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THE CARICATURIST AND THE CONJURER.

MR. HARRY FURNISS, the well-known caricaturist, is the author of the following ridiculous story which appeared in *Lloyd's News* on May 14. It will be observed, that it is a second-hand story which he claims was once told him by a conjurer. He now re-tells it, after many years, to try to throw discredit on the honour and honesty of Mr. W. T. Stead, when that great journalist and good man is not here to answer for himself.

THE STORY.

Many of my readers (says Mr. Furniss) may recollect the ever-energetic W. T. Stead, who, up to the incident I am about to describe, I looked upon as a thoroughly honest believer in everything he undertook. He was publishing in the paper he was then editing a series of papers on spiritualism, and for that purpose he undertook a pilgrimage to all spiritualistic circles, whether private or public, and so as to be absolutely thorough in his investigation, he took a second mind with him. That mind was a great friend of mine, one who knows a great deal, as an amateur, on all subjects of myth and mechanism, the very finest amateur conjuror I have ever seen, and a well-known and highly competent critic. Besides having a clear brain, he is also endowed with an eagle eye, and being a remarkably clever man all round, was, perhaps, the wisest choice Stead could have made.

What happened? Briefly, nothing! Stead's friend was not a "congenial influence." "There is someone present unsympathetic," etc., etc. Simply meaning someone present who is up to our tricks. Stead sat with his mouth, ears and eyes open ready to believe. But my friend kept assuring him that so long as he was present nothing could happen, for they knew instinctively that my friend was aware of their tricks.

"Tricks," said Stead, indignantly. "To-night I take you to the private house of a big man in the City, a neighbour of mine over the Common here. He is a firm believer, like myself. His own daughters are mediums. He is a man of considerable means and good social position. Tricks, indeed!"

Stead and my friend went to the house. They were shown up to the drawing-room on the first floor; and my friend was introduced as the disbeliever. The little protesting laugh had hardly subsided before my friend went to the windows to examine them.

"Do you suspect we have trick windows, Mr. S—?"
"I suspect everything," was his reply. "Why, may I ask, have you got four thick curtains in front of this window?"

"Oh, it is a very draughty house."

"Why, may I ask, have you a ladder from the top windows down to this floor?"

"Oh, that is in case of fire."

"And why not continue the ladder to the lawn?"

"Oh, then burglars might get up."

"Quite so," said my captious friend, as he took from his pocket some gummed paper which he stuck over the sash of the window, and wrote his name across it.

He then, much to the indignation of his host and family, marched up and down the room, feeling for any trap doors that might be under the carpet. The host rose in his indignation and, going to the door, locked it on the inside, and handing the key to Mr. Stead, said, "As your friend thinks that we are common tricksters, see, I lock the door, and you, Mr. Stead, shall hold the key. Now, I think no one could get in or out until you open it."

The lights were then put out, prayers were said, and hymns sung. The daughter went off in a trance, but, as usual when my friend was present, nothing whatever happened. My friend stopped that night with Stead, and the next morning, after breakfast, Stead said, "Well, I cannot understand it. I have seen wonderful things at that house, but you upset them, my dear sir. You ought not to have imagined even that they could be guilty of any deception—why, what is this?" and he pulled from his pocket the key of the door.

"I did not suspect them. I knew they must be impostors," said my friend, "and you have the proof that they are so in your hand. Who opened the door?"

Stead, my friend informed me, threw the key across the room, and said, "That finishes me. I shall not write those articles. I give up the whole thing." But Stead was soon professing his belief again!

In our June issue we suggested that Mr. Furniss would be able to furnish some satisfactory proof of the truth of his improbable story, or at least of his own *bona fides* in telling it, and we intimated that the matter must certainly be cleared up—we hoped with the assistance of Mr. Furniss himself. We accordingly wrote to him on June 8, inviting his help, and hoping that he would be willing to bring his informant into the light of day:—

I am sending you under separate cover a copy of the *International Psychic Gazette*, on the first page of which you will observe that I am calling in question the truthfulness of the story lately published in *Lloyd's News* relative to Mr. W. T. Stead. I trust I am correct in supposing that you will be pleased to have the veracity of this story tested, and that you will be kind enough to send me the names and addresses referred to [those of the conjurer and "the big man in the City"] so that I can set about investigating the matter at once.

No reply from Mr. Furniss having arrived up to June 16, we wrote him again, and received the following letter from him, under date June 19:—

My account of the Stead incident was written at the time it happened, and as related to me by Stead's companion—a friend of mine of considerable standing, far above any shadow of suspicion. The story is therefore undoubtedly accurate.

On receipt of this, we wrote as follows on June 20:—

I am in receipt of yours of yesterday's date, for which I am obliged. May I point out, however, that you have omitted to give any information that would enable one to test the truth of your story. It is not sufficient for you to allege that the conjurer is "of considerable standing, far above any shadow of suspicion." The readers of the story ought to be put in a position to judge of that for themselves. If he is so, there can be no harm in your giving his name and address so that he would have an opportunity of giving the story at first hand.

If I do not hear from you again I shall assume that you do not intend to give any help in the matter.

We received no reply to this letter.

We have given the full story above as it appeared in *Lloyd's News* so that our readers may have the whole matter before them, and not a mere synopsis. We have also printed the correspondence to show that every opportunity has been given to Mr. Furniss to divulge its source, and to say—"I am sorry if there has been any mistake, but the story was told me many years ago by Y.—Z.—, and I honestly believed it. His address is So-and-so, and you are at liberty to see him about it, so that you may sift the story, and try to find out what is true and what is false. I would not wittingly defame the dead, and I am as anxious as you can be that the true facts should be ascertained." That is the kind of reply we hoped to receive from Mr. Furniss, but what he has sent us is something altogether different. His friend, he says, is "of considerable standing, far above any shadow of suspicion. The story is therefore undoubtedly accurate." So Mr. Furniss sticks to it, and assumes the responsibility.

But who his friend is he will not name, and we suggest Mr. Furniss had the strongest possible reasons for withholding it. He is probably aware

that the story cannot stand examination, and that if he but mentioned the name of his authority he would be greeted by a discerning public with as stormful derision as if he were to say—"Baron Munchhausen told me, and he is a very clever man, and a man of considerable standing, and therefore, what he says is undoubtedly true."

Mr. Furniss has, however, unwittingly supplied interesting clues. The moment we read the fable we guessed where it came from. There are not many conjurers in all, amateur or otherwise, who were even in slight touch with Mr. Stead, and there are hardly two who could have concocted such a farrago of nonsense. Those closely associated with Mr. Stead know that on one occasion the conjurer we have in mind was taken to a seance by Mr. Stead, who was ever ready to be helpful to investigators of Spiritualism, but we are informed that this man behaved himself so badly that ever afterwards Mr. Stead "absolutely refused to see him," and said of him—"He is the one person on earth I will not discuss the subject with." Is this the sort of person Mr. Furniss has the assurance to put forward as Mr. Stead's "second mind," whom he took with him when "he undertook a pilgrimage to all Spiritualistic circles, public or private?" We know for certain that that at least is absolutely false, whoever his "friend" may be.

"Good wine needs no bush," according to an old saying, but bad wine needs much. Mr. Furniss seems to have felt this keenly. His precious authority requires "a deal of puffing" to give his narrative even a semblance of plausibility. He is, says the caricaturist, "a great friend of mine," "of considerable standing," "a remarkably clever man all round," with "a clear brain," and "an eagle eye!" He is "one who knows a great deal;" he is "the very finest amateur conjurer I have ever seen"; and he is "a well-known and highly-competent critic." But if he be all that, why in the name of wonder should Mr. Furniss not trot him out, and let us have a look at him? And particularly when he is so "far above any shadow of suspicion!"

We know that the conjurer of our suspicions has posed as a critic of mediums and psychical phenomena, and that he published an article on the subject in a monthly magazine, but shortly thereafter we had the pleasure of seeing his vast pretensions blown to smoke at a drawing-room meeting by two ladies who questioned him closely as to the extent of his knowledge. At that time he confessed that he believed there was such a thing as genuine clairvoyance, "but I have never come across it!" And he gave equally ignorant replies to a hot series of questions. When the last question was put to him, as we reported at the time, "the lecturer quickly excused himself, saying there was no time, and made his exit from the room looking rather flustered, and bearing anything but the appearance of a hero conscious of having come well out of an interesting conflict." And from that day to this we have heard no more of his boastful pretensions to psychic knowledge or critical ability!

We met a few days ago a well-known medium and asked him what he thought of this conjurer-critic? The reply was—"A man who will go out of his way to slander somebody else, by telling a story of what never happened, is fit for anything." In the magazine article referred to, the author described an alleged sitting with this medium, but it turned out that the alleged sitting never came off! He had called on the medium on a

Friday afternoon and made an appointment to attend for a sitting on the following Monday morning, but the conjurer never turned up! He wrote and published a scandalous account of the sitting nevertheless! This example of his unblushing insolence and lack of scruple was fully exposed in the *Two Worlds* at the time, but the bold critic kept himself quiet and "said nuffink."

Mr. Furniss describes his friend as an "amateur conjurer," but if our conjecture as to his identity be correct, the word "amateur" is probably intended as a blind, for we remember having received a letter from the gentleman written on notepaper headed with a printed advertisement announcing that he let himself out to hire for children's entertainments and other such functions, in the manner of the men with Punch and Judy shows! Thus we may be sure that he regarded himself as no mere tyro, but "a reg'lar professional!"

Now, if this is the man whose outrageous story is offered to readers of *Lloyd's News*, who could seriously regard him as worthy of credence? Of course, Mr. Furniss by concealing his name, has left himself open to say—"Oh, no, that is not the man whom I have described as my great friend with the clear brain and the eagle eye; I mean someone quite different." And if he should attempt to wriggle out by saying so, we should answer—"Then, Mr. Furniss, produce any other conjurer on earth who will equally well fit the facts, for that kind of man is by no means common." We have confined our criticism of the story to indicating the character of its probable source, and if that has been made apparent no one will expect grapes off thorns, nor figs off thistles, nor truth from a fabricator.

The mythical story itself can safely be left to the discrimination of our readers—"the big man in the City" who talks like a conjurer, and whose wonderful house "across the common" is fitted up with four-fold curtains to keep out light which would show up "tricks," with a ladder from roof to drawing-room by which ghosts might ascend and descend, and a duplicate key which Mr. Furniss alleges the conjurer alleges was found in Mr. Stead's pocket! The whole story we affirm to be nothing but a tissue of mendacious fabrication, brought out of the conjurer's hat from the slight basis of a little passing kindness once shown him by a celebrity. It will, we feel sure, in no way affect the honourable and just memory of the great and good man it is intended to disparage, though it may excite considerable contempt for its author, the caricaturist—to say nothing of his "great friend" in the background.

J. L.

SPEECH: "ITS THREE AUSTERITIES."

Is it true? If true, is it kind? If kind, is it helpful?
From an old Sampler.

Weigh well whate'er you say,
Lest you should rue the day,
You gave to speech full sway.

Truth be its first content,
Kindness its sole intent,
Wise helpfulness its bent.

When these three blend, and greet
Men's ears in converse sweet,
Then Heaven and Earth may meet.

* * * *

For God can use a human voice
To make His furthest spheres rejoice.

FELIX RUDOLPH.

The Autobiography of a Famous Spiritualist.

HIS FIRST SEANCE—PREACHES A SERMON UNDER CONTROL.

MR. J. J. MORSE, the editor of *The Two Worlds*, you must still picture as sitting under that beautiful beech-tree, within a stone's throw of his birthplace, narrating the remarkable story of his life for the *Psychic Gazette*, though time has passed, and the first part of his reminiscences appeared in our June Number. It will be remembered that the mother of the Rev. John Page Hopps had told him to carry her verbal introduction to Robert Cogman, who, she thought, would be willing to tell him something of Spiritualism.

The next Sunday, continued Mr. Morse, I knocked at the door in the New Road, Whitechapel. It was opened by Robert Cogman himself, and when I delivered my message he said, "Come in, by all means." He was an old sage-looking Norfolk man. I found twelve or fourteen people sitting round a table in a long room on the ground floor. I was beckoned to a seat at the narrow end of the table. At the top of the room there was a small table, on which was a lamp and a Bible. I wondered what it would all mean, and put my foot up under the table to feel if I could find any wires! Two persons particularly attracted my attention—a lady who looked as if she might be hysterical, and a gentleman whose pale face, and dark eyes and hair, suggested peculiarity and weirdness. We sang a hymn, Robert Cogman prayed, and a gentleman with closed eyes made a further prayer, so fervently that I thought he was a bit soft. Then a lady stood up, and with her eyes staring open, and a face utterly immobile, she delivered a short address. I thought it was a clear case of hysteria. The lady was Miss Keeves, subsequently known as Mrs. Keeves-Record, about whom a well-known pamphlet was written.

I was summing this all up, when I suddenly felt as if a huge soft hand had plumped down on the top of my head. This was followed by a sensation as if my head had been opened and a quantity of sand had descended into it from the roof. That appeared to run through the whole of my body to my feet and hands. I found my eyes were closed beyond my strongest effort to open them, and I felt myself rigidly fixed to the chair. I was in a state of consternation. I was a complete stranger and nobody, after my admission at the door, had said a word to me. Then, to my horror, I stood up and commenced to swear in the most approved fashion, condemning everybody right and left. I wriggled behind all the sitters down to the fireplace end of the room where Robert Cogman was seated, and blasphemed him for all I was worth. The perspiration was pouring over me, and finally I sank down exhausted on a couch. The "influence" soon left me, and I immediately apologised to Mr. Cogman for my rude behaviour. He replied, "Don't trouble yourself at all; we are used to that kind of outbreak; when you have developed that will cease." I was quite conscious during this experience.

The sitters were, however, profoundly astonished at the antics of the new medium. More hymns were sung. The pale-faced man delivered an address, and at its conclusion I felt another influence, quite different, come over me. I got up out of my seat still conscious, walked over

to the little table, took up the Bible, and though my eyes were closed I opened it, put my finger on a page, read the text—"Brethren, receive those who are weak in the faith, but not unto doubtful disputation," and preached for twenty minutes what was pronounced to be a first-class sermon. I was absolutely under control, though I retained my consciousness. Hitherto I had never spoken for five minutes on any subject whatever. To say that I was amazed when the influence left me would be only putting it mildly. The seance was ended; and my host said, "You must come again next Sunday." I replied, "I have had enough; I am not coming any more!"

However, next Sunday I was there, and on many Sundays and week-nights as well. At one of these meetings, Mr. Frank Hearn, a well-known physical medium of that time, gave me my first test. He said to me, "I can see two spirits by your side." I asked, "Who are they?" He said, "One is your father, and the other is your mother. Your father says his name is Thomas, and your mother gives her name as Mary. She says she passed away when you were between three and four, and your father when you were about eight." I said, "That is curious," and he said, "They want you to go on with this and develop." I don't think Hearn had seen me before that time.

Next day, having read Hopps' book on "Six Months Experiences at Home of Spirit Communications, by Automatic Writing," I procured an exercise book and sat down in my bedroom. I got communications at once. The first was from my father and mother, who wrote that I should yet become a great medium, do a large amount of good, and carry the gospel round the world. I would be about eighteen then, but their prophesy came true, for I have been in America, Australia, New Zealand, and of course all over this country. At that time I was a raw inexperienced youth of eighteen, and had only had twelve months of real schooling. I was able to read, was a bad writer, and poor at grammar and arithmetic. My education was later received through mediumship; it came as the aftermath of control; it was really put into me.

(To be continued.)

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THE DAWN.

The dawn is breaking in the East,
A golden glow illumines the sky,
Slowly night's darkness yields its reign,
For truth triumphant now is nigh.
A brighter day than man has seen,
This promise of an age to be,
When Love shall rule in endless day
And dim eyes the fulfilment see.
Of all that Seer and Prophet viewed
Beyond the dreary range of years,
The Golden Day that soon shall dawn,
When God shall dry His children's tears.
Look up, look up, O breaking hearts,
With gladness will your souls be filled.
God's angels now are drawing nigh
To finish all His Love has willed.

JOHN AULD.

Some Facts and Problems of Hypnotism.

HOW DOES THE SLEEPER SEE?

DR. F. GILBERT SCOTT lectured to the members of the International Club lately, on "Experiments in Hypnotism, Medical and Otherwise," Dr. Abraham Wallace, Harley Street, presiding. Quoting from Hudson's "Psychic Phenomena," he said, "Man has, or appears to have, two minds, each endowed with separate and distinct attributes and powers, each capable under certain conditions, of independent action." One, continued the doctor, was called the objective brain, and the other the subjective brain, which latter was constantly amenable to control by suggestion and was incapable of inductive reasoning. Cobbe, in his book on "The Body and Soul," said most emphatically that every cell of every organ of the body was directly or indirectly under the control of the nervous system, and as they were able, by means of hypnotism, and by suggestion to a person in the conscious state, to influence and control his nervous system, it was potentially within their power to get at every cell of every body in some way or another. By these processes they could put the conscious mind into a state of anæsthesia, exactly in the same way as by chloroform, and about the year 1854, Dr. Eskdaill performed 600 operations on hypnotised natives at Calcutta before chloroform or ether were discovered.

People thought they must have some sort of special gift to be able to hypnotise, but that was incorrect, for anyone by carrying out a few rudimentary commonsense conditions could produce states of hypnosis. They had first of all to obtain the co-operation of the patient, then excite a state of expectancy, make suggestions of sleep, in a quiet room, getting him perhaps to stare at something until his eyes became tired, then gradually his objective mind would retire and his subjective mind come to the surface. His own first experiment was with a patient to whom he was giving opium and morphia to deaden the pain of a very painful disease. To his surprise and joy, she accepted his suggestions, went into a state of somnambulism, and went through the remainder of her illness without pain. In the second case he relieved completely a case of rheumatic fever, and he found that such relief by hypnosis was infinitely superior to relief by morphia. Under hypnosis a child of six suffering from St. Vitus' Dance immediately lost her twitchings, and was soon perfectly well.

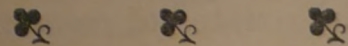
Once he hypnotised a young child and told her to go and kiss her sister. She did so instantly though her eyes were closed and her conscious mind was asleep. An interesting question was, How did she see? On another occasion, he made passes over a dipsomaniac patient, and said to him, "Tell me what is going on downstairs." The patient replied that A, B, C, and D, were playing cards. In answer to other questions, he said they were playing bridge, that hearts were trumps, and mentioned the state of the game. The doctor ran downstairs and found the facts were correctly given. But how did the patient receive his information? because he could not objectively see, and he could not tap the doctor's subjective brain because that had no information to give. The patient's subconscious self might get into touch with the

players downstairs, separating itself from his body, going down, and bringing back the information to the conscious brain.

The bad habits of children could be cured by one going quietly to their bedside while they were asleep and saying, "Now, keep on sleeping. You are not going to wake while I am speaking to you. You are not going to bite your nails any more. You are not going to bite your nails any more. Now, remember, you are not going to bite your nails any more." If this kind of treatment were repeated every night for a week or a fortnight, a large number of childhood faults could be cured in sleep without any of the difficulty experienced when they were awake.

The doctor said the subconscious brain had the power of calculating time with absolute accuracy, and told of an experiment he made with a hypnotised subject. He told him, while asleep, to write his name on a post card handed to him in 2,674 minutes, and the time he did so, then to post it. The post card arrived with this information: "11.6 a.m., Tuesday, 22nd February 1914. F. W. Spooner," which time was exactly correct. The man was a housepainter and would have been unable when awake to have reckoned up the time with such accuracy. That was a power that lay within everyone, and it was a mistake of education to train the conscious brain only. It would pay them to educate the subconscious brain also, and so bring to the surface its wonderful powers.

In the discussion which followed, the Chairman objected to the terms "subjective and objective brain," preferring Myers' statement that the self was a unity, with conscious, subliminal, and superliminal powers. The brain was simply the organ of the self. Mr. Richard Bush said while the patient's consent was necessary on the first occasion, he could be hypnotised without consent afterwards, and thus he had lost his independence. Hypnotism itself might not be a special gift, but the proper method of using it was. He knew a case where a drunkard was cured by it, but afterwards committed suicide, because the doctor had failed to create a healthy substitute for the drink craving.



THE SENTINEL.

Where Orkney's Islands lift their battered crests
Above the greyness of a Northern Sea,
And wheeling gulls, dipping their snowy breasts,
Cry plaintively,

A Watch is set; a light with steady ray
Shines out across the deep, till there shall go—
Submerged or on its breast—by night or day—
No alien foe.

Not dead he lies—nor resting on his bays—
Whose life for England and her King was spent;
He, who has passed from mortal sight, by ways
Malevolent,

With ardent eyes shall watch—a strenuous ghost—
Till England and her Friends their aim achieve;
Nor till that consummation quit his post
Or claim his "leave."

LILIAN HOLMES.

The Firs, Charing, Kent.

The Denizens of Fairyland.

By ELIZABETH L. SILVERWOOD.

THERE are four major divisions into which the Elemental Forces of this planet are ranged, and six minor or mixed. All life on the planet, from gases to humanity, come under one or more of these divisions. The major elements are earth, water, air, and fire—very distinct in their manifestation and action on the various planes of being.

Earth may be roughly divided into mountains, vales, rocks, minerals, crystals, jewels, etc. The Elementals of earth are gnomes, trows, pixies (or piskies), dwarfs, hobgoblins, brownies, and giants, who belong also to the minor division of earth-air.

Most giants to-day are bound hand and foot to mountain or cliff, where many of them can be seen petrified, having been asleep for thousands of years.

The gnomes rarely leave their caves, mines, or other underground dwellings. They live like moles beneath the soil, and are ruled principally by the sign Capricorn and the planet Saturn.

The trows live very similar lives though they seem to roam more at night. They are selfish and self-centred, though generous at times, but not very friendly to humanity.

The pixies or piskies and earth-dwarfs frequent rocky places, either mountainous or sea-shore; cliff-dwellers are they and more under Virgo.

Goblins (or hobgoblins) frequent marshlands and woods which are low-lying and full of underbrush. They belong to the earth-water division, Pisces, Taurus or Scorpio, Capricorn.

Brownies are found among heather-crowned hills, and woods, and rocky places. They are under Taurus.

Just as earth is self-centred, and at certain seasons very harsh and cold in her mood, and at other times lavish and generous in her favours, so earth-folk, whether elementals or humans, are tinged with the same dispositions. Rip Van Winkle's adventures in the Catskills, New York State, are perhaps more worthy of credence than most people believe. They played him a scurvy trick.

The next great division is *Water*. In it we find mermaids, and mer-men—under Cancer, which rules the ocean; undines, and naiads, and water-babies, etc., who haunt rivers and waterfalls, brooks, rapids, and cascades. These are more directly under the minor division of air-water—

aerated water—and are ruled by the signs Pisces, Aquarius, etc. Here, too, we have the Snow Queen and her troop of snow maidens; Jack Frost, with his crowd of artists; and the rain-sprites. They are peace-loving, and gentle little folk, belonging to the psychic family. Again we find the mixed element water-fire—*boiling water*. The Geisers claim the hot-water babies, or water sprites. They are ruled by Scorpio. Scorpions are quiet, peaceful, calm outwardly, but beneath there is always a *flame*—great lovers of peace, but often in hot water themselves, and sometimes scalding others.

The *Air* group are very different from either of these. They are sylphs, sprites, elves, faeries (or fairies), pucks, etc. "The winds their revels keep." They are the storm sprites, who ride upon the storm, either on land or sea. The north wind is the most forceful; therefore the intelligences co-operating with it are very powerful, and not

always careful of the rights of humans who come in their way. The zephyrs of the south and south-west winds are the abode of sylphs, of a very gentle and lovable sort, and especially those under the minor division Leo-Gemini, the sunshine-sylphs are tender, life-giving, magnetic, and mercurial—their kisses bring healing to soul and body. Recognition by man would



I.—The Spirit of an old Tribesman, seen by Tom Charman in the New Forest. Note his intent interest in the antics of the sprites among the foliage.

readily develop these beautiful creatures into very helpful friends to humanity. Those who have slept and lived outdoors a great deal, as I have, know the value of the friendship of such fairies.

The moonlight-elves are very winning, but not always harmless. They do affect the mentality, either to the sweet lunacy of love, or to obsessions not so harmless. I have noticed that those epileptics, or obsessed people, who love to sit in the moonlight, are always worse about full moon, when the moon-maidens are more active. All flower and bird fairies belong to the air group. The dryads belong to the earth-air group—Virgo-Libra or Taurus-Gemini. And also those sprites or group-souls of the animals—deer, sheep, squirrels, rabbits, etc. The buffalo has a wonderfully humane and noble face. I have wondered if giants might not be doing penance in the buffaloes.

The sylphs, and sprites, and storm-elves are very much freer than those of the other elements, and higher in their evolution, yet how



II.—The Spirit of an Indian, as seen by Tom Charman in the New Forest. He is being amused by elemental sprites from the trees, who are standing on his hands.

often we hear their cries, like the wails of lost souls—

Over the chimney the Night Wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew,
And the children said, as they closer drew—
" 'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through ;
'Tis a Fairy trumpet that just then blew ;
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Under the air we must also class the fairies of music. They are very, very tiny, and they can be seen dancing quaint dances, weaving exquisite lacy patterns, as they dance over the piano or round the musicians. They are often less than an inch tall. Then we find will-o'-the-wisps and pucks, who, I think, must have a glorious time when the fire-flies flit over the meadows. In fact

I think all Fairies must keep high revels at that time. June, the Midsummer month, is fairytime, and the fire-flies are the lanterns they use for their fairy-balls and concerts, which they greatly delight in, being very artistic, musical, imaginative, idealist, mercurial, active, and versatile. They are under the signs Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius.

The *Fire-Elementals*—dragons, griffins, and salamanders—make very good and helpful servants, but very tyrannical masters. Man, having been given dominion over all these lesser intelligences, can and should control them. Those occultists who understand and recognise this dominion, and the reality and intelligence of these wonderful little people, can and do control them. And to such an extent is this possible that fire will not burn such. I regret to think that these little people are used more by the black magician than by the white mystics. But men who deny and ridicule may and often do suffer very severely from these fire-forces—who either love or hate much. Those under Leo (the Sun) are the most useful and beneficial to man. Those controlled by Aries are volcanic and dangerous. Those under Sagittarius will "keep the home-fires burning." Make friends with them, and you will be safe from their attacks. They will even put out a fire for you at your command, and they will also keep your fires going when required. They are wonderful forces the spirits of the flames. Fire symbolises Spirit and Love—

"For Love is a Fire, you know, my dear,
Love is a Fire."—Tennyson.

There is yet another Elemental Force not recognised by ancient astrologers, because not then discovered, *i.e. ether*. It too must have its elementals, but nothing is known of them at present. Ether, radium, psychic-force, are on a higher octave, and are still in the experimental stage, so far as human knowledge of their powers and properties are concerned.

More about Fairies.

THE real stories of real fairies in the June *Psychic Gazette* have been much discussed during the month. A number of daily and weekly newspapers throughout the country have been attracted by their fascinating interest and have quoted them freely. This month we have pleasure in presenting some of Mr. Tom Charman's remarkable pictures of the Old World Spirits and Tiny Sprites that keep him gay company when he wanders in the woods. How fortunate he is to share the joys and mirth of Fairyland! Other writers, who have the vision which sees the invisible Pucks—not merely as gauzy and tinselly representations on the stage in a Shakespeare play, but as they really are in themselves, light and airy creatures—tell us their experiences. And Mrs. Silverwood gives us quite a scientific classification of their infinite variety, for she appears to know them all.

OLD WORLD SPIRITS AND LITTLE SPRITES.

MR. TOM CHARMAN writes:—I am sending you pictures of Indians with whom I have been closely in touch for years in the New Forest. You may ask what they are doing there, and I can only guess that this is their new happy hunting-ground, or post-mortem paradise.

With these old spirits of the past are some of the little wood sprites, with whom they appear to be quite familiar, and indeed, they tell me they

always were. It has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life to watch these little luminous creatures floating about, and ascending and descending at will, holding on to vapoury drapery which like rings of smoke curl upwards in graceful rhythmic waves of light.

Of late my delightful peeps into this elemental world have become more frequent, and I have come to the conclusion that the mysterious pleasure one feels when alone in the forest comes from these little beings, with their marvellous delight in life. As we learn to respond to the atmosphere of the woods, our delight in it increases.

I have often been asked by woodmen, when they have found me apparently wandering aimlessly, what I could see in the woods that so deeply interested me. It seemed to me impossible to give them any answer, simply because they could see nothing themselves. One of these men said—"If there is anything here I don't know of I should like you to tell me." I let myself go, and tried to awaken his interest in the woods, but as an old saying has it, he was "unable to see the wood for trees." He said, "When all is said and done, there is nothing but trees and moss, and what is there in that?" He merely saw so much timber of a certain commercial value.

I accordingly left the woodman and joined my unseen friends who were guiding me to curious

grotesque pieces of wood such as I have shown in my exhibition. Sometimes I would feel I had arrived at something they wished to show me, and would look in all directions to see what they intended me to see. I would look at the top of a tree and suddenly find what I wanted lying at my feet. I could feel the mirth of my Indian friends when they had thus given me another trophy for my collection.

Then I would sit down at a tree-foot and concentrate until I could distinctly see, clairvoyantly, these old-world spirits, who were taking a kind interest in my wanderings. They would sit all around me on the ground, and be most hilarious at being seen. Sometimes I was so much at one with them that I talked to them in their own language.

When I was recently drawing my recollection of these old spirits for the *Psychic Gazette* I was a visitor in a house in Somersetshire, full of curios from all parts of the world, which seemed to gather together a strange medley of psychic influences. The old Indians seemed to revel in sharing my pleasure of the place, and watched my drawing of their faces with keenest interest. When I was picturing the Indian shown on Plate I., I saw a flash of delight on his face at the novelty of being put down on paper. He was as pleased as a Sunday school child "getting her photo took!" Indian No. II. told me that he was quite familiar in his earth-life with the little sprites I have drawn balancing on his fingers. Indian No. III., though a stern warrior in his earth-life, is not ashamed in his moments of relaxation to show a loving interest in these elementary beings, which are only at the initial stage of their upward life.

Of course, in putting so much as this down on paper I am aware that I am only courting the incredulity of people who have no sense of these things. I cannot, however, help such people's limitations, and I am not going to apologise to anyone for the vision with which I have been endowed. These creatures do live, and they appreciate above all things kindly human recognition, and why, I should like to ask, should we deny it to them? Seventeen years' silence in the woods has taught me many things life in the City would have hidden from me, and I can assure my readers that such an interest is wholesome and sweet—as everything drawn from the pure well of Nature always is.

MUSIC, DANCING, POEM, AND COLOUR FAIRIES.

Miss Eva Longbottom, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., Bristol, a charming young vocalist who has been blind from birth, was kind enough to call upon us a few days ago with her mother, and as we know how deeply interested she is in everything psychic, we asked her: "Miss Longbottom, have you ever seen fairies?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "I have seen many fairies with my mind's eyes. They are of various kinds, the ones I see.

"The music fairies are very beautiful. Argent describes them, for they make you think of silver, and they have dulcet silvery voices. They speak and sing, but more in sound than in distinct words—a language of their own, a fairy tongue. Their music is a thing we cannot translate. It exists in itself. I don't think Mendelssohn has truly caught it, but Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's music reminds me of the music I have heard from the fairies themselves; his fairy ballads are very charming.



III.—Spirit of a powerful Chief whose child-like nature is in harmony with the spirit of the woods. Note the quaint leafy caps worn by the gnomes balancing on his hands.

Then there are dancing fairies. Their dancing is dainty and full of grace, a sweet old style of dance, without any tangles in it. I am generally alone when I see them, not necessarily in a woodland, but wherever the atmosphere is poetical. They are quite real.

Another kind is the poem fairies. They are more ethereal and of a violet shade. If you could imagine Perdita in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* translated from the stage into a real fairy, you would have a good idea of the poem fairy. She has a very beautiful sweet girlish character. The same might be said of Miranda, but she is more sentimental.

The colour fairies are also most interesting. If you can imagine each colour transformed into a fairy you may get an idea of what they are like. They are in airy forms and dance and sing in the tone of their colour. I have not seen any brownies, as I do not take so much interest in the domestic side of the fairy's life.

When I was young I had it so much impressed on me that fairies were imaginary beings that I would not believe in them, but when I was about fourteen I began to realise them and now I love them. Perhaps it was the deeper study of the arts that brought them to me. I have felt a sympathetic vibration from them, and they have made me feel that we were friends. I have had a great deal of happiness and good fortune in my life, and perhaps I can attribute some of that to the fairies.

GYMNASTIC GNOMES AND FLOATING FAIRIES.

Mrs. Rose, of Southend-on-Sea, chatting to us said: "I think I have always seen fairies, I see them constantly here in the shrubbery by the sea. They congregate under the trees, and float around about the trees, and gnomes come around to protect them. The gnomes are like little old men, with little green caps, and their clothes are generally neutral green. The fairies themselves are in light draperies. I have also seen them in

the conservatory of my house floating about among the flowers and plants. The fairies appear to be perpetually playing, excepting when they go to rest on the turf or in a tree, and I once saw a group of gnomes standing on each others shoulders like gymnasts on the stage. They seemed to be living as much as I am. It is not imagination, I have seen the gnomes arranging a sort of moss bed for the fairies, just like a mother-bird putting her babes to bed. I don't hear any sounds from the gnomes or fairies, but they always look happy, as if they were having a real good time.

"THEY MERRILY DANCED ROUND IN A PERFECT CIRCLE."

Mr. J. FOOT-YOUNG, the well-known water diviner and healer, writes: "Some years ago I was one of a party invited to spend the afternoon on the lovely slopes of Oxford Hill, in the county of Dorset, one of a long chain of chalk hills varying from 500 to 750 feet in height. The absence of both trees and hedges in this locality enables one to see without obstruction for long distances. I was walking with my companion, who lives in the locality, some little distance from the main party, when to my astonishment I saw a number of what I thought to be very small children, about a score in number, and all dressed in little gaily-coloured, short, full skirts, their legs being bare. Their hands were joined, and all held up, as they merrily danced round in a perfect circle. We stood watching them, when in an instant they all vanished from our sight. My companion told me they were fairies, and that they often came to that particular part, to hold their revels. It may be our presence disturbed them."

"I HAVE SEEN FAIRIES."

Mr. H. HALLETT B. writes: As to fairies and other such nature-spirits, I am an intense lover of Nature, if not a deep student of her, and when in one of my Nature-moods I have seen fairies with the inner eye, and was reminded by Mr. Charman's quaint drawing of a vision I had of them many years ago. I "saw" and wrote thus, speaking of the primroses observing the pranks of fairies:—

Do hamadryads, dwelling in the glade,
Pluck you to serve for canopy and shade—
Bear you above them in their strange parade?

[A nymph in Mr. Charman's drawing in the June *Gazette* is carrying aloft a flower.]

And violet-slippered do they dance on lawn,
All through the moonlight, and until the dawn
And drink ambrosia, like the deer and fawn?

[Are their tiny feet shod with flowers? It looks so.]

Again, referring to the little sketch, the nymph sitting on the stool is wearing a cap like this—as I wrote recently:—

Spring weaveth crocus-spells—golden, purple, pearl
caps for pretty fairies.

[Is it not a crocus-cap which that nymph wears?]

Then, as to Mr. Taylor's and Mr. Lonsdale's remarks, do not these verses of mine apply. Writing four or five years ago, I said, as I seemed to see:—

You who seek the wood of pine-plume,
Primrose clump and tuft of moss,
Trip it to the dryad's court-room
In the deep and fern-grown foss.
Where they rest with limbs across't
On the rock mounds, lichen-moss'd.
You shall see, or shall not see them,
You will hear, or will not hear,
You may frighten and disperse them
When they hark your footsteps near,
Vanishing, at once, away—
As you would suppose, a fay.

Pause you in that haunt of pleasure,
Realise the pine-wood's spell,
There, where dryads dance in measure
To the music they love well—
Piercing note of pipe of Pan
Thrilling elfin, maid and man.

As concerns the "non-human beings of the super-sensible worlds," an old friend once told me that when a farmer's boy in a rural district of Suffolk, he was one early morning on his way to milking, when a monster thing with a hairy body—nothing more than a body did he see—brushed fast and furious past him, and so startled and frightened him, that, taking to his heels and running as hard as he could, he reached the farmer's kitchen in a fainting condition.

In this same district, at another time, a company of choir-boys on their way to church practice, stood for a moment in a group talking, when a similar apparition appeared suddenly in their midst, and sent them helter-skelter, flying hither and thither in all directions, of course alarming them very greatly. This was in the early evening. It—whatever it was—had been known too, to attack other folk. Its appearance was always unexpected, and its disappearance like lightning. My friend added *his certainty* of the *reality* of it.

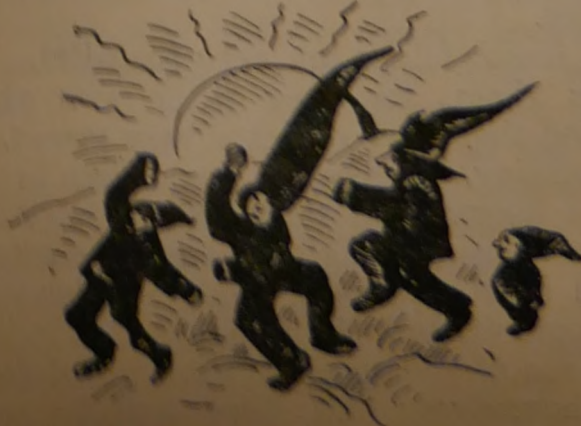


A Pixie of the Woods. See the two with long caps watching the butterfly.

THE CHARM OF FAIRYLAND.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest the article in this month's number of the *Gazette*—"Are Fairies Real Beings?" I have never seen a Fairy, but from the rippling, sparkling brook—or burns, as we call them in Scotland—the swaying trees, the whin and broom bushes of our hillsides to the tiniest wayside flower, I have felt the spirit of them, and the companionship. It is truly delightful, and draws one into a mystic world, where there is soothing and healing and strength for this work-a-day life. To speak, or think of them as "real beings," seems to take away this charm and delight that comes to us from Fairyland. To think only of these nature sprites as such, is all joy; to see in them "real beings" brings thoughts of their possible suffering and weariness; and because we do not know enough about them as such, the bright vision is dulled, and the ache comes into the heart.—Yours faithfully,

MARGT. NICOLSON.



Three Gnomes gambolling at sunset—"not forgetting the baby."

“At Home” at Miss Lind-af-Hageby’s.

THE WAR AND PSYCHIC STUDY.

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY delivered a short address on “Constructive Thought: The Impetus to Psychic Study given by the War,” at an At Home held in her beautiful residence in St. Edmund’s Terrace, Regent’s Park, N.W. She said it seemed to her that there had never been a time in the history of the world when there had been such scope as at present for all who were interested in psychic study or in the development of psychic faculties, or who wished to spread a better knowledge of the unknown world beyond this world, to come forward and formulate their theories, and so to give comfort to the world. Owing to the awful personal losses in the war, the countless deaths, the tragedies of misery and hopelessness, and the terrible sorrow and privation, there was a general softening of hearts towards those who had lost their dearest and best, and who found no comfort or little comfort in the orthodox and formulated systems of religion.

One could not but see that the terrible sufferings arising from the war had in a certain sense spiritualised the hearts of humanity, and had greatly broken down that heavy solid wall which had formerly separated them from the so-called “dead.” Life was so quickly taken away in these days, and the daily records of battle, and lists of killed, made them deeply conscious of the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death. A volume of intuitive feeling was beginning to show itself everywhere that the dead were not really dead, but that they had merely passed from one room into another, and that the unseen life, the life in the other world, was really in our midst, intermingled and interspersed with our life in the physical world.

Those who had suffered the sorrows and losses of this war were the first to refuse to accept death as a final separation. They were asking the question—“Where is he?” They were saying—“He was here alive yesterday, so strong, so full of vitality, so full of plans for the future. To-day he has gone, but I feel he has not gone; he cannot be gone, for love teaches me that he could not die, that his spirit is living still.” That question—“Where is he?” was being burned into millions of hearts, and the ordinary teachings of the Church did not satisfy many people as an answer. It did not satisfy them to be told that “he” was somewhere, unseen and unknown, and that some day they would be re-united in circumstances they could not grasp or understand.

The human heart clamoured for something more real, vivid, and personal; and thus it was they sought for light from Spiritualism, from mediums, from psychic study. Miss Lind said she believed that those who were sensitive and psychically receptive felt the vibrations of that soul-hunger which was all around them at the present time, and the mediums had done nobly, and all that lay in their power, to give help and comfort to the sorrowing.

Critics of Spiritualism often said it made people morbid, drew them away from this world, and drove certain people mad. Yes, it might have unhinged certain weak-minded people, but it had also given to many thousands of other people clarity of vision and personal sanity. It had

saved them from the crude old ideas of scientific materialism which were dead and going. There was now a wholesale acknowledgment by scientists of the soul of things, and people were almost ready to receive the new message that physical science was slowly and surely crossing the boundaries into psychic science.

The human mind in its social workings was being studied as never before, and a whole new literature was springing up which dealt with the psychology of crowds and public meetings, without a knowledge of which no one could successfully launch or carry through any great movement. Since the war the conscience and consciousness of humanity had undergone a marvellous change, and people had responded to patriotism and done things they never could have done had this great wave not caught them up and lifted them right above themselves. That side of human psychology which dealt with dreams, visions, premonitions, clear-sight or clairvoyance, knowledge of the future, was also being studied as never before.

Miss Lind said she was anxious to see instead of vague talk about these things that they should concentrate on something practical, and that those who were interested in the furtherance of psychic science, and psychic ethics, and spiritual life, and the spiritual interpretation of the phenomena of life, should band themselves together and form an institute in London for psychic study, where every phase of mediumship would be investigated and developed; where there would be a department for helping those who were bereaved, and who emotionally and spiritually were seeking for light and help, where there should be a lecture hall to which the public would be invited, and scientific laboratories established where spirits might be photographed, weighed, and studied chemically and physically on the lines laid down long ago by Sir William Crookes and others; where learned transactions would be published, and where the younger representatives of psychology and biology at the Universities should be invited to devote themselves to psychic studies as not unworthy of their investigation. At such an institute special help should be given to mediums, who instead of being often squashed and squeezed out of existence by an ignorant officialdom, should be provided with a sympathetic atmosphere and given such material help that they could devote themselves without hindrance to the cultivation of their valuable and precious gifts. There were many ideas afoot concerning such an institute. One of these had been propounded and elaborated very fully in the May and June Numbers of the *Psychic Gazette* by Mr. H. T. Pemberton, whose scheme for a College of Light was most interesting and very prolific in ideas. The only trouble was that it was so ambitious that it would take about half a million of money to carry it out. Mr. Hewat McKenzie had another scheme, which was on comparatively humbler proportions, and would probably be more easily carried out in their lifetime.

There was one more word to be said, and that was that such an institute would not in any way take the place of or supersede any existing

organisations, such as the London Spiritualist Alliance, the International Psychic Club, or the W. T. Stead Bureau, but it would be a central place where all who were interested in these ideas could meet to be stimulated and helped, and to consult together. It must be a place where all should meet as friends and not as rivals. She did not say there would not be difficulties in obtaining such an ideal institute, but with goodwill and united effort she felt sure these difficulties could be overcome. (Applause.)

MR. HEWAT MCKENZIE EXPLAINS HIS SCHEME FOR
A PSYCHIC INSTITUTE.

Mr. J. HEWAT MCKENZIE said he fully agreed with what their kind hostess had said as to the necessity for such an institution being established, and that now was the time for it. He had for years considered this question, although he had never made any attempt to start or run anything of the kind. During his lectures in the past twelve months hundreds of ladies and gentlemen had come to him and asked where they could go to get evidence of the facts he had spoken about, and he could only give the names of mediums in different parts of the country. But these mediums would not know whether these people were suitable investigators or whether they were entitled to the time and consideration they wanted. Mediums had usually great difficulties to meet their weekly expenses, and it was to try and help such individuals that he had first of all considered this institute or college.

He had great expectations that such an institute would be formed, and that at a very early date, because he had had support from everyone to whom he had spoken on the subject. Volunteer after volunteer had come forward and said—"Yes, we are quite prepared to pay and help to bring this subject forward, only you must see it is kept on a scientific basis." He found many wanted to keep the religious element out of it. Each one would make their own religion. They wanted rather to understand the laws governing spirit-intercourse, so that people could in their own homes begin to practise for themselves.

Two eminent and well-known ladies had come to his house and told him of dreadful disasters they were involved in over automatic writing. They had gone sky-high with success for a few weeks, but they had devoted too much time to it, and a great many later messages had proved to be untrue, and they felt inclined to fling such a thing to one side. The institute would warn, guide, and protect people from such incidents. He (Mr. McKenzie) was quite certain that if they entered into this subject under the guidance of an intelligent occultist, they could not only get in contact with the spirit-world, but they could sit and speak with those spirits who were prepared to come in the physical form.

Mr. McKenzie then gave a short sketch of his own scheme to establish an institute in the West-end of London, with a view to demonstrate to its members psychic manifestations of all kinds under good conditions, by mediums reserved for the society's use, to establish classes for development, and to organise lectures at the institute and throughout the country, as well as to encourage advanced research by selected members. He had found a very excellent building in a quiet and central spot which could be purchased for the purpose, and he had in his mind an individual who would purchase it and let it at a low rental to the governing body. It would be governed

by a council, and all officers, except the secretary, would act in an honorary capacity. Mediums would be paid a strict salary and the payment of teachers would depend on the fees of students. The membership would be limited to 500 persons, and the entrance fee would be five guineas for all who joined during the first year, and ten guineas for those who joined afterwards. The annual subscription would be three guineas additional. Lectures would be free to members, and they would have the privilege of attending classes for developing clairvoyance, etc., at half-price. The liability of members would be confined to their annual subscription as a registered company would be formed. Between fifty and a hundred voluntary offers had been made to him by those to whom he had spoken during the past fourteen days, and it was agreed that the institute should be run on a non-religious basis, and on a sound financial footing.

One or two interested friends had, he said, even gone the length of purchasing substantial furniture for the institute. Those uniting with him had made up their minds when they had gone that length. An offer had also been made to purchase a building that might be suitable, but as that was a low offer it had been declined. He would like to hear what the meeting thought of this plan, for nothing was cut and dry.

Mr. VON BOURG said he welcomed the proposal which would encourage many mediums tremendously in their work, and give them the kind of sympathy and protection they needed. He thought it was important to know whether mediums would be members of the proposed institute or would only be employed by it?

Mrs. FAIRCLOUGH-SMITH said that she had received a prophecy from the spirit-world twelve years ago that such an institution would be provided when the world was ready for it. The war had prepared people's minds, and she believed that mediumship would yet be regarded as something almost divine instead of as at present something not quite respectable.

A NEW EXPLANATION OF HOW SPIRITUALISM
ORIGINATED.

Mr. A. P. SINNETT, Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, said he would say two words—glorious, if possible. His breath had been taken away by Mr. McKenzie's assurance that it was possible. He had had a great deal to do with attempts to carry out some such scheme. A long time ago when he first came back to this country from India, bearing the message of the Theosophical Movement, he thought what a very desirable thing it would be to have a club in London of the ordinary type, a high-class club, the membership of which would be sympathetic to psychical pursuits. They had got very near the realisation of that idea, but it fell through from a financial difficulty. Although there were plenty of people willing to join the club and to pay entrance fees and annual subscriptions, they could find no one willing to take the responsibility of such a building as would be required to carry out the idea properly. What Mr. McKenzie said, however, put a different complexion on it, and if he saw his way, well and good.

One difficulty would be the strangely discordant feeling that he found throughout the miscellaneous world concerned with psychic inquiry of various kinds. For reasons to be declared, the Spiritualists as a body were hostile to the Theosophical Movement. He knew how it arose from terrible

mistakes made by that very wonderful person, Madame Blavatsky, whose claims to appreciation in many ways were greater than many people supposed. Her characteristics, however, were peculiar, and she had a bitter feeling of dislike for the ordinary methods of Spiritualism. There was no particular sense in it, for she had a great deal to do with them herself. She had corrupted his own mind on the subject and had led him to think that a great many ideas were founded on delusion, and he was sorry to say that his earliest books reflected that influence, and gave offence to a large number of Spiritualists. He had done his best since to remove that false impression.

Spiritualism should have been recognised as the first stage leading to Theosophical development. The two things should be linked together. But let him not be disloyal to the idea that the knowledge to be obtained from the Great Masters of the White Lodge could not be obtained by the ordinary Spiritualist methods. He knew how Spiritualism began and under what auspices. It was set on foot by a conference, held in 1830, of the Great Masters, who practically ruled the spiritual growth of mankind. At that time the drift of modern thought was materialistic to an extraordinary degree. The scientific world, when the leadership of the Churches had lost the scientific world, was inducing others to believe that all thought and consciousness was a manifestation of matter. A definite condition of atheism would have followed, and therefore those who guided these things, the Great Masters, determined that the wisest course was to give men tangible proof that there was another life after this. For that purpose Spiritualism was launched, and few Spiritualists had quite realised that their task had stopped short at that stage.

In millions of cases the mere fact that another

life was demonstrated was of enormous importance, but the original intention of the Masters was that an experiment should be tried in that way to see whether a new generation would be ready for definite teaching about spiritual science. That experiment took the shape of the Theosophical Movement, which after many years had become definitely rooted, and he had the assurance that along the lines of Theosophical teaching the great reforms of human destiny were to be accomplished.

How far the proposed institute would help this he did not know, and how far it would be in alliance with the Theosophical Society remained to be seen, but the latter, he said, represented a movement of world-wide importance, which was bound to grow into magnificent proportions. In view of all that, every effort could not but command the sympathy of anyone like himself who was fully possessed by the belief that they were on the eve of a great era of psychic development.

Mrs. F. E. Smith pleaded that astrology should be included in the subjects of study in the college, and said that the Great Masters Mr. Sinnett had spoken of were the planetary angels, whose rulership and their laws it was very necessary should now be practically investigated. She intended to draw up a horoscope of that meeting to see what the issues were likely to be.

Mr. Castleman, Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd, Mrs. Hewat McKenzie, and Mr. David Gow, also took part in the discussion.



Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end, but every end is a beginning.—*Emerson*.

Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man. Freedom being the prerequisite to normal life in society.—*Herbert Spencer*.

The Supremacy of Law.

By W. H. EVANS.

THEOLOGY taught us to believe in miracle. The world and all therein was created by miracle; it was sustained by miracle; and man, after falling from grace, was saved by miracle.

Science has revealed that many of our former theological beliefs were erroneous. It has shown to us a universe of law. Its magic word evolution has helped us to understand many things that formerly were dark. And although science has not solved all problems it has at least helped us to appreciate the universe more than ever.

A universe of law is stable. A universe created and sustained by a capricious God—as He was supposed to be—could never be considered safe. Therefore science has increased our confidence in the universe, and has tended to develop faith.

After all, evolution is simply a method of creation. It is the outward expression of involution. Many persons, when speaking of evolution, are apt to overlook this cogent truth—that involution precedes evolution. Far from disestablishing God, an understanding of the principles which underlie the known laws of nature helps us to realise the power that is at work in all realms.

A contrast of the theological conception that God merely said this or that and it was done, with the orderly sequence of cause and effect, does much to confirm our belief in God, and to clarify our ideas of Him.

The universe is eternal. We cannot postulate a time when there was no universe. We see even now worlds in different stages of progress. Old worlds die and new worlds are born. Cloudy masses of nebula float in space, together with compact worlds and systems of worlds. Suns and planets are scattered throughout the vault of heaven, and all move in rhythmic harmony and order. The marvellous panorama of night sweeping before our vision stirs us with feelings of awe and worship. Questions as to the whence, the why, and the whither of all this stupendous scene, spring spontaneously from our lips. And we do not wonder that the infantile mind of early man should have adopted what seemed to him an obvious explanation of such vast phenomena.

The history of the world, as revealed by the theory of evolution, is a veritable fairy tale, even more wonderful than any evolved from the cunning imagination of man. The wondrous fire—mist that was to become a world, its condensation, the formation of aqueous vapour, its mighty cataclysms, preparing the way for the manifestations of life, are marvellous. The first dim glimmering of life, with its great promise, is perhaps even more wonderful. And this orderly development is more consonant with our reason than any theory of instant creation by miracle. Nature moves slowly, but surely. She never

hurries, for eternity is hers, and all things can be accomplished in due season.

As we look around us we are struck by the fact that it is Life which has transformed the world. Think of the world as dead—no vegetation, no animals, no men, but one dreary mass of matter, whirling in infinite space. We owe all to Life, and the world is but the framework of the loom on which is woven the innumerable patterns from the divine design.

However humble may be the form of life it is yet more wonderful than anything which man has produced. He has done great things, as the ages testify, but contrast the most marvellous machine made by man with the humblest forms of life and the mighty difference is at once seen. One is a machine, dead; the other is an organism, alive, and in that fact lies its superiority.

The upward march of man has been long, but it has been in the main sure. The difference between the highest civilised man and the primitive savage is immense. Man was not created perfect, and afterwards fell; but he was made lowly, and has been rising ever since. His early attempts to pourtray his innermost thoughts and aspirations, not unrelieved by flashes of genius and intuition, show his real origin.

Though physically related to all beneath him, he has a fuller degree of spiritual consciousness than his fellow creatures. There is that in man which urges him forward. He is not restricted to the arc of a few instincts. He spreads out and out, and ascends. He has mind. The evolution of man is the evolution of mind. It is the upward striving of a divine power seeking to express itself more and more perfectly.

The insatiable desire to know has led man to make innumerable experiments. He cannot rest even if he would. From the cradle to the grave he is constantly acquiring. It is his nature so to do. And no matter how much he gains he desires more. His dreams and visions outstrip his accomplishments, and every generation leaves a legacy of unfulfilled desires and unrealised dreams to the next.

And even as life has transformed the world, so has man. By his genius he has improved nature. He has helped her to produce more perfect forms of life. By study and careful application of knowledge he has from a few simple grains and seeds, evolved a multitude of useful and beautiful forms. Man is the helpmeet of life. He is a helper, and co-worker in the world with divine forces.

Unconsciously perhaps, he is being used by the higher powers to work out the great design. All are tools in the hands of the Great Architect of the universe, and the mind of man is a channel through which flows the inspiring thought of God.

Another thought full of significance, and sinking deep into the consciousness of the age, is that of the unity of the cosmos. All is knit together, not only physically but sympathetically. One can understand this sympathetic relationship when this world alone is considered. But many fail to perceive that it reaches to the sun and stars. Writes Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus"—

"As I rode through the Schwarzwald I said to myself: that little fire which glows star-like across the dark growing moor, where the sooty smith bends over his anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe,—is it a detached, separated speck, cut off from the whole universe, or indissolubly joined to the whole? Thou fool, that smithy fire was (primarily) kindled at the sun; is fed by air that circulated before Noah's Deluge, from beyond the Dogstar; therein, with iron force and coal force, and the far stronger force of man, are cunning affinities and battles

and victories of Force brought about; it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, in the great vital system of Immensity."

The world and all therein is dependent on the sun. The sun is dependent upon other suns and systems, and all mutually support and sustain each other. It needs no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that there is an interchange of energies between the various world systems. We know that matter, whether it be of the earth, of the sun, or of the farthest star, is alike in constitution. Spectrum analysis reveals a similarity of constitution in all worlds. Even those stars whose light takes thousands of years to reach us are composed of matter similar to the matter of this world.

There is no such thing as an independent world in the universe. Every world depends upon other worlds for its existence. The interchange of cosmic energies is perfect and complete. Man then is related physically to the earth, the earth to the sun, the sun to all other suns, and so on, until we are staggered with the vastness of our own conceptions.

Man may be pardoned if he feels some pride in contemplating such a wonder. His own insignificance fades away in the fact that he has a mind that can trace these things. Size is only relative. Bulk is no guarantee of power. The mountain is a huge mass, but a dynamite cartridge or two, insignificant in comparison so far as bulk is concerned, will scatter it. And if we could tap all the energies of the atom we should be amazed at the power contained therein. Thus man stands as a giant in power because of his amazing potentialities.

The application of the thought of the unity of the cosmos in the world of religion is full of interest. The negationist never thought that science herself would go far to support the conception of the religious thinker. For this thought of unity is also a conception of reality. The All floats on the bosom of the Infinite. It expresses by its very universality the reality of God, and His unity with the universe.

Man is not only one with nature, but one with God. And, as the child of God, he contains within him the germ of divinity. This conception brings all into harmony. Man cannot escape from God. Wherever he wanders God is. "Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." Religion has given us no grander thing; and science with all her discoveries and achievements has revealed to us a universe of life, of consciousness and wondrous potencies. If miracle has been destroyed, it has only shown the majesty of law as the expression of the will of God.

YE PILGRIM-GOD.

"This poem," says the author, "was suggested by that grand article of Mr. Tarr's, where he speaks of latent powers of the gods, with their 'flashing fiery bodies.'"

The roses yearn to kiss him,
The lilies strive to smile,
Carnations waft a welcome—
As he leaps the rustic stile.
The lambs forget their mother,
The lark is too pleased to soar,
The clouds are "dropping fatness,"
Streams hasten to adore!
Stars flash congratulations—
Across a lurid sky;
The wond'ring moon peers—curious
To see a god pass by.

E. P. PRENTICE.

The Story of Parsifal.

A MEDITATION ON SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

By W. J. COLVILLE.

THE familiar and intensely beautiful and impressive story of Parsifal is in no sense a single tale or legend, attributable to some solitary human experience, but like the stories of Faust, Hamlet, and other celebrated heroes of exceptional romance, it embodies an account of the progressive steps which all neophytes must take as they approach the Mysteries, and then it goes on to tell how the final steps are taken along a pathway pressed only by the feet of candidates for such heirophantic honours as prove unattainable by all save the bravest and most faithful spirits.

The Parsifal legends are closely interwoven with the history of good King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, concerning whom Tennyson has given us so much information in his fascinating "Idylls of the King." It is not chiefly, however, with any single heroic or saintly individual that the tale of Parsifal is fundamentally concerned, but with the road to be traversed by all disciples who are ready to tread the heights which lead eventually to Monsalvat, provided the disciple resolutely determines to tread the upward way unflinchingly, till finally every foe is vanquished, and the triumphant victor, raised immeasurably above the common level of humanity to-day, becomes a spiritual light and guide to multitudes who are yet striving to attain the mountain summit of safety and salvation.

For dramatic purposes a scene must be laid somewhere, consequently some geographical features are portrayed inevitably upon the dramatic or operatic stage; but geography and chronology are very secondary accessories to the true plot of the tale. Sometimes the Grail legends cluster around Normandy, at other times they gather about the north of Spain, and yet again they are associated with Glastonbury in England.

Very much of the traditional matter may have been derived from actual occurrences at various times in several places, because Initiates and Adepts certainly have so made themselves known, here and there and now and again, by their wonderful achievements as to leave no reasonable doubt of their actual reality. The narrow and intensely personal mind sees only a certain limited historical incident recorded in any spiritual history, and so invariably misses the deeper and wider teaching which a great and glorious narrative is essentially intended to convey.

Historicity is doubtful at best, therefore the position of the mystic is always much stronger and safer than that of the religious literalist; because the former can afford to dispense with historical uncertainties and still retain complete hold upon the doctrine to which he is firmly attached, while the latter if he lose his historical footing is immediately plunged into a morass of doubt and pitiful misgiving.

Parsifal may appear again and again in human history, even as Elias may appear and reappear without any reincarnation of a certain prophet of ancient Israel. John the Baptist may have been in direct spiritual succession from the prophet Elijah, who was immediately succeeded by Elisha, through the supreme demonstration of complete

qualification to hold a most exalted position among prophets. Every age and land may have its own Parsifal, and no one of these great spiritual heroes may be any sublimer or more perfectly qualified to be a spiritual leader of multitudes than any other. Directly this proposition is accepted, as at least reasonable and probable, we have reached the end of a vast amount of prolonged acrimonious and unprofitable controversy, and find ourselves firmly planted upon a spiritual rock, instead of floundering in controversial shallows.

Historical facts belong exclusively within the domain of external narratives and must be considered in a merely external manner if they are to be either verified or discredited, whereas spiritual experiences are confinable within no such limitations, but pertain to the human race in its entirety, taking into account only particular types of humanity and stages of development connected with specifiable and classifiable phenomena.

Parsifal, whoever he may be literally and historically, is "a youth with soul on fire," not setting forth to attain worldly honours but to reach superlative spiritual distinction; and that not for his own personal salvation and glory, but for the sake of rendering a service of inestimable value to humanity. Now as all examples and influence work downward rather than upward in every scale, it is primarily and definitely to the Knights of the Holy Grail, and in particular to the acknowledged Head of so illustrious an Order, that we may properly look for an example of especial godliness.

At the time when the accepted story of Parsifal opens, the Knights are in a very low estate, and their sad condition is readily attributable to the consequences attendant upon the defection of their Leader, Amfortas, who in the course of his necessary initiatory probation had lost the Sacred Spear, the most powerful weapon in the rightful custody of the Knights, to Klingsor, the arch-antagonist of the Order. Amfortas carried on to the stage on a litter is a pitiful object, for he who should be the strongest and bravest of all the Knights appears as the weakest of them all.

A great lesson is suggested here concerning the limits of hereditary rulership. This nominal Head is in his exalted position lawfully, by right of inheritance and the law of primogeniture, for he is the firstborn son of Titurel, a great and holy man who had built a splendid castle in a forest glade near Monsalvat, in the north of Spain, for the preservation of the Sacred Lance with which, according to a venerated tradition, the Roman soldier, Longinus, had pierced the side of the Christ when crucified, and also the Sacred Cup out of which the Last Supper had been communicated to the twelve original Apostles. The beautiful romantic legend associated with this blessed Cup was that it had been at one time conveyed by angels from earth to Paradise, and then brought back to earth by the same celestial ministrants for the express purpose of conferring some unusual benefit upon mankind.

Titurel and Klingsor, who resided physically very near together, are represented as direct antagonists, the former being the chief representa-

tive of White Magic and the latter of Black Magic. The cause of Klingsor's fierce antagonism to Titirel was on account of the spiritual life necessary to attain admission to the Order of the Holy Grail, for he had refused utterly to live above the carnal senses, and having completed a long probationary course in magical achievements he determined to turn his knowledge to account in gratifying his worldly ambitions and insatiable thirst for power, by ruining, if possible, the Order which stood for spirituality while he was the Chief of the Brethren of the Shadow.

The story of Parsifal explains in the most convincing and highly dramatic manner the pivotal point of difference, amounting to direct opposition, between pure white magic, sometimes called Leucomancy, because it sheds celestial lights, and unholy black magic, often termed Necromancy, because its object is to deal out destruction and death to all who oppose its unrighteous endeavours to sway humanity on the downward path to error's consummation.

Amfortas, when first exalted to the high position of Head of the Knights, virtuously and valiantly resolved to overthrow the estate of Klingsor, which was a menace to all the fair neighbourhood in the vicinity of Monsalvat. Klingsor had outwardly appeared a benefactor, for he had converted a once dismal swamp into a beautiful garden, but all who entered the magical precincts had to stand the test of confronting powers of darkness in the guise of angels of light. This is always the ordeal that candidates for honours in the Mysteries must successfully pass before they can win their spurs and become Knights indeed, without fear and without reproach.

Kundry, who figures very prominently in the Grail legends, is described as a perfect subject of Klingsor, completely under his hypnotic sway, and it is through the instrumentality of this victimised woman that Amfortas is led astray. Here the whole secret of temptation is unveiled in a magnificent dramatic portrayal to which the sublime music of Richard Wagner has lent a vividness rarely equalled and never surpassed.

The subtlety of a temptation which forcibly appeals to a man such as Amfortas is graphically described, for though the charm of sensuous beauty lends its influence, Kundry's apparent charms are by no means exclusively confined to the seductions of the physical plane. When Amfortas had come under the spell of Kundry the moment was ripe for Klingsor to snatch away the Sacred Spear, which Amfortas carried with him, and stab him with it, thereby producing a deep and painful wound which could never be healed until some holy knight appeared who had resisted the temptation to which Amfortas weakly yielded, and by conquest over Klingsor won back the precious relic for the use of the consecrated Knights.

Amfortas, who suffers continual agony, seeks relief by bathing daily in a consecrated lake, with the hope of lessening his sufferings, but though his pain is sometimes reduced, he cannot be healed so long as the Spear remains in the enemy's possession, and whenever he attempts to fulfil the most important duties pertaining to his holy office the wound breaks out afresh, causing him almost unbearable agony.

Parsifal appears for the first time in the story when Amfortas is bathing in the lake, and his introduction is not promising, for he proves himself to be the slayer of a noble swan, and all living creatures are treated with kindly consideration

in the vicinity of the Grail. To slay a sacred bird is to commit a grievous offence, therefore consternation prevails, and Parsifal is severely reprimanded by Gurnemanz, the guardian of the sacred precincts.

The first step in the initiation of Parsifal is taken at the moment when, after confessing his complete innocence of all intentional wrongdoing, he breaks his bow, throws away his arrows, and declares he will never again go forth to slay. Gurnemanz then proceeds to question the young stranger concerning his parentage. Of this Parsifal appears strangely ignorant; he does not know whence he has sprung nor what his rightful name may be; he does not even know where his mother is then residing, but knows that she bears the name of Herzeleide, which means Heart's affliction. This young unexpected visitor at once aroused hopes that he might be the predicted stranger who is to appear mysteriously and heal the wound of Amfortas, so Gurnemanz invites him to a banquet of the Knights which no profane persons are ever permitted to attend.

A religious ceremony of great impressiveness is depicted on the stage when the opera is fully given. On this occasion the aged Titirel directs his unworthy son to uncover the Grail, which he does with great reluctance in consequence of his sense of sin and his pitiable condition, but in the presence of the lad Parsifal a powerful beam of light descends and the transparent chalice glows with mystic fire, while heavenly voices chant the welcome assurance that a deliverer will appear who will heal the wounded Amfortas and fully restore all lost glory to the Knights.

In this early portion of the career of Parsifal we note how extremely clearly is the fact revealed that those who are resolved to transcend all ordinary experiences and achieve entirely superordinary results must of necessity live a life entirely superior to that of ordinary men and women of the world, who though highly respectable in the average every day meaning of the phrase, make no effort to reach any superlative degree of spiritual attainment.

When the young undisciplined Parsifal is first introduced to the sacred banquet-hall and invited to partake of a feast which though a social meal has also a mystical significance, he gives evidence of some mystical attainment and fulfils an important prophecy concerning the appearance of a promised deliverer who would undo the terrible consequences of the fall of Amfortas by proving himself a spiritual conqueror over Klingsor and his wiles.

(To be continued.)



THE HOROSCOPE.

As Vista in the clouds
Reveals the Sun,
So myst'ry that enshrouds
Life's web close-spun,
Finds here a hint—a clue—
So strange ;—yet *strangely true* !

That they who, yearning, dream
Themselves to harmonise
With Nature's heaven-born scheme,
As written in the skies,
When on life's ocean she sent forth their barque,
Find here both chart and pilot through the dark.
April 19th, 1916. E. J. JONES BISS.

Dreams and their Meaning.

By J. ARTHUR HILL, Author of "New Evidences in Psychical Research," &c.

PROBABLY everybody dreams, more or less, and nobody knows why. Indeed there is no reason; "it is our nature to," as it is our nature to think when we are awake. Mental activity goes on in sleep as in wakefulness, that is all; though in a different manner. And to some extent we can now explain this manner. We do not know why we dream, but we know why we dream about one thing rather than another. In other words, we are beginning to understand something of the factors which determine the contents of our dreams.

Briefly put, probably all dreams, and certainly most, are the attempts of the mind to interpret certain stimuli. These are misinterpreted, usually, because the critical and judging faculty is in abeyance; and they are often amusingly exaggerated, because in the absence of other stimuli—of sight, sound, etc.—they fill the whole field of consciousness. A dropping water-tap will cause a dream of Niagara or thunderstorms; cold feet will be explained by the sleeping consciousness as the result of our participation in a Polar expedition—for we may dream of walking over snow; a buzzing fly will become the engine of a death-dealing Zeppelin. Some of these cases not only illustrate the inventiveness and command of detail of the subconscious, but also the extreme rapidity of dream processes. The classic instance is that of Maury, the first scientific investigator and recorder of dreams. He dreamt one night that he was living in Paris during the Reign of Terror; that he was put on the proscribed list; captured, tried, and sentenced to death; dragged through the streets amid a yelling mob; forced to mount the scaffold and bare his neck. The guillotine fell, and he woke—to find that a piece of the cornice pole had fallen and struck him on the neck. The whole series of incidents must have been invented by the dreamer's subconsciousness after the fall of the cornice, and in the probably momentary interval before waking.

An influential school of psychologists, following Professor Sigmund Freud, hold that while dreams are initiated by stimuli, the content of all dreams is determined by a *repressed wish*. And they are particularly fond of what they call the *Œdipus complex*, by which they mean the feelings of jealousy which they seem to think every boy feels towards his father, because of that father's place in the mother's affection. If I deny ever having had the feelings, they say: "Of course you are not conscious of them now; knowing them to be wrong, you repressed them into your subconscious." If I dream that my father is dead, it is because this repressed wish is manifesting itself. If I dream that he is alive, I suppose they would say it proved the same thing, being an inversion; for they say that dreams often disguise and even invert the wish. Hence, my father being inevitably either alive or dead, the Freudians get me if I dream of him at all. And if I don't—if I dream of something else—their diabolical ingenuity will still fasten the "will to patricide" upon me. In one case given by Dr. Coriat in "The Meaning of Dreams," a young woman dreamed that one of her brothers was going to be hanged. An ordinary doctor would not interpret this. He would give it up; or would say that

it is natural to dream of one's brother—as it is natural to think of him when awake—and that the hanging part might be variously explained. For instance, she might have been reading about a murder or an execution. But the Freudian is much more exact than that. This woman had had a brother who died of cancer, and another who died of tuberculosis: therefore the dream of a living brother being hanged is the result of her wish that the other two had died of something else—even hanging—because she feared that she herself would die of one or the other disease. I would back a Freudian to find a wish—open or disguised—not only in every dream but in every possible thought of man, or in any action of man or beast. Indeed, I am becoming skilful at it myself, from reading Freudian books; and I can understand the fearful joy of making a dream yield a meaning which nothing but transcendent ingenuity and imagination could wring out of it. The feeling is something like that of the Handcuff King when he has extricated himself from an incredibly tied-up condition. Dream-interpretation of this sort is exhilarating and even exciting; for each new dream is a new challenge to our claimed ability to fit anything in heaven or earth into the same old theory. (It is old, though the Freudians think it new. One of Boccaccio's characters states it very explicitly in "Le Songe Réalisé," written over five hundred years ago.) It is a fascinating occupation. But it is not science.

I wrote the foregoing yesterday. Last night I dreamed that I was giving a wedding present to a certain railway porter, a man whom I have known for about thirty years. It is interesting to speculate on the Freudian interpretation. I incline to think that if the Freudian surmised that the porter's wife was moderately young and pretty, the explanation would be that the dream was a disguised wish for his death, so that I could receive wedding presents on the occasion of my union with his widow! If, however, the Freudian cannily ascertained the two facts that the woman is sixty and that I do not know her even by sight, he would perhaps suggest that I wanted the porter's daughter. (I believe he has one—married—but I do not know her.) Failing that, he could of course fall back on the explanation that the dream signified a wish for marriage or a wish for presents; but this is very banal and unsatisfactory, for a Freudian is nothing if not ingenious and original, not to say imaginative. My own explanation of this particular dream is that my mind was already preoccupied with wedding presents, for I had just given one to a near relative; and that I probably heard, while asleep, the noise of a train on a near-by railway, which brought in the porter by association of ideas. But that is much too commonplace for the Freudian, and I apologise to him for not finding something more vivid and more wicked.

As to the frequent "flying" dream, it is probably due to the thought of motion—which is an almost constant experience when awake—plus absence of sensation from the soles of the feet. We therefore think we are neither walking nor sitting in a vehicle; therefore we must be flying!

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The Parable of the Bridge.

IN the days which we call mythical because they were so long ago and we know so little about them—though they were real times and “a living present” to real people, and in some countries as civilised as peoples are to-day—there was a great island in an Eastern ocean. It was a self-contained kingdom, for it stood up like a huge table-mountain out of the sea, and its surrounding cliffs were so high, its rocky coast so dangerous, its rolling breakers so over-mastering, that neither boat nor ship—had there been one—could have left its shores. Nor could any explorer, however daring, have penetrated the forbidding and menacing barriers which kept the island and its people remote from the rest of the world. Now there was a wise old man of that island who used to ascend a high peak that he might meditate apart, and one day when he was peering out to sea he saw glinting in the sunshine the cliffs of another island! And he was amazed, for he had lived to old age and had never so much as heard or dreamt of any other land but his own. So he hurried back to the town where he dwelt, and he told the people what he had seen. But they thought him mad, and said there could be no other land than the one they knew, for they had never heard of any, and if there had been their learned men would have discovered it long before this time of day! And when the wise old man persisted they derided him and laughed him to scorn. So the old man held his peace, and left the people alone with their concerns, and said no more of what he had seen. But he had been deeply stirred by his discovery, for he knew that his senses had not betrayed him, and he continued to go privily to the mountain peak and to gaze at the other island. And one day he saw smoke ascending as from some great conflagration, and he wondered if there could possibly be people on that land also? And lo! after many days of anxious watching he saw signs of movement—insignificant signs at first, but they filled him with a great desire to know what they might portend. He began to feel convinced that the island was inhabited, and to ask himself what kind of people there might be; would they be like his own race, and would they also be ruled over by a king? One day he thought he heard faint sounds of music from the other island, and then he was startled to see what he believed to be a procession with banners and glistening shields, as if the unknown people were holding some high festival. And he thought to himself—Oh, if we could but build a bridge between our lands how we might mingle in our festivities, and what joy would fill our hearts! He hastened back to the town. The people, he thought, must now believe him when he could tell them so much more, and he would say to them—“Only build a bridge and you will know for yourselves, and great happiness will be added to your lot.” Surely, he thought, they would now listen to him. But the people were not yet prepared to accept such an incredible revelation, and said the good man was in his dotage

and imagined things! And in due time the old man died, and was gathered to his fathers.

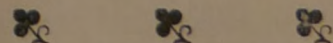
But the story was not forgotten by persons who were children when the queer old sage “went wrong,” and when they were grown up they used to tell their children and grandchildren about his fairy-tale of another kingdom, and the young people listened and wondered as children do nowadays when they hear tales of ghosts and fairies. And one of these children was clever beyond other children, and he became a great architect and engineer in the kingdom. He thought one day—Could there be any truth in that old man’s tale, or was it a mere fancy? There could not be a whit of harm in investigating. So he too climbed the high peak and peered across the sea, and as it happened to be on an anniversary of the neighbouring island’s great festival he too heard music, and saw the glittering shields and the fluttering banners. And after pondering over the matter, he said—Of course there should be a bridge, and a bridge can be made, though it would be a gigantic affair, and would cost a countless amount of money. I will make a design for a bridge between our land and that, and some day communication will be established between the two peoples, and great benefits and happiness will accrue to them both.

So he drew a design for the bridge and wrote a book about it. But the people who read the book said such an undertaking would be too vast ever to be attempted, and that all the money in the kingdom would not suffice to build it. His book “fell flat,” as we say, and the engineer never saw his bridge materialise, and he too died. But the idea remained floating in some men’s minds, and by and bye they used to say that “it was generally supposed” that there was another kingdom of men just across the sea, and that if there were only a bridge big enough they could visit it.

Many years passed by, and the king of that island was in his library and “chanced” to take the engineer’s book down from the shelves. He became interested in it; then was fascinated by it, and he read on until the dream of the old man and the design of the engineer so possessed him that he cried—“Yes, there ought to be a bridge; there must be a bridge; I shall build a bridge, even if it should exhaust all the money in my treasury!” And he built the bridge! Not a mere narrow footbridge, good in parts but shaky and dangerous in others, for the use of a few brave and adventurous spirits, but a great broad substantial bridge, across which the whole people of these two kingdoms could come and go at will, and it enabled them ever afterwards to mingle freely with each other, not fearfully as strangers, but in friendly fashion, as members of one family, for that they discovered themselves to be.

Now who will solve for us the riddle of this parable?

J. L.



LIFE OR DEATH?

Nay, not in vain doth Life strive to emerge,
Death is but Life turned inside out:
Divine result of that divinest urge
Toward more complete accomplishment of Life.

We have had many deaths and many births,
But which is Death, which Birth, God only knows.
For we know *only Life*, we know not Death,
We only hear them say that we are dead.

ELIZABETH L. SILVERWOOD.

The Problem of Presenting Spiritualism to the World.

THE NECESSITY FOR ESTABLISHING PSYCHIC INSTITUTIONS.

By G. E. OWEN, the Collier-Author.

MUSIC fails to evoke thrills and feelings of exaltation in man if produced either by a good musician on a poor instrument, or by a poor musician on a good instrument. A lecture on a good subject, if poorly treated, makes no impression. Poetry, art, and literature are deprived of their value if produced by those not fitted either by natural endowments or systematic cultivation for their accomplishment. The general rule, which occasionally deviates, is that ability and efficiency in the spheres of learning, science, and the arts, are incapable of being enjoyed without a preliminary process of training which has for its object the development of latent powers. Systems of philosophy fail to take a place in the minds of men if their exponents are not qualified to expound, explain and present them. Branches of science have their specialised exponents and tutors. All this is as it should be, and is necessary if such are to exert an influence in the life and affairs of man.

Through the whole gamut of muscular or bodily powers and intellectual faculties, through æsthetic unfoldment, artistic achievement, and mental growth, runs the law insisting that conformity to certain conditions, and observance of certain rules, is the natural and only real means at man's disposal for cultivating and bringing into useful exercise whatever powers and abilities he has. The various phases and forms of powers and faculties have their particular methods of training, which have to be discovered and adopted. Each method embodies conformity to the laws governing the development of the particular talent or power. The athlete, sculptor, painter, singer, orator, musician, and mathematician who have by training brought out from the depths of their nature these qualities, have had to proceed in the work of doing so along different lines—lines indicative of the path that had to be trodden in the work of unfolding them.

Academies, universities, institutions, colleges, societies—Royal and otherwise—we have in large number devoted to the furtherance of the sciences and philosophy, to the advancement of learning, to the fostering, cultivation, and perfect expression of music, and kindred phases of the arts, and to the unfoldment of literary and poetic abilities. These have been established in consequence of the recognition of the necessity for guiding and directing, by experience and understanding, through training, the unfoldment of any quality along the channel which guarantees its being done to the best possible advantage. They render invaluable service by giving intelligible direction to the process of arousing slumbering talent into activity.

These institutions represent quite a large number of the powers and abilities possessed by mankind, but do not represent all of them. They represent some that man has already expressed. Others are as yet unrecognised by them, and there are others still unexpressed at all. For example, we see a large number of journals and periodicals

the world over, and an extensive range of highly valuable literature containing the best, richest and sweetest in science, philosophy, morals and religion, yet the *Psychic Gazette* represents quite a large number of expressed but generally unrecognised powers and faculties, whose exercise are equally as valuable and helpful to man during his career in this life as are any of those enjoying recognition. In some respects some of these powers and faculties are infinitely more valuable than those commonly known and used. These belong to man's psychic nature. They are associated with mediumship, which finds complete incorporation and embodiment in the Movement termed Modern Spiritualism. Spiritualism in reality owes its existence to the as yet limited exercise, or functioning of man's psychic nature.

Spiritualism has its religious, its scientific, and philosophic sides. Its value to human existence here can only be adequately realised by those fully conscious of its great and consoling truths. To give the truths to the world—to a world sadly in darkness and in need of them—the powers implied in mediumship have to be requisitioned. The mission of Spiritualism is to demonstrate the existence of a life beyond death, and thus to enable man to know something concerning it instead of merely believing in its existence. That demonstration is accomplished through the awakening of man's latent faculties and powers. The awakening of these gives us mediumship.

The problem of unfolding and effectively exercising mediumship—in fact the problem of presenting Spiritualism to the world—is to the Movement one of difficulty as well as of vital importance. Faulty, objectionable, and defective presentation has been responsible for preventing many an ardent investigator from becoming an enthusiastic adherent. That is not the fault of Spiritualism, but of some of its exponents or demonstrators. And that has occurred on account of the absence as yet of a definite policy and system to control the development and exercise of mediumistic activities.

Much has been done to prevent inefficient exponents and demonstrators occupying Spiritualist platforms—the Spiritualists' National Union Certification Scheme is an instance of this—but what the Movement really needs now is the formulation of a scheme, the adoption of a policy, which would produce lecturers who could present its philosophy, and demonstrators who would obtain its phenomena, in such a manner as to be perfectly acceptable and conclusive. Such can only be brought about when the unfoldment of mediumship in all its phases is done along systematic and methodical lines, by the observance of and conformity to the laws and conditions governing medial or psychic unfoldment, under the supervision of fully-qualified and capable persons. Those controlling, directing, and supervising the process of unfolding the higher or psychic faculties and powers, necessary to accomplish the work Spiritualism seeks to do, in order it may be that

provided with workers of the required standard should be graduates of very reliable schools, of mature experience, understanding, and enlightenment, and with the disposition and ability to faithfully apply them when engaged in such very important work.

The Movement is what its workers make it. It is a true index of their ability. It reflects their intelligence and outlook. Just as a stream of water cannot rise to a higher level than its source, so a Movement embodying certain truths, principles and teachings cannot reach a higher level of intelligence than that of its leaders and exponents. The influence a Movement exerts on the public, and the place it occupies in its estimation, corresponds always to the collective standard and efficiency of those responsible for its propagation. As, therefore, Spiritualism is what those who labour to extend it makes it, then with them and them alone lies the secret of producing whatever improvements its presentation needs and is amenable to.

To do this the Movement must do something to provide more favourable conditions for the development of its mediums. There are signs, and not without cause, of dissatisfaction with the manner Spiritualism has been presented to the world. There is indeed room for much improvement. That can only be brought about by changing the methods hitherto adopted in developing and training mediums. The idea of inaugurating a training college, a psychic institution or academy, or a number of them, seems to be a solution to this problem. It is gratifying to see that some of the Movement's leaders and leading workers are at present paying attention to this question. Mr. Pemberton's suggested "College of Light" is a helpful indication of the trend of, let us hope, future developments. All the difficulties connected with the formation of such can be easily surmounted by the Movement becoming better consolidated in the bonds of organisation.

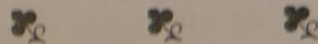
Spiritualism requires advocates qualified by ability, made perfect through training and tuition. Considering the nature of the problems it touches, the fields for exploration it opens up, the assistance intellectually and spiritually it can render to man, and the appalling misconception there exists in the public mind about it, its presentation should no longer be left to haphazard and inefficient exposition, as it so largely is.

Other movements, as instanced in the various denominations of Christianity, see that those charged with the work of delivering their respective messages to the world—some of which are indeed hardly worth delivering—are specially prepared, trained and fitted for doing so. That being so, how much more important it is that those delivering the noble message of Spiritualism should be properly prepared to do so.

An institution founded for unfolding psychic powers would be of inestimable value. Mediumship could be developed in it under the best conceivable conditions, and under expert guidance. Every phase of mediumship could be provided with its own specific conditions during development. Prospective mediums could at the initial stages be made familiar with the nature of mediumship, and obtain an understanding of the laws governing its unfoldment—an essential to its successful development and exercise. Mediums could under such conditions be relieved from all the distracting and jarring influences of everyday life, as they should be freed from all business, workshop and domestic anxieties, thus allowing the mind to be

in a state that would be conducive to psychic growth. All these things now go into the seance room, and then people wonder why spirit-people do not make mediums of them!

Another great advantage of a College would be that those preparing to be workers could, in addition to unfolding their mediumship, cultivate their normal powers. The sciences should be studied, as Spiritualism embraces and is related to all of them. Lecturers could pay attention to the art of oratory, to expression, intonation, accent, etc. Clairvoyants could develop a vocabulary. Attention could be paid to everything which would help towards a graceful, dignified, scholarly, refined, enlightening and understandable presentation of the consoling and enlightening truth as we know it, to a world peopled with tear-filled eyes, whose outlook is confined to the narrow horizon of the senses. The existing methods prevent Spiritualism from exerting the influence it should, from lightening the dark and desolate path of mortal existence, and from winning the place in the minds and hearts of men it deserves. It seems a pity for such to be so!



THE IMMORTAL MIND OF MAN.

[The following inspirational poem, by Miss H. D. Pridham, was penned at Denver, Colorado, on July 31, 1915, at midnight, in about five or six minutes.]

The immortal mind of man in devious ways
Doth on its upward journey soar through realms
To heights that yet are unconceived by thought ;
For all the glories of the heaven-worlds
Surpass the expectation of this age.
There, Art and Science have in bounteous store
Rich gifts, for those who climb the path severe,
And turn the mind within to glean the light
Of wisdom, which shall only thus be given
To those who seek and search with their whole heart.
The gems from depths of ocean must be gleaned
By divers, risking life and limb therefor ;
The mountain-climber must with toil and pain
Ascend o'er rocks with difficulty great,
To reach the heights, and o'er the valleys gaze ;
But he who would the gems of Psyche seek,
Far greater is his toil, for sacrifice
Is the inevitable cost of his desires.
He must within himself this knowledge seek,
And not from mortals, nor this world of strife ;
But, stifling all emotions, turn his mind
Unto that SILENCE, whence all WISDOM dwells ;
And thus, when perfect poise has been attained
Through concentrated thought, when mind is STILL,
Then only shall the light begin to shine,
Transcending all that he had known before.
And rays of intellectual thought shall surge,
(Increasing in their volume hour by hour),
Throughout his brain, and messages shall dart
From spheres that interpenetrate our own ;
Whilst those immortals who do dwell therein,
Yet hidden by finer forms of ether rare,
Shall whisper in his ear such words of truth,
He scarce shall dare to breathe, lest he destroy
Those waves of thought, or mar their harmony,
By reflex of this denser world below,
Leaving him as he was before, bereft
Of WISDOM that would lead a man to heaven !

HELEN D. PRIDHAM.

Letters to the Editor.

THE PROPOSED COLLEGE OF LIGHT.

Bolton,

June 10, 1916.

DEAR SIR,—A College of Light might, if well managed, place our Movement upon a higher grade.

We need clearer evidence and more rational exposition. A College of Light might promote both.

But it must not be forgotten that mediums are "born, not made," or at least where great effort has to be exerted to develop, the results are not usually as good as where the signs of Spirit-working come spontaneously. College walls may dam up, rather than give free course to the Spirit.

We need better education, but we need to keep open the avenues of the Spirit by a culture that does not clog the soul's inner working.

We want a Spiritualised business management, not a commercialised Spiritualism. It will require much wisdom to so combine the Spiritual and executive, the mystical and the scientific elements, of our Movement.

Have we the men and women equal to this undertaking? For this aspect is of greater import than the financial—great as is the importance of money.—I am, Yours sincerely,

WALTER HOWELL.

EDINBURGH, June 1, 1916.

SIR,—In the June issue of the *Gazette*, following Mr. Pemberton's interesting proposals for above, you invite suggestions from readers who feel interested in such a laudable object.

I have long thought such an institution ought to be formed to further the cause of Spiritualism, the main object being the thorough training of mediums, and those who are fitted to become public speakers in the movement, which is most essential if we are to make any advance, and keep in front of conservative theology.

We well know it is no easy matter starting such an undertaking; there are many seeming difficulties ahead, such as finance, and the proper selecting of those best qualified to impart the necessary knowledge to mediums and students qualifying as public speakers. These and other difficulties that may arise I have no doubt will be eventually overcome. My suggestion is, if such an institution is started, that along with it, room may be reserved for a boarding establishment. This I think is most desirable and a much felt want at present—a place where Spiritualists can reside, it may be permanently for some, and others for longer or shorter periods; a home where one can feel at home. Séances could be held on week nights, and regular Sunday services, to which the best speakers in the movement could be brought from time to time.

Further, I would suggest such an institution need not be in London or its suburbs, but somewhere more central, and easily accessible. Along with others I have spoken to on the subject, we are of the opinion that such an establishment as I am suggesting is much wanted, and I need hardly say would prove a profitable source of revenue.

You have invited your readers for suggestions, this is one I venture to put forward, it may be in a somewhat crude form, but well worth considering, and ought to be ventilated freely among Spiritualists.—I am, etc.,

"MORE LIGHT."

DEAR SIR,—The sketch of the "Proposed College of Light" in the *Psychic Gazette* has interested me greatly. For many years the idea of a training college for mediums and speakers has been in the air—and has still remained there. Still, all that "castles in the air" require is a material embodiment, and the providing of such is the work we have to do.

I do not think anyone has ever elaborated a scheme and put it forward as Mr. H. T. Pemberton has done, and his scheme should attract attention. Its very boldness should do much towards carrying it to a successful issue.

Unfortunately, many Spiritualists have such an ingrained fear of what they call orthodox methods that they imagine every such scheme, or suggestion, is a retrograde step. Consequently there is a great difference of opinion relative to such work. I have always held that a training college is necessary, that the truly educated medium will be a more efficient instrument than the uneducated. In the transition stage of the Spiritualist Movement to-day, things do not look too rosy, and I feel that if such a scheme

as that proposed could be adopted, the status of the Movement would be immediately raised.

The question that has bothered me, in reference to a training college, has been, what are we to do with those we train? At present mediums and speakers, especially the latter, are unable to make a decent living by public work alone. Mediums have to resort to the giving of private sittings, etc., in order to eke out a living. The speaker who exercises no mediumistic faculty, except that of trance or inspirational speaking, is in an even worse condition; and at present I think I shall be correct in saying that the Spiritualist movement does not give anything like adequate support to its workers. When societies advertise for workers at a fee of 2s. 6d. a service, and grumble at that, one cannot wonder at the low tone of many meetings. And to offer such an apology for a fee is a direct incentive to some mediums to exercise their gifts in ways that are neither creditable to them, the societies which engage them, nor the general public.

However, Mr. Pemberton's suggestion that lecturers should be sent out from the College is a good one. It could work in conjunction with the Spiritualist Unions, and thus act as a nucleus to the Movement as a whole. In fact the movement requires a head. At present it is all body, and there is no intelligent direction, not even from the S.N.U., although I believe that body has done its best. But as I have stated, in the present transition stage of the Movement, it is difficult to predict what will be the result of the efforts that are being made to lift it a step higher—which it very badly needs.

At present, Mr. Pemberton's scheme is a College of Air. We want to see it materialised. How? There's the rub! If every Spiritualist was—shall I say?—a class-conscious one, the realisation would speedily come. And if every Spiritualist would do his bit, it could be realised. Everyone then should do his bit.

There is one thing I like very much about the scheme, it makes no compromise. It is to be a College of Light, for teaching the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, without prefix, suffix or affix. That is what we want. Truth desires no compromises and Spiritualism does not need to be diluted or watered down. It is eclectic, and in that it touches all systems, without losing its individuality in any. I wish Mr. Pemberton's scheme all the success it deserves.—I am, Yours sincerely,

W. H. EVANS.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

Halifax,

June 12, 1916.

SIR,—Will you grant us the favour of your columns to add to our letter of May 12th. After consultation with our solicitor in the matter of the prosecution of mediums, the certainty emerges that the only way in which we may secure freedom for the legitimate use of psychic faculty, and the proof thereby of man's survival of bodily death, is by such agitation as will result in the passage through the Houses of Parliament of such amendments of the law as will give us spiritual freedom.

The Council of the Spiritualists' National Union is quite aware that at the present moment legislators have their hands full, but now is the time to mould the opinions of the Members of Parliament who in future will be called upon to vote on this matter, and success can only accrue if we stand solidly together.

Time, labour, and money will be necessary, but above all a united and enthusiastic effort is essential.

Will every *bona fide* Spiritualist Society in the kingdom join hands with the Spiritualists' National Union, by affiliation therewith, and will every individual Spiritualist show his or her interest by uniting with us to the same end?

ERNEST W. OATEN, *President*,
HANSON G. HEY, *Secretary*,
Spiritualists' National Union, Ltd.

[The above letter indicates a move in the right direction. In the present anomalous condition of the law, money spent in the legal defence of mediums is practically wasted. The law must be altered so that mediums will be freed from prosecution as "rogues and vagabonds," and so that Spiritualists generally may be as free to worship God according to their view of the truth as, say, Methodists or Plymouth Brethren. Parliament will do this if the pressure on present and future Members is persistent, and is shown to represent such a considerable section of the people as Spiritualists have now become.—ED. I.P.G.]

Soul-Mates and Affinities.

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

The following is completion of the article begun in our June number.

ONE of the causes of unhappy marriages is due to the fact that it takes a man all his life to learn the simple lesson that he is unable to fathom or to reason out the inscrutable enigma of a woman's soul. There is a story of a nobleman, who once, in proposing the toast of "Woman," said: "If I were painting a woman, I should not know whether to depict her as pointing upwards and leading downwards, or pointing downwards and leading upwards." "Do both, my Lord, for different men," said a tactful woman of the world sitting next to him.

No woman probably has ever quite succeeded in unravelling the mystery and depth of her own soul and her feelings; she remains more or less a stranger to herself. By nature woman is a wonderful, though unwitting actress, who but very rarely steps off the boards to reveal her real self. Man after an unhappy love-affair will "tear his hair," and carry the expression of misery plainly on his countenance. A woman will silently eat her heart out, and with a smiling face reveal to nobody her real feelings. Man's inability to read woman is the reason he so rarely discovers his true soul-mate.

Woman, who intuitively psychometrises man's mind, has no difficulty in identifying her soul-mate when found, and the disclosure should therefore naturally come from her. Sex-considerations and constraint, however, usually debar her from opening her heart to the man to whom she feels psychically attracted. For generations girls were strictly taught by their mothers on no account to reveal their feelings to the other sex, but to "act their part," and to let the man do the wooing, in which they may take a negative part. Such teaching has become hereditary, and has produced conventional modesty and mimicry in woman, which she is unable to explain without a great deal of self-examination. It is only a woman who on rare occasions correctly and intuitively reads another woman's character, and therefore there is great truth in the saying that a woman's greatest enemy is woman. A woman reads a man's character intuitionally and seldom errs in her judgment.

Men and women live on different planes of existence. Man's plane is the mind-plane, dominated by intellect and reason, in short by the conscious mind. Woman's plane is the spiritual-plane, dominated by love and intuition, or the subconscious mind. A woman's first thoughts and impressions are always her best; she quickly sees and senses the inner depths of things and events, which man has to reason out slowly. Love to a woman is a far greater and indispensable reality than to a man, and she often misjudges man in concluding that he is deliberately cruel, when he may be but thoughtless, because he naturally lacks the depth of love she is capable of. It is folly to try to compare man and woman, and to ask which of the two is the greater. They are equals, being two halves of one whole. Man manifests wisdom, the male, active or positive aspect; woman manifests love, the female, passive or negative aspect of the Deity. Man symbolises power, woman attraction, neither being greater, but complementary to the other. They are mentally and

spiritually fitted for different duties in the cosmic scheme, and it is by their co-operation alone that harmony and beauty and the highest ideals of human existence can be attained.

Individuals of the same sex often live together in community of interest and co-operation. They are "Affinities," and they associate to mutually develop such qualities, physical, psychic or spiritual, which the other lacks:

"Affinities which only could
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good."—Whittier.

One's soul-mate is not necessarily indicated by the feeling of what is called "love at first sight," although by a strange intuition and sympathetic psychic vibration they are often thus suddenly spiritually attracted, before they know anything about each other on the material plane. Their spirit-friends often indissolubly interlock their auras, if the two are to be mated for happy mutual spiritual development. Neither social position nor age count in soul-mating. The "old man's darling" is proverbial. Astrology offers her help in mating by indicating the congenial signs of the Zodiac under which soul-mates are born. Anyone at all acquainted with the subject must confess that it is far more than an old wife's fable—but rather the accumulated experience of thousands of years' patient observation. In addition to certain psychic conditions, there is a characteristic physical sign, by which adepts can tell true soul-mates, but this is an occult secret hidden from the uninitiated.

Unhappy they who find their soul-mates after their marriage, for, of all the unhappy people on earth, they are the most profoundly miserable, and the divorce-court is often their only means of liberation.

As Tupper said in his "Proverbial Philosophy," there is a real soul-mate for every human being, and the two are bound to ultimately come together, when they are fitted for each other, when their experiences and their aspirations are on the same level. They do not always meet on the physical plane, but when they do meet there is no separation.

So take good courage, all ye, who are yet "unappropriated blessings," and all ye who are disappointed in your wedded unions, and make the best of your lives. It is only by that means that you will the sooner meet your heart's desire, your own true soul-mate. The joy of meeting and travelling together will surpass all your happiest imagination.



Mr. JOHN CONNOLLY, of Abergwinyi, has accepted a call to the ministry of the Caeran Spiritualist Church.

"There are readers of books like the 'faerie' romance, 'Phantastes,' by George MacDonald, who lay down the work with a distinct feeling of regret that the story is only a romance. They would fain believe—although not disposed to say so to the man in the street—that fairyland has, or has had, a real existence somewhere. To such, an article which appears in the current number of the *Psychic Gazette* entitled 'Are Fairies Real Beings?' will prove exceptionally interesting. The article contains a number of stories told to the editor of the *Gazette* by psychic ladies and gentlemen, whose names are given, and who claim to have actually seen fairies in their real existence. Another article of a similar nature is entitled 'The Non-Human Beings of the Supersensible Worlds.'"

—Hawick News.

The Principle of Sowing and Reaping.

By HANSON G. HEY.

BEHIND the somewhat cryptic utterance, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," there lies hidden an inviolable law of Nature—a law as true on all planes of being as on one. Materially, mentally, and spiritually, Cause and Effect mark every step of progression, or retrogression, we take.

The more poetical phrase, "sowing and reaping," has displaced the older, drier terms of "cause and effect," but though the terminology differs the result is just the same.

For the sowing is the active positive state, the causative principle at work for good or ill, setting in motion the forces of Nature, which once started must work themselves out, must ultimate in Effects somewhere, sometime.

Motion is one of the great principles by which the Divine Mind works out the destinies of men, nations, earths, suns, and universes. Motion thrilling through matter is the cause; the rhythmic swing of the planets in their orbits, and the stars in their courses, the effect.

The thrill of thought in man runs through the material frame, like an electric spark. This lever pulled, that thrown back, millions of changes in the system are all the effect of thought, and some of those changes communicating themselves to others may set up, as primal causes, effects which will haunt us to the close of our mortal life.

Each cause is the sure precedent of a succedent effect, which when matured (for it, too, passes through all the stages of growth peculiar to this realm of existence), becomes in turn itself a cause of further effects. There is no cessation, no sudden stop, but one unbroken chain, in which hands each link on the eternal message through numberless aeons. A new link is made ere the old one passes away. So is preserved the continuity of Nature's inexorable law, and so may our poetical reaping be counted on as surely as the rising of to-morrow's sun.

The ripple on the glassy surface of the river may be taken as a good illustration of the endless passage of energy. The ripple onward rolls; the energy by which it moved is not lost; in its movement it transmits that energy to the inert volume up against which it rolls, and stirs that in its turn. To the unthinking it is the ripple which is continuous, when as a truth it is the unseen motion, the face of God upon the waters, which is ever present and continuous. The seen, material body, is discontinuous, is but a conveyance of that energy which comes we know not whence, which goes we know not whither; but which while with us refreshes and enlivens all things for Motion, sweet gentle motion, is the harbinger of life, the saviour from Death. For seeming stagnation is but a seeming; absolute cessation of motion is not; else would there be Death and we no longer could sing—

"For all the boundless universe
Is Life; there are no dead."

Then let us disabuse our minds of that great fallacy, "it matters little." It does matter much; our speech, our deeds, our thoughts even, have all potential value and power.

It may be that the word came out in a heated moment; the deed was done when we were not ourselves; but make no mistake, they must

and will run the full gamut of existence; may cause misery and unhappiness to our friends of which we are the cause. A broken window is broken just as surely, and costs as much to replace, though broken accidentally, as if 'twere done wilfully; and then when temper dies away, when anger cools, to think that you can by the mere process of begging pardon (however sincerely), ease all the heartache, all the anxiety of mind your hasty words have caused, is too simple. For what we have to learn is that underneath the rhythmic flowing period of "sowing and reaping" lies one of the fundamentals of our spiritual, our eternal life; "that a deed once done, cannot by the greatest sorrow be undone," as the Persian poet so beautifully puts it—

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line;
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

That forgiveness, in the sense of remission, for our ill-doing is a fallacy, that every pang our rash act caused, our ill-considered words engendered, must be endured by ourselves in the long run, ere we can be "white as snow"; that the purification of self is only to be accomplished by the taking on ourselves of all that of which we were the cause. Truly the fruit of the tree of knowledge of Good and Evil is a desideratum to be devoutly wished, for to the unfettered soul, to the clear eye of the so-called dreamer, it is patent that he only is saved who loses himself in others; whose notions of self and separateness are absolutely gone, and who only realises the Oneness of all.

Humanity enters into the sorrows of the sorrowing, weeps with the weeping, conscious that not an overlaid soul ever lived who was not the happier and the easier for the fellow-feeling of a sympathetic soul. And the one that gives thus of his heart's best is blessed, in that from out of the depths of viewless space comes back to him the strength invariably born of self-sacrifice, and thought for others.

We weary oft, and faint become at the appalling sights we see around us. Were we as well acquainted with the philosophy of Cause and Effect as we should be we should realise that all that from which we suffer to-day—individually, communally, nationally, internationally—is the result of past evil-thinking.

Change then the current of your thought-streams, if you would purify the wells of being; think noble thoughts of goodly worth, if you would have the world a rosy place; sow seeds of roseate hopeful thoughts for your reaping by and by.

Do nothing for ulterior purposes; play the game always; seek not to introduce the devious ways of the diplomat into the lesser walks of life; else will you find that the way even of successful diplomacy is strewn with the corpses of blighted hopes, which once bloomed fair but were soon withered in the atmosphere of make-believe, which is the home of diplomats.

Born in the heated brains of ambitious men, reared in such an atmosphere, playing shuttlecock with pledges, treaties, *ententes*, etc., etc., what can result from the thoughts but the debacle

we see periodically occurring in past history; and are ourselves passing through to-day? And all this is but an enlargement of millions of *cartes-de-visite* which on their own scale are just as tragic.

The ruined home, the broken heart, the blighted life, the deserted family, all these—because so common—are scarcely noted; but when summed up in one huge aggregate, and spelt "National Calamity," the mind perforce takes note, and is shocked, very, very shocked indeed. Let us learn from the panorama now unrolling before us, that the sorrows of an individual are just as great, the tragedy of a broken life just as poignant, if they are borne alone, as if the bearer had ten thousand fellow sufferers.

And let us see if we can keep alive the flicker of sympathy with the stricken *after* this cataclysm, for those who need it quite as much, though scarred in fields of less glory, and less glamour.

Let it not be said of us that our thoughtfulness was sporadic and one-sided, bubbling out when a whole hemisphere was convulsed, but sinking into somnolent quiescence when it is only a family in the next street, which stands facing—Destitution.

Rise to the true philosophy of Sowing and Reaping. See that Want is Want, Sorrow is Sorrow, however caused; and ours the noble duty to succour where, when, and how we can, all those who need, to the best of our God-given ability and capacity. And whether we give, or withhold, the helping hand to the brother who is in need, be sure of this, that the resultant effect will meet us later; and remember now before it is too late the words of the Hindoo sage, who sweetly sang of Compensation and Retribution, thus:—

"For what I gave, I have,
And what I held—I lost."

Experiences on the Astral Plane.

HELPING THE WOUNDED ON THE BATTLEFIELDS.

MRS. ETHEL ENID WILSON, Worthing, writes to us—

I wonder if you could get any advanced readers of the *Gazette* to give their experiences on the astral plane, telling how they have helped those wounded on the battlefields, in shipwrecks, etc. A very advanced student once told me that the right way to do this was to make a ten-word prayer to Jesus asking to be allowed to help, and to be able to remember. I do this every night, but cannot remember yet. One night I dreamt I was helping a wounded soldier, but he groaned so that I was frightened and woke up. Perhaps this is the beginning of being awake really on the astral plane? I would like to know about this.

By way of giving a partial reply to Mrs. Wilson's question we print the following interesting experiences, as narrated early in the war to the members of the International Club by Mrs. Camus, St. Aldhelm's Vicarage, Upper Edmonton, which were reported in the *Weekly Dispatch* of February 14, 1915:—

"Early on the morning of the 7th November," said Mrs. Camus, "I dreamt I was on a battlefield. It was evidently just after a battle, for there were many lying about recently wounded. I saw various uniforms that I did not know. When I described them to my husband he identified them as the uniforms of certain regiments.

"As I looked at the wounded men I saw that many were bleeding. Then I noticed a female form walking among them. I recognised her as Miss Dorothy Kerin (the young lady who was miraculously cured of advanced tuberculosis in one night at Herne Hill), and I went to offer my services to her. She was laying her hand very tenderly on the bad wound of a soldier. I said, 'Can I help you?' She said, 'Oh, you have come too!' Then she went on, 'My time here is short, but yours is shorter, for your baby will wake at three o'clock and will need you. Will you look over the field and come back and tell me who are the men who are in greatest pain, and I will lay my hands on them and try to relieve them.'

"Then I went about the field and found several men who seemed to be in more pain than the others. I went back again to Dorothy and

indicated where they were. I had only just time to do that when I woke up. My baby was sleeping in the cradle at the side of my bed. He woke up and cried, and that had awakened me. I looked at the clock and saw that it was four o'clock.

"In the morning I told my husband of my dream. He said, 'Of course, it was three o'clock when baby woke.' I said, 'No, it was four o'clock.' As my husband could not quite fit in the time of the clock with other sounds, he looked at his watch and said, 'The clock is exactly an hour fast.' In winding up the clock he had inadvertently put it an hour forward.

"I did not at that time know that Miss Kerin had prayed to be allowed to help or that she had ever been in the night to help anyone on the battlefield.

"That very day, however, about midday Miss Kerin surprised me by appearing at the vicarage. She said, 'Oh, I have been thinking about you so much. I dreamt about you last night.' I said, 'I was dreaming about you.' But Dorothy said, 'I do not think it was a dream. I was helping the poor wounded men on the battlefield and you were there helping me.' I had not told her the particulars of my dream.

"Miss Kerin continued: 'The other day I had a letter from a certain captain saying, 'Were you conscious that on the 8th of January you came to me in spirit and laid hands on me to heal me when I was lying wounded with a shot?' He said he actually saw me, but I do not remember having laid hands upon him at all.'"

Mrs. Camus said that on another occasion she had followed three German spies in her dream to a little house by the sea where they were using the telephone. A little while afterwards the newspapers showed her that these men had been discovered. She had also dreamt about a motor-car helping the Zeppelins with its lights, before there was any public mention of such a thing. She recognised the car as a Daimler, and her husband had tried to get her to dream again so that she might read its number, but she had not been able to do that.

Personal Reminiscences of Thomas Lake Harris.—V.

By ARTHUR CUTHBERT.

HAVING shown in my last article, as far as possible within the limits, a few samples of the evils afflicting this world, according to the seership of Thomas Lake Harris, we now come to the remedy—how the world is to be freed from evil, humanity purified, regenerated.

In a word it is to be Arch-naturalised. This is a chemical, physical, and super-physical change which Harris declared to be going on in Nature, in the earth's atmosphere, in his own body, and in the organisms of all the truly advancing individuals of the race—a change which to him, in his arch-natural consciousness, he saw advancing by tremendous and rapid strides, "not in dribbles but by immensities."

This arch-natural change first made itself apparent by the phenomena of the Breath, and the attendant opening of superior consciousness, as I have described in a previous article; Harris being the Pivotal Personality in the process, and combined with it is the Twain-one theory I have shown.

This change, only perceptible to the arch-natural consciousness, was declared to be taking place quite unknown to the merely "natural man," and it was expected to culminate in the "Crises"—three days of "friendly darkness"—during which the transition of Nature to Arch-nature would occur, and all purely natural humanity be peacefully removed from the planet, even their bodies being disintegrated, while those who had the "Breath" would survive, being able to breathe the chemically-changed atmosphere.

During the seventies and eighties Harris was full of this subject, expecting the Crisis to come any time. It was very near potentially, he would say, but as to time, he would go no further than say, it might be in six months or it might be in six years.

It was to be the fulfilment of all the predictions about the Last Day of Judgment. In the past there was the "flood of water," when humanity lost the arch-natural breath, and only a few of the natural breathers were permitted to survive to keep the globe inhabited. Now we were on the verge of the "flood of fire," which is the reverse. Only those physical organisms would survive in which the arch-natural elements were consciously and harmoniously blended, purifying them from all evil, disease and decay, giving physical immortality, death being displaced by voluntary transition, and a dematerialising disintegration of the body.

What Harris has said on this subject is compiled in "The Impending World-Crisis," by "Respiro" (C. W. Pearse & Co.).

In "The Voice from Heaven," 1879, Harris says—

"Meanwhile the elements of the atmosphere are in a state of continual war. The arch-natural ether is in combat with the natural ether of the globe, and is preparing to swallow it up and transmute its elements; preparing literally by its electric fires to flood the world.

"When this is finally effected, the long-predicted Day of Judgment will be ushered in; the natural atmosphere bursting as a bubble from within and passing away. And this is liable to occur without any visible sign that shall indicate the approach of the catastrophe.

"During the last period of this process by which the

arch-natural ether is absorbing the present natural ether, a mild and friendly darkness will pervade the mantle of the globe: a stupor will possess the organs of mere natural intelligence and sensation. All of these processes are in the strict order and movement of law; there being no miracle in the ecclesiastical sense."

Those with the germs of the new body established in them, since the first degree of the Breath, will commence to realise the form within of their new structure.

"The egotistic, dissolute or phantasmal natural man will sink into a sleep during which his corporate structure will crumble and dissolve by dissipation of the bodily elements. There will be no corpses. So, in the dawning of the New Day, none will survive except those who shall be in states of preparation to enter as living constituents into the divine solidarity of the race."

He had the idea more than twenty years before writing the above, as this verse shows.

"But who shall endure in the terrible day,
When the sons of the nations respire;
As the veils of the darkness are parted away,
With a breath of unquenchable fire?"
(From one of his hymns, 1857.)

It is now seen that Harris presented himself as the bearer to mankind of these arch-natural elements, promising life and immortality to those accepting him, and a peaceful oblivion to the others. Those who have believed him have had to admit, at least, some disappointment. Is it not wiser to avoid this disappointment? I would rather have the pleasant surprise, if such a happy end is really coming to the misery of the world!

Harris has set forth the details of this great change, which was, or is, to overtake humanity, with much scientific, or pseudo-scientific plausibility. I say pseudo-scientific, because he weaves great theories, descriptive of the workings of arch-natural, elemental forces, theories having a scientific sound, while his basic facts remain almost entirely uncorroborated, and neither tested nor measured in any practical way. Inspiration is a fertile source for obtaining the raw material, but it is only after thorough testing and measurement, that these ideas can become incorporated into the body of human knowledge, and be relied upon.

However, such was the mission with which Harris felt himself inspired, and he had to set about to impart it to the world. It required a nucleus of people for arch-naturalisation to make a start and to spread—persons to receive the Breath, and to become changed from merely sexual to Counterpartal beings; Nature being non-moral and sexual, while Arch-nature is essentially moral, dependant on Christ and ethics, and is bi-sexual.

With this mission, Harris came to London in the Winter of 1859-60, and preached what are described as a remarkable series of sermons, attracting many hearers and few followers, among whom were Lady Oliphant, the widow of Sir Anthony, late Governor of Ceylon, and a young lady who became my mother, and him who is my father.

Perceiving the approach of the U.S. Civil War, he returned to America early in 1861 and organised his "Brotherhood of the New Life" as a community with himself the absolute head, the leader

and director of every member in every particular, and the owner of all the possessions, which the members had to give up to him entirely. He was the seer with open vision and only so, he argued, could he initiate his disciples into this new life and guide them through these organic changes. They must give up all and render unquestioning obedience to him for this purpose, and the privilege of supporting him and his cause, even to the extent of all private relations with each other, between husband and wife, parent and child; all intercourse to be entirely controlled

by him. "Familism" was an evil to be broken down, and the "spheres" (*i.e.* the occult influences) of the disciple's ancestors and relations were apparently always in opposition to Harris and his mission—he complained of them "infesting" him or the disciple and causing him "suffering," so that he had to combat them in similar spiritual contest to that described in my second article.

I will next explain why this community was called by him "The Use," and the part played in it by the fairies.

The Twelve Tribes of the Zodiac.

X.—CAPRICORN THE GOAT. CARDINAL EARTH SIGN.

December 21th—January 19th. By LEO FRENCH.

OF Capricorn natives it may be said:—

"They climb the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain."

The position of this sign, at the apex of the cosmic horoscope, indicates its importance and inner significance. No sign contains more paradoxical "positions." In one aspect, it may be envisaged as the sign of crucifixion—"I, if I be lifted up from earth (*i.e.*, if earth be sublimated through the staying power associated with earthly conditions—strength won through the various gymnastic exercises and athletic combats which earth alone can supply) will draw all men unto me"; in another, as the limitations or "ring-pass-not" the boundary of matter, wherein the experiences are educative, full of interest, initiative and enterprise, but curiously "earth-bound," held in thrall by the strong earth-magnetism of Capricorn vibration.

The transmutation of Capricorn, however, its alchemical salvation, is from ambition to aspiration, from self-conservation and absorption to energy, from the slavery of the *physical Ego*-bound consciousness, to the measure and stature of true ideal manhood, the purified human spirit whose strength consists in the abandonment of the forces and faculties that built up the man of clay, to the deliberate humiliation of a transition from the apex of the material to the deep-hidden foundation "under the grave of things," wherefrom the new man, the ætherealised atomic matter, shall arise.

Saturn is Capricorn's lord and giver of life, the planet of restriction, renunciation, limitation and all ordeals of earthly subdual and subordination. At the same time, the egoic factor in Saturn is so strong, of such highly organised and cohesive matter, that the struggle of the lower self for the point of conscious self-identification as the centre of the human universe, is titanic in quality, terrific in momentum; for the cardinal nature of Capricorn adds the organic activity of motion to the inertia of the earth-element, "the body of this death."

The forces liberated by the full Capricornian vibrations are shadowed in the mysterious myth of the temptation of Jesus on that high mountain, wherein the dual suggestions of the *triumph of matter over mind*—"If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread"—and the *abuse of the sacrificial element in self-preservation* (where the Master is told to cast

Himself down from a pinnacle of the temple, that angels might intervene to preserve His body from destruction) are presented, and answered according to their nature, though the latter temptation is recognised as of a peculiarly subtle and insidious nature—"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." These words show the mysterious ordeal, when power reaches its apex, just ere the transition from the *dynamic* to the *static* element. For the power that Is, is beyond the power that Does. In other words, Being is beyond Becoming, though Becoming is the road to Being. This is one of the mysteries of Capricorn, and accounts for the paradoxical dual conditions of rock-steadfastness and surface-caprice.

The ideal Capricornian knows what he is after, though often he does not know how he will reach the summit of attainment whereon his adamant will is set; many are the leaps, curvetings and round-about fantasies of the Capricorn-climber; over some precipices he will leap with a fearless faith, an athletic hardihood that surprises not only his audience but himself; at some apparently trifling obstacle he will stand hesitating and gambolling until the onlooker may be excused for imagining that he is "playing the goat" rather than "the game." Nevertheless, it is not safe to indulge in harsh judgments, for the Capricornian nature is extremely subtle not to say "devious," and there are periods of evolution wherein caprice and changefulness are the inner law, the "moment of experience," for "the experience of the moment," and the native usually knows what he is doing, even if semi-automatically, with a fragment of subliminal self-consciousness.

But it is round the word "Self" that the Capricornian conflicts and ordeals revolve and rage. The point of difficulty is the transition from the overweening absorption and interest in the personal self. For long this self-absorption is unconsciousness; it is when the semi-conscious stage is reached that the battle royal between the intelligent highly-developed animal-mental and the human centre of self-abnegation begins. Then indeed the native knows the inner meaning of St. Paul's "The good that I would that I do not . . . the evil that I would not that I practise. O wretched man that I am—who shall deliver me from the body of this death." But the ideal Capricornian answers, "Within *thyself* deliverance must be sought." The Scapegoat is a perfect example of utter selflessness.

Man's Kingdom and How He Attains It.

By G. E. OWEN, The Leader of the London New Thought Centre.

A LONG time ago, I remember going to a little church and hearing the preacher quote a couple of lines—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast
Man *never* is, but always *to be* blest."

And this, I think, typifies the attitude of the Old Thought world towards man's happiness and the attainment of his desires. Their cry always is, "By and bye, I shall realise my soul's desires; by and bye, the things I long for will be mine;" or "I shall be happy when I get to Heaven."

They believed that, somewhere in the dim distance, they would attain their Kingdom, but that they must pass through the change called death to reach it, which would make them, in some way they did not even attempt to understand, perfect; and so, ready for a perfect Kingdom. What they failed to realise was, that death is only changing one's dress, one's outer garment—a passing on to a fuller life; that it does not change the individual consciousness; and it is in our consciousness that happiness or misery lies.

The change called death is similar to that which the boy experiences when he leaves his little country home school for the big college. He finds himself seemingly in a new world, completely cut off from his childhood's school; and yet, he has the same consciousness, he has not really changed, it is only a continuation of his first school; his place in college depending on what he has already acquired in his primary school.

The Kingdom of Heaven is a state of mind. The word Heaven means expansion, freedom; the word Hell, limitation. Heaven is the blissful state of content that comes when we know we not only have all that we want, but that we have the power to obtain all our desires in the future.

We may get a little happiness out of our present possessions, but if we think it is our all, we dread losing it, and in consequence, fight for it, watch with jealous, anxious eyes, all that appears likely to rob us of it. This is not real happiness, and deep within our hearts we know it, and so are ever straining after something, we know not what; and that restless feeling will be just as strong when we shed our outer garment.

This old thought idea of a happiness, a perfection, far away, but certain some day to be ours, paralyses all quick growth, all immediate effort; we naturally ask ourselves what is the good of striving to-day, when the results are so far off?

The Old Thought hymn-writers all made man's Kingdom in the future, but Jesus, the greatest Teacher the world has ever known, places it in the Eternal Now, not far away, but here, *within* the centre of each one of us.

To dwell in consciousness in the present is the great secret of power. We waste our creative power when we dwell continually in the past or future. The past is gone, and the future will become the now. It is the present alone that determines results, for the future will be the outcome of to-day, and the more perfectly we express ourselves now, the more perfect will that future be.

The Kingdom of Heaven is man's kingdom; and the reason he is here is that he may inherit it, and the only way he can accomplish this is by changing his consciousness. For till we change our consciousness, the present will never be blest

for us, and our permanent Heaven will remain beyond the clouds.

What states of consciousness do we find in the mind of the average man to-day? Doubt, worry, fear, hate; the very opposite of peace and power, which make up the Heavenly consciousness.

Now our consciousness is made up of thought and feeling; thought is to feeling, as body is to soul. To understand how to enter our Kingdom, we must go to the heart of things, the great realm of feeling. Do we understand that realm, make use of it in the right way, control it? Or is it a region unknown to us, except in a negative sense, undisciplined, uncontrolled? Our feelings are all important, they mould our character, shape our lives; and if we can induce in our being thoughts of love or peace deepened into feeling, we shall have taken the first step in attaining our Kingdom.

To attain our Kingdom we must come away from all sense of separation, make ourselves one with all we want, in feeling and thought, for there is nothing in this whole universe that did not first exist in the thought world.

If we have the consciousness that knows no lack, nothing can keep us out of our Kingdom, the place of peace, power and abundance. But we must first do our share, which is to develop the right consciousness.

If we could only realise all is ours here and now, what a sense of power we should get, a deep feeling of calm that nothing can touch, for we should know that, even when things go wrong, it only clears the way for what we really want. Leaning on this power we see the glimmer of the dawn behind the blackest cloud; and keeping our eyes steadfastly fixed on that ray, we gain, not only strength to go on with, but a wonderful feeling it is something outside our Kingdom, for we are safely entrenched inside, and a soft murmur of peace fills our being. The Peace we sought is seeking us.

The Kingdom of Heaven, the realm of abundance is ours now, and only our sense of separation, backed by our destructive thoughts debars us from its enjoyment, and we stumble and grope blindly in the darkness, when all we need do is to open our eyes and make union in the Silence, and so gradually come into full realisation of our Kingdom.

LIFE'S MESSAGE.

There is no Death.
Dear Love, they came and said that you were dying,
And then that you were dead, and they were crying.
I held my breath.
'Twere useless to declare that they were lying.
You were not dead.
You are still you,
And though I cannot see you any longer,
I know that your deep love for me is stronger,
Your heart as true.
Your form is changed, and you may have grown
younger,
But you are you.
I soon shall come
To where the moonbeams glow; the stars pale gleaming
Shall light me to that land I see when dreaming,
And I shall roam
In fields of twilight, 'till the sun rays beaming
Shall light me home. H. A. W.

Some Experiences at the Rothesay Circle.

By JOHN DUNCAN, Edinburgh.

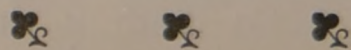
IT has been our custom for a number of years past to visit Rothesay twice every year, in spring and autumn. The attraction there to my wife and myself, is the meetings that are held at Glenbeg House, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Coates, Spiritualists of old standing, and known the world over. There we are always accorded a hearty welcome. The Rothesay Circle has met now for sixteen years every Friday evening, and usually during the summer months twice weekly. It is here we have witnessed phenomena of a really high and uplifting nature.

This spring my wife and I have made two visits, for a fortnight each time. Our first séance was held on the evening of Friday, April 7, only five persons being present, including Mr. and Mrs. Coates. After engaging in praise and prayer, Mr. Coates is usually taken possession of by his stepson, David Simpson, who gives a short address, and on this occasion he gave way for one well known to all Spiritualists, Mr. James Robertson, formerly President of the Glasgow Association. In his characteristic way he made himself known. Mr. Robertson since his transition has lost none of his enthusiasm for the cause of Spiritualism in Scotland. He delivered an impressive address, his subject being the proper conduct of Spiritualistic societies. He is strongly opposed to clairvoyance taking such a prominent place in our services on Sundays: he denounced as "trash and guessing" what was often given forth from our platforms on Sundays, and said instead of bringing in thoughtful and intelligent people repelled them from Spiritualism. He spoke for fully fifteen minutes in his usual forceful and convincing manner.

We have three members of our family who all passed over young, and have been on the other side for over thirty years. Two of them (a son and a daughter) are well known to the Rothesay Circle, they come from time to time, even when we are not present. This evening they came one by one, bidding us welcome to the Circle. Their conversation was mostly about family matters. Mrs. Coates said she sensed a friend of mine was present (Mr. C.), but she did not care for his influence and would not let him take control.

Our next sitting was held on the evening of Monday, April 10, at Glenbeg House, the same five being present as on the first evening. After devotional exercises had been engaged in, Mr. Coates was controlled by his stepson, who gave us an interesting address of about twenty minutes' duration. After this Mr. Coates was controlled by an old friend and well known Edinburgh citizen, who first came to the Rothesay Circle four years ago, on the day after his body had been interred. This was according to a promise made mutually that whoever passed over first would come back at the first opportunity, and make himself known. On that occasion, he told us all about the funeral, how he had been present, and had been shocked at the whole service. Since then he has returned frequently and given evidential proofs of his identity. He was a man of strong individuality, and he still retains a great many of his peculiar traits. On this occasion, he said he had been trying for some time to get near me, expressed regret at some things done in earth life, told how he had progressed and gained knowledge, but had still a lot to overcome and learn.

After this another old and valued friend, Mr. R., came through Mrs. Coates. He was an Elder in a Presbyterian church in earth life; many a talk we had upon Spiritualism and the after life in our frequent meetings, but to the last he remained obstinate. Well do I remember our last meeting on this side. After we had been talking upon the favourite theme, he said to me—"If I had got the same proofs as you, I would have been a Spiritualist also." During several of his visits, as a test, he has repeated those identical words. His first manifestation was ten days after his transition, and was given through that well-known medium, Mrs. Inglis, Dundee, at a Sunday service. Mentioning my name he said he had now found that all I had told him about the truths of Spiritualism was correct. In his talk at this time he seemed concerned about some of his family: said they had in a manner forgotten him; and doubted their profession of belief in Spiritualism. Our next sittings assumed quite a different phase, which I propose writing of in your July issue.



BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.

THE 27th Annual Conference of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, was held on Saturday and Sunday, 10th and 11th June, in Holborn Hall, London, on the invitation of London Lyceum District Council, and much valuable work was accomplished. The various Sub-committee reports showed that the past year had been one of hard work on the part of the members of these bodies. The Rotherham Lyceum submitted a motion against child-labour, but, although it was agreed that this was a crying evil, their proposal of Parliamentary action was considered impracticable at present, and the motion was postponed till next Conference.

The elections resulted as follows: President, Mr. G. F. Knott (Rochdale); Vice-President, Mr. E. Vickers (Sheffield); Treasurer, Mr. T. H. Wright (Sowerby Bridge); Executive Council, Mrs. Pickles (Burnley), Miss Alice Hesp (Leeds), and Messrs. Latham (Burnley), Clegg (London), Keeling (Liverpool), and Jones (Attercliffe); Auditor, Mr. T. W. D. Pincott (Accrington); Delegates to S.N.U. Conference at Glasgow, Messrs. Knott and Kitson.

The Presidential Address by Mr. Ernest Vickers gave rise to an instructive discussion.

The London Council's proposal of an International Password was negatived; as was Darwen Lyceum's motion that the E.C. be instructed to take steps to urge the abolition of capital punishment, on the ground that this could only be accomplished through an educated public opinion.

An important motion from Liverpool District Council respecting the publication of reports in the "Lyceum Banner" in proportion to the number of copies purchased was accepted; and also a proposal from the Executive that members' fees should be 5s. for every fifty or part of fifty names on the Lyceum register.

Votes of thanks to retiring officers, Executive Council, Auditor, and Local District Council and Lyceums, brought the proceedings to a close.

On Sunday morning the London District Council presented its official Ode of Welcome to the Union, the poem, written by Mrs. Hayward (Sec. of Stratford Lyceum), being recited by Lulu Wing (North London), while twelve Lyceumists produced shields which spelled, "Welcome, B.S.L.U.," the twelfth shield bearing a portrait of Andrew Jackson Davis. The Officers, E.C., and Auditors were then presented with buttonholes. After this came a magnificent display of Swedish Drill by sixteen Fulham Lyceumists under the conductorship of Mrs. Clarke, which drew forth a storm of applause.

A Grand Mass Meeting was held on Sunday evening, at which Mrs. Jessie Greenwood, Miss Hesp and Messrs. Vickers, Knott, Keeling, Gush, Hargreaves, and Owen delivered rousing addresses, and Mr. Pearson (Nelson) gave a delightful rendering of "The Beautiful Prayer."

Letters to the Editor.

A DREAM VISION.

44, Benhill Road, Sutton,
June 1, 1916.

Dear Sir,—I am a remarkably true dreamer, and I thought the vision I had yesterday might interest you. I stood alone under an inky sky that suddenly opened, and a man wearing a long white robe descended, bearing in his left hand a cypress wreath, and waving in the other a crimson flag bearing these words in white letters—"Britain, beware by land, sea and air."

I had this vision on the night of the naval battle—May 31.—Yours, etc.
E. P. PRENTICE.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

DEAR SIR,—Personally I do not think we can fully estimate the power of Prayer. I do not consider its *revival*, as practically we are always praying in thought, word, and deed. It is an utter impossibility to escape Prayer. God has given conditions by which men may obtain his desires, and by complying with these conditions he prays. If the Universe be sacred all through, then Prayer as an inspirational breath moves it from zenith to nadir. "Pray without ceasing" is a divine injunction, and the eternal act of Prayer faces us in every department of life. We are told that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" and the righteous man is the obedient one, complying with God's conditions.

How beautiful that prayer of Thomas à Kempis—"O Lord, let Thy will be mine, and let my will ever follow Thine and agree perfectly with it."—Yours truly,
E. P. PRENTICE.

"THE NECROMANCERS."

SIR,—The Revd. Father Robert Hugh Benson has attacked Spiritualism in what I consider a most unmanly way in his novel, "The Necromancers," in which he attributes to the subject loathsome characteristics. The unmanliness consists in utilising the glamour of a novel, with his power of vivid description and sensational writing, in the cause of sectarian propaganda. Father Benson's conception of Spiritualism appears to be that the phenomena are partly true and partly charlatanism, and that the latter is the lesser evil, because the former is without doubt the work of the devil. To look at the matter solely from the Roman Catholic point of view would be unfair, because we see the opposition which Spiritualism necessarily offers to that religion. We should also notice how the Roman Catholic Church has opposed all scientific and philosophic progress in the past, jealous lest knowledge should wrest from her the power which can only be held by the superstition and unquestioning obedience of her adherents.

I may say that from what I know of the few exponents of Spiritualism I have had the pleasure to meet, that I am confident they will welcome honest criticism, and will not stoop to retaliate against Roman Catholicism by suggesting erroneous inferences in the form of a novel.—I am, &c.,
S. C. MILLS.

PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS OF SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA.

Birmingham, June 4, 1916.

DEAR SIR,—Now that some of our exponents are writing and speaking about the abolition of all forms of psychic delineations from the Spiritualists' platform, I wish to remind such speakers that without the phenomena there would have been no platforms for them to occupy. The phenomena have been the very life of our Movement. Indeed it was the phenomena that brought the Movement into being; even as in the old time it was the miracles of Jesus and His inspired teaching that were the foundation and corner-stone of Christianity.

In the early Church "signs and wonders" were practised, and it was only in later days when these were discontinued that "creeds and dogmas" crept in, and it became "dead"—a case of the "blind leading the blind."

To my mind communion with the spirits, or as the Church says the "Saints," is the most purifying power in the wide world, and how many souls crying for light and guidance have been led into the truth by spirit messages given in love and helpfulness by their so-called "dead," through the mediums on our platforms? How many broken hearts have been comforted, and how many broken bodies have been healed by the spirit-power? Then let us not go back upon those invisible workers—let us not forbid their co-operation with us in our public work.

I will admit that the manner of giving public demonstrations by many partly-developed mediums is sometimes reprehensible; and that health conditions, financial or family troubles, and business affairs should only be given in public with due care and restraint, but not, on that account, should we abolish phenomena from our platforms, which are almost the only chance the public have to obtain proof of the continuity of life.—I am, Yours faithfully,

V. I. COOK.

SOUL-MATES AND AFFINITIES.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest C. G. Sander's article on "Soul-Mates and Affinities." The doctrine of soul-mates, dual-souls, twin-souls, counterparts, or affinities, although one of the deepest and most interior, and consequently one of the most hidden of all truths has been known to initiates in all ages. All the great religions esoterically teach the dual nature of the Supreme. Manifestation necessitates duality. There must be the see-er and the seen. In accord with the old hermetic axiom, "as above, so below," the duality existing in the Highest manifests in some form or other on all planes. We have positive, negative; active, passive; truth, love; intellect, affection; etc. On the human plane this duality finds expression as man and woman. Truth without love is hard; love apart from truth is blind; intellect is barren without affection; affection is unbalanced apart from intellect; in like manner man is incomplete without woman, and woman without man. The rational and the intuitional, the intellectual and the affectional natures must blend to make the perfect whole.

Bliss implies duality. Perfect happiness is impossible apart from one's soul-mate. Heaven would not be heaven without one's counterpart. Where would be the bliss of heaven if Abelard were parted from Héloïse, or Dante from Beatrice.

Unfortunately in too many instances physical attraction, or temporary infatuation, is the main cause of union, there being but little affinity even intellectually, let alone spiritually, between the two contracting parties. Can we expect ideal happiness in such cases? Some, although not actually counterparts, being more or less in harmony, lead a fairly happy life together. They will meet in spirit-life as dear friends, but the only eternal marriage unions are those of dual-souls. It is only in exceptional cases that twin-souls meet and marry on this earth. In spirit-life every soul, sooner or later, meets its mate, the union being essentially spiritual, irrespective even of intellectual affinity, though that follows naturally. In heaven the only union is soul union.

Those who are married to other than their soul-mate must show kindness and affection to their earthly partner, drawing together by the bonds of love, which alone are enduring, then, when they both meet their true affinity in the brighter land, there will be no jealousy, but joy at the other's perfect bliss. They will be as brother and sister.—Yours faithfully,
UNITY.

THE OPEN DOOR.

The Door is open wide
Since you went through,
But I must here abide
And strive to do
The small, dull things (they seem)
Which fill each day—
Thankful to catch a beam
That falls my way.
Yet is that streaming light
So very far?
Perhaps the shortest flight?
Or to a star!
Not mine to strain and stare
Across the gloom,
The entrance may be here
Within my room.
You left the Door so wide
When you went through,
That I might softly glide
In, one day too.

H. M. UNDERWOOD.

SHORT ITEMS.

A LADY with a beautiful country house would like to give hospitality to any lady or gentleman interested in psychic matters who is in need of a change. Send name and address to Editor, *Psychic Gazette*, in first instance.

WE understand that Mr. Otto Von Bourg, the well-known clairvoyant of the Foxwell case, is leaving for Canada on a visit to his brother, a successful farmer in Saskatchewan. He carries with him the good wishes of his many friends in London.

THE HUSK FUND.—Mrs. Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, wishes to gratefully acknowledge receipt of £2 from "Emma," £1 from "H.B.P.," and 3s. 6d. from Mr. Peter Trolove, New Zealand, as donations to the fund she is administering for the maintenance and comfort of Mr. Cecil Husk. Further donations will be very welcome.

OUR AUGUST NUMBER will contain "Our Life's Star," a brilliant review by Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd of "Spirit Intercourse: Its Theory and Practice." This has had to be held over on account of the non-arrival of an accompanying illustration. It will also contain articles on "The Moral Sense," by Mr. W. H. Evans; "A Marvellous Medium," by Mr. Horace Leaf; "Mediumship," by Mr. A. Vout Peters; "Reincarnation, Justice and Freewill," by Mr. Colin Campbell, "Interview with Mr. W. H. Robinson of Newcastle," by Mr. Alec Anderson, "More About Fairies," &c., &c.

MRS. ETTA DUFFUS'S Shetland ponies (of which we gave a picture in our March issue), were well to the fore at the Richmond Horse Show on June 16, winning 1st and 3rd places in the mare class, 2nd in stallion class, and 3rd in single harness class. But in addition "Flodragon of Penniwells" won the Championship award for the best Shetland pony on the ground. She is a full sister of "Flouristo," the winner of the Championship at Islington, in March, their dam "Floreast" unhappily dying at foaling in May last. In the single harness parade, in front of Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary, Mrs. Duffus's pony distinguished itself by bolting, causing great amusement by passing Mr. Walter Winan's trotter and everything else he came across! At the Manchester Royal Show, on June 27, Mrs. Duffus secured the Championship with "Vagery of Penniwells," with the 2nd and 3rd prizes for her mares.

DEATH OF PEER WHO CLAIMED THE POWER OF SPIRITUAL HEALING.—The Earl of Sandwich died at his famous seat, Hinchbrook, on June 26 from pneumonia, after a three days' illness. He would have been seventy-seven next month. Lord Sandwich was a bachelor, and he is succeeded by his nephew, Mr. G. C. Montagu, ex-M.P. for South Hunts. The new countess is an American. She was Miss Alberta Sturges, of New York. The late Lord Sandwich claimed to have a mysterious power of spiritual healing, and he published a book describing cases which he had successfully treated. In a speech at University College in 1913 he said:—"I do not pretend to medical or surgical science, but I have had great experience in healing. After the South African war I had some sixty wounded officers at my country home, and there was never a doctor or nurse in the house. I was both to the wounded men, and I was gratified at the success obtained. There are few serious maladies that I have not treated with success. I think I may say that I have never failed to relieve people in agonies of pain." He served his country as soldier and diplomatist, and worked hard in many charitable causes. Hinchbrook, near Huntingdon, is one of the finest Elizabethan mansions in the country, and contains many fine portraits by Titian, Van Dyck, Lely, Reynolds, and Paul de la Roche. It has been in the possession of the Montagu family for three centuries. The first earl was Pepys' cousin and employer. The fourth earl is supposed to have invented sandwiches. —*Daily Express*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8, Paternoster Row, E.C.
 Haunted Royalties. By Katherine Cox. 1s. net.
 Studies in Love and Daring. By A.S.L. (Mrs. Hugh Jones). 3s. 6d. net.
 Nerve Control. By H. Ernest Hunt. 1s. net.
 The New Science of Colour. By Beatrice Irwin. 2s. 6d. net.

From Crystal Press, 91, Regent Street.

How to Protect our Soldiers. By F. L. Rawson, 1s.
 EXCHANGES.

Occult Review, 7d. Light, 2d. Two Worlds, 1d. The Channel, 1s. 3d. Lyceum Banner, 1d., Harbinger of Light, 6d.

OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A MERTHYR TYDFIL READER: "The *Gazette* this month is a 'stunner.'"

A SURREY POET: "Your *Gazette* is veritably 'a feast of reason, and a flow of soul.'"

A WELL-KNOWN LECTURER AND TEACHER: "I like your magazine immensely. It is so inclusive and broad in its scope."

A BIRMINGHAM READER: "Your valuable paper, which I have always read with much pleasure and spiritual profit."

A WARWICKSHIRE READER: "Several of my friends would not miss it for anything, and look forward to each month's anxiously."

AN AUCKLAND (NEW ZEALAND) READER, in sending renewal subscription and "a little over towards the *Gazette* expenses," says: "I enjoy the *Gazette* very much."

A HARROGATE FRIEND: "Kindly send two contents posters with next parcel. I am getting two bookshops here to show same, with a view to sell and popularise the *Gazette*."

A SPIRITUALIST PRESIDENT: "The *Gazette* is giving great satisfaction and all the friends who have taken it are more than satisfied. All kind thoughts for its true success!"

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES UNION: "Congratulations on this month's issue. The subject-matter of your *Gazette* is indeed valuable. I hear much praise from several centres."

THE BURTON-ON-TRENT SECRETARY: "I should be glad if you could let me have them as soon in July as they are ready. Our members look forward to them, and think they are splendid reading."

A DUMFRIES-SHIRE READER: "The *Gazette* is an extra good number, teeming with interest, with ample food for the soul-hungry, and full of uplifting and inspiring thoughts—so needful and helpful to us all, more especially in these times of stress."

A STRETCHER BEARER on the battlefield, writing to a Liverpool lady and gentleman who sent him a June *Gazette*, says: "It is truly a grand book. It is the first of its kind I have seen, and as a medium I think it has met a long-felt want."

A YORKSHIRE SECRETARY: "I think the contents are remarkably interesting. One subscriber, a working woman of remarkable intelligence, is impressed very much by the poetry. She sends her magazine to her boy, who is serving in the trenches in France. She thought that what was interesting to her would be appreciated by her son."

A BIRMINGHAM READER: "I always buy two copies of the *I.P.G.*, one for ourselves and one for the writer of enclosed letter. It may encourage others to do the same, and thus help on our glorious cause. The writer referred to is a wounded soldier in the War Hospital at Huddersfield and he says—'Your welcome letter to hand, also *Psychic Gazette*, for which accept my best thanks. I have read it through and think it very good. It certainly improves every month. I place them in the Y.M.C.A. hut here when I have read them, also *The Two Worlds* and *Light*, and I know they get read by a lot of the men.'"

A GLASGOW READER: "What I like about your *Gazette* is the breadth of its outlook and the intellectual quality of most of its contents. It is what the Movement needs—the elimination of prejudice, bigotry, and that small-mindedness of the vulgar, which prays the old prayer—

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This day shall be consecrated by beautiful thoughts. Into it shall enter nothing unworthy. It will be a day of inspiration, a day in which all gladness of the heavenly radiance shall shine. It is to be lived on the spiritual plane, on which alone is our real life.—*Lilian Whiting*.

July, 1916

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