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Our Outlook Tower.

SEEKING FOR LIGHT AND TRUTH.

A few mornings ago we received the following letter from an English provincial town:—

DEAR SIR,—May I bring before your notice two articles denouncing Spiritualism. I should be glad if you would deal with these in the *Gazette*, as I have lately left the Wesleyans and entered the Spiritualist movement, and am seeking for light and truth. I am pleased with the high tone of the *Psychic Gazette*, and trust it will be a power for good.—Yours sincerely, ———

This letter touched us, for its few sentences revealed that the writer had recently passed through one of the bitterest experiences known to men. He is a seeker for light and truth, and believing he has found illumination in Spiritualism has wrenched himself from the strong and sacred ties that have bound him to the Church of his youth. We can picture what that has meant. The sacrifice is usually no light one—it involves so often the loss of the assured affection in one's family life; happy friendships are shattered; the frown of one's acquaintance meets one on the street. It is a time of sadness and desolation, a stern period of testing to the grit of any earnest man. The question—was it worth all this? often tempts. Would it not have been better to have gone on comfortably in the old beliefs? But these, alas! had ceased to be comforting! Truth had been knocking so insistently at the door of his innermost being! And finally, after long searching and struggling against all lower appeals and motives, he cried—"All else must go! Truth and nothing but the truth must henceforth rule me! I shall follow and obey at whatever cost." Thus it is a hero is made in the spiritual realm. And when this victorious stage in his warfare is reached he is richly rewarded by such joy and peace as he never yet had tasted, and by liberation from all that has hitherto enthralled him.

"EXPOSURES OF SPIRITUALISM."

But his trials are not yet over. Some one is sure to meet him and say—"Have you seen the latest exposures of Spiritualism? See, I have cut them out of the papers for you. I knew the whole thing was a fraud and a delusion, and these articles prove it. Take them home and read them, my good fellow, and tell me what you think of them next time we meet." He reads them over, is mentally puzzled though his faith is bright, and finally he sends them to the *Psychic Gazette* to be "dealt with!"

TWO DOUGHTY ANTAGONISTS.

One of the two articles forwarded by our correspondent is from the *Church Times* of June 2, and is headed "The Menace from Spiritualism." As it is unsigned and appears in the leader pages we presume it is from the pen of the editor of that most influential of Church papers. The other is from the *Daily Mirror* of July 4, and is headed "Spiritualistic Quacks in War Time," and is written by the well-known conjurer, Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, who has been an interesting antagonist of Spiritualism during the past half century. So our correspondent has set us no

light task! We regret limitations of space prevent our reprinting the articles in full, but we shall state their points as accurately as is possible in summary.

"THE MENACE FROM SPIRITUALISM."

The writer in the *Church Times* is apparently sincerely concerned for the interests of his Church. He says, and we agree with him, that the Rationalist attack on Christianity has spent its force, for man's religious instincts could not be satisfied by the negations of Huxley and Tyndall. But he views Spiritualism "with considerable apprehension" as a serious menace, notwithstanding that its influence has been so great in destroying Materialism, because it "professes to be a religion, and is now preached everywhere by ardent and enthusiastic disciples." "Religion," he says, "can only be killed by religion," and Spiritualism "is perhaps the only religion that is making headway at the present time," when "England is full of mourners eager to grasp at any chance to communicate with the departed." And hence the menace and the tears!

SPIRITUALISM A RELIGION.

Now it is pleasing to note this writer recognises that while Rationalism and Religion were antagonistic and incompatible, Spiritualism and Religion are not so. How can they be when he admits that Spiritualism appeals to and satisfies men's religious instincts as Rationalism never could, and is "perhaps the only religion that is making headway at the present time"? Can religion be a menace to religion? Can religion only be killed by religion? as he strangely says. If Spiritualism assuages the sorrow of mourners, provides a light for those passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, establishes communication between the spirits of the departed and their loved ones left behind, why should it on that account be regarded as any menace to religion? Are not these among the primary functions of religion itself? If the Church has itself got out of touch with the living truth on immortality, why should it regard those who know the truth, and can demonstrate it, and enrich the world with its comfort and consolation, as the Church's enemies. It ought rather to consider wherein it has itself fallen short—why it should have no sure and confident testimony to give the world as to the life beyond—why it insists on preserving an unsurpassable barrier between the living and the dead—why it continues to yield to the grave its victory—why it will not attempt to wrest from death its poignant sting? If the Church is—speaking generally, for there are and have been some brilliant exceptions among its preachers—in great darkness on this subject, through having discarded the early Christian doctrine, it may be inconvenient and unpleasant to have the darkness made visible, but after all surely the truth is the essential thing, for indeed "there is no religion higher than truth."

THE CHURCH AND RELIGION.

If we may be permitted the suggestion, we think the *Church Times* writer has gone astray in confounding "Religion" with "the Church."

They are by no means synonymous terms. The following trenchant passage in Principal Fairbairn's "Religion in History and in the Life of To-day" is instructive:—

Our question then is, "What is religion?" Now it is best to begin by clearing our minds. You know Dr. Johnson's advice, "Clear your mind of cant." Now the cant it is needful to clear our minds of, are the confused notions that may stand in the way of clear comprehension. To this end let us at once note this—the relation of the churches to religion, of religion to the churches.

Now, many people, perhaps most people, look at religion through the churches, and cannot understand it apart from them. To many, church is religion, and religion is church. Religion is the church's concern. What it does is religious. What it does not do is secular, or profane, or outside religion. What it condemns is irreligious.

Well, many, so thinking, set down all the good religion has done, to the churches; while others, so thinking, set down all the evil the churches have done to religion. Books have been written, speeches are daily made, to show how mischievous the action of the churches has been; and therefore how mischievous the action of religion. The churches have often been on the side of the rich and against the poor. The churches have often been on the side of tyranny and against freedom. The churches have often repressed liberty of thought, and hindered free discussion. The churches have often produced churchmen who have been fond of place, fond of power, fond of wealth. And all these things have been set down to the discredit of religion—the sins of the churches have been made its sins, the evil of the churches its evil.

Now, I mean to reverse that process, and look at the churches through religion, not at religion through the churches. They exist for it; it does not exist for them. They are to be judged as they are faithful to it; it is not to be condemned as they are unfaithful to their own great purpose and own great mission. Often the hardest obstacle to the realisation of religion has been a church. An unfaithful servant may ruin a master. A church unfaithful may discredit religion. . . .

So, if you find imperfections in churches, do not use them as occasions to condemn religion; use religion as a law or standard to condemn these imperfections, and insist that perfect churches alone can do justice to perfect religion.

WHERE THE CHURCH FALLS SHORT.

Now if the editor of the *Church Times* has discovered that there are imperfections in his Church, that it has a most serious defect in that on the question of immortality, it knows so little and refuses to know more, that when Death comes along with his scythe it still superstitiously regards him as the King of Terrors, that when its own members want light in darkness, solace in sorrow, restored communion when the dark gulf separates, it is unable to give the light, the solace, or the restored communion, he ought to know that the right thing to propose, as a true son of the Church, is that these shortcomings ought to be at once removed. Archdeacon Wilberforce, at St John's, Westminster, and the Rev. Arthur Chambers, at Brockenhurst, to name only two influential Churchmen, have opened up the way as brave pioneers within the Church itself; their example needs only to be universally followed, and the Church's failure in its duty along this important line of its mission would no longer need to be regretted and deplored.

AN UNREASONABLE CONDEMNATION.

Instead of doing this he regards Spiritualism which is now doing this blessed work because the Churches have for centuries neglected it, as "a menace"; he sees that its adherents are increasing in numbers, that "its strength lies in the fact that each convert to the cause becomes at once a missionary"; he sees it animated by a living truth which is drawing to it "the world in tears," and because it possesses a rich treasure which the Church has despised, he condemns

Spiritualism! Now this seems to us to be exceedingly unreasonable. Instead of crying as a true prophet to the Church—"The salt has lost its savour; wherewith shall it be salted?" and stirring organised religion out of its lethargy; instead of telling it plainly that it must re-embrace the true Christian doctrine that "there is no death, what seems so is transition," he goes on in his article to speak of

"THE DANGERS OF SPIRITUALISM."

He warns the Church away from what, instead of being a rock of offence, would assuredly become the rock of its salvation. We have hardly patience to follow him in his immoderate tirade against Spiritualism, which he perceives to be a sort of rival—"perhaps the only religion that is making headway at the present time." People are hearing its gospel gladly because it gives them comfort; would he have them reject it and remain comfortless? He tries to terrify them by conjuring up before their eyes its imaginary "perils." He tells them that if they embrace it there will be "the peril of an entire mental or moral collapse!" "It is not only an agent for the destruction of character, but it never results in the improvement or the refinement of character. Spiritualism destroys spirituality." "Worse still, there seems every probability that the practice of Spiritualism brings man into communication with devils!"

OUR VIEW OF THE MATTER.

Bah! now our brother but begins to babble for the rabble, and addresses his appeal to the crudest prejudices of the ignorant—surely no fit task for a wise counsellor and leader of the serious thought and destiny of his Church! If through lack of knowledge he sincerely believes such nonsense let him seek the truth earnestly until he find it, and no longer function as "a blind leader of the blind." Let him first catch his "devils" by any faculty—mental, moral or spiritual—with which the Creator has endowed him, and then he may hold them up as bogies to frighten the people, who are now, albeit, not so ready to accept mediæval fables as they were a generation ago. Far from Spiritualism leading to mental or moral collapse, or destroying character and refinement, we can testify, after twenty years of fairly close contact with the Movement, that its influence is sane and serene and spiritual, and its philosophy wonderfully comforting and sustaining in the day of trouble.

MR. J. N. MASKELYNE AND OTHERS.

But we have used up our space in dealing with one antagonist only, and we must leave Mr. J. N. Maskelyne and his "Spiritualistic Quacks in War Time" for another issue. We hope to have something interesting to say in our September number in reply to this gentleman's attack, though it rather speedily fizzled out on its merits, as well as with a recrudescence of ill-informed criticism which has recently appeared in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* and *Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

"THE CARICATURIST AND THE CONJURER."

We have offered Mr. Furniss an opportunity to reply in these columns, "should he have any satisfactory explanation to offer," on behalf of himself and his "great friend with the eagle eye," as to his flippant fiction. Mr. Furniss has, however, preferred to remain silent. Let us hope he will be more careful in future.

J. L.

The Autobiography of a Famous Spiritualist.

“TIEN SIEN TIE” AND “THE STROLLING PLAYER.”

MR. J. J. MORSE, continuing his fascinating life-story in chatty fashion—the birds in the beech-tree overhead chirping and trilling a musical accompaniment, said—

At first I was considerably clairvoyant and used to see and describe a great deal, but that phase of mediumship I did not value. My great desire was to be a speaker. For two or three years I was conscious when the spirit-friends controlled me, and I used to tell them I could not make out where they began and I left off. I asked them—“Cannot you make me wholly unconscious?” They replied, “We will when the time comes; go on, and trust to us.” I agreed and after I had been used as a speaker for the time I have mentioned, a condition of deep unconscious trance crept along. I have kept to trance-mediumship for the reason that I consider the spirit-people are the best judges of what they want to do. While I have always been willing to submit to them in matters of mediumship they have never encroached on my full personal individuality, and as a reward for my trust they did much to develop my intelligence and understanding. Our relations are co-operative. They are always ready to come to me when I want them, and whenever I have been in a corner they have helped me out.

“Mr. Morse,” we put in, “you speak of your spirit-friends rather indefinitely as ‘they’; do you know them as personalities?”

Oh, yes, he went on, my chief inspirer is one who calls himself Tien Sien Tie. He tells me he was a mandarin of the second class. He was born in the province of Chi-Li in North China, and lived and died in Peking about 350 years ago. The story he gives is this, that he in common with other spirits was interested in establishing modern Spiritualism on earth, and in connection with English, American, and other spirit-people he undertook to do what he could. He found it would be necessary to seek for some one whom he could thoroughly adapt to the end he had in view, and in his searches he came across my mother in London, who was at that time bearing me, and he directed his efforts towards her and her growing child. He says it was necessary for me to go through so many trying circumstances in early life so that I should be made adaptable to various needs, and I am thoroughly satisfied as to the truth of this. The result was that when the time came for my work to begin they were able to break up the psychic ground without much trouble. You will find this fully explained in my little book “Leaves from My Life.” When Tien Sien Tie had made up his mind that I would be a suitable instrument, he set to work to master the English language and modes of thought, and he found much sympathy between the higher spiritual thought of the English people and the thought of his own learned people. He has spoken through me on almost every conceivable subject—scientific, philosophical, didactic, and the rest of it. Many of his lectures have been reported and published in the Spiritualist press of this country, America, and Australia, and these have also been printed as separate pamphlets.

Another of my controls is known as “The Strolling Player.” I think about his earliest appearance through me was at the house of Sir

William Crookes. I used to go there once a week about 1874, and we had many interesting evenings. That was about the time of Sir William’s experiments with Florrie Cook and D. D. Home. I used to go into trance and Tien would speak; then this fresh control came along who declined to give any name other than “A Strolling Player.” On one occasion he made up a play with several characters in it and recited it, which Sir William said was an extraordinary performance. Thereafter he became a familiar presence, and came also to the Friday night séances at Burns’ Institution, in Southampton Row, the offices of the *Medium and Daybreak*. He developed a method of address which so far as I know is unique. He would ask for a subject from his audience, and this was usually given in the form of a single word or a couple of words. Then he would spin an exceedingly clever yarn on that particular subject, winding it up invariably by making it teach something of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. “The Player” has been my guide, counsellor and friend ever since he first came. Whenever I have given him the conditions I could consult him, and as a family we have sat regularly once a week to receive his counsel. That has been most valuable on many occasions, and his advice and prescriptions have brought my wife and daughter safely through several serious illnesses. He has frequently foretold things that seemed most unlikely but which have literally come true. One little incident occurs to me. When the entire family of us were going to America in 1884, I considered it necessary that we should have sufficient money with us to bring us back again in case of accident. The player said we should have it, but the night before sailing came and I was still £10 short of our estimated requirements. Before we went to bed he said—“You will have that £10 before two o’clock to-morrow afternoon, and go away quite contented.” Next morning we had breakfast, the postman came and went, but no sign of any £10. Our faith was being rather severely tested. However, about half-past one a gentleman came to the door. He was a Mr. Busby, the proprietor of a large business in Liverpool, who was greatly interested in Spiritualism and in us. He said he had come to wish us God-speed and he hoped we should have a good time. As he departed he put a small packet in my hand saying—“Put that in your pocket; it may come in useful.” I took the packet into the room, and opened it on the table in the presence of my wife and daughter, and there lay before us ten bright gold sovereigns, as the player had promised. Our way to the United States and back again was now clear, whatever happened.

(To be continued.)



Diseases correspond to the lusts and passions of the mind; these, therefore, are the origins of diseases.—*Emanuel Swedenborg.*

Nowhere with more quiet or freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Mediumship.

By ALFRED VOUT PETERS.

A GREAT deal has been written about mediumship by people who have only been able to study it from outside, but with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Wallis hardly anyone within the ranks of mediums has attempted to explain this most difficult, intricate and really fascinating subject.

What is mediumship? and under what heading can we class this elusive faculty? have been the questions which have puzzled students of psychic phenomena for the last sixty years. After a close analysis of my own medial powers, and those of my brother and sister mediums, I am convinced that it is an extension of the so-called artistic faculty, the faculty by which the musician is able to interpret the mystery of sound, the artist to express in colour the beauty of nature and the human face and form, and the actor to illustrate the varying aspects of human life as depicted in the drama. The medium, however, strikes a higher octave, and reaches out to a sphere beyond that of the earth and the emotions that we are familiar with. By reason of his supersensitiveness he is able to interpret things which belong to the realm of what we *know* as existence spiritual; and what is more important he is helped by, and works in co-operation with, the inhabitants of that realm.

Mediumship is a faculty that is at once normal and abnormal. This seems a contradiction, but the whole of life is more or less coloured by our point of view, and mediumship must be regarded as normal, if we consider the artist is normal, and only as abnormal if we consider the artist as an eccentric.

The faculty of mediumship is a talent in seven out of every ten persons. It is active in most children until it is smothered by contact with the outer world. We are all familiar with the feminine method of asserting knowledge on some subject without being able to explain how this knowledge has been acquired. This gift of intuitive knowledge is only a small and not very well understood part of mediumship.

Now mediumship stands apart from all the other faculties that we are familiar with, inasmuch as it depends not upon the medium alone but upon outside powers claiming to be spirits of men and women who have left the flesh, and who claim to originate the phenomena familiar to us.

And now it may be of interest if I give some of my experiences on the inner side. I was always a curious child, and used to be visited by remarkable dreams, but I was twenty-six before I took part in a séance. This was held at the house of my sister-in-law, and after we sat with our hands on the table, and obtained raps and knocks and answers to questions, I felt a sensation of drowsiness creeping over me. Then I seemed to be looking from the ceiling down on the other sitters, and presently a voice not mine was proceeding from my mouth, calling my sister-in-law by a pet name, that I found afterwards my brother had used in earth-life, but of which I had never heard. Then the voice of my mother spoke, after which I regained the power of normal control. All the time I was not entirely unconscious, but knew that it was not myself that was speaking.

During the second séance at which I sat, at Richmond, I was conscious that I saw the spirits

of the so-called dead, and thereafter I commenced to sit at home, and obtained automatic writing and drawing.

The questions are often asked—What is the meaning of control? and how is it induced or brought about? We are told that it is a self-induced hypnotic state, and that the alleged control is simply the personality of the medium, or at the lowest that we are simply acting and deceiving the sitters. Now to understand the process of control by discarnate beings we must understand the mesmeric or magnetic control that is produced by a hypnotist in the flesh. When we understand this it is plain. Mediums are simply magnetised by spirit beings, and as I have seen the process many times I will try to describe it. The spirit operator commences to make passes down the medium's face and then from the crown of the head down the spine. At first the passes are made slowly, afterwards very quickly, till full control is obtained over the medium, when a hand is gently laid on his head. The sensations during this process are very pleasant, and a feeling of languor is induced which is very soothing. The eyes close, the hands and feet become insensible, and sounds and voices gradually recede as the control becomes stronger until the medium is in the magnetic state. The spirit then approaches and stands in the medium's aura, and from that position is able to manipulate his brain and afterwards his whole body. This control varies in different conditions. Sometimes it is so deep that the normal consciousness is quite blotted out, and sometimes it is as if a voice is speaking in some far away place which has nothing to do with the medium.

I have seen my own controls materialise with Mrs. Corner, Mr. Husk, and Mr. Williams, and one of them has spoken to me in a séance with Mrs. Everett. But how much of the information that we receive is derived from the outside spirit intelligence, and how much from the medium must be left to the judgment of the sitter, as sometimes the information coming through the medium's brain had become disturbed by his own ideas.

How can one's mediumship be improved? is a question often asked. In reply I would emphasise three essentials—first, a non-flesh diet, eliminating tobacco and alcohol; second, exercise in the fresh air daily; and third, ample rest for body and mind.



THE PERFECT WAY.

Wide be your outlook, and clear be your aim,
And straight be your path—in the Great Father's
name;

His rod and His staff shall comfort and stay,
His presence be with you each step of the way;

Through sunshine and cloud, as you journey along,
Your heart shall make music, and burst into song.

To clear-sighted purpose there cometh God's might:
He always is strong who is sure of the Right!

As the "things of the Spirit" are tested and known,
Eternity's light on *all* life is thrown:

The heavens descend—descend as a dove;
The Earth is at peace—for Life is all Love.

E. J.

The Consolations of Spiritualism.

THE MOURNER'S DEJECTION, DOUBT & DARKNESS BANISHED.

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

DEATH, when its mission is not understood, is always an unwelcomed visitor. It is so, even where it is understood, when it makes its appearance under circumstances not natural. Death even under natural conditions, does not excite in those who have interiorly divined its purpose the terror and dread experienced by those who still cherish the idea that it takes place in man's life by accident rather than by necessity. The passing from this life, to where they know not of any one near and dear to them is always an occasion of gloom and oftentimes despair, and when their own time arrives to depart from this life, then indeed all is very dark and indefinite.

It is recorded that the last words, when dying, of the sixteenth century philosopher Thomas Hobbes, was—"I am going to take a great leap into obscurity." The same utterance is also rendered—"Now am I about to take my last voyage—a great leap in the dark." A ring of tragedy runs through these words. We can easily realise how Hobbes in expressing them confessed the great value some ray of light to pierce the "obscurity" he discerned ahead would have been to him at that moment. To die, and to know not what is going to happen, to know not where one is going to, or whether death means merely the extinguishing of the delicate spark of consciousness which informs man he is alive, is far, very far from promoting a restful and tranquil state of mind. The agony of taking "a leap in the dark" when this life closes has to be experienced before its intensity and extent can be realised.

To know what happens at death, and to know where those we are attached to who have died are, is very comforting and helpful—especially to those of an interrogative turn of mind. The "leap in the dark" or "into obscurity" of Hobbes is characteristic of the position of the majority of mankind when summoned by nature to journey hence. When leaving this life they long for some information concerning the next. Most people begin to devote a little thought to death when they are about to die. Of course time will not then permit their being rescued from their gloomy plight, as a dying man is hardly a suitable subject to receive instruction on the scientific and philosophic aspects of death. So his only alternative is to voyage on over the sea of death in the dark. Some believe, or persuade themselves into the belief, that the administration of the last sacrament of the Church will disperse what darkness there is before them. That may pacify their anxiety, but it does not help much, as on this matter the only antidote to what darkness there may be is knowledge and understanding.

As darkness always means the absence of light, and its absence indicates the possibility of its not being so, then in view of the acute suffering the passage through death in "the dark" entails, it naturally follows that its abolition by light would be very acceptable and consolatory. When the darkness of the pathway of the tomb—the pathway which leads to the land of immortal light and enlarged vision—is flooded with the light of knowledge and intelligible understanding, then there will be no need to take "leaps into obscurity"

or "in the dark." This much-needed and yearned-for light on the inner or invisible side of death can be, and is being, enjoyed by a large number of earth's inhabitants, in all walks of life and all grades of intelligence and culture to-day. It can be enjoyed by all if they but make the necessary effort to obtain it.

The churches, although claiming to be the only authority qualified to lighten the darkness and to console the grief of the mourner, are utterly helpless, as all the succour and assurance they can offer are negative and nebulous. In the whole range of their entire vocabulary concerning death and the beyond—in burial services, graveside orations, memorial services, etc.—there is not, there cannot be, a single syllable of an affirmative or positive nature. The truth can only be uttered by those who know it, and the churches *know nothing* about it, although they *believe much* in the life after death. They do not *know* whether man lives on after death or not. They *believe* he does. But there is the world of difference between believing and knowing something to be true. The churches can offer secondhand "testimony." While that helps, it cannot, it never could, never will be able to, produce and establish conscious conviction and realisation in the human intellect of the actuality of a future life. To accomplish that, sense-perceived evidence must be experienced, which will supply the necessary proof to bring that conviction, enabling one as a consequence to make the affirmative declaration—"I know."

Until that is experienced, man can only say "I believe," and while he says that regarding the after life he is in every sense of the word in the dark.

Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, typifies very well the position of the churches—of every form and denomination of religion on this earth, except those essentially and strictly Spiritualistic—in a sermon he preached a few months ago on "The Future of our Glorious Dead." After asking—"Do the dead sleep? or suffer? is it possible for them to come back, and can we talk with them?" he, according to the press, said—"God has not been pleased to answer these questions for us. He has told us very little about what happens to us after death—less indeed than is often supposed." That is frank, and though his outlook on the larger questions of life is not to be envied, his candour is to be admired. To every thinker of a philosophic turn of mind who has devoted a little thought and reflection to things pertaining to the absolute, the Dean's statement—"God has not been pleased," etc., is only an admission, put in a scholarly way in order to obscure the fact in all its humiliation, that he does not know. Of course we know he does not know, as it is only the Spiritualist who does know, and walks in the light. The Dean makes the sweeping generalisation—which is a risky thing to do—that his own unfamiliarity with the life after death is shared by all others. He should surely know that what happens to be unknown to him does not necessarily remain unknown to everyone else. He should have kept in mind that there are gradations of knowledge and intellectual unfoldment.

The Dean repudiates the claim that Spiritualism is able to enlighten us on man's state after death. In the face of that denial, in the face of all denials, Spiritualism, through its phenomena, is the only means we have, is the only means mortals ever had, of obtaining some light and information on the life beyond the grave. Its ability to do that means that it alone can confer the sweetest conceivable blessings and consolations in human bereavement. The denial of its truth does not make it untrue. To doubt its phenomena does not mean that they do not happen. No amount of denial will prevent what happens from happening, nor cause what happens not to happen, for as Robert Dale Owen has well said—"That which does happen can happen."

Spiritualism consoles and satisfies man's deepest feelings and longings. It enables him to obtain light on life's darkest questions. It demonstrates and places beyond all doubt the perennial problem

of the "whither" of existence. It saves him from, and elevates him above, all speculative opinion about the beyond. It informs him where those he loves who have died are, and gives him an idea of what awaits him when he dies. Spiritualism, in the words of the eloquent Emma Hardinge Britten, "guides our drifting souls into the ports of eternity by the infallible compass of truth." That it will serve as a rudder to man when he sails into the mystic river of death is another of the comforting consolations of Spiritualism. Humanity should embrace it and enjoy it, so that life here may be sweetened by the consciousness of what lies beyond it. To know with Victor Hugo that—"The tomb is not a blind alley," but "a thoroughfare," and that—"It closes on the twilight, to open on the dawn," is truly a consolation to be cherished in the darkness and uncertainties of mortal existence.

Our Part in the Great War.

By EVA HARRISON, Author of "Wireless Messages from Other Worlds," &c.

I WANT to say a few words about a mighty force which too often lies forgotten, but which all who know anything of psychic and spiritual matters should try to realise and to wield at this critical moment of our history. I speak of the great power of Thought. Concentrated thought is a force as unseen as electricity, but its results are as real and as tangible. We should all take time daily to concentrate upon the victory of Right over tyranny, of Freedom over slavery, of Good over evil. Let us send to the dear brave men who are giving their earthly all our thoughts of love, strength and power, and our will that they—the representatives of human freedom—*shall* conquer, and these will truly help them.

"This is not a war of country against country, as such," say angelic ministrants, through the channel of human mediumship; "it is a great struggle between Good and Evil, raging now not only on the earth plane, but on all the interpenetrating and surrounding states of this planet." We wrestle not merely against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers of enormous potency. The Hosts of Evil are marshalled in array against the Great Army of Good, and the atmospheres of this planet are vibrating with the titanic struggle. We can none of us be neutral in this gigantic war of the spiritual forces. "He that is not for us is against us." All who are not *positive* on the side of Good are simply lending themselves to the destructive energy of the enemy.

The heavens themselves are engaged in the struggle. Mighty galaxies of angels are concentrating their thoughts and power upon this planet; but without the conscious co-operation of the earth-dwellers, victory cannot be ours. This is a testing time, and we have the power to bring in the dawn of the day of true peace, love and brotherhood, or to set back the clock and hinder the progress of humanity for ages.

Do you say—I thought good was bound to prevail? Yes, it will ultimately, but man is given free-will, and by his own thoughts and actions he weaves his own destiny. The supreme question is—Shall we conquer *now*? will this great European war be the beginning of the new day? is there enough of the spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfish service for the good of all? or do we

still lag in shouldering each his own share of responsibility? Never have so many given up pleasures and luxuries that they may nurse, and minister, and entertain, and serve their fellows in all ways, but it is *not yet enough*.

I wish to call on those who can understand and realise the power of the *Thought Forces* to hold home circles and devote time to this potent work—not to get, but to *give*. I may say that we hold circles in our home and work in conscious union with our heavenly leaders for the service of those on the seen and unseen planes of life. To the inner eye of the seer of our circle, we are in the midst of what appears to be myriads of soldiers in all conditions, even wounded and convalescent, and he sees angel ministrants in attendance. There are also in our circle those who can leave the body consciously, at will, and minister to those who are in need. Thus do we form earth links between the angelic and astral worlds. There is a mighty work to be done in this way. And I may add that three distant members sit and concentrate upon the work of the circle at the time of its meetings.

One more thought for service. Send all you can of our literature to our brave boys in hospital, for I know it is helpful and is appreciated.

Now, please, friends, do your bit in one or all of the three departments above mentioned—by thought forces, by circle work on the unseen and by sending literature to the men who are so nobly serving us. Remember that "Thought is the power which upholds the floating worlds in space." So say the angels.



"I see the perfect friend as one who is of service in time of sorrow, because, in imagination at least, he has looked on all the sorrow of man. I see him as one who can drink deep of joy, and retain his sense of proportion. He will be as interested in his own life as in the lives of those he loves."—*Clifford Bax*.

A NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBER writes:—"I am going to send all future copies, while the war lasts, to a member of an ambulance brigade, who is leaving soon for the front. He is an inspirational speaker and an earnest Spiritualist. The captain of his company is a trance medium. I take three other psychic magazines, and will send them also to this young man, who will I hope be able to make good use of them in the course of his ministrations to the sick and wounded."

National Union of Spiritualists Visit to Rothesay.

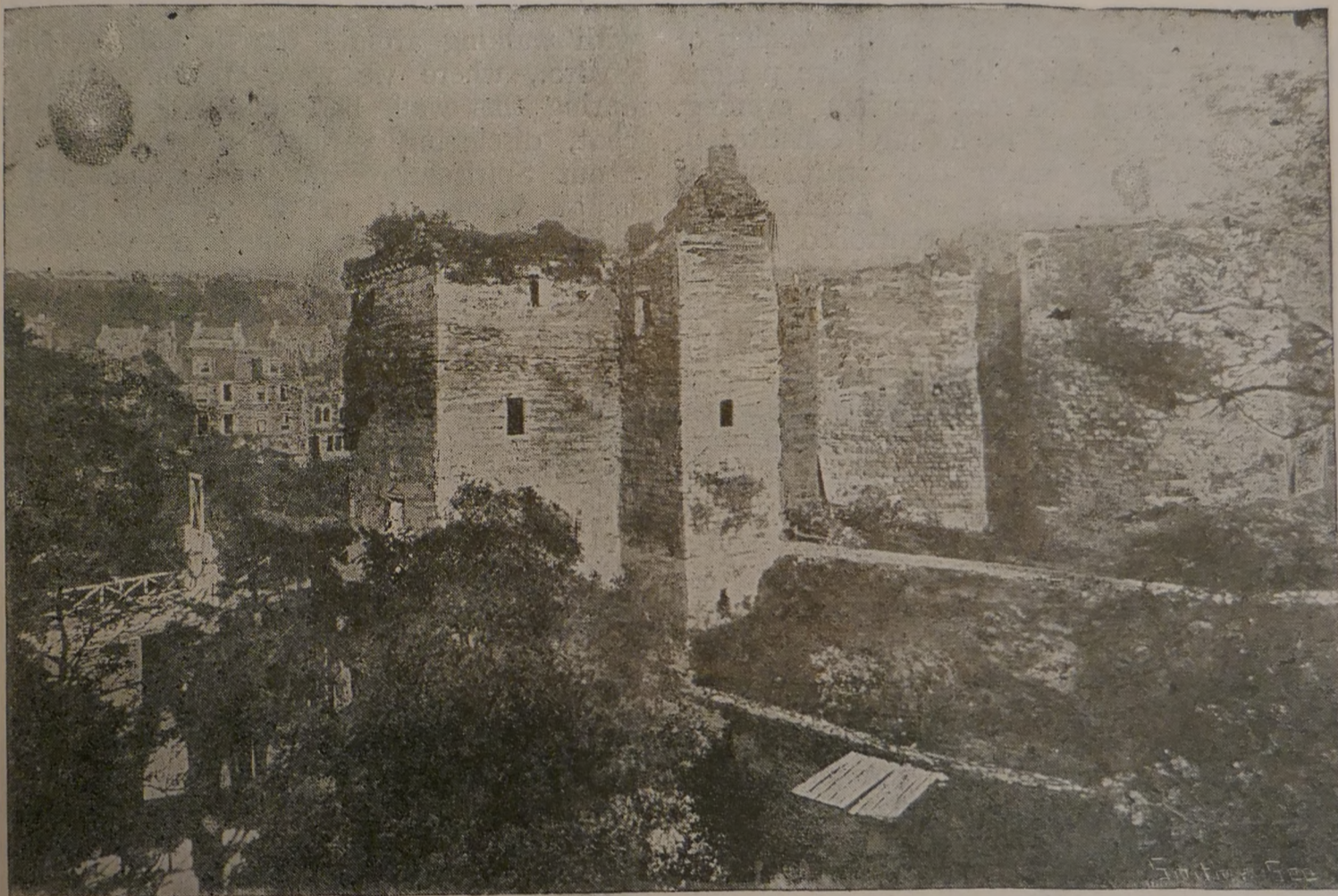
By JAMES COATES.

A HAPPY company of Spiritualists, including many officials of the Spiritualists' National Union, and delegates drawn from all parts of the country attending the Annual General Meeting in Glasgow, visited Rothesay on Monday, July 3, leaving again in the afternoon to attend the large special meeting in the Glasgow Central Halls.

The visitors arrived at 1 p.m., and after luncheon visited Rothesay Castle, where Mr. Ernest Oaten, the re-elected President of the S.N.U., pointed out and described many places of interest, which

picture of his mother which came on the plate, when his photograph was taken by a practical photographer in Cardiff. The photographer knew neither his mother nor the sitter.

For the first time in the history of the Royal Castle have speeches been made, or sweet and simple hymns sung by Spiritualists within its walls. For a brief hour, amid these surroundings, where every stone in its ancient walls could tell tales of battles and bloody deeds, as well as romances of human love, joy, and sorrow—the visitors talked and sang without a thought for



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ROTHESAY CASTLE.

["THE BUTEMAN," LTD.]

ROTHESAY CASTLE, once a royal castle, gave its name to Rothesay. It was originally called "*Rath ur*," which means the circular fortress on the water. When it was built is unknown, but from the twelfth to the middle of the eighteenth centuries it was the witness of stormy times. The hereditary custodian is the present Marquess of Bute, whose ancestors dwelt there for many years. It has been visited by members of the Royal Family, but not since 1876. Since Scotland gave a King to England Rothesay Castle ceased to be a royal residence.

could be seen from the grass-covered Courtyard of the Castle.

It had been proposed that cinematograph pictures should be taken of a number of those present, with the object of obtaining psychic pictures, but for reasons given below these experiments were not carried out.

To state who were there would be to make a list of names which would take up all my limited space, but we were especially pleased to meet Mr. Albert Wilkinson, former President of the S.N.U., Mrs. Stair, Secretary for the Fund of Benevolence; Mrs. Butterworth, of Blackpool; Mr. G. E. Owen, the Collier-Author of Pontypridd; Mr. Boddington of London, and not least Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd, "*Felix Rudolph*," author and poetess, who for her noted work on the Continent was known, during the strenuous public career of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, as "*M.P. for Europe*." Mr. G. E. Owen showed me a very clearly defined and identified psychic

modern was, but of the time "when man to man the world o'er shall brothers be an' a' that."

Mr. Wm. Jeffrey, of Glasgow, acted as guide to the visitors, and on leaving the Castle, owing to the shortness of time, instead of a contemplated run to the beautiful sands of Ettrick Bay, escorted them to Ardbeg Point. Here Mr. Wilkinson read correspondence between the Chief Constable of Rothesay, the Expert Naval Authority, and Mr. Alexander Gilchrist, J.P., Glasgow, with reference to a proposed cinematograph film of the visitors. The Chief Constable desired the application to be granted, and spoke favourably of the *bona-fides* of the applicants, but the Naval Authority refused. Had I known about the affair I should have had the photographs taken in my own garden, as the Expert Naval Authority, does not object to photographs taken in houses, studios, and "back yards!" The refusal, however, was on the safe side, as the German Chiefs of Staff might perhaps have learned of the ancient

condition and defenceless state of "the circular fortress on the waters," and rushed the Clyde!

Addresses were given at Ardbeg, by Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Oaten, and by Miss Scatcherd, who explained that similar photographic experiments had been carried out in France, but had failed owing to the operators being ignorant of the delicate conditions necessary to secure successful results. Here some beautiful Lyceum hymns were sung, and most of those present dispersed to catch their boat for the Glasgow meeting. Fourteen stayed over for the next boat, spending the interval in our home over a quiet cup of tea. Here Miss Scatcherd gave an interesting account of recent visits to Greece, and the political

situation there; and Mr. Boyd gave valuable information about the Bulgarians, whom he had studied as a humanitarian, also concerning child-life, on which he is a recognised authority. Mrs. Stair and others gave clairvoyant descriptions, all of which were recognised. The time—too short—was pleasantly spent, and the visitors left highly pleased with their visit.

I can only say, in conclusion, that this happy invasion of Spiritualist friends was exceedingly pleasant to ourselves, and especially as they were fortunately bathed in bright sunshine. All were enamoured with the beauties of "Sweet Rothesay Bay," and many resolved to find their way back again to its lovely shores.

Some Experiences at the Rothesay Circle.

By JOHN DUNCAN, Edinburgh.

OUR next sitting was held on the evening of Friday, 14th April, the same five persons being present as on previous evening. After the meeting had been duly constituted, Mr. Coates, speaking under the control of his stepson, gave a short address on "Mediumship," after which Mrs. Coates was controlled by one I was on intimate terms with during his earth life. We will call him Mr. Roberts. He was a Station Agent at a quiet country village, nestling among the hills a short distance from Galashiels. Here we lived for six months every year for nearly twenty years. Mr. Roberts was a man very much above the average in intelligence, a great reader, and although not a member of any church took a keen interest in theological matters, and held advanced views on all religious questions.

At this sitting Mr. Roberts went over the names of five members of my family, talking about them when they were quite young, and going in and out to school in Edinburgh. These members of my family were unknown to the medium. After a quiet talk, naming various parties, and speaking of olden times, Mr. Coates in a clear and convincing manner described the house where Mr. Roberts had lived, with the surroundings, also a bridge close by and leading to a sheep farm, the tenant of which was well known to us both. I could not have wished for more conclusive proof and of greater evidential value. Mr. Roberts also spoke to me through Mrs. Coates, of persons we had known nearly thirty years ago, naming the various members of our family, and at the same time Mr. Coates in his normal condition described the whole scene accurately. I can say that neither Mr. or Mrs. Coates have ever been near the place.

The next spirit to come was my old friend the lawyer. He said he was not in sympathy with the Mr. C. who had been present and spoke at the previous séance. They were neighbours on earth, but had nothing in common. These conditions evidently remain the same on the other side; they were not what we would term "kindred spirits." Several members of our family came next and gave convincing proof to us of their identity. That was mostly of a private character. Another friend Mrs. Coates said was present, Mr. T. He had passed on quite recently, having lived outside of Edinburgh. Mrs. Coates gave his name, said he was not able to control or speak, but that he would try at our next sitting. Bob, our son, had brought him.

Monday, 17th April, being a continuous wet day, we could not get about, and had to be content

with walking around the veranda of Glenburn Hydro., where we were staying. Three of us during this walk had a varied and interesting chat, discussing various subjects, but nothing about Spiritualism, my two friends not being at all favourable to the subject. During our walk, under cover, we spoke of several outstanding men who had passed over, among them being Professor John Stuart Blackie of Edinburgh, and Mr. C., the well-known Edinburgh citizen I spoke of as being present at our last sitting. The Professor and Mr. C. were great friends during earth life, and met frequently. Another name mentioned was Mr. W., a Glasgow gentleman, who belonged to no religious sect in particular, but was well known and is remembered for his kind and charitable deeds. Mr. W. passed away suddenly nearly a year ago, having dropped down on Wemyss Bay Pier and never regained consciousness. I had only met him on two occasions, at The Kyles of Bute Hydro., our conversation both times being on Spiritualism. He knew nothing of the subject, but was greatly interested and listened eagerly when I told him some of my experiences. Within ten days after his transition he came to me in Glenbeg House through Mrs. Coates and thanked me for what I had told him. He said when he passed over, he could not realise the change, and felt at first dazed, but the slight knowledge he possessed of spirit-return had helped him; how pleased he was to be able to come back, and that our son Bob had brought him. On leaving he begged us to do all we could to help him, by sending out loving thoughts and prayers for him. As a test, I asked him, to tell me where we had met in earth life. He at once replied, "The Kyles of Bute Hydro," and said our conversation had been on Spiritualism.

I wish to make it clear, that before coming to this séance, I had not mentioned (even to my wife) the conversation we had during the day. Mr. and Mrs. Coates also knew nothing of it; but on coming into the séance-room that evening Mrs. Coates made the remark that I had brought some strange influences with me. All three—the Professor, Mr. C., and Mr. W.—said they had been with me during the day. There could be no mistaking any one of them, all being strongly characteristic men. Professor Blackie was in great form, and promised to come to Mrs. Wriedt's first visit to Edinburgh, and said he would try to sing a verse of a Scottish song. Mr. W. said he was happy and greatly interested in the work he was now engaged in.

T. H. Lonsdale's Psychic Experiences.

Mr. A. P. SINNETT ON "ETHERIC SHEATHS."

MR. T. H. LONSDALE gave an interesting account of his own personal experiences at a recent meeting of the International Club, 22A, Regent Street.

He said that for a number of years he had been an invalid, a nervous wreck, and if he had passed over then his friends could have put over his grave that epitaph so often seen in old churchyards—

Afflictions sore long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain.

One day he happened to see an account of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, and he suggested to his wife that *perhaps* he might get some good there. That same morning his wife changed his book for him at the library and brought back "The Healer," by Maarten Maartens, which he had read only a few weeks before. He was disappointed at the mistake, but read it again, and was strengthened in his wish to go to the Psycho-Therapeutic Society. He thought at the time these events were a mere coincidence, but he now regarded them as a direct leading. He went to the Society with little faith, Mr. Spriggs diagnosed his trouble which aroused his curiosity, and eventually he was bodily and mentally cured by the healing work of the Society. His interest was aroused in psychic gifts, though he was rather sceptical as to their extent.

On a Christmas night shortly afterwards someone suggested table-rapping as one of their games, and they sat around a table. In five minutes it became violently agitated, and each sitter accused the other of pushing it, but the table began moving around the room in a way none of them could have made it do. Then it settled down and they asked it questions. It first spelt out the name of a man he had not seen for twenty years, giving his wife's name and the number of his children. No one but himself knew this man, who had gone to Canada long ago. He (Mr. Lonsdale) made inquiries and found that the information given was correct. This occurrence "gave him furiously to think," for any possibility of thought-reading was out of court. Even thought-transference from one subliminal mind to his own subliminal mind did not explain it, for the information was not in the subliminal mind of any person who could have communicated it through the table. No other explanation seemed possible than that some "power" with intelligence had intervened.

He soon discovered that he had some psychic gifts, and tried planchette, crystal-gazing, automatic-writing, etc. The planchette wrote for him even if he only rested one finger on it, but the messages were vague and unconvincing. One day it would not write, and he said impatiently: "Very well, if you won't write, don't," and leant back in his chair. The planchette thereupon ran off the table on to his knees. He was surprised and sat up to see whether the table sloped towards him, but found it was quite level. He pushed the planchette to the far side of the table and said, "Can you do that again?" Immediately, it again ran across the table on to his knees. He called his wife to come and watch, and put a book under the near-side of the table to make it

slope upwards towards him. He leant back and said to planchette, "You cannot do it now." But it did, and moved slowly up the inclined table and fell on his knees.

When writing automatically one day he asked for a test that it was not his own mind working unconsciously. Immediately the pencil wrote, "We will give you a test. To-morrow you will get a letter asking you to do something. Be sure to do it." He anxiously watched for the postman next day, but nothing came. On the following day, however, a letter arrived from the Superintendent of a sanatorium asking him to see him before he again saw Mr. D., a young gentleman from Liverpool who was in the sanatorium. He had seen this young man at the request of his clergyman, but knew nothing of him or his people. He took up a pencil and asked, "Is this the test?" "Yes," wrote the pencil, "they want to remove him to another sanatorium. On no account allow it." He went that afternoon to the sanatorium and saw the Superintendent. The matter he wanted to see him about was of minor importance. He then saw Mr. D. who asked, "Do you know anything of a sanatorium near Poole?" He said, "No, why do you ask?" Mr. D. replied, "My brother was here two days ago, and wants to move me there. What do you think?" Mr. Lonsdale advised him most strongly to remain where he was, and he passed away in three weeks almost to the day.

As illustrating how good advice is sometimes received psychically, Mr. Lonsdale said that at an occult class in Bournemouth he had told a gentleman who was a stranger to him that he had an appointment to take over a business proposition, that he must be very careful as the proposer was very plausible, and his proposition was not good, but would if entertained lead to financial loss. On going out this stranger whispered to the leader that the advice was strange as he had such an appointment for that very evening. The gentleman called to thank him six months later, saying that the advice prevented him from entertaining the proposition. Other people had, however, gone into it and had lost a lot of money.

At a psychic circle in Bournemouth where practically the same sitters had met once a week for five years, the room was nearly always filled with beautiful perfumes. These were said to resemble Egyptian perfumes, but were different from any the sitters had experienced at any other time. He read letters from two of the sitters testifying to this curious phenomenon, and also to the fact that while entranced he had lifted with his bare unguarded hands live coals from the fire without suffering in any way.

Having been cured himself by psycho-therapy, Mr. Lonsdale gives much of his time and attention to this department of psychic work. He narrated the following incident. One day when passing the post office at Boscombe, he felt impelled to go in and telephone to a Mr. H. He had never done so before and resisted the inclination and went on. The influence was, however, too strong for him, and he gave in and went back. Mr. H. was a healer, and the moment he heard the voice, he

said, "Good gracious is that you, Mr. Lonsdale? I have been trying to find you all day." He wanted him to give a diagnosis of a friend leaving Bournemouth immediately by train. The time was too short to call and see the patient, so he asked Mr. H. to bring him to the telephone and hold his hand. With this link he was able to give a diagnosis of the trouble which was found correct, and the patient being treated in accordance with the diagnosis soon recovered. Mr. H.'s desire to see him had evidently come to him by a thought wave, hence his being compelled to telephone.

Mr. A. P. SINNETT, referring to the handling of red-hot coal without injury, said that when he had made inquiry from those who really knew what took place, they explained that the hands were covered by an etheric sheath. In his long experience he had heard a great deal about etheric sheaths. He once asked Madame Blavatsky if she knew anything about the alleged occurrence when Apollonius of Tyana was said to have suddenly disappeared from the court in which he was being arraigned before the Emperor Domitian. People expected he would be sent to execution, but what happened was that he had thrown an etheric sheath around him which was so impervious to the rays of light that they glanced around it, and therefore the people could not see him. In the same way the etheric sheath was impervious to heat, and however thin it might be, for it was no thicker than a soap bubble, it would protect the hands from injury by burning coals. It was even impervious to bullets, and he had been assured that people in this war had been an object of wonder to their friends from the way in which they had been protected by etheric sheaths, which made the bullets glance off them. These sheaths were etheric matter, and people who knew how to gather it together and control it and so form a sheath around them would be protected from injury. This way to protect their bodies would become one of the knowledges of the future.

Dr. ABRAHAM WALLACE said he once went to see a boy in Maida Vale who had the power of lifting burning coal, but he unfortunately took a man with him who professed to be an amateur conjurer, and he by his strong mental opposition had prevented results taking place.

The Rev. Mr. BAINTON said he had once been present at a circle where Mr. Lonsdale was when the sitters were practically bathed in a wonderful Egyptian perfume. An Egyptian priest had been clairvoyantly seen beside him in the pulpit when he was preaching. The late Father Hugh Benson, the author of "The Necromancers," had said to him at a trumpet seance that he had changed many opinions since he had passed over, and added, "This is true—there is no death."

Dr. WALLACE said that he had once had a conversation in the train to Harrow with Father Benson, and told him of a communication he had had from Archbishop Benson at a seance. The Father appeared to be interested and said, "I must look into this subject." But so prejudiced was his condition that he did not find out the truth until he crossed the border.

Miss FELICIA R. SCATCHERD said that one of the strangest experiences at Julia's Bureau was the return of a certain cardinal who denounced Mr. Stead for not joining the true Church. She said to the Cardinal, "Don't you see if we joined your Church, as faithful members of it we could not allow you to come to speak to us as you are doing now!"

"Haunted Royalties."

By WALTER FIRMINER.

AN interesting collection of ghost stories, prophecies and omens past and present, and traditional ghosts of royal families, is given in "Haunted Royalties," by Katherine Cox (Messrs. Wm. Rider & Son).

"As the Hohenzollerns have their White Lady, and the Wittelsbachs their Black Lady," says the authoress, "so the Hapsburgs have their 'Turnfalken.' These are enormous white birds—some people say that they are swans—which as a rule only come out from their hiding-places on the river-banks at night, but if seen in the daytime they forbode some misfortune to the reigning House.

A friend of my own, a lady who for thirty years had made Austria her home, recently related to me an anecdote concerning these curious birds. In June, 1914, a few days before the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Countess Sophie Hohenburg, hismorganatic wife, she was crossing a street in Vienna, when just in front of the Cathedral she saw an immense crowd collected gazing up at the sky. Upon asking what the people were gazing at, she was informed in awestruck whispers, 'The Turnfalken—the Turnfalken!' Raising her eyes also, she saw, sure enough, a flock of enormous white birds, such as she had never seen before, wheeling round and round in the sky, uttering weird and sinister cries. The sight recalled to her memory the legend connected with the Turnfalken, but being rather sceptical regarding all omens and superstitions, she thought little more about the matter until a few days later. Then all Vienna was ringing with the horrible story of the murder of the Emperor's heir—that tragic episode in the annals of the unhappy House of Hapsburg which ignited the first spark of the terrific conflagration now enveloping the whole of Europe.

Ferdinand, the Czar of Bulgaria, we are told, is haunted by the ghost of Stambuloff, the minister whose death he brought about in 1895. While he has been out walking or driving, certain people have at times seen the spirit of Stambuloff accompanying him. On one occasion when Ferdinand visited a fortune-teller, the shade of Stambuloff followed him, and gave the fortune-teller a verbal message to deliver to Ferdinand, to the effect that he "will perish in very much the same manner as I have."

There are chapters of the book devoted to ghosts of the Tower of London, Hampton Court Palace, and Windsor Castle.

Hampton Court Palace is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of Queen Katharine Howard, one of the wives of Henry the Eighth, who was beheaded for alleged immoral offences. A psychic named Mrs. Russell Davies is said to have invoked the spirit of this Queen at Hampton Court. Katharine appeared to her, and is described as being very small, almost child-like in stature, and very fair, with wide blue eyes, tip-tilted nose, and an exquisite little mouth shaped like a Cupid's bow. This description does not, however, agree with a portrait of the Queen which was painted in her lifetime. Speaking of her life on earth, Katharine said, "In less than three years after the King's marriage, my head fell on the block, not a victim to Henry, but to the war between the Pope and the Protestant. So long as a single Howard remains a Roman Catholic my spirit on All Souls' Day will return to the scene of its earthly sufferings until by fire Hampton Court shall become a ruin."



4th AUGUST, 1914.

As dwindle men, and eras pass away,
Viewed from vast vistas of futurity,
So in the calm light of eternity
Die down the burning issues of to-day.
Yet man his brother man doth ruthless slay,
Robs of past triumphs, sad humanity,
Ends all its striving in futility,
Through the fierce onslaught of th' insensate fray.

Can nought avail to check his cruel strife?
Can nothing stem his self-destructive zeal?
Must Chaos rule the Earth whence once it fled?
Heaven gave man freedom with the gift of life,
The power to make or mar, destroy or heal—
New worlds, new men will rise—think—Is God
dead?

FELIX RUDOLPH

A Wonderful Apport-Medium.

By HORACE LEAF.

SEVERAL years ago great interest was aroused in psychic circles concerning a wonderful apport-medium residing in the south of England. The special correspondent of a leading Spiritualist journal interviewed, at the time, "General Lorrison," a gentleman holding a high rank in the British Army, who, with this medium and her husband constituted the sole members of the "Trinity Circle," the title given to the group by the spirits working in conjunction with them. The name of the medium has never been divulged, owing to her objection to any kind of publicity, and because of the important public position held by her husband up to the time of his decease.

I have in my possession the "proofs" of the interview with "General Lorrison," the contents of which might well be attributed to the wildest of legends. But for similar astounding phenomena having been witnessed and testified to by leading scientific men, it would be beyond the credulity of any sane person to believe such things possible. The imaginary powers of the Magic Carpet and of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp are not stranger than the actual happenings through the mediumship of "Stella," who has never received any fee for her services, always sitting only with personal friends.

There stands before me as I write, visible and tangible evidence of her gifts in the form of a large, dark brown, curiously-shaped vase, decorated with crudely-formed leaves and flowers made by a hand whose cunning had not attained the degree of perfection common to European potters; while the glazing is equally primitive. The clay composing the vase is of a coarse reddish kind, finished very poorly. According to the spirits who brought it to the circle it is of Eastern manufacture, although it is now uncertain whether they said it was brought from Egypt or Syria.

An equally wonderful example hangs upon the wall of a mutual friend. It is a picturesque dagger made of over one hundred and twenty Chinese coins strung together so cleverly and firmly as to have stood the test of more than ten years, and to all appearance still as strongly bound as ever. These coins were brought loose, one evening, unexpectedly into the séance-room, and tied together in an incredibly short space of time by unseen forces in the presence of the sitters, and left as a testimony for them. Within one year over a thousand apports, ranging within the widest limits from woven grass to rosaries and charms, were brought by the spirit-people, often in the twinkling of an eye. One that I have seen is a large elaborately-carved box, twenty-two inches square, from China, and a splendid example of Chinese workmanship.

From the medium's point of view, the most impressive of the apports received happened in connection with a charitable institution, founded by her husband and herself, called the "League of Love," the objects of which were to collect each year toys and garments for distribution among poor children of various homes, orphanages and schools. Through the instrumentality of the League hundreds of warm garments, and thousands of toys, were distributed each Yuletide. The spirits of the Trinity Circle applauded so laudable

a work, and paid tribute to it on one occasion by bringing, as apports to the sitting, scores of magnificent toys of every description.

But perhaps no instance of this remarkable phenomenon is more striking than any other. What, for example, can be regarded as more astounding than the following as told by "General Lorrison":—

"I get as many eggs as we need in this house regularly each week. We have not bought a single egg for several months past. My cook has got so accustomed to find her week's supply in the dining-room on Monday morning, that if she missed them any morning she would think something had gone wrong. I put my hat up in a corner of the room before a séance begins, and always find from one to two dozen eggs in it at the close. They are a present from the Brooklyn medium and come from his own hen-house. He usually, I understand, goes to the hen-house and gets them himself in readiness for their translation. One night I complained to the control that three of the eggs were stale. He laughed, and said that came from trying to do more than one knew how. The fact was that, being unwell, our Brooklyn friend did not get the eggs himself as usual, but left it to the control, and that personage took just what he came first upon, and brought me three nest eggs with the others."

It was also frequently a habit of the spirits to bring twenty-one eggs at a time, so that there could be an equal division of seven for each sitter. This is interesting in so far as the number seven was anciently regarded, along with three, as a sacred number; and it was by special agreement with the invisible helpers that a fourth person was under no circumstances admitted to the Trinity Circle. We may, therefore, conclude that numbers were regarded as significant by these spirits.

The explanation of the Brooklyn medium is as follows: The Trinity Circle was one of a number situated in various parts of the world, under the control of the same spirit-band. It was arranged that all should sit at the same hour, and between them the apports usually passed. One was in Melbourne, Australia, another in Spain, a third in India, another in Syria, and yet another in China. In each case the sitters were natives of the country in which they sat. The Brooklyn medium was a gentleman of remarkable power, very cultured and rich. It was he who used to select the eggs for transmission. In connection with this gentleman a piece of very direct evidence was received. One night a long letter was deposited upon a table in the séance-room, which the spirits requested the General to copy. It was discovered to be an epistle from the Brooklyn medium. After copying it, a bit was torn from off the corner of the original in order to identify it; the letter was then signed by the medium's husband. It immediately disappeared, and the circle was told it had gone back to America. Ten days later the letter was returned by post with American stamps on it, and the New York postmark and date showing it had been posted there after the night of the séance. Moreover, the missive had the signature of the sitter who had signed it, and the torn piece fitted exactly.

I cannot refrain from quoting the General in reference to a marvellous apport of apples, which, in addition to demonstrating the ability of the spirits to pass matter through matter, also refers to another gift of "Stella's."

"One night," says General Lorrison, "when the usual séance was to be held, I took my seat on the sofa, and

casually tossed the cushion, which was in my way, to the other end. It was an ordinary sofa-cushion, which I had seen many times, and was light as such articles usually are. Whilst what we understood was a materialisation of something brought from Brooklyn was in progress, the spirit controlling the medium said through her to the spirit doing the work, 'Why not, whilst you are about it put them inside?' 'Of course,' said the other in the direct voice, 'it is just the same.' 'That's right,' said the first spirit, 'I knew it would make no difference whether they went inside or out.' We were told to light up and examine the room. Instead of being light as before, the cushion was so heavy that a more than ordinary effort was needed to lift it, and one could plainly feel a number of hard round substances inside. A knife was used to rip up the cushion, but before this was done I

examined it all over with the greatest care, and found all the old stitches of the seams perfectly intact, with no sign anywhere of its having been opened or freshly stitched. On being ripped it was found to contain a dozen or more fine fresh rosy apples, gathered from the Brooklyn medium's garden."

In addition to apports and the direct voice which, on some occasions, have been demonstrated by several spirits speaking at the same time, levitation, carrying of red-hot coals in bare hands without burning her, materialisations, spirit-lights, clairvoyance, clair-audience, trance-speaking, as well as other forms of psychic-phenomena, have been experienced through this truly remarkable medium.

The Twelve Tribes of the Zodiac.

XI.—AQUARIUS—THE MAN—THE WATER-BEARER.

FIXED-AIR. From January 20th to February 18th. By LEO FRENCH.

AQUARIUS rocks the aerial cradle of the infant race. Though his rhythm-measure of air is "fixed" yet he understands the secret magic of adaptability, for he is the Elder Brother, the typical ideal man of the immediate future. In the mystery of Saturn lies hidden the inner history of this great transition-period of the human race; for Aquarius follows his brother Capricorn, Saturn lord of both. Capricorn stands for all that the *material* plane can yield to man. If we take the word "Selfishness" to express it, that word must be taken in its widest application, *i.e.*, inclusive of all that can be obtained and attained by getting and taking. The apex of Capricorn's taking is that he may hand on to others, still, accumulation; and even accretion is the law of his being; whereas Aquarius grows by giving and by helping. He offers the water of life—"Let him that is athirst, come!"

Growth by co-operation is the natural organic evolution for Aquarius; *Brotherhood* needs no deliberate recognition, no intellectual formulation, it belongs to him. The solidarity of the human race is "the cloudy border of his base," the pedestal whereon stands Aquarius, the Man-Force of the new race, whose pioneers rise even now among us, offering the water of life to those who *will* to drink, those whose good fortune it is to recognise these angels and ministers of the new race.

Aquarius represents the ideal ethereal consciousness, in manifestation. He possesses the tenuity and the stability of air, as opposed to its other pole of variability, and irresponsibility. There is the beauty of permanence, the eternal aspect of the Unmanifest reflected through the mirror of *Mâya*, as well as perpetual progress and perpetual motion, the other two sides of the triune Genii who "build up the blue dome of air." To Aquarius belongs this aspect of eternal stability, the realisation of the spirit of æther, the concealed potency whose emanations reach us through air.

For this reason, Aquarians are among the most secret messengers of the new Word. They are inner centres, whose strength is in the periphery rather than the circumference of life's wheel; here again, paradox confronts us, for Aquarius is nothing if not a worker, but his work is rarely seen and known of all men, for the plane of consciousness rather than of conscious effort is his truest, most central plane of manifestation or centre of action.

Aquarius feeds the inner springs. The ideal Aquarian is the Angel Incarnate, none know of his seraphic birth save those few to whom it is

given to know the mystery of the kingdom, though many feel the impersonal yet individual breaths of *inspiration* and *aspiration* which vibrate in the most holy place of Aquarius, the inner shrine. Competition, strife, any form of rivalry are deadly poison, miasma to the Aquarian genius. Emulation of any kind has neither part nor lot in him, save the quenchless thirst of the Spirit, which bids him raise the chalice to his brother's lips, if he would fulfil his own life purpose.

Isolation is often the outer lot of the Aquarian—Separation cannot be. Here is another paradox whose inner meaning the true Aquarian realises: isolation, because Aquarius stands on the threshold of the new day, with new words of power, fresh values, different proportions, other perspectives; in him is the secret of the fourth dimension on the inner planes; his philosophy, his mathematics, the measures and values of his spiritual, mental and emotional consciousness are in direct antithesis to all that the old (5th race) civilisation has built into it. Humanity has reached the apex of all the separated self can attain—humanity as a whole, though there are yet millions of laggards. But those who think that self-preservation is the law of growth for to-day are as anthropoid apes, chasing their own long, finely-organised and highly-developed tails.

The true Man, the Man of God and of humanity, rises before us, noble in aspiration, powerful in inspiration, having won all that earth can yield, he now looks upward, grown at last to the measure and stature of man made in the image of God, and as his Maker rejoices, energises and "manifests" through the perpetual sacrifice of becoming, so Aquarius lives to give, and gives to live. No trumpets, no heralds, announce his gifts, but—"No man liveth or dieth to himself"; the gift of Aquarius to the Altar of Life is—himself.

EBB AND FLOW.

(Near a French Seaport.)

Across the narrow strip they come and go,
Of England's surging tide the ebb and flow—
Brave men who march to meet their destinies.
Wave after wave the tawny billows rise,
On Fate's grim shores to break—a shattered ebb
For some who rend the meshes of her web;
For some a scatheless storm of shot and shell;
For some no ebb or flow—their lot to swell
A tideless sea that lately pulsed with life—
Vast breakers broken on the rocks of Strife.

LILIAN HOLMES.

Our Life's Star.

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

The soul that riseth with us, our Life's Star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting, and cometh from afar.—
Wordsworth.

I.

SPIRITUALISM, as a branch of human knowledge and inquiry, as a science—"Spiritology" if one may coin a word—has come to stay, just as did biology, sociology, or any other "ology." The person who has no acquaintance with this subject will soon be as much "behind the times" as a man who has never heard of electricity.

This does not imply that everyone should, of necessity, become an experimental Spiritualist, any more than that everyone should become a practical electrician. But everyone can add to his faith, if he already possess one, the comfort and consolation of learning that there is an evidential and substantial basis for that faith, just as he may enjoy the benefit of the multitudinous applications of electricity to the affairs of everyday life.

Hitherto it has been difficult to find literature dealing with psychical science, suitable to put into the hands of the belated survivors of Agnosticism and Secularism. Now need of such has been most ably met by one of their own fraternity, a "materialistic Spiritualist," as he likes to call himself, Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie.

II.

"SPIRIT INTERCOURSE: ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE" is undoubtedly

a remarkable book, which one may venture to prophesy will make] as great a stir in the world of to-day as did Florence Marryat's "There is no Death," and for much the same reasons. Due allowance being made for a novelist's imagination, "There is no Death" revealed a solid body of facts that could not be argued away. And discounting the practical trend of Mr. Hewat McKenzie's mind, which leads him into dogmatic utterances and hasty generalisations, impossible to one with the fear of a greater knowledge before his eyes, "Spirit Intercourse" is one of the best popular handbooks of modern Spiritualism that has yet been produced.

As the author tells us in his preface, it is written by a business man for business men and women, ordinary folk, "natural men and women, who have no preconceived opinions in favour of any religion or philosophy of life." Rather dull company these "natural" men and women must be, but personally I doubt if they have any more actual existence than had Rousseau's "noble savage!"

The latter served as a convenient peg upon which Rousseau could suspend his theories, and these new "naturals" have been likewise a peg for the production of Mr. McKenzie's valuable contribution to the nascent science of the New Psychology.

The lack of emotional warmth and of religious and spiritual fervour may repel some readers, but it will highly commend the book to those for whom it was especially written. They and the author run directly counter to the Apostolic teaching that spiritual things must be spiritually discerned, and stoutly demand and maintain that spiritual things must be materially tested and proved. This demand, legitimate and desirable from the materialistic standpoint, can only be met at an immense cost—the seeming sacrifice of the very spirit and essence to the sense and matter aspects of the phenomena under consideration.

This apparent sacrifice is a fundamental fact of being, and ever accompanies the descent of Spirit into matter, in all its varying aspects and degrees. But, like the dying Socrates, who exclaimed—"Bury me, if you can catch me," so Spirit ever eludes the grasp of the baffled investigator, who finds himself left only in possession of a discarded husk, just when he fondly imagined himself to have seized hold of the very kernel of an inner reality.

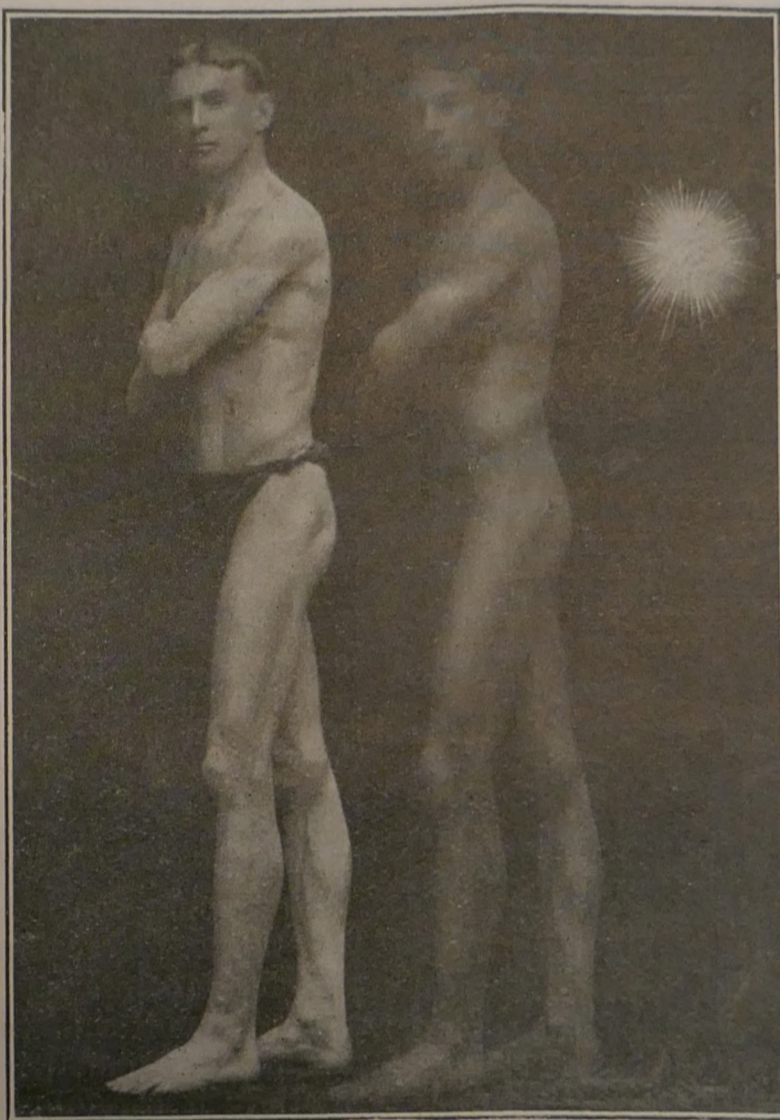
III.

Chapter III., on Materialisations, is one of the most valuable in the book. I should like to suggest that it should be

published in pamphlet form, and that no materialising medium would allow a person to assist at a materialising seance until he or she had carefully studied its pages. Many so-called "exposures" would never have taken place had the sitters been furnished with the elementary, yet little-known, facts which Mr. McKenzie here puts before his readers.

Where Mr. McKenzie departs from recording facts of observation, he enters a realm of some confusion and many disputed issues. The few statements subverting accepted scientific facts that I have been able to submit to recognised authorities have not survived the test, *e.g.*—

The living inner force of man which we call life is still a mystery . . . and even those whose work it is to understand the body and keep it from disease are equally ignorant. . . . This state of affairs is likely to last for centuries, unless in the medical curriculum practical psychology is included as an integral part of study. Professors of medicine still teach that man's blood is pumped through the blood-vessels by the heart, and are seemingly quite ignorant of the fact that the energy of a



BODY (Physical). SOUL (Ghost or Subtle Body). SPIRIT (Ego).

thousand hearts would be insufficient to pump the blood through the miles of blood-vessels of the human body. They are unconscious of the fact that the heart instead of acting as an engine of energy is just the reverse, and acts as a governor or brake upon the blood flow. The heart plays the same part in the control of the human machinery that the governor of an engine plays; and just as the governor is driven by the energy within the engine, so also is the heart driven by the energy within the human machine. (See page 33.)

Medical men to whom I have submitted the paragraph smile at it. And at Glasgow, when Mr. Morse's control, the Strolling Player, greeted some of the delegates of the N.S.U. in the hospitable home of Mr. W. Jeffreys, we submitted the paragraph to that witty spirit, he too repudiated the statement, but explained how such an error could have arisen through mal-observation of a phenomenon which precedes physical death. There is a familiar ring about many of these pseudo-scientific statements. They seem to have emanated from the control of a certain well-known medium, who shares many of the prepossessions of the author, if indeed he and his control have not given rise to those prepossessions in the first instance.

Speaking of "The New Superphysical Continents," he reminds his readers that the said spheres are "interior states," existing within the physical atmosphere surrounding our earth. This is not clear. And when the writer goes on to make statements in terms of physical matter, time, and space, giving us the distance in miles from the earth, the degrees of light and atmospheric conditions, the flora and fauna, the virtues and vices, the homes and manner of life of the ex-terrene inhabitants of these "interior states," one simply gasps with wonderment and perplexity.

IV.

The pictorial diagrams in the book are interesting. The one depicting the soul leaving the body at death will give rise to some controversy. Clairvoyants are not unanimous as to the soul always leaving the body through the skull, as Minerva issued full-fledged from the brain of Jupiter. And a photograph taken of a death-bed scene by the late Dr. Hippolyte Baraduc, showed the spirit-form in *perpendicular*, rising from the recumbent body of the dying person, and not parallel to it.

But the illustration that most attracted myself is the one that Mr. McKenzie has kindly allowed to be reproduced here.

Ancient scriptures and modern poetry team with references to the manifestation of the spiritual principle in man and angelic beings as a star—the stars that fell from heaven with Lucifer—the righteous who shall shine forth as the stars—the belief among primitive peoples that a new star appears in the heavens on the death of a chief. Is science about to confirm these vague traditions and beliefs?

This star-like form, this "body of light," is probably the "winged globe" of the Ancient Egyptians, and *la boule mentale* of Dr. Hippolyte Baraduc, and other Continental investigators. He had often photographed it. Once when I visited him after the deaths of his beloved wife and their only son he rushed into the room with a photograph depicting two star-like bodies exclaiming: "*Voila la boule de ma femme! Voila la boule de mon fils?*"

I had myself witnessed a similar appearance some time before, which the photograph tended to elucidate. In England I have met but two persons *experimentally* conversant with this phenomenon. One is Mr. Jas. W. Sharpe, M.A.,

of Bournemouth. The other is Mr. Von Bourg whose experience I give in his own words. It occurred some time ago—

My doctor asked if I had settled my affairs. I said I was not going to die. I was conscious of all that was said, but did not want to open my eyes or to speak. Just above me was a large round, brightly luminous body of light. It seemed to have power and strength. I felt attracted to this light. I felt I must hang on to it. I felt I must live in this light, I must think in it. My consciousness withdrew into this light, and I could somehow see my poor wretched body on the bed. I heard what they said and saw what was done. They all thought I was dying. But I was getting better every day.

As my brain began to be active again, the light began to grow less in size, but I still had it to cling on to for over three weeks, after which it gradually disappeared. It not only carried me through my illness, it received my soul, my consciousness, my very self or ego, which only lived in its atmosphere.

I fancy it gave the body a chance to get rid of its poisons and purify itself so as to become again a fit abode for the spirit.

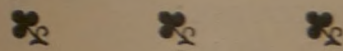
For it was then that I first fully realised that God was love, and that one must love Him more than life, more than oneself. And realising that, one could not help so loving Him. It is difficult to explain. Yet there is no doubt that all who saw me thought it impossible for me to live. But this ecstasy of love for God was life itself and I knew I could not die.

Mr. Von Bourg's account of this "light" agreed with what I had myself seen in Paris some years before.

Mr. McKenzie has thus recognised this starry principle in man, to the existence of which the wise and the inspired of the past and the present have borne persistent testimony.

"Psychic Science," says Mr. McKenzie, "is educating men to regard the physical world as the outhouse of existence, where the human spirit is most nearly dead, being buried within matter too crude to allow full manifestation to that Spirit. Man must learn to adjust his consciousness to a realisation of this fact, and to perceive that reality does not lie in the outer physical matter, either of the earth or of the super-physical spheres, but in something within himself. When once this is realised, his education will proceed rapidly, but previous to this, he may be regarded as one asleep, living in the dark ages of the senses, with whom it is impossible to discuss reality, for it is beyond his comprehension."

I can only conclude by advising all who have little time for reading, and who yet desire to acquaint themselves with the elementary facts and possibilities of modern psychical research, to procure this remarkable book for themselves and to study it carefully.



THE PRAYER.

You breathed a prayer one night,
You feared it was not heard,
For nothing changed or stirred—
Yet swifter than a bird
It darted up the height.

The Father took your Thought
Into His Arms, and said,
"Even *this* trembling shade
Shall by My love be made
A ray with beauty fraught."

You waited many days;
Then, with your head bowed low
You sighed, "And is it so
That we, too, far below
Can scarcely pierce the haze?"

You woke one morning fair;
Straight from the Throne of Might
You saw a Way all white,
Of faith turned into sight—
And cried—"It is my Prayer!"

H. M. UNDERWOOD.

How to Acquire Thought Power.

MRS. ELIZABETH L. SILVERWOOD, in one of her "True Thought Talks" in Glasgow last month, said—How many of us have puzzled over a problem at night, given it up, and found it solved for us first thing in the morning? A certain amount of personal effort seems necessary, and besides effort feeling is necessary, then we must leave it to the subjective mind, which is in touch with the super-mind, and the super-mind can solve any problem whatever, given the right conditions.

If you keep a worrying attitude of the conscious mind, you will fail to solve your problem. Have you not noticed it is when you *give it up*, when you *let go*, that it comes out all right. This is the condition known as "the cut-off."

I will outline the process of Power Thinking. First concentrate, by quietly *choosing* the thing you desire, with DEEP FEELING, then CUT OFF, let go, switch your mind to something else, and leave it to your subconscious mind to contract the super-consciousness, and bring back the result. It may take some time, but never half as long as the usual *worrying* and *effort* of the common conscious mind takes. You may repeat the process several times a day, provided you STOP THE THOUGHT between times.

You will wonder why feeling is necessary. It is the *sine qua non*. You cannot teach the subjective consciousness by any other method, because it is the organ of emotion and *feeling*, not of reason or logic. Intuition is not reasoning, but *feeling*, SENSING by the sixth sense; and the *more feeling* you put into your desire the surer and more complete shall be its fulfilment.

This is the Occult Law; anyone can prove its truth by experiment. The work you put *your heart* into is never irksome, never drudgery. Drudgery is doing the thing you hate; drudgery is being obliged to do one thing, when your whole being longs to do something *quite different*. To succeed you must either *love* your work, or do it for love of some other person—or alter it. You must lift it from slavery to the dignity of free labour. Work is a great blessing; drudgery is a curse. Work ennobles, drudgery enslaves. Even the humblest work may be inspired, but drudgery never. Lift your work to the plane of inspiration by love; or change your occupation entirely, if you would be able to work in conjunction with your higher self, your super-conscious mind.

All *creative* work complies with this law in a superlative degree. It is deplorable that in this commercial age creative work forms so small a portion of the whole. There is no monotony about creative work. It does not tire, it rests one; it does not degrade, it ennobles. It is a joy because it liberates the soul and gives it expression. In the ideal state of society, all work not done by machinery will be creative, and being creative it will be re-creative.

"Thought in the mind hath made us." We are a composite picture of the sum of our thoughts, feelings, and desires, in this and former states. We have the power to alter even our personal appearance by thought. Yes, we can even add to our stature by taking thought. The Psalmist was not infallible. It has been done, and it can be done again.

All things are possible to a consecrated will, working in tune with the Infinite.

How'er it be, it seems to me,
Whether in star or clod,
Genius is but the shining out
Of the Soul's indwelling God.—E. L. S.

We have schools for genius in the United States, we believe genius to be latent in all humanity, and that it is capable of culture. We know that by the process of thought we build up our brain-structure, we thus create finer and more complex cells in the physical brain, making it a more perfect instrument. By the study of music we build up those parts of the brain which control time, tune, and rhythm. Every musician's forehead shows this truth, phrenology and physiology prove it. The mental process is rather akin to the production of a gramophone record. Just so a thought impresses the brain substance, "the grey matter"; by repeating the thought the impression is deepened. Think it with DEEP FEELING, and it becomes ineradicable, because it reaches to the subjective consciousness, and is written on the akashic records.

By giving auto-suggestions one can build up his brain-cells, and change the very structure of the head itself. If the personal mind is not strong enough to accomplish this easily, one can call in the aid of a psychologist, and by the suggestion of another become strong enough to help oneself. Desire is the divine urge within the soul that compels it to evolve in its outer expression. Inspiration is the divine touch which arouses desire. Will is the agent that carries desire into action.

"You will be what you will to be,
Let failure find it's false content
In that poor word environment,
But Spirit scorns it and is free."

A PRAYER FLOWER.

"There are sometimes flowers upon Japanese rivers more beautiful than lotus. They are called prayer-flowers. Mothers let them flutter down from tiny moon-shaped bridges, and the running water takes these sweet love messages into the place where Jizo is."—Extract from "The Vineyard."

On a lovely moon-lit river,
There floated sweet and fair,
To one in Jizo's keeping,
A mother's loving prayer.
A darling little cherub
Peeped out of Jizo's arm,
A babe with dreamy lashes,
And face of wondrous charm.
The running water listened—
The moon-shaped bridge beneath;
As the mother bent her message
So softly to bequeath.
And lo! there rose in beauty
Upon the silver tide,
A fragrant flower of passion
For the little one who died.

E. P. PRENTICE.

The greyness of the morn, the blue tint of noonday, and the golden splendour of eventide are symbolic of a life well spent, which at the beginning grovelled in the mundane conditions of earth, until the time came when it attracted to itself the magnetic influences by which it was surrounded, to end at eventide with the golden sunset rays of success.—Sister Franc.

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The Interpretation of the Parable.

FOREWORD.—And the *Gazetteers* who read the Parable of the Bridge questioned among themselves what might be its meaning, and some said it was as clear as day, and others that its full intent was hidden. They appeared to be agreed that the two islands of the parable, separated so completely from each other that no intercourse between them seemed possible, represented the two worlds which men call The Known and The Unknown, The Present and the Future, The Seen and The Unseen, The Physical and The Spiritual, The Earth and Heaven. And as for The Bridge between these worlds, what could that be but Psychic Faculties which mankind has possessed and used since the Creation?—so there was no need, some said, for any other bridge to be built. But others said the Parable spoke of the bridge that exists nowadays as only a narrow bridge, good in places, and shaky and dangerous in others, which can only be used by a few people who are bold and adventurous.

The parable seemed to indicate that there was still requiring to be built "a great broad substantial bridge, across which the whole people of these two kingdoms could come and go at will." What could this mean? In quest of an answer we sought the aid of a wise Interpreter, and Miss Lind-af-Hageby was kind enough to spare us a few moments from her arduous labours on behalf of The Purple Cross Service for Sick and Wounded Horses, to give us her interpretation. We congratulate our readers on having the aid of one whose "vision vast" is so outstretching and inspiring, whose intellectual grasp of philosophies is so sure, whose personality is so massive, and whose humanitarian aspirations and labours are so great. Miss Lind said she would be pleased to chat for a few minutes about the Parable, and this is what she said—

I WILL give you my ideas of the bridging from one or two points of view.

First of all, there is that feeling of isolation which is symbolised by the island on which a number of people live, and live contentedly, not knowing anything of other islands with their inhabitants, their lives, and their ideals. That stands for the general isolation and blindness, which is constitutional and wilful, in which the majority of mankind lives.

Now those who have within their souls the beginnings of new psychic faculties, and the rudiments of senses beyond the five senses—super-senses if you like—and those people can be numbered by the thousand, always chafe against this isolation. Some do so consciously and cry out for contact, for more knowledge, for light beyond the ordinary knowledge of the senses. Others resent it unconsciously, and feeling the practical impossibility of getting at absolute knowledge through the ordinary avenues of sense and reason become pessimists and despondents.

This sense of isolation can be overcome by the development of what is ordinarily known as the faculties of mediumship—clairvoyance, clair-

audience, telepathy, the power of projecting one's mind outside the body, and of functioning outside the body. It also calls for the development of the power to sense and be conscious of different states of being, of other-dimensional conditions, in which we are plunged here now, of which we are for the most part supremely unconscious. This is not a matter of future evolution, but a matter of present reality. We only say these states are non-existent because we function on one plane out of possibly a hundred.

This one-sided functioning, as against the immense possibilities around us, is an isolation and a limitation of which I personally have always been strongly conscious. I have always felt the relativity of knowledge to such an extent that it has sometimes had an absolutely paralysing effect upon any theories, thought and ethics, which have strongly appealed to me.

I believe that if this desire to get out of the prison of human limitation and relativity is sufficiently strongly developed in us, it is possible for us, while still in the body, to develop the powers of functioning upon other planes, of sensing vast unseen worlds, vibrating with life all around us. And by the same intensification of spiritual desire we can lift and stretch our minds so as to develop all our latent psychic powers and become mediumistic in the highest sense of the word.

Also, I have always felt a sense—a vague sense—of community with the rest of the whole planetary universe of ours. Our philosophies, our religions, our science, our art, our most divine flights of poetry, must all be earthy and tainted by the one-sided and limited outlook within which we are bound by the prison-bars of our five senses.

Surely the day must come when the desire for other contacts, for universal knowledge, will become so strong that we shall build the bridge of the parable between this world and the next. In the gradual process of evolution there can be no standing still, for it is infinite and ceaseless; and it is probable that the development of our super-psychic faculties will some day become as possible and as natural as our railway, telegraphic, and wireless communications are to-day, though they were not dreamed of as possible a thousand years ago.

As to the obstacle that such dreams are impossible, one can answer from experience that really very few things are impossible. When I am told that certain psychic facts which have been scientifically established are impossible or that they are too mysterious to be true, I always refer to the simplest phenomena on the physical plane, such as the growth of a large and complicated tree from a tiny seed, or the evolution of any living creature from the small elementary cell, and ask that such phenomena should be contemplated from the point of view of scientific *explanation*. They baffle us; explain we cannot; we can classify and we can label, but mysteries! even the physical world abounds in them. The mystery of our own bodies, the mystery of the daily chemical process going on within them, is so great that it defies reasonable explanation.

Who then, in the name of logic and in the light of experience can say what developments in the psychical region are impossible? The unconsciousness which the average man and woman manifest towards entities and events in the other world is like that of a blind and deaf man who, seated in a room, perceives not the people

who are present with him. He is able to say quite honestly and truthfully that he is alone in the room because owing to the limitation of his senses the other persons are non-existent to him. If he were miraculously made to see and to hear, he would discover how erroneous his statement was, for he would now see and hear those other persons present with him. Similarly, through the gradual unfolding of the higher senses now latent within us a new consciousness will develop which will make it natural for us to perceive the life and reality of those who have already laid aside their physical bodies, and of those also who have never been clad in mortal form. We shall be able to converse with them, not perhaps in the language of the tongue, but through other means of sympathetic communion.

The idea of a College of Light—a University for psychic study and development—is at the present moment very much in the air. It is one of those ideas which come to the front through interior pressure and at a time which corresponds to a real need. The war, with its terrific lessons in personal losses and sufferings, with its everyday demonstration of the nearness and presence of death, has drawn the minds of the average man and woman to the whole subject of the After-Death state, as never heretofore. And it has stimulated to an unheard of extent the awakening and the exercise of these latent psychic faculties. Through sorrow and suffering the world is being driven to the search for light. The light will be an other-worldly light whose illumination will shed love and sweetness and harmony over this world.

As to the details of The College of Light, my personal idea is that it should, broadly speaking, have two functions—(1) scientific study, because to me all the higher exercises of the human mind are in themselves bricks in the bridge which will one day unite us with the beyond, and such a scientific study of psychic faculties as will demand the best methods of sifting and weighing evidence, and command the interest of the most advanced minds; and (2) its other function would be to satisfy man's religious craving, and his devotional and mystical instincts, and thereby give joy and comfort to hundreds and thousands of souls who to-day find no spiritual sustenance in ecclesiastical forms or in historical creeds. It would thus become a Cathedral of a Living Religion, born and burning in the heart of each individual man and woman who worships at the altar of the Living God.

POSTSCRIPT.—Now when men wish to build an iron bridge over a river they do not simply say there is abundance of iron ore in the earth, let the bridge be built. Nay, they dig deep for that ore, and smelt it, and free it from dross, and temper it, and shape it according to a plan appropriate to the purpose. When men wish to build an intellectual bridge over deep chasms of ignorance they do not simply say there is abundance of mental stuff in the world, let there be knowledge and wisdom. Nay, they train and develop the mentality of their children and youths in schools and universities, and eventually see them spanning the gulfs of ignorance and walking confidently in the sacred isles of knowledge, and philosophy, and poetry. When men wish to build a psychic bridge between the two worlds known as The Seen and The Unseen, The Transient and The Eternal, they ought, therefore, not to say there is abundance of psychic faculty in the human family to build such a bridge, so let the bridge arise in whatever

haphazard way it may; for if they do, no trustworthy bridge will ever be built. But if they will discover their innate psychic faculties, and cultivate and train them, even as they do with their mental faculties, the day will surely come when a great broad substantial bridge will unite the world about us and the world beyond. Will such a bridge ever be built? It would indeed be a godlike accomplishment, surpassing in importance any achievement yet attained by mankind. But it will only arise through human effort and noble sacrifice.—J. L.

A PROPOSED MILLION SHILLING FUND.

Oakleigh, Highfield Road,
Bognor, Sussex.
July 23, 1916.

(Letter to the Editor.)

DEAR SIR,—I am intensely interested in the proposed "College of Light." Would it not be possible to raise a Million Shilling Fund? I feel sure that all readers of the *Psychic Gazette* and Spiritualists generally, throughout the country, would be proud to contribute.

I am sure there must be many, who like myself are longing for such an institution to become an actual fact, who would feel it a great privilege to help in this way. Would it be possible to start a *Psychic Gazette* fund?—Yours sincerely,

CISSIE COOPER.

We shall welcome correspondence on this subject.—
Ed. I.P.G.

THE BRIDGE.

Thunder and rain, and a mist-blown world,
And an empty room in my house,
My boy lies dead on the battlefield,
And thus all my hopes to the ground are hurled,
While the wind sighs drearily.

Where is the soul of my soldier lad?
I will find him, if mortals dare.
"The heavens are far," all my neighbours say,
"We must simply trust though our hearts be sad,"
And clouds hang heavily.

But wait! if my lad is wanting me,
I will build a bridge *halfway* there,
And walk with the good God's guiding hand
To the *other half* where he's waiting me.
And the sun shines gloriously.

H. A. W.

THE PARABLE OF THE BRIDGE.

"Now who will solve for us the riddle of this Parable?"

'Tis no riddle at all, but crystal clear;
The Island is earth, the People are here;
The Seer who saw that psychic-world clear
Was Swedenborg, to thousands dear,
And Jefferson Davis, the engineer.

But the King, who was he? Why, surely you know,
'Twas Stead? with his "Bridge" of "Julia's Bureau";
And broader and broader that Bridge will grow,
Till 'twixt this world and that all freely may go.

For "now is the day and now is the hour"—
The Spirit descending, with heavenly dower,
Over this earth rich blessings to shower,
For the King of Peace is coming with power.

And a white-robed army with Him will come,
Once buried in khaki to muffled drum,
Now singing the "New Song" that none can hum
Save he lived—and died—for that Kingdom come.

ELIZABETH L. SILVERWOOD.

"Another parable put He forth unto them: The Kingdom of Heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."—*Matthew xiii., 31, 32.*

The Moral Sense.

By W. H. EVANS.

CONSCIENCE is defined as, "Internal knowledge or judgment of right and wrong; the moral sense, or sense of right and wrong; the faculty within us by which our actions are tried and judged."

Commonly, conscience is supposed to be a gift, the distinguishing feature between man and beast, but the moral gulf between man and beast may not be so wide as many imagine. All animals with any degree of development of the social instinct must have some degree of moral sense. They must observe certain rules in order to preserve intact their social order—such as it is. We speak of this as being instinctive, and it may be said that the instinct of co-operative effort exhibited by animals and insects marks the beginning of the moral sense.

The view that conscience is a special endowment is not supported by facts. We should expect, if conscience were such, to find a universal standard of right and wrong. But conscience is susceptible of growth, and to say this does not imply that morality is not a part of the warp and woof of nature. There only comes from nature what is already in it. To say as Darwin does, that "any animal whatever, endowed with well-marked social instincts, the parental and filial affections being here included, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience, as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well, or nearly as well, developed as in man," does not in the least depreciate the moral sense. It only points out the continuity of development revealed by the law of evolution.

Amongst mankind we find many differing degrees of the moral sense. The Red Indian at one time thought it right to get as many scalps as possible. The Fijians when their parents got old or fell ill, buried them alive. It may be said that there was an absence of morality in this and that they were simply unmoral. And when we take the various national standards, we shall find differences even there. The Turk can keep four wives without suffering a moral qualm, but the average Englishman would suffer acutely if he committed bigamy. There is such a divergence that it has been said that morality is a geographical question. Changes in environment produce changes in the moral sense. These changes we discern in our own life.

Religion has a great deal to say about conscience, and generally speaking it has done its best to foster and develop the moral sense. Its denominating conscience as "the still small voice of the soul," reveals how important religion considers conscience to be. It does in fact regard it as the voice of God. Where religion has been unable to readjust things here it has pointed to the hereafter for a solution of all life's problems. It has perhaps laid too much emphasis on that other life, valuable as the conception of immortality is. Morality is concerned with life here, as well as with the life to come. It emphasises the inevitable harvest of consequences which follow all actions.

Religion has tried to make men good through fear of punishment, or for hope of gain. It is a slavish sentiment, and an enlightened moral sense deploras any appeal either to fear or cupidity. It is one of the weaknesses in the Christian

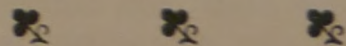
scriptures that the doing of good is almost always urged because therein lies great reward. There is no goodness in any act in which the doer has an eye to gain. His motive is bad, and he is still selfish because he is thinking not of the good he is doing, but of the reward such action will bring. But even the man who does good for gain is on the road, and there is always the possibility of his getting to love the good so much that he will do good for its own sake.

Spiritualistic philosophy concurs with science regarding the consequences of all actions. The theology of Christendom has often made the mistake of leading people to believe that they can escape from the consequences of their wrongdoing. "What must I do to be saved?" is the fearful cry of him who is desirous of reaping other than he has sown, and he has been taught to believe that he can escape if he "accepts Jesus as his Saviour." Such teaching has a tendency towards making the saint and the sinner stand upon an equal footing. But science and commonsense alike repudiate the idea that they are, and no amount of acceptance or profession will lift the sinner to the moral plane of the saint. He may believe with all his heart, but he can only reach the moral plane of the saint by earnest and laborious effort.

The teaching of Spiritualism is here full of hope, because it is supremely just. Each person reaps his own harvest. It is the law. But the consequences of any action, however evil, cannot last for ever because such consequences can only be proportionate to its cause. Morality is rooted deep in the universe, for we see that it is good alone that can permanently enrich life. Only good that can endure. Evil is mortal and must die. It is certain that as the thought of cause and effect in the moral realm takes possession of the minds of men they will act very differently.

Man has to pay, whether in or out of the body. The laws of nature flow into the unseen. They do not cease to operate at death. The evolution of man's moral sense goes on just as surely in the spiritual as in the material world. And man realises when he enters that other life that he is neither a stained-glass angel nor a black devil, but just a man.

The continuation of life beyond the physical provides the necessary means for an individual's further development. A field is provided for the further evolution of his moral sense, and that being so, we can see how wonderfully everything in nature points to the fulfilment of her laws.



THE MIND.

*What is this elusive thing men call the Mind?
It does not know our earthly clay's control,
For when the body dies still soars the Soul,
Watching the whirling centuries unwind.
It cannot mould to nothing. They are blind
Who think the crawling earth its final goal,
Who seek to make it brother to the mole,
Instead of what the Omnipotent designed.*

*The Mind that dreams what Plato dared to dream
Can never crumble in a planet's crust,
The Mind that grapples with th' Almighty's scheme
Can never rot and turn to drifting dust:
From world to world forever bounding free
Each Mind is part of Immortality.*

WM. F. KIRK.

The Father of Spiritualism in the North.

By ALEC ANDERSON.

THERE are very few persons in the north of England with even an elementary knowledge of Spiritualism and Psychical Research, who have not met Mr. W. H. Robinson, of Newcastle, whom I have had the pleasure of interviewing for the *Psychic Gazette*. It was on one of those remarkably wintry days we had in June last when I called, and found Mr. W. H. Robinson seated in front of a cheerful fire. Let me say at once for the benefit of distant readers that he has spent so many years as a valiant apostle of the truth, that he may fitly be styled "The Father of Spiritualism in the North." He is descended from a noble family, and is a second cousin of the famous Grace Darling, whose heroism in saving the ship-wrecked is one of the brightest pages in the history of the English people.

Mr. Robinson's Spiritualistic investigations and experiences cover over four decades, beginning with the year 1872, and in answer to my questions he kindly gave me the following interesting account of himself. "I was a member of a Wesleyan family, and my father's prayers and wondrous devotion leaned strongly towards mysticism. With such an upbringing, whatever the present position of Methodism may be, I can never forget the robust piety of both my parents and their influence on my whole life. I cannot remember the time when I was not conscious of a providential control, which developed into a firm realisation of divine guardianship. But as a youth I often remarked to my father that in Methodist preaching I saw much soul limitation, and this led me to seek elsewhere for light on what was obscure, and so there was opened up for me the way to other realms of thought. As a pilgrim in life's wilderness I wandered into the morass of Materialism, but soon discovered that the merely intellectual outlook of that cult ignored and submerged the emotional and intuitional faculties. I longed for a spiritual basis, as well as a scientific one for my beliefs, and this I found in the study of Spiritualism. Thereafter, I had no further use for creeds, so often transparently false, tawdry, and elusive. By a continued and determined study, objective and subjective, I discovered in my own soul a richer and more divine heritage.

"My attention was first attracted to psychic matters by the reports of the famous trial, 'Lyon v. Home.' Then I witnessed countless remarkable phenomena and spirit-manifestations in most

parts of the North, and travelled much to observe new phases as they were unfolded, being always careful not to lose sight of the intellectual side."

"What is your opinion of the present position of the Spiritualist Movement?" I asked.

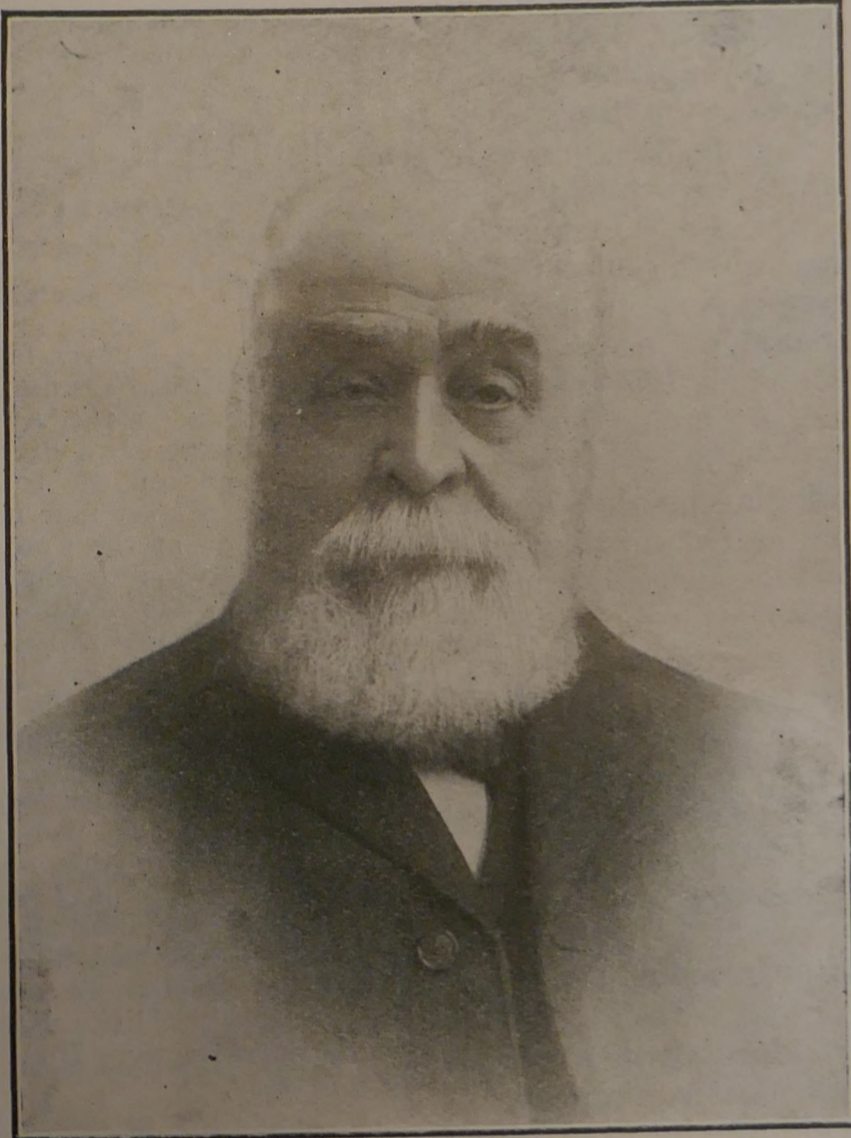
"I think," said Mr. Robinson, "it is working out its own salvation; the way is being cleared; and though persecutions have been endured, even from religious bodies, it is assuredly coming into its own. The thinking man is drawing nearer to the realisation of the great truths for which we stand. I am one of the Vice-presidents of the Newcastle Psychical Research Society, and consider that the Spiritualists owe a great deal to that Society, which has done much to keep the Movement on a scientific base, the research work being particularly valuable."

"There is a feeling that students of the occult, such as Theosophists and Spiritualists, are coming into closer touch with each other. Do you think this is a step in the right direction?"

"Yes, I am heartily in accord with any movement that will bring these two Societies, so similar in beliefs, to a better understanding of each other, and the more we meet on a common ground the more effective will be the teaching of the Truth."

Then I asked Mr. Robinson to tell us what he knew of the subject of Entrancement, and he replied—"My first attention to the subject of Trance Mediumship was in

1874, when Mr. J. T. Rhodes, of London, arrived in Newcastle to conduct business. We met at the Spiritual Society Hall, hoping to witness some scientific experiments in wax impressions of spirit-hands and feet, Miss Wood being the medium on that occasion. Great efforts were being made in that direction at that time, and a select committee of investigation was chosen for this particular effort, Mr. Rhodes and myself not being included. As he was a stranger, I showed him round the city, and then returned to his apartments and partook of supper. Thereafter Mr. Rhodes fell back in his chair suddenly, and my mother and sister each conversed with me for about an hour. At first I was alarmed, but the messages reassured me, and I was both satisfied and delighted at the near presence of two such beloved personalities. Since then I have acquired certainty that the most exact tests and information come more quickly through entrancement than by any other



W. H. ROBINSON.

method. Mr. Rhodes was a true and delightful friend and a fine medium. He later purchased a business in Boston, U.S.A., and passed away there some years ago. Many of the old London Spiritualists would doubtless know him well."

"Now," I said, "can you give us your experience in Materialisation?"

"Some years ago," he replied, "the Blyth Society invited Mrs. Gleave, *nee* Mellon, to give a séance for materialisation, I being invited to accompany her. This was her first visit to this town, and the only place available was the Society's lecture hall, a long narrow room. However, we placed an empty chair in the corner of the platform on which the medium sat. We erected the cabinet by borrowing two sheets, which were hung on rods, these being placed at right angles to each other. About forty persons were present, including three medical men, who were strangers to Spiritualism. During the hour and a half which followed fourteen forms showed themselves at the front, some bowing to the audience, who were arranged in the form of two horseshoes. A hymn was sung, during the singing of which a spirit-form, appearing as a tall gentleman in white, came from the corner, walked along the platform, smiling and conversing with us for about ten minutes. He told us that we should have a nice meeting, as the sympathy that they so much desired was in abundance. Further he said that he was going to help the spirit-visitors to show themselves, as it was a chemical process, which they all had to learn. He then went into the cabinet, saying he would reappear later. After the spirit-forms had shown themselves, he did so, reminding us that he had kept his promise. He said the medium was much exhausted and he must leave us. I immediately said, "There is one thing you must do, sir, or our visit will have been a failure; you must show us the medium and yourself together." He reluctantly consented, and we all saw the form and the medium standing together, whereat there was much clapping of hands. This made a big sensation in the town and the Congregational Minister called on me and expressed his thanks for the evidence."

"And have you seen matter transfused through matter?" I asked.

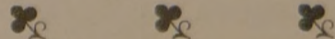
"Yes," he replied, "I could give you hundreds of very interesting cases, but must content myself with one, which will give a glimpse into the fourth dimension in space. In 1877, at the village of Ouston, in County Durham, I was invited to a Sunday afternoon circle, attended by about twenty persons, many being scientific men. The medium was Mr. Petty, of Newcastle, who had been honoured by being requested to give a séance with the late Tsar of Russia. We went expecting to see materialisations. We placed the medium in a chair between two bare walls, a curtain hiding him from our sight. The door was locked and the key was placed in the pocket of a sitter. We sang two hymns, but no forms appeared. I asked permission to look behind the curtain, and, lo! the chair was empty. After deliberating on what had become of the medium, the gentleman who had the key, opened the door and we all descended the stairs and found the medium in the room below, stretched upon the hearthrug, neither his body nor his clothes being in the least injured. These facts were published in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* on the following Tuesday. We were told by the controls that they were chemists, and that they were using a

higher knowledge of the laws of vibration. They stated that we were just in the A B C of such experiences, and that these were just the prelude to a greater knowledge, not yet guessed of on the earth plane."

Have you a message you would like to pass on to the readers of the *International Psychic Gazette*?

"Yes. Tell them that having witnessed countless manifestations truly indicating the near and heavenly horizons, I have found that the most essential condition to aim at is the knowledge of the relation of the soul to the Infinite, which means co-workmanship with the Divine. The purified desires, the controlled actions, all create a trust and peace in this Divine alliance. Having passed from death unto life, my affection for humanity is universal, and cannot even be limited by planetary space, seeing that in these forms of thought, good men and women are longing to be co-workers in such high interests. Remember Wordsworth's lines—

"Bands of invisible spirits break the string
Of that mystic instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate."



ANOTHER EXPERIENCE ON THE ASTRAL PLANE.

(Letter to the Editor.)

62, Upper Gloucester Place, N.W.

July 17, 1916.

DEAR SIR,—I never fail to read your splendid paper, the *Psychic Gazette*, and I am very much interested in "Experiences on the Astral Plane." I should like to relate an experience of my own. Six months ago, I dreamt I was on the battlefield in France, helping the Red Cross people, and it seemed as if I was the only woman there at the time. I was giving instructions to the men who were helping to give First Aid, and putting the wounded into the ambulances, sending them as quickly as possible to the Field Hospital. One wounded man, an Englishman, I remembered saying to me—"Nurse, do take care or you will be wounded." I made the remark, "Don't trouble about me; God will take care of me." I saw the ambulance go off with the poor fellow, who was so anxious about me, and just as I was stooping to dress a poor fellow's leg I was shot in the ankle, but felt no pain. After we had finished attending to all who needed it, I walked behind the ambulance on my way to the hospital, encouraging those inside, and when inside the hospital I thought—"I am really foolish to go into hospital, as I am alright." After that, I woke up. I speak a little French, but on the battlefield I spoke it perfectly. How can you account for this?—
Yours truly,
MIRIAM ANDERSON.



LOVE'S RELEASE.

In the morning of roses,
The grass wet with dew,
All the birds will be singing
When I come to greet you.
The sun just arisen,
Earth hardly awake,
When I stand by the casement,
My darling to take.
One soft little sigh,
Then a hush over all,
As your spirit speeds up
In response to my call.
Thy work is now finished,
The plough stands at rest,
All heart-aches are over,
And God grants thee rest.
The great Father Time
With his reaping hook bowed,
Has swept one more soul
Into Heaven's vast cloud.

Devon.

E. R. RICHARDS.

Reincarnation, Justice and Free-will.

By COLIN McALPIN.

NOW that the grim spectre of death stalks wantonly across the blood-sodden plains of Europe, anything that bears on the subject of human destiny, from whatever angle it be viewed, cannot fail to excite the curiosity of the thoughtful. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that current literature abounds with matter pertinent to the inquiry. Apart from fleeting references to the question, we have, for instance, in a later work of Maeterlinck's, a somewhat crude and hazy conception of man's survival after bodily death; and in a recent volume by Mr. McTaggart, a more specific treatment of "Human Immortality and Pre-existence." The latter work, moreover, is a trenchant discussion from the reincarnational point of view, and, from the very fact that it is penned with power, has gone a long way to revive interest in this debatable subject. No apology, therefore, is needed for returning to the charge, and facing up once again this hoary relic of antiquity.

Since it is to the Buddhistic doctrine of "Karma," with its claim to absolute justice, that Theosophic psychogeny points, let us fasten our critical attention on that alone. My remarks will fall under the three following headings: (a) the pre-natal, and (b) post-natal, considerations; with (c) a theological note, by way of conclusion.

(a) PRE-NATAL.

Now we are to picture to ourselves such a condition of things as would obtain at the moment immediately prior to the re-incarnation of any given soul. And here we have, on the one hand, a soul stocked with potentialities incurred during previous incarnations, and, on the other hand, a body endowed with such inherent proclivities as are accordant with the nature of the incarnating soul. We posit here, what Mr. McTaggart is pleased to call, "a kind of pre-established harmony," if absolute justice is to be severely satisfied. It means that at no time is any re-incarnating soul at a loss to find (automatically, albeit) a bodily envelope wherewith to enswathe itself, perfectly attuned to its own inherent tendencies. It means, further, that the myriad, spiritual occupants of present bodies must here and now be busily engaged in so comporting themselves as that specifically-endowed bodies shall be prepared to meet, with exact equity, the incoming tide of a future humanity. Hence mankind, as we now know it, represents—from this particular point of view—not so much a school for moral experience, as a vast factory for the manufacture of fleshly garments unwittingly designed to clothe with perfect fitness the nakedness of unborn souls.

It is not enough to say that each incarnating spirit merely seeks the body most, if not perfectly, suited to the peculiar constitution of its own being; for—mark this—we are out for absolute justice. The deeds we sow in one body are reaped in the next with unfailing nicety—so at least we are told. But what will eventuate when the majority of souls have outgrown their earthly desires, and risen superior to worldly attractions? If such be exempt from further re-embodiment, surely we are faced with the following dilemma—the multiplication of bodies without an adequate supply of souls.

The fact is, we are reviewing a spiritual cos-

mology perilously near an unrelieved mechanism, where a free agency is discounted, and personal spontaneity is annulled. It has, in short, the vice of a mechanical ethic. It is too material, too mathematical for the things of the spirit. Its justice savours too much of a balance of physical forces. It makes no allowance for, or personal appeal to, man's divinest prerogative—his power to co-operate with God.

On the other hand, what we might call the dynamic view of moral justice partakes more of the nature of vitalism than of mechanism. Whatever we are and wherever we be, we grow by overcoming obstacles, be they internal and hereditary, or external and accidental. We are not confined to terrestrial experience; morality is not of the body, it is in ourselves, though we are in the body. Many a man of pious intent has turned even his evil tendencies to good account. Hereditary taints, moreover, only go to prove that we are responsible members one of another, and merely serve to show that no man lives unto himself alone. Further, the finest spirits of our race have glorified in suffering for others, which suffering, for that very reason, they have in no wise merited but have heroically endured. No man's cross of disability is a necessary price paid for past sins; vicarious sacrifice is rather the occasion for showing forth the life that is divine. We entirely fail to discover the slightest connection between bodily deformity and delinquencies, done in either a past or present state of existence. Hence, not only as a theory, but as a moral principle, re-incarnation fails; for in its operative aspect, it is neither educative nor remedial. In short, it raises more difficulties than it solves.

We still believe in an inviolable causality in the moral realm, as inerrant as in that of the physical, the only difference being in their respective modes of operation. If goodness secured immediate and visible reward, and evil obviously proved not to pay, morality would partake too much of the nature of a spiritual "deal." On the other hand, the best of virtue arises out of the faith and trust we put in goodness for its own sake, as apart, and distinct, from prudential and calculated consequences. The highest human does not clamour so much for what we are pleased to call justice, as seek to mitigate the miseries of others.

(b) POST-NATAL.

It is obvious that all incarnated souls differ in their mental and moral endowment, and it is argued that, apart from the theory of re-incarnation, this is nothing more nor less than gross injustice. Now let it at once be stated that it is not the brain, with its inherited tendencies, but the self or personality behind the brain that morally matters; not the propensities of our human nature, but the private agency of the active will in and among these self-same propensities. The kind of body a man comes by is no more to his credit or discredit than is the incidence of disease, sword or famine, which visit the just and unjust alike. In short, moral characteristics, parentally inherited, may be regarded, from the moral responsibility point of view, purely as circumstances which give the soul its spiritual opportunity. Every one has

something to fight against; and it is not the "something," but the "fighting" that avails in the councils of heaven.

It is asserted that what we suffer here is but the result of moral defection in some previous incarnation. But is this really so? Take a simple case as illustration: say, an armed Turk who tortures an unarmed Armenian. Does this eventuate because the latter was perhaps of the Turkish persuasion in a previous life, and the former nothing more than some involuntary tool in the hands of an avenging Fate? And what about the animal creation? Are the hunted stag and hounded hare suffering for a sinful past? And have they free-will and a moral sense whereby they can lay claim to a higher incarnation in the future? In fine, where you have freedom of action and liberty of will, you cannot have an adequate "justice" meted out, on the external plane, with perfect precision. It would appear that the divine values are not always in accord with those of man. In short, a severely moral consciousness seems to rate free-will and ethical responsibility higher than any untoward incidence of inimical fate.

(c) CONCLUSION: A THEOLOGICAL NOTE.

A final word on the theoretical teaching of orthodox theology, as it bears on this subject of "karma." Here we alight on the inadequacy of the "final judgment" conception, for if at any given moment in time a "final" judgment be delivered, it must obviously accord with a "final" justice. And all we can say is that, at no moment in time, at no hour of crisis, could all souls, incarnate or discarnate, be said to have had such equal chances as would warrant the deliverance of so dramatic a judgment.

We cannot at any time classify humanity in dual fashion as damned or blessed. There is good in the worst of us, and bad in the best of us. No! the spiritualistic conception is both nobler and truer to the facts of the spirit. It meets both the claims of religion and science, of law and love. For judgment is never ending; it proceeds eternally, effect following closely on the heels of cause with inevitable inerrancy and perpetual regularity. And God can wait: He can well abide His time. For in His sight a thousand years are as but a day. Moreover, He may brook delay, but defeat—never. All souls are His, and these He will surely claim in His own good time.

There are still some crabbed theologians who resent the findings of an exact, spiritual science; some, it would seem, who view with sour disappointment the proof of human survival made valid through psychical investigation; and this despite the fact that it is powerful to bring light and consolation to the grieving multitudes who have suffered loss and separation in these present times of diabolical carnage. And is this because they regard it as endangering their monopoly of sacred wisdom? or do they fear it as weakening their authority in matters spiritual? Some, it would seem, would rather this question of personal immortality were left in doubt, instinctively feeling that the power of priestcraft lies in the ignorance of the laity. Obscurantism lingers, and is still lively in certain strongholds of reactionary thinking; but truth is strong, and must prevail. We must beware, however, of substituting the *ipse dixit* of Theosophic speculation for the unverified and ill-considered pronouncement of the professional priest.

THE MONK.

It was a convent under a hill,
Far away in the west;
Where holy men the brown earth till
From dawn to the hour of rest.
They speak no word, but labour there
In silence, till the hour of prayer.

I stood within the chapel small,
Without the fretted screen,
And watched the cowlèd figures tall,
With faces pale and clean
File in and take their places there
In silence for the hour of prayer.

I marked them, musing, when there came
One in his early prime,
Who held his head up like a king
Who comes of noble line,
And then he too took his place there
In silence for the hour of prayer.

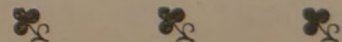
And while they chanted I could see
His pure triumphant face;
To me it almost seemed that he
Was of a different race.
Then, as they worshipped kneeling there,
I saw the spirit of each prayer.

One soaring went like roseate light
From heart o'ercharged with love,
Another held by sorrow's night
Forgot to look above.
I saw each soul while kneeling there
In silence for the hour of prayer.

And when I sought the light to see
Round that triumphant face,
I marvelled, for there—facing me,
His stall—an empty space!
But still the monks were kneeling there,
All silent, each one wrapped in prayer.

So when the hour of prayer was o'er,
I paused a little space
To ask the old monk at the door
Of that triumphant face.
He smiled. "Our brother who sat there
Died last year at the hour of prayer."

E. L. L.



"You don't know what plague has fallen upon the practitioners of theology? I will tell you, then. It is Spiritualism. While some are crying out against it as a delusion of the devil, and some are laughing at it as a hysteric folly, and some are getting angry with it as a mere trick of interested or mischievous persons, Spiritualism is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state which have been and are still accepted,—not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community, to a larger extent than most good people seem to be aware of. It needn't be true to do this any more than homœopathy need to do its work. The Spiritualists have some pretty strong instincts to pry over, which no doubt have been roughly handled by theologians at different times. And the Nemesis of the pulpit comes, in a shape it little thought of, beginning with the snap of a toe-joint, and ending with such a crack of old beliefs, that the roar of it is heard in all the ministers' studies in Christendom. Sir, you cannot have people of cultivation, of pure character, sensible enough in common things, large-hearted women, grave judges, shrewd business men, men of science, professing to be in communication with the spiritual world and keeping up constant intercourse with it, without its gradually reacting on the whole conception of that other life. It is the folly of the world constantly which confounds its wisdom."—O. WENDELL HOLMES in "The Professor at the Breakfast Table."

The Story of Parsifal.

A MEDITATION ON SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

By W. J. COLVILLE.

(Continued from July Number.)

AT this point in the story we find Parsifal put to a severe test of endurance, for Gurnemanz treats him with harsh severity when the youth replies in the negative to the question of this stern Guardian of the Threshold whether he understood the mystical significance of the uncovering of the Grail which he had witnessed. But though called "a fool" and told to go his way until he acquired more wisdom, Parsifal was not to be discouraged, for he possessed the indomitable spirit of the true spiritual hero, who never permits himself to be dissuaded from pressing toward his goal by any backsets or difficulties which may be encountered on the road.

When Kundry appears to tempt Parsifal in the guise of a messenger from heaven, when she is properly entitled to the uncanny name "Rose of Hades," this extraordinarily susceptible hypnotic subject is completely under the sway of Klingsor. This strange "Witch Woman," as she is called in some versions of the opera or play, is a profoundly suggestive psychological study, for at one time she is under the benign influence of benevolent prompters, who urge her to gather balsamic herbs and do her utmost to relieve the sufferings of Amfortas, and generally render service to the Knights, while at other seasons she is the perfect dupe and emissary of the Black Magician, and his most powerful helper on the side of all unrighteousness.

Whenever Klingsor summons her to aid him in some fresh work of mischief she at first objects, but ultimately yields. This succumbing to a malign influence unwillingly, proves an undeveloped character, neither confirmed in good or evil. We meet with many such among hyper-sensitive persons who are swayable by whatever influence is most powerfully brought to bear upon them at the time. They are neither positively virtuous nor vicious, but simply weak, and in consequence of irresoluteness of disposition, which is simply lack of definite individual character, their condition is pitiable in the extreme. Such a victim is to be finally liberated by the conquering spiritual hero after he has won his spurs. Klingsor, though a veritable prince of black magicians, knows the law so well that he truthfully assures Kundry that she will be finally delivered from all dark spells, after she has met a knight who will spurn her at the very time when she appears most enchanting and is fully under Klingsor's own dominion.

When Marie Corelli in her very powerful novel "The Sorrows of Satan" reminds her readers of an old legend which declares that man must redeem Satan by resisting all his artifices, and that Satan must go on tempting humanity until humanity has conquered every tendency to succumb to temptation, we find an allusion to the mighty esoteric truth which runs through all the Parsifal legends, which though varying in detail are all essentially one in spirit and in fundamental doctrine; for they are all heroic stories throwing bright light on the way of initiation into the greatest of the Mysteries.

Klingsor displays exactly the disposition of Milton's Satan described in "Paradise Lost," where we are informed that the fall of Lucifer

(Satan is Lucifer inverted) is occasioned by the temper which can be perfectly expressed in the memorable words of the rebellious archangel—"I would rather rule in hell than serve in heaven."

There is no escape from the law of cause and effect anywhere in the universe. Forfeiture of celestial blessedness is the penalty that even the brightest or highest of the celestial hierarchs would have to pay for opposition to divine order. There is no possible heaven apart from loving, willing obedience to universal law, and whosoever rebels against this order will find that while the ways of Wisdom are paths of happiness and peace, the road of the transgressors is ever beset with strife and sorrow.

The greatest of all the lessons taught in the story of Parsifal is the certain ultimate triumph of righteousness over all iniquity, but only when righteousness appears in hero's raiment. No mere absence of positive vice is worthy the name of virtue. Amfortas was by no means a viciously disposed man, but he was not spiritually heroic. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," is one of those deep mystical sayings in the New Testament which to many minds appears a very hard saying, and to some commentators it seems not only to sanction but positively to counsel warfare, even of a carnal variety. Its inner meaning agrees with the famous apostolic declaration, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual; and mighty to the overthrow of the strongholds of iniquity."

The mystery of the two swords in the gospel narrative, and the allusion in the Epistles to a two-edged sword (an equivalent expression) can be understood mystically and practically to refer to the union of goodwill with right understanding; therefore when the impetuous Peter takes out a carnal weapon and cuts off the ear of a Roman soldier with a literal blade, he is rebuked by the Master, who commands him to sheathe that bloody weapon, for they who brandish a literal sword will perish by means of it eventually.

It would be hardly possible to pourtray the encounter of Parsifal with Klingsor on the stage, or in moving pictures, without introducing the semblance of material warfare, unless some fashioner of scenery and designer of subtle effects should introduce an almost ethereal sword in the hands of Parsifal, while Klingsor might appropriately brandish a material weapon. Such a treatment of the scheme would be unusually impressive, and now that psychic effects are often called for on the stage, whoever thus pourtrays the thrilling scene will prove himself a stage manager of unusual skill, certain to win deserved success and real celebrity. Klingsor seems to have known and feared Parsifal before the knights knew that the youthful stranger was indeed their prophesied deliverer, and because he was so sure that Parsifal was destined to be his most forcible opponent he directed every possible agency at his command against him.

In one version Parsifal is represented as journeying towards Monsalvat, when Klingsor and Kundry meet him on the road, and he not being fully

certain of his way asks these travellers to direct him. At that stage in his career he was evidently not quite certain of his path, and because of that uncertainty it was possible for him to be mis-directed. Mistaking these two excellent-appearing personages for wise directors and fellow travellers toward Monsalvat, he permits himself to be led by them and willingly accompanies them to Klingsor's stronghold, which at first he mistakes for a Grail sanctuary.

Soon however, he perceives signs of necromantic arts, and when Klingsor can no longer inveigle him into believing that he is in a holy place, he directs his most powerful artillery against him, assailing him dexterously through Kundry's agency in the very manner which had led to the ignominious wounding of Amfortas. Klingsor being in possession of the Sacred Spear, resolves to use that sacred weapon against Parsifal, but after a fierce encounter Parsifal rescues it from Klingsor's clutch, and then comes the tremendous fall of the Palace of Necromancy and the flight and disappearance of Klingsor. Having won back the precious relic, Parsifal is immediately in a position to take the sovereign place as Head of the Knights, but before he ascends the throne, uncovers the sacred vessel and secures his final attestation—the descent of the Dove, and the appearance of celestial fire within the chalice, he has proved himself able to heal the wound of Amfortas and to rescue Kundry from the evil spells which have so sorely afflicted her.

The fascinating story as it unwinds its mystic course introduces in rapid succession scene after scene displaying the deepest insight into the means whereby a novice grows into a fully developed initiate, and finally becomes a reigning hierophant.

Every temptation conceivable must be met and conquered. There is no easy road or perpetually flower-strewn pathway, though the road that must be travelled is by no means entirely a way of suffering, in any other sense than that of endurance. "Faint heart never wins fair lady" is a knightly motto, even more applicable in a spiritual than in a worldly sense. In the primitive Christian Church, as the Epistle of James unmistakably reveals, the heroic view of meeting and mastering temptation was generally accepted, but with the introduction of the Constantian abuses, which marked the deterioration of a once heroic faith, all manner of excuses were made for substituting belief for faith, and observance of needless ceremonies for actual spiritual endurances.

When the opera "Parsifal" was first introduced into New York it met with determined opposition from some sections of the clergy, while others endorsed it heartily, commending it as elevating in the extreme. In England it received warm praise from Rev. Reginald Haweis, author of "Music and Morals," and from other clergymen of the Established Church whose views were in many ways unusual. At present we think we can fairly say that, with very few exceptions, the pulpit on both sides of the Atlantic regards this great drama as a spiritually-inspiring masterpiece, bringing more lustre to the name of Richard Wagner than any other of his many noble operas. Parsifal may not be understood esoterically by the fashionable throngs who fill the boxes and stalls of the finest of the world's opera houses, whenever and wherever it is presented, but whatever impression it may or may not make upon fashionable pleasure-seekers, it has unmistakably taken firm hold upon the susceptibilities of the numerous masses who frequent picture shows, and pay but

a few pennies for admission to a moving picture palace.

All over the world to-day "Parsifal" is popular with all classes in all communities, whether in its stately magnificence as a regal opera or in its plainer dress as a play, or in its cheapest attire as a set of films.

Whether enriched by magnificent music and superb stage settings, or presented in the cheapest manner possible, it carries its messages and makes its unconquerable appeal to the highest sentiments of human nature.

It is a wondrous story showing the evolution of a glorious spiritual aristocracy from a democratic background. Parsifal is no hereditary ruler, no son of a reigning house, but a lad of whose antecedents we are able to learn but very little. Amfortas is the reigning prince, the heir-apparent to the sacred throne, but he proves weak and must abdicate in favour of a more competent successor. Leadership there must be, but only the headship of the most completely competent can be acknowledged in the coming age. The Holy Mysteries can never be adequately celebrated with joy to the celebrant and high blessing to the participants unless the hierophantic administrator is a spiritual hero, one who has won his place not by accident of birth or popular acclaim, but solely by virtue of interior qualification. In the deepest and largest sense, "Parsifal" may be regarded as a portrayal of every human soul; for eventually all will surely conquer, though there are many now who appear to mortal vision to be irrevocably swamped in the meshes of carnality.

Parsifal is the head of a holy first-fruits, whose mission it is to gather in a multitude innumerable. No one can testify clearly and acceptably to his own sanctity except by conferring blessings upon less exalted brethren. It is easy enough to make pretentious claims, and often to induce credulous persons to endorse them, but the supreme test is in the good actually accomplished.

To heal is one of the imperative tests of a qualified hierophant, but recovery from physical infirmity is not the highest bliss. Elevation of character, release from the clutches of vice, and growth in all that partakes of the nature of moral elevation and spiritual enlightenment, must assuredly enter into the work of healing, which means nothing less than MAKING WHOLE.

The story of the conquering knight, when read in the light of universal human experience, is a long mighty sermon preached from the magnificent Apocalyptic text, "He that overcometh will inherit all things." Overcome little and inherit little; overcome more and inherit more; overcome all and inherit all. Such is the doctrine of the Mystic Church of the Holy Grail throughout all centuries and in all lands universally.

❁ ❁ ❁

"WAYSIDE."

Little did the sower think
 What was meant for me!
 Doomed me to a place more lone,
 Than the farthest northern zone
 Oh! it is a place for stones,
 It likes me not I see!
 Yet I peeped my head above,
 Searched for someone who could love.
 Tiny hand took hold of me,
 Peeped into my face, to see
 Whether love had lost—just me!
 Found, I murmured—"Love is free!"

D. H. BOWER

Personal Reminiscences of Thomas Lake Harris.—VI.

By ARTHUR CUTHBERT.

IT is really incredible the extraordinary submission to himself personally which Harris required and obtained from those who formed his circle, which he designated "The Use."

The idea of the Use was that of purpose: he had called his followers together to receive organically what he felt he had to impart, and by living this out in their lives individually, and together as a social organisation in the world, to communicate this to the rest of humanity, more by contagion than by teaching. It was no question of vows, creed or beliefs, but an object that was to be attained—the development of the divine Breath and the Counterpartal Nature, which was to regenerate humanity, and to change the basis of all human relations to a new divine socialism.

The ones who joined the Use were mostly those individuals, who after contact with Harris, personally or through his writings, identified their own psychic or religious experiences with the Breath, or a consciousness of the presence of their counterpart.

I remember one joyously declaring that he had felt his counterpart in the night, and then afterwards sadly discovering that he had only overeaten of newly baked brown bread!

It is wonderful how important a part suggestion plays in these experiences, and Harris was certainly the most impressive and magnetic personality I have ever known—just the kind of man to most strongly impress the subjective mind. Naturally, those who joined the Use would be persons who were the most sensitive to his suggestions, and therefore found in their own feelings the confirmation of what he would tell them. They were not of the hard intellectual class, but those who possessed more of the heart than the head; they were aspirants, feeling their way to find, if possible, the Kingdom of Heaven coming to the Earth.

When such an absolute leader gains a following of this nature we get a most wonderful exhibition of childishness. The members love to think, from the words of Christ, that the Kingdom of Heaven is a kingdom of children, and to regard their leader as their father, who treats them just as children in his nursery.

We always spoke of Harris as "Father" or called him "Papa Faithful," and he gave us fairy names, which were usually intended to convey some moral admonition or direction in life. For instance, a rash man was named Prudent; one with a frivolous manner was Ernest; a restless one was Quiescent, and Woodbine was neither inclined by nature to creep nor to cling. When I was born they thought they had the seed of something wonderful and called me Seedcorn, or "Cornie" for short—I was rather seedy at that time, but they were good enough not to name me so! I remember Grace as a rather angular bluestockingish maiden lady from Boston.

Not only had we "fairy names," but were told many fairy stories, all with purpose and morals of course and aiming to keep the members as bright and happy as possible, for the fairies objected to melancholy. The whole of fairyland was said to be interested in us, and the armies

of fairyland were fighting for us. Harris also poured out fairy rhymes and poems for our distraction and guidance!

It was in Dutchess Co., N.Y., on the hills east of the Hudson River, that Harris started the Use in 1861. The fairies were "dear Little Brothers" who could not pronounce an R. They playfully called Harris "Mr. Yabbit," and each who joined the Use a "new Little Yabbit." They said:—

"He was a cunning Yabbit,
And to keep his babes from harm
He journeyed in the wilderness,
And sought a mountain farm."

They were always saying that my ears were long; I suppose it was this rabbit suggestion that was the cause! When Harris spoke in a tiny squeaky voice it was claimed to be the fairies speaking through him, and in this way their rhymes and poems were given.

A fairy said:—

"If thou would'st be an Angel wise,
Forget thyself, and seek to be
A fairy soul of infant size,
In meek humility."

Here is a powerful purifier from lusts, male and female, which they gave for constant vocal use by the members:—

"Cats yun away! Cats yun away!
His little wife, the Will, will say;
Cats yun away! Love, hear what I say!
Turn out the billygoats; cats yun away!
Cats yun away! Cats yun away!
Turn out the billygeats; Cats yun away!"

The great fight of the fairies was to purge the members of the Use from the evil magnetisms of the world. Here are two stanzas of a hymn for the purpose:—

"If you will help the Golden Cause,
With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,
Draw Order through you by its laws:
Demagnetise, demagnetise!"

"If you would build the Social Town,
With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,
Tread the Magnetic Serpent down:
Demagnetise, demagnetise!"

According to Harris the world had no true knowledge of Fairies before he, with his "aromal vision" and as their mouthpiece, had given it. They are the minutest of the minute, impeccable Innocences all in human form, with all human characters and more, being less limited than we are. They are eternal, indestructible life elements.

Writing in the "Arcana of Christianity," he says:—

"Such of these germs of the human race as are not received into the auras, and procreated into natural human forms, do not become extinct, nor do they ever sink into the hells. They are in all respects, save in the ability to become men and women, and to develop an angelic selfhood, like the human family. These are in their form celestial-human, their varieties are numberless, their beauty exquisite, and their affections immortally infantile. Their existence is passed in the atmosphere of the Heavens in a perpetual delight. They are called "seed." They indulge in the most tender caresses one with the other, and are closely allied in genus with the fecundating principle in plants, being frequently seen rising in the Heavens from the blossoms over which they preside. . . .

"They have a terrestrial life resembling that of the human race, and undergo corresponding transformations, though in a perpetual littleness and innocence of form. The literatures of the nations of the earth are copiously enriched and illumined with the vibrations and adumbrations of this truth.

"Upon our Earth these infantile kingdoms still exist. All such plants as typify the celestial affections are their

pavilions and bowers. They are frequently visible to little children during their first infancy, but are so sensitive to moral good and evil that they fly the presence of most of the inhabitants of the world. From localities contaminated by human self-love they are gone. . . .

"Were the earth's inhabitants restored to divine order they would fill the atmospheres, and robe the landscape with a tender angelic grace. They only inhabit the bosoms of the pure in heart. There is a mellow love song in every bosom where they dwell. They generate their own kind with an endless fecundity, but under conditions of infantile purity. There are families of them in a single rose, and they pass from one to another hived within the aro-mal sphere.

"Sometimes they are seen rising in a purple mist from banks of violets on a summer eve, all enveloped in a sea of perfume, in which they sport. Their aro-mal forms are finally exhaled away with a breath of sweet music, after which they live anew in the second life, when they are seen gathered together both in the Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Heavens."

The Wood Lays (1859).

"The wisdom of the golden times,
When Earth the child was young,
Flows round my heart in playful rhymