in Imperfection, *i.e.*, he knows perfectly what *should not* be, even if the positive element in his mental concept is less highly developed.

It is useless to decry in Virgo, what is, after all, a necessary stage in all evolution. On the other hand, those who are born between August 22nd and September 22nd (or thereabouts) may remember that "Perfection is reached through a series of disgusts," and that Perfection, not Disgust (carried to a fine art) is the consummation!

The Ideal Virginian is the wise virgin of either sex—possessor of *lamp, oil, punctuality* and *opportunity*. The Virgo purity is *inborn*, "native" to the sign, instinctive and instinctual, the purity of the *earth*, not that of a more or less self-conscious celibate: their lowliness (we speak of the flower of the type) innate, and not of that quality too often associated with "humility" and Uriah Heep! This lowliness is a natural attribute of the ideal server, whose life-expression is through ministry.

It is not too much to say that most of the mediatorial work of the world is carried on by natives of Virgo, the negative, self-effacing aspect of Mercurian influence. Their working-power is proverbial. The account of the life of working bees ("The Lore of the Honey-bee"—*Tickner Edwardes*) is an admirable description of a typical Virgo native. Work is his passion; he spares neither himself nor his associates. Industry and a precision sometimes meticulous, invariably distinguish his methods of application. "The perfect official" ("when found," etc.) *i.e.*, he who does perfectly, regularly, and reliably, what he undertakes to do, is a pure Virgo type.

When judging these great zodiacal children and their modes of motion, we must beware of insidious and odious comparisons. It takes all sorts to make a zodiac; creator, artificer, priest, organiser would be powerless, "mutilated," without Virgo to carry out the so-called "common task," *i.e.*, the routine-work inseparable from the farthest reaching creative, redemptive, and social-constructive ideas. It may be that Virgo has a tendency to worship the deity of "Do-just-so-

and-no-other," and to absorb himself in details, occasionally, even to the neglect of weightier matters of the law. Yet, "the tree is known by its fruits," and the self-abnegation and unwearied industry of Virgo are surely among the fruits of those trees whose leaves are for the healing of nations.

Virgo, being earthy in element, mutable in quality, requires a "lead" from a progressive cardinal, or a "quickening" from a fixed-intuitive sign: that is part of its votive quality. Virgo in action knows how to render an intelligent and loyal obedience, life rather than lip-devotion, which constitutes the purest form of human service.

Virgo makes an admirable Teacher, Editor, or Secretary. His inborn discriminative quality gives him a kind of intuitive "flair" for unearthing the best of its kind. Virgo, if learner in much, is at least master of the delicate art of self-suppression in the matter of personality, self-expression as selector-in-chief, and can thus produce and educe from others their most characteristic, *i.e.*, most valuable talents and faculties.

Irresolution, with its corollary of indecision, is the weakest Virgo vibration; it is certainly one that causes them untold torture. The agony of "making up the mind" is one of Virgo's most painful ordeals. They see all round a question, yet, usually, they have not that particular equilibrium of person required for fence-sitting! Moreover, their habitual mobility goads them forward; equally, however, their constitutional self-distrust makes them "fear to launch away." Likewise, their critical habit of mind renders it exceedingly difficult to pin their faith to any "child of man," even should they ask advice. Again, it is but rarely that a Virgo is sufficiently developed in initiative, to see his way clearly before him!

However, a votive sign "arrives" along the line of mediatorial activity, and progressive development by any route brings initiative finally. The Virgo often "leaves it open" indefinitely, concluding that he is "too busy to make up his mind" and must "leave it to chance, and see what happens." This is in his own affairs, mainly, for a Virgo nebulous, procrastinating or slipshod about his work for others, is Virgo decadent.

Happy the Leo or Libra, creator or administrator, who possesses a Virgo to perform the minutiae of the major office. The characteristic expression of those who are privileged to watch a Virgo at work is, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." It is a safe conclusion that none will be more surprised than he to find that he has time, opportunity, and inclination to "enter into the joy of his Lord."



## The Guiding Hand.

By W. H. EVANS.

The clear-visioned philosopher of Merthyr herein expresses his spiritual optimism, and concludes on a triumphant prophetic note.

"MIDWAY upon the journey of our life" we begin to become conscious of the invisible Power which guides our life. There gradually grows within us a conviction that things have worked toward certain definite ends, and there grows upon us the feeling that it could not have been otherwise; also, we would not have had it otherwise.

This sense of the Divine Protection, which is one that some persons inherit, and others acquire, which some perchance do not attain to at all until they are "beyond these voices," is a very real one. It is of the element of faith, an inner consciousness that, in the midst of life's storm and stress, "all's well."

Life is checkered, it is never smooth and even. Like a mountain-stream it winds and twists, now running placidly, anon leaping madly over some fall, eddying round rocks, creeping into crevices, filling up the hollows of existence, but ever going on to the great boundless ocean. Hurrying, as though it felt the pull of the great sea, beyond the hills and dales, and meadow-lands afar.

Yes, we too feel the pull, that we call the "life urge." It draws us forward, like the magnet pulling the needle, and we go on, through "moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," till the day comes when we float out over the bar, to the great ocean beyond.

And as the stream carries with it something of every part of the countries through which it passes, so that it never reaches the sea just as it left the mountain-top where it took its rise, so do we carry with us to the great ocean, a host of experiences, enriching our lives, and the great ocean also.

In our childhood's days we used to read the stories of good fairies who stood at the cradles of the newly-born, and blessed them with various gifts. Looking back, I sometimes feel two fairies, whom I call Great Heart and Hope, who stood by my cradle. It seems as though nothing could quench the gleam that has been ever before my vision, nothing could still the restless desire to grasp it. Only when the intellect splits up the clear white light of the spirit has it seemed sometimes to recede.

And looking at the dark lines revealed in the spectrum, one wonders whether there is any alchemy that can resolve them all back into that clear white light, which fell upon our spirits with such soothing grace and power. It is the intellect, rebellious, restless, surging ever, that questions

the Guiding Hand; that doubts its existence, and proclaims, blatantly at times, that such guidance is a myth and a dream.

It is only when we escape the noisy vociferations and clamourings of the intellect that we find, fathoms deep in our being, that serene faith, which like the Key of Promise in Christian's bosom, lies forgotten, and we are held in the grip of Giant Despair, who beats us every day.

If we do not use the Key of Promise, we are at last as blind, and as churlish, as Despair himself. But the use of this Key, which lies deep within us, hidden oftentimes beneath the accretions of much learning, opens the door, that leads to the sunlight of God, and to the delectable mountains, where we catch a sight of the Promised Land bathed in the Glory of the Presence of God.

It is when we look back that we can trace the workings of "the Guiding Hand." When life is seen prospectively, we boastfully say what we will do. Aye! and we do achieve, and blessed is he that tries to do something, for we are here to try, to work, to achieve.

But there is much more even than achievement, great as that is. There is that great faith in the Power of the Universal Goodness, which knoweth not evil, but which uses all forces to accomplish its divine purposes. And as we look back upon our sorrows, we perceive that the black clouds

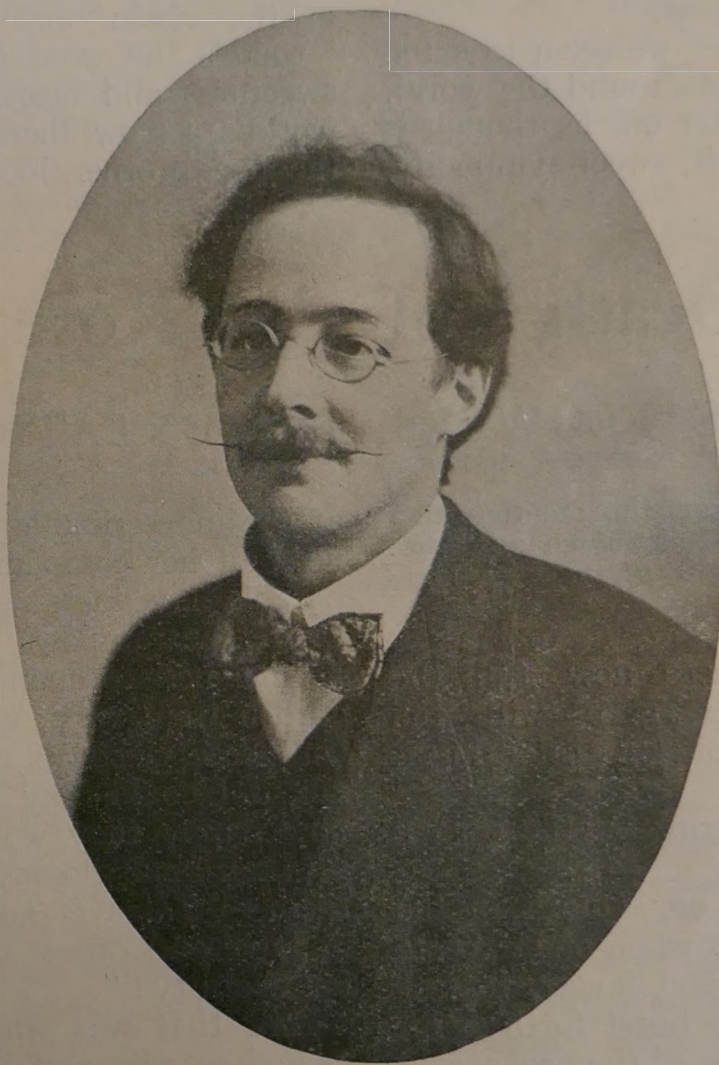
have become golden; that the briars are covered with star-like flowers, flaming with splendour, tinged with our very life's blood, their white hearts shining with the tears we have shed.

The rugged mountain path which seemed so rough and steep, but which developed our thews and sinews, looks picturesque now, and the valley below is full of glad sounds, and mellow glory hangs over it all.

The gentle placidity which we see on so many faces is not a gift from the gods: it has been won. Sorrow has tempered the spirit; trial has strengthened the will. Life is seen as a whole, not as a detached portion. And it is the power to see life thus that helps us to perceive the "Guiding Hand."

We are "captain of our soul" only when we have brought our lives into relationship with the greater life. Only as we realise that "the Everlasting arms are beneath us" do we attain to Mastership. The fires of affliction purify the soul, as fine gold is refined of its dross.

But our perspective of life is so often limited to the grave. So often does it seem to descend therein. But it is not so. The severance of the spirit from its mortal frame only brings to it in



W. H. EVANS.



greater fulness the realisation of the "Guiding Hand."

In these days, it has become hard to hold our faith. In the shock of empires, with the world shaking beneath the tread of martial hosts, when it seems the nations of the western world are riven with hatred, we question where is God? Aye, where is He? Where should He be but in the midst of it all, purifying, winnowing, clarifying our ideas, readjusting our thoughts.

The stars still shine, brother. Yes, in the spring the primroses and the daffodils will bloom, as though no such things as wars and tumults were raging. The forces of nature will go on—orderly, quietly, without haste, but surely and irresistibly. And as humanity slowly and painfully climbs upward, obeying the pull of that Greater than Man, so surely will it emerge into the clearer light of the quenchless Love, the Love that will swallow up hatred and discord, and sound at last the choral song of life and love triumphant.

Sometimes, in the still hours, we seem to catch snatches of that song. It surges round the world, sometimes near, sometimes afar off, as though it lingered among the stars, a soft, sweet symphony,

reminding me of some old cradle song. Yes, just like a mother's love, poured out in lullaby, sweet and low.

Anon, it grows loud and deep, and strong. Then it has in it the sound of the tramp of a mighty army, the coming throng of the world's workers emancipated from economic thralldom. I see them in vision, the men clean-blooded, lithe of limb, strong of arm, veritable gods, with the sounds of deep hearty laughter rolling from their lips. And the women, their eyes shining as though there lay in them the solution of all mysteries; calm and serene of countenance, fit to be mothers of gods.

And the chorale deepens. The voices of men and women blend with shriller treble of the children. And great joy fills the world, for Love is Queen, and Wisdom is King, and the Guiding Hand is seen more clearly. "Out of the deep, out of the deep" have they come. There is joy in the vision, and if you be blind, remember "there's the wind on the heath," and it brings sweetness and health. For in the midst of the world's sorrow there lies a great joy. Look for the Joy, brother, look for the Joy.

## The "Death" of the Rose Queen.

### THE FLOWERS' LAMENTATION.

This beautiful little allegory "came to me the other morning while sitting writing," says a Birmingham reader. Who can guess the living prototypes of the wise little twittering birds, who *knew*?

"POOR faded Queen! Where now is all the glory of your summer garb—with the lovely perfume, the gorgeous colouring—that you wore so proudly?"

All the other flowers and shrubs in the garden looked on in pity and dismay.

"Whatever is wrong with our Queen of the rose-garden? It is not winter, when one expects to throw off the summer leaf and flower, to rest in seclusion for a time, only to burst forth again into bud and leaf with the return of the new spring life. No! this is quite different. There seems to be some canker at her roots, which is sapping away all her life, and power, and vigour."

The Queen shivered and shrank.

"Can it be Death, the *death* of the Queen of the roses? Why, oh why, should this be? Why should the beautiful Life which has been the glory of the whole garden, and has given us all so much pleasure, has been so bountiful with her blossoms and fragrance—why should our Rose Queen now wither and die? Why has she ever been? Whatever is the good of life if it is but to end like this?"

And the flowers wept, and the trees bent their heads in sympathy and wondered. But the little birds in the garden twittered cheerfully, and looked ever so wise. Did they know what the sad flowers and the meditative trees did not yet know?

"Ah! what is this? Where am I now! This is Life indeed! However could I think life was ended yonder? Why, that was only the beginning! *This*, this is *Life*! This is paradise indeed."

The Queen raised her head proudly, and looked joyously around. What a scene! What colouring! What fragrance! She gazed with wonder

at the indescribable hues, the shimmering brightness, of her companions, and at her own incomparable loveliness and thought—Surely here is where the rainbows are made!

And her companions down in the old rose-garden were very, very sad, and thought only—Our Rose Queen is *dead*! But she was saying—Oh, if I could only let them all know the truth, how happy they would be. If they would only lift their kind, gloomy heads and listen I would tell them—"There is no Death—Life is given to us in Love and *cannot* die—All that has Life, has it for Eternity!"

And that was why the little twittering birds looked so wise and joyful. They *knew* what the Queen of the Roses had only just found out. Poor flowers in the garden—if only they could know it too!

Ah, here is a dear little songster, who looks as if he will really burst with his singing. What is this thrilling song of his? Listen!—"No Death, No Death! Tell it out! Tell it out!"

For the Rose Queen had smiled and said—"You wise little bird, you know there is no death, so go on the wings of Love, fly back to the sorrowful garden, and *Tell it out, Tell it out!*" M.R.



SIR THOMAS BROWNE ON DREAM'S DELIGHTS AND ACTIVITIES.—At my nativity my Ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed.



## Children in Spirit-Life.

By ELLEN E. MANN.

The following address to children, received through automatic writing, was read by Miss Mann to the children of the Bournemouth "Lyceum," which is the name usually given to the Sunday School associated with a Spiritualist Church.

**T**HE tidings that I am about to give you are seemingly so wonderful, that all you boys and girls will be surprised to hear them!

Children being immortal, begin to live in the next state of existence just as they leave off living here. Although they do not go straight to heaven, wear golden crowns, and play upon harps, all is very bright and beautiful in the sphere into which they are taken. Their clothing is of beautiful colour and texture; they become happy little souls, full of fun, joy, and laughter, and show no regret at leaving the earth-plane, where they were sometimes neglected or uncared for.

Some children have their own dear parents—already gone into spirit-life—to welcome them; so you may imagine that that reunion is indeed a happy one.

Should the parents still be living in the physical body, spirit-mothers come and take the little ones to their spirit-home. Even the best and most loving of parents here are not so kind to their faults and failings as are *these* spirit-mothers. Greatest care has been taken in their choice, being often those who have never married, or had children, so all the love they would have lavished on their own little ones, had they been blessed with any, is now given to these poor mites.

The first thing that the little child is conscious of, in the next sphere of existence, is the *light* that shines so brightly—a beautiful rose-coloured light of love, too much sometimes for the child to bear without flinching, sent by the children in spirit-life. At the same time, a great deal of *love* seems to enter into the child's immortal being. Just as the petals of a rose unfold, so does a child's soul, at whatever age it is transplanted to its Father's Kingdom.

So that children should not forget their earthly parents they are sometimes permitted to visit them; also to come into a nursery for a romp or a game of play. Have you ever heard your little friends say that they can see other children playing with them, that you are unable to see yourself? A clairvoyant will often describe the happy faces of the spirit-children enjoying themselves in this way.

Every child has his or her garden. The thought to make it beautiful is put into the child's mind, to thus learn the lesson of industry. They also weave their daisy chains, and plait grasses, which grow in profusion everywhere; although they are told not to pluck anything in waste, only what is necessary, maybe to grace the home of some poor invalid on earth.

I want you to imagine a beautiful country, which the children enjoy more than they do here; as they have so many interests, and their buoyant natures are not warped by the constant trials of earth life.

Besides having plenty of games to play, for they are a test of patience, they all go to school. These schools are conducted in a very different way from those you are now attending. In learning their lessons those things which are

thought troublesome and difficult to acquire in the earth schools, are made both easy and pleasant of accomplishment there; for the teachers educate in a way they can understand. A flower is sometimes the emblem of something to be learnt from, and given attention to. When a little girl or boy is naughty—which occurs even there—they are told to look at their garden. On their approach, the flowers droop their heads in sorrow at their conduct; however, when they are penitent for their fault, the flowers raise their heads again, in joy at their repentance!

They often have their lessons in a garden under some beautiful vine, the grapes hanging in luscious clusters over their heads. Their instructors will explain to them how God is the husbandman; the tendrils, his little ones; the leaves, aspirations; the fruit, progression; although the vine suffers sometimes from the onslaught of insects, which are the manifold temptations. Thus does the teacher speak in parables!

A merry child will not permit anyone to go mooning about, thinking over past miseries; so, with the tuition, comes help for the teachers too, in overcoming the selfishness in their own natures. A gloomy soul makes a thick mist about her; and a misty person is avoided by the little ones who say, "she makes me gloomy." So all gloom is put aside, and both teachers and children alike live in brightness, love and beauty.

Swiftly the time passes for these dear children, as it is spent in being useful to their elders; and giving pleasure to their younger sisters. No time is idled away, although plenty of fun and enjoyment is also indulged in.

When they visit the earth-sphere, they bring with them a gentle influence. Some little spirit-girl is taken to the bedside of a sick sister, who perhaps feels her presence, and sleeps, maybe, after many days of pain and suffering. They are also permitted to visit the hospitals, and many a clairvoyant child there has been soothed and comforted by seeing her spirit-sister bending over her with tender love and sympathy—the poor mite thinking it only a dream, when it was an actual reality.

The elder children in spirit-life are constantly interesting themselves in works of love; and it is very touching to see the concern shown by them for some new arrival, who is perhaps still under the delusion that she is on a bed of suffering. They tell her she is in a new and beautiful country, where there will be no more pain and sorrow, and make her forgetful of those friends she has left behind, by telling her she has now entered a home of joy and love. Their natures are thus kept unselfish and loving; for not having had much earth experience to progress in, they evolve by being kind to those newly-born into spirit-life. Until their soul is awakened in this way, they are not aware that they can give love and sympathy to the poor little ignorant child who comes over to them.

Your fathers and mothers love you dearly; also some little friend; but that love is little to what you will receive from the spirit-children, whose first lesson taught them is to love one another, love being the most important virtue, when God takes your spirit-body into His kingdom.



In spirit-land there are angel-children who have never known what it was to live on earth; they grow up beautiful and loving because they have never known evil, so cannot conceive it. At the same time they have to be educated, to know that evil is simply ignorance. The boys and girls who have lived on earth, tell these angel-children of their experiences; so they are able to comprehend what really exists, without ever having participated in it themselves.

Now, all you boys and girls, to be really happy there in the spirit-world, you must learn the lessons of forgiveness, kindness, and patience under difficulties here, doing things thoroughly

and satisfactorily that are distasteful, with a cheerful face. The better you are here, the less difficult it will be for you afterwards, and the greater will be your joy. So do try to imitate these dear spirit-children—who are so often with you—in their unselfish lives, so that when some day you see them for yourselves, you will feel much more at home and happy in their company. You will often give offence, often do wrong; no matter, begin again, for with every trial will come strength to do the right. A cross is not to be cast aside, but taken up like Jesus did His, and borne quietly to the end of life, when the crown of perfect love will be given you.

## How a Little Child Returned.

By A. CLEGG.

THE following is offered as a true record of spirit intervention to bring home the truth of continued existence for the children of earth.

About seventeen years ago we lost a little girl named Eleanor, aged six months. The child faded away with a wasting complaint, and whilst her body lay in the coffin her fair curls (one especially) would not fall back on the head, and one curl was left lying on the forehead. Some three or four years afterwards the child was brought in spirit to our home-circle and made her presence known through her mother, who is a trance-medium. Eleanor soon became most proficient in using the medium.

One evening she announced that she knew I was going to see Mr. Husk at a materialising séance, and she said, "Daddy, they tell me I am going with you on Thursday, my birthday, and they are going to help me to show myself to you."

A harmonious circle assembled at Mr. Husk's home, and after some spirit friends had shown themselves, "Uncle," said, "Mr. Clegg, there is a little girl here. She says she is your daughter, and it's her birthday. John King says we are to help her to build up." After a few minutes the luminous slate was held up to show our dear child's face. She appeared with a little French tight-fitting bonnet on, such as she used to wear, and *with a fair curl of hair hanging over her forehead*. She was so clear and real that I asked that the child should be shown to all the ladies in the circle, and it was agreed that her form was perfect.

Now as to the sequel, after the form had faded away, a voice whispered at my ear: "I am so glad to come, Daddy, on my birthday. I told you through Mamma I should do so. Please give my love to them all."

I was a stranger to nearly all the sitters that day, and I only shook hands for the first time with Mr. Husk when he came into the room before the circle commenced.

Eleanor has been a frequent attendant at our home since that time, and she has grown up in the spirit-world and become a real "Lily in God's Garden." She has been an Angel of Light for ministry to many who mourn for their so-called dead.

Your interview in the current number of the *Gazette* has brought to mind the above incident, I look back with pleasure to this and many other happenings at Mr. Husk's. I too had the pleasure of hearing once again John King's stentorian voice

recently when I visited Mr. Husk's bedside. May God bless "John King" for all the comfort and peace he has brought into the lives of thousands of earnest seekers after truth.



### THE GARMENT OF SLEEP.

'Tis not by mere scale-weight is tested  
The Garment of Sleep:  
Afar from the probings of science  
Its gossamers peep.

'Tis not to be fathomed by measure,  
However precise;  
Nor gauged by a plummet or spanner  
Of human device.

'Tis not to be snared in its freshness  
And purity sweet,  
If wooed with drug essence and poppies  
Which trammel the feet.

'Tis not to be bought by the noble,  
A luxury rare,  
Nor locked from the poor and the simple  
With studious care.

The Angel who ministers slumbers  
From sunset to morn,  
E'en spreads her fair raiment to cover  
Each child that is born.

'Twixt "purple" and "sackcloth and ashes"  
She rarely defines,  
But deftly, with tenderest fingers,  
Her raiment she twines

Around and about and withinwards  
On every pure soul  
Who bows at her feet and surrenders  
Not part, but the WHOLE.

LILLIE JAHN.



EVOLUTION has hitherto been engaged in the building up of the bodily structure of the Earth-dwellers; now the evolution of the inner-self is in fuller progress, so that an ever-increasing number shall receive interior illumination, and shall realise their relationship to the Father-Mother-God.—Eva Harrison.



# The Old Light and The New.

## FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE WITH BROTHER OLIVE.

**F**OLLOWING upon the correspondence printed in our December and January issues, further letters have passed between Mr. A. Olive, Brighton, and his fellow-townsmen, Mr. J. J. Goodwin, and these have been sent us to pass on to *Gazette* readers. They are, however, so voluminous—they would fill a dozen pages of this paper—that we can only print here some interesting extracts from two of the letters. We may remark that they are most vigorous documents on both sides of the controversy, and though Mr. Goodwin's magnificent fight for "The New Light" is all we could wish for, we must not withhold a note of admiration for Brother Olive's sturdy, if hopeless, championship of "The Light that has Failed."

### CLAIRVOYANCE A SATANIC DECEPTION!

MR. OLIVE writes, December 23, 1915:

I like one thing in your letter [which appeared in January *Psychic Gazette*]. You say you are a seeker after the truth. It is very good to be a seeker. Cromwell used to say it was next to a finder. May it be so in your case.

But there is one thing you puzzle me about. You state that your present ideas are not to be given up, whether they are to be found in the Bible or not. I must confess you are not the seeker after the truth, if you already mean to reject the infallible Word of God, the Bible, if it is in opposition to your present experience.

I can quite sympathise with you in regard to the loss of your only son. Although I have been married over fifty-one years, and have four children, death as yet has not entered my family. But the principal matter in which I feel interested is the spirit-state of your late son. You say his mother and two of your daughters are clairvoyant. Now, one thing I have noticed is that this class of people never quote any portions of the Word of God in support or corroboration of their visions, or of the state in which these spirits inhabit. If they were of God they would be recognised in some portions of the Bible. If they are not of God, they are the result of a Satanic deception. . . .

### ONLY TWO AFTER-DEATH STATES.

The two states we find recorded in the Word of God are (as) we find in the account of Lazarus and the rich man. . . . I do not think you can find anything you can rest the state upon, of which you say your son inhabits. It is a state, not of heaven, or hell, or of the Romish purgatory, a state which, I fear, is the result of Satanic deception, and is very acceptable at this time when so many have to deplore the loss of son or husband or fond attachment, and will catch at the consolation afforded by clairvoyancy.

If you have any portion of the Word of God to confirm the idea that it is from God, I would rather rejoice in the comfort it gave to the living. But you (would) do well to take heed to the source from whence you derive your happiness. The Devil has now had some 6,000 years' experience of the best way to deceive poor sinful man. . . . A magazine like the *P. Gazette* is the means of seduction. . . . Now, my dear sir, may the Lord, in the greatness of His mercy, enable you to seek His face, (and) to know your interest in His Atoning Blood.

### THE TESTIMONY OF FACTS.

MR. J. J. GOODWIN writes, January 2, 1916:

I have carefully read your favour through and your chief point seems to be the infallibility of our present-day Bible. I will leave this point for the moment. You go on to state that clairvoyants never give scripture quotations for their visions. Well, this argument rather puzzles me. If I went out and met a very dear friend, whom I had thought to be dead, and conversed with him, and was fully satisfied that it was he, I should not turn up the Bible or any other book to see if it was he or not. I should decide the matter by using the intelligence which God has bestowed upon me. Even if there were no evidence that such a thing had occurred before, I am afraid it would not convince me it was untrue.

### THE BIBLE FULL OF SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

But in the case in question I find no evidence in Bible teaching prohibiting those who have thrown off the material body from returning to those they love if they so wish. On the other hand, the Bible is full of spirit-communion from cover to cover, and proves beyond all dispute that intercourse between this and some other sphere was possible, and was resorted to by all classes of people; and that good and, what you will prefer to call evil, spirits, or devils, had considerable power over men.

### SAMUEL, MOSES, AND JESUS.

I need not quote evidence of the evil, but the good are such cases as Samuel appearing to Saul, Moses and Elias to Christ, and the most important of all Christ's own return to those He loved. Take my own case of my son as quoted in my last letter, and the return of Jesus to His broken-hearted friends and disciples. The two cases to me are identical. Can you give me any reason why such things should not be? Christ never claimed anything for Himself that was not possible for His faithful followers.

### LAZARUS AND THE RICH MAN.

Then you ask what state my boy is in, and quote the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Well, I take the parable as an illustration, not as a fact; but take it as an actual fact, what were the states of the rich man and Lazarus? They were certainly in the condition they had created for themselves. They were certainly not dead or sleeping, nor awaiting for a resurrection morning. The one was suffering for his selfishness, and the other was being comforted for his hardships. It also shows that Abraham was not in some gilded place, blowing a trumpet, or doing any of the other fabled occupations of heaven, but just ministering to those in need, as probably he did do when on earth, and just as my dear boy tells me he can do to-day.

I would also point out that Christ in His illustration does not say one word about Lazarus ever having accepted any particular creed, or conforming to any doctrine, or in any way being what you would call a good man. Yet, I take it, you say he was in heaven and the rich man in hell. I say they were both in the state they had prepared for themselves, and you and I and my dear boy will just be likewise.

I read that Jesus said—"In My Father's house are many mansions," and St. Paul speaks of being lifted up into "the seventh heaven." Then why say there are only two places? Why not seventy times seven, or limit them at all? Heaven and hell are terms which have very different meanings in different parts of the Bible and more often mean states than places.

### THE BIBLE'S INFALLIBILITY.

Now as to the infallibility of "God's Word"—this is your term—and I am presuming that you mean the Bible, I am fully prepared to accept the infallibility of *God's Word*, and *Laws*, and *Works*, but I am *not* prepared to accept our present-day Bible as being God's infallible word; neither am I prepared to admit that God's word is not to be found outside our Bible. And I challenge you to bring any proof that I am wrong.

I am quite willing to admit that a great deal of the original text of the Bible was inspired writing; that is to say, it was written by men who at the time were under the influence of some higher power than themselves. As far as we have any evidence these men were human beings, and subject to the same trials and temptations as we are. The origin of the Bible is certainly very doubtful and there is no real proof of the actual writers of much of it, but that does not condemn it to me. The point is, how far is it true? And what chances are there that it has not been tampered with to suit the requirements and fit the creeds of the priests who have had the sole handling of it? Grant that the originals were infallible, they appear to have been handed down verbally at first, and then consigned to parchment or scroll, and destroyed and rewritten, how many times it is impossible to tell. To pass over all that time, and take the first form of what we call our Bible, you have to go to the Romish Church for it, which you so strongly condemn in your letter.



## HOW IT WAS COMPILED.

Let us look at its compilation. A few Romish bishops have gathered together at the Council of Trent, early in the fourth century. They have got together a quantity of script, which is all claimed to be sacred or inspired writings. There are various historic writings of the Jewish travels, etc., a number of writings of followers of various disciples, letters from apostles to various churches, etc. So far as we can get evidence, there was no reason to dispute any of these writings, but a great many were discarded, some writers say more than were accepted; at any rate, it is not disputed that many scripts were rejected especially of what you would call the New Testament order. These books or scripts were accepted by vote, and it is recorded that a Gospel according to St. Barnabas was rejected by one vote only, so that in this case at any rate one man's vote decided that the Barnabas Gospel was not inspired and the others were, for all the rejected books were condemned as not scripture. Such is the foundation of our present Bible, and you ask me to pin my future existence on the infallibility of these writings. To me it is not a marvel that there are many mistakes in the Bible, but it goes to prove to me the Divine origin of the Bible that it is as perfect as it is, true in spirit if not in the letter. How any intelligent man can seriously state the Bible to be the infallible Word of God passes my comprehension. If it is, *why* is it needful to be continually revising it? You cannot improve perfection. No, my Brother, do not say that the Book is infallible, but marvel with me that we have it as perfect as we have it. Remember "the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." The spirit of the Bible teaching I can accept, but I cannot take the letter as God's infallible word.

## "A SIN-AVENGING GOD."

Now, Brother, you ask me what I know of a sin-avenging God? I answer you at once, *Nothing*. I know of a God of Love, that Jesus Christ preached about, a God of infinite mercy and goodness; who careth for all His children, even for the sparrows of the field, and who manifests Himself in all that is good and beautiful. I can see Him in the wayside flower, in the song of the bird, in the magnificence of the storm, and in the mother's love for the innocent infant, and in thousands of various ways as I try to do my little duty in life. I can hold sweet communion with Him in my private chamber, or as I walk along our beautiful front and look over the moonlit sea.

I must confess I know of no God as referred to in Proverbs 16, verse 4, who created evil. I can find no such teaching as that given by Christ. He speaks of a God of Love, the Father of us all, who loves *all* His children—not a diabolical monster who made an imperfect man and surrounded him with every temptation that he had not the power to withstand, and then for punishment condemn him to everlasting burning in fire and brimstone.

No, Brother, I have no part in any such God. The only God I know is a God of perfection who, when He created the world saw "it was good" (not a failure). The God you speak about is the creation of the Romish Church, who have ever tried to bind the people by fear and bondage, for their own ends.

## THE JOY OF SPIRITUALISM.

In a remarkable manner I became interested in my present belief; that is now over ten years ago, but oh! the joy at last. It has given me back the Bible, taught me how to read it, to see its beauty, as I never saw it before. It has made my life one sweet song, I can see good in all, and try to love my brother whoever he may be, independent of race or colour. I can glorify God every hour of my life and walk calmly to death whenever the Great Supreme thinks fit to call me, well knowing I am living my life to the best of my ability, trying hard to do my duty not only to God but to my fellow brother. The inward joy of this knowledge is no phantom faith that requires to be braced up every day or two by quoting texts, but a real knowledge which vibrates in every nerve and with every breath of life. If such is your state, my Brother, you need not worry about what Church you belong to, or what creed you believe in. After all, it is not what we profess, but how we live that matters.

A further selection of extracts from this instructive correspondence will appear in our April number.



The Two Worlds says of our February issue:—"As usual with this handsomely-printed production, the contents are equal to the typography."

## SHORT ITEMS.

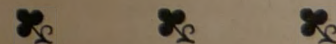
Will Spiritualists residing at Balham or Upper Tooting, who desire to join the Balham Society of Spiritualists, kindly communicate with the Rev. C. A. M. Goodwin, 5, Spencer Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.—A lecture on this subject was delivered on February 22 by Mr. Wm. Jeffrey, of Glasgow, in the Albyn Rooms, Edinburgh, under the auspices of The Edinburgh Association of Spiritualists. The hall was crowded by an attentive audience and after the lecture which was illustrated by limelight views and lasted over an hour, Mr. Jeffrey gave an account of some of his psychic experiences since he became connected with the movement. From start to finish the lecture proved a great success, and cannot fail to give an impetus to the cause in Edinburgh.

THE REALISATION OF UNCHANGING PRINCIPLES.—A man commences to develop power when, checking his impulses and selfish inclinations, he falls back upon the higher and calmer consciousness within him, and begins to steady himself upon a principle. The realisation of unchanging principles in consciousness is at once the source and secret of the highest power. When, after much searching, and suffering, and sacrificing, the light of an eternal principle dawns upon the soul, a divine calm ensues and joy unspeakable gladdens the heart. He who has realised such a principle ceases to wander, and remains poised and self-poised.—James Allen.

STOCKWELL SPIRITUAL BROTHERHOOD CHURCH.—On Saturday, February 12, just over a hundred members and friends met at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Maunder to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their wedding. After tea, the evening was devoted to songs, recitations, dancing and the usual social amenities. The president, Mr. Payn, made a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Maunder of a beautiful tea and coffee service of the best Sheffield plate, subscribed to by nearly the whole of the members. He referred to the love the members had for Mrs. Maunder, and how, as vice-president, she had worked for them, visited them when they were ill, and rejoiced with them in their happiness. He warmly congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Maunder on their happy celebration. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley-Adams and Mr. Manvell added their voices to the chorus of praise and goodwill, and Mrs. Wesley-Adams gave a wonderful demonstration of thought-transference.

SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW.—It is no perfunctory admission to make that the Glasgow Association has dispensed light and truth to thousands of Scotch citizens all over our sister kingdom. The light that has illuminated the dark places of superstition. The truths that have reinterpreted the problems of our future lives. That has shed new light upon the Scriptures of the Christian churches. That aids us to a higher and saner concept of God, man and the next life. Hearts have been comforted, the vacant chairs have been filled, and the sound of the voice that is still has again rung in the ears of the bereaved who at one time were without hope. To-day the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists is as a beacon set upon a hill lighting our path through this world, and guiding us safely into the harbour from which we shall all land on the shores of a brighter and happier world.—J. J. MORSE in *Two Worlds*.



## THE REST THAT REMAINETH.

I fret no more—wherever death shall take thee  
There must be heaven about you where you go;  
Nothing can change, nor death itself unmake thee,  
And God that made thee good will keep thee so.

Thy heaven was not to seek in some far region  
Apart from what on earth thy heart had known,  
For even here we named thee with the legion  
Of those whom God hath chosen for His own.

No fancied heaven was thine, of unknown fashion,  
Cut off from life, but near us every day;  
Thy love and truth, and God-like great compassion,  
Shed light divine upon our common way.

And simple things men daily set their eyes on  
Were vassals in the kingdom of thy love,  
To bring within earth's lowliest horizon  
Remembrance of the nobler life above.

Some glad, God-chosen place beyond death's danger,  
Some holier, happier home, is surely thine;  
Where goodness is thou canst not be a stranger,  
Whilst there is room in heaven for stars to shine.

No light like thine can die in God's dominion:  
And though He summon thee to worlds unknown,  
Wherever thou art borne on death's dark pinion,  
The resting-place must still be near the Throne.

J. B. SELKIRK.



## Letters to the Editor.

### "WHENCE AND WHITHER?"

8, Edith Street,  
Tynemouth,  
February 17, 1916.

DEAR SIR,—The two great questions that man has asked of himself, "Whence have I come?" and "Whither do I go?" are being solved at last. I have nine special spirit friends (of whom three were reverend divines on earth) who are my authorities for what follows.

Man's physical body, his spiritual body (or soul), and his spirit—the whole man—comes from his ancestors, by God's laws that govern the reproduction of all life. Man is not born into this world in sections. The whole man (i.e. body, soul and spirit) is found in miniature in the babe new born. Yea, more than that, all those in heaven who have charge of the babies know that when a babe is falsely said to be born dead, the spiritual body (or soul) and the spirit ascend to heaven in the arms of a foster-mother.

There is no need to propound problems as to "How the millions of individual spirit units that are born year by year are produced?" There is no need of any "special acts of creation," no need of "the incarnation of spirit entities awaiting birth," no need of "the reincarnation of people who have passed through the earth-experience before." All these theories are simply like deaf nuts, not worth the cracking, because they are empty of any real substance.

Mr. Bush is right in saying that we derive our physical bodies from the physical bodies of our parents, and that we derive simultaneously our spiritual bodies from their spiritual bodies. But we also derive our spirits from our parents through God's laws (commonly called natural laws) of reproduction. God who alone can impart life to man has made all his laws self-acting. Of course, we come from God, the author and giver of all life, but we come from God through our parents.

Then, "Whither do we go?" We answer—To God, who really gave us our being. We go on to the great Spirit World where there is a great variety of spheres adapted to the various classes who reside in them.

Harmony is the keynote of heaven, and what constitutes "meetness for heaven" is harmony of character and will, with the character and will of God. Comparatively few persons enter heaven direct from earth, as few persons have perfect fitness for heaven, which involves, a complete deliverance from all unholy thoughts, desires and actions. Those not fitted for heaven go to that sphere in the spirit world they have fitted themselves for. They are taken there at so-called death, and handed over to those in charge of that sphere.

To know God as our Father, and all human beings as our brethren, and to be possessed of a Jesus-like character, entitles them to a home in heaven, and not a belief in any earthly creed. Love is the distinctive feature that reigns and rules there.—I am, yours fraternally,

FRANCIS PURVIS.

### ETHEREAL TEMPLES.

DEAR SIR,—As an astrological student I should be glad to add my experience to that of "Psycho Scientist" with regard to other plane temples.

For many years I have received astrological teaching on other planes. This teaching is imparted to me in a manner which it is very difficult to describe, but I will try.

While my body sleeps I visit various planetary temples. So far I can distinguish four—the architecture similar in style, but different in detail. Each temple is sacred to the influence of one particular planet. There are teachers in flowing robes. Some look like priests, as though they took part in the rituals and liturgical portions of the temple service; others look like doctors of science, learned men, not priests. But I cannot see them very distinctly, so far as their personalities are concerned, and I do not concentrate on the personal visualization portion of the experience, as I am far too intent on the Teaching, which is imparted by means of Symbols—marvellous living vital forms, whose minds seem to reach down to mine, and to illuminate it from their light. No words, as we know words, are spoken. But I can communicate to them telepathically, any special horoscope, any abstruse question, over which I have thought with all the mind I possess, yet cannot reach a conclusion which gives me any satisfaction. *Never do I come empty away.* In some way I cannot describe, they seem for

a few brief moments to lift my little mind up to their levels of consciousness. Their thoughts, for an infinitesimal space of time, hold some kind of telepathic communion with mine. I cannot tell you the help I have been permitted to give to others through this medium. In the translation of their thoughts, I am fully conscious that I make many errors. It is difficult, always, sometimes impossible, to "memorise" sufficiently. The strain is rather intense, as I am "keyed up" to my highest pitch, mentally and spiritually, while there. Then I wake, and have to *remember*. It is, however, impossible for me to exaggerate the help and light thrown down on the screen of my little mind from the Light which illumines the temples and the teachers. It is the most wonderful experience of my life, and the most sacred. Therefore I prefer to remain anonymous. You, Mr. Editor, know my name and profession, and if you insert this letter, I hope it may be taken as sufficient guarantee of my good faith.—Very truly yours,

"URANIA."

### SEEKING FOR MORE LIGHT.

Ballaconley, Jurby,  
Isle of Man.

SIR,—I am the individual whose astral body received a kick on the cheek from a clairvoyant pony, according to Mr. Udney's explanation of this strange occurrence, described in the December number of the *Psychic Gazette* under the heading of "A Dream Kick." For some months I have been a subscriber to your magazine and find it interesting, helpful, and informative, but many of the subjects treated therein are comparatively new to me, at least in the sense that my acquaintance with them is so meagre that I feel incompetent to come to a definite conclusion respecting many matters, which to my mind are so mystifying.

I ask myself over and over again: Have these inexplicable phenomena a spiritual origin? or are they merely due to some unknown force or law, all-pervasive and evolved from human personality, so mysteriously complex, and which is simply brought into play by psychic force, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the individual who exercised it.

There is in my mind the feeling that it may be so. And such phenomena and the table-rapping and tilting, and other things of like nature, seem to me to be non-Spiritual in their origin, which lends feasibility to the idea that the higher phenomena seen at seances may also be due to the same cause, for there seems to be a close similarity.

I should like to feel that there is no ground for doubt, for I love to think that this fleeting existence of ours is but the portal to a fuller and richer life. I sicken at the thought that death may end all. I should like to acquaint myself with the "other side" of the question of Spiritualism. Do you know of any contribution dealing impartially and soberly with the opposite view? I should like to obtain more light.

I stumble at the seeming or real contradictions of the same spirit who speaks through different mediums. Shakespeare at different times and places avows that he is Bacon and at other times he declares that the Bacon theory is false. And the same thing in effect might be said concerning Dickens, Carlyle, and many others. These men while in the flesh incalculably enriched the world with their treasures of thought, and although Spiritualism affirms that they frequently appear with us, yet no intellectual identity is discernible, to my mind.

What light can be thrown on my difficulties? I would fain believe there is something in Spiritualism, and in a large measure your publication helps me to obtain a vision from many view-points hitherto unseen, but still darkness prevails, making me feel oftentimes sad and uncertain.

Wishing you every success in your work of love and encouragement to all who grope in the dark.—I am, &c.,

J. CALLISTER.

### NATIONAL PRAYERS IN TIMES OF STRESS.

SIR,—I feel in this time of national stress that any one who can give a word of help should assuredly do so, and I crave a corner of your valuable space for this purpose. The cry comes from so many hearts to-day, "How can



I help to prevent invasion of Great Britain by the foe?" Now for many years I have been in full and beautiful communion with my husband, who is in the spirit spheres, and he tells me that we who must remain at home can be as helpful to this end as those who go forth to do battle at the front; that if we would band ourselves together and practically pray without ceasing for Divine Interposition, it would be granted to us, provided we give the glory to God, and not to the inventions of man. We need the soldier and all the appliances of war, but it is God behind the guns, and the armies of heaven fighting for the right, that alone can bring victory. My husband tells me that if we thus pray, separately and collectively, clinging to the thought of victory, the dynamic power thus set in motion will overcome every obstacle, and a glorious victory will be the result.

It is not generally known, that when England was in extremity before, the Spanish Armada was destroyed in answer to the prayers of the nation, this great power having been set in motion for her salvation.—

Yours faithfully, F HESLOP.

Author of "Speaking Across the Border-line."

### "CAN WAR BE JUSTIFIED?"

SIR—Under the above heading I have noticed in the *I.P.G.* several letters in reply to Mr. Purvis, also your own note.

Surely the Great Powers who are fighting for Freedom and Right have no *hatred* for Germany; but for her own good she must be bound, until her madness has passed, and she has lost the insane desire to harm other parts of the great whole, who with herself are members of one body. She has yet to learn that the poisoned arrows she sends forth *must* return to her own breast. At present, we all suffer for her frenzy, for "if one member suffer, all the others suffer with it."

We would like to see the great Allied Powers who are fighting in this mighty crusade against the "forces of darkness," invite all other powers whose sympathies range on the side of Right and Freedom, to join them in this campaign. We would that every Power laid aside purely selfish considerations. There should be no neutrality in this struggle, no half-heartedness. "He that is not with us is against us!" should be the war cry. Germany could not stand against a whole world battling for the Right. Would not that be the quickest way to end the war?—I am, Yours &c.,

EVA HARRISON.

Sunlongta, Wylde Green.

### THE PROBLEM OF THE SOUL.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "More Light," draws attention, in your January number, to my letter on the above subject. He asks for authorities for the terms used, and with your kind permission, I beg to submit the following.

Andrew Jackson Davis, in his "Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse" defines spirit as "sublimated matter," being the material of which the objective reality is composed, thus rendering the spirit-world, and all appertaining to it, a real world. Also in Davis, Vol. II., of the "Great Harmonia," in reply to questions as to the nature of man he defines man as being "body, spirit, and soul."

The late Harrison D. Barrett, who for sixteen years filled the Presidential Chair of the American National Spiritualists' Association defined the nature of man as being "body, spirit, and soul."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, a world-wide celebrity as a spiritual teacher for a period of nearly sixty years, teaches that the soul is the ego.

Mrs. Mary T. Longley, Washington, D.C., who for a long number of years was specially engaged as the Message Medium of the *Banner of Light*, and is now engaged by *The Progressive Thinker* as the conductor of its "question and answer" department, defines the soul as being the ego.

The terms, "body, spirit, and soul" are used in "Art Magic," edited and published by the late brilliant exponent of the spiritual philosophy, Emma Hardinge Britten.

The following are a few names of noted authors who speak of the soul as being the ego, quoted from Dr. J. M. Peebles' symposium, "Spirit Mates":—Emma Hardinge Britten, *vide* "Art Magic"; Andrew Jackson Davis; Cora L. V. Richmond; Lyman C. Howe; W. T. Evans; Mrs. Mary T. Longley; and Burgoyne, *vide* "Light of Egypt."

Other authors might be cited, but I will confine myself to Edmund Spencer who said, "The soul's the real and

doeth the body make," and the immortal lines by Alex. Pope:—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the Soul."

But why the need of citing authorities to support that which must be self-evident to every thoughtful student of the Spiritualist philosophy concerning man's spiritual nature? Do we not derive our title as a spiritual cult from the fact that we hold communion with the denizens of a spirit world as distinguished from this material world? It is not from the nature of the ego we derive our title, for that is the same, whether functioning on the material or spiritual plane. This being so, the philosophical definition of man, from our point of view, is body, spirit, and soul.—I am, &c.

ALFRED KITSON.

General Secretary to the British  
Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

### OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A BRIGHTON READER writes:—"I can only tell you that to me it is real spiritual food."

A WARWICKSHIRE READER says:—"I think that article on 'Where are the Dead?' by Mr. Owen, is splendid!"

ONE OF OUR LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS writes:—"We must have faith, and work for it with might and main!"

A GLAMORGAN READER writes:—"I think that with each issue the *I.P.G.* is becoming more interesting and instructive."

AN EASTBOURNE READER writes:—"Yours is 'a brave attempt,' and we know 'heaven helps the brave'; so your turn must come!"

A KENTISH READER writes:—"The February Number of *I.P.G.* is very good. Keep that quality up and it will go like hot cakes!"

A LIVERPOOL READER writes:—"I have been an interested reader of the *Gazette* since last October, and I have found it most helpful."

A BRISTOL AGENT writes:—"Personally, I think 6d. ought to be obtained for it, almost as easily as 4d. It requires a little personal canvassing, that is all."

A BIRMINGHAM READER writes:—"I do hope the *Gazette* will prove a success now you have started it again. I think it *the best* psychic paper, and look eagerly forward to it every month."

AN ENGLISH RESIDENT IN EGYPT writes:—"I am very much pleased by the re-appearance of the *Psychic Gazette*. The December Number did not reach me; no doubt it went down in the *Persia*."

A LONDON READER writes:—"I like the *tone* of your paper. It is *really* spiritual and helpful, so I feel I ought to help it on. I think it has been wise to increase the price to 6d., for it is well worth it."

A SCOTTISH READER writes:—"The *Gazette* is just splendid, and I hope you will be long spared to carry it through. Please accept what is left over from enclosed P.O. for the *Psychic Gazette* Fund. Perhaps my mite is one of the small sums that are coming."

The HAWICK NEWS says it "contains an unusual number and variety of articles."

### BOOK NOTICES.

THE ASTROLOGICAL READY RECKONER, by Sepharial. London: Foulsham & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net. This book contains useful tables, showing the hourly motion of the sun, moon and planets for the different rates of daily progress, and gives a method of calculating eclipses in any year past or future. Sepharial's notes on the times and influence of the great conjunctions of the superior planets are instructive.

THE PERFECT UNION, by Lois. London: Curtis & Davison. Price 1s. net. This booklet emphasises the sanctity of the true marriage relationship, which he truly urges should be founded upon a true soul union of a man and a woman. The author quotes with approval the saying that "the measure of a nation's prosperity is determined by its ideal of Love," and concludes: "Side by side and face to face must man and woman stand, each the completion of the other, each giving to the other what that one alone can give, making the perfect humanity which shall be the shrine and dwelling-place of the Ineffable One."

March, 1916  
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Also, MOST COMFORTING ARTICLES as follows:—"Death the Gate of Life," by Walter Howell; "A World of Light and Glory Beyond," by W. H. Evans; "The Mystic Portals of the Spirit World," by W. J. Colville; "I Should Tell Them My Own Experiences," by Estelle W. Stead; "Modern Spiritualism," by Hanson G. Hey; "A Message of Hope," by Muriel Brown; "Death in the Service of Life," by Professor J. Vernon Bartlet, M.A., D.D.; "We are all One Family in Heaven," by Eva Harrison; and "From Sorrow to Solace," by the Editor.

Copies may be had from the Stead Publishing House, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C., or through any newsagent. Also from many Spiritualist Societies throughout the country. Scottish readers can also procure them in EDINBURGH from Madame Le Dra, 16, Princes Street; the Theosophical Bookshop, George Street; and Robinson's, 111, Leith Street. In GLASGOW from Mrs. Darge, the Theosophical Book Room, 144, West Nile Street.

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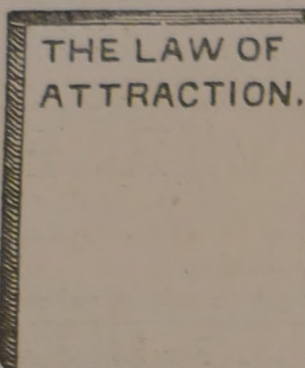
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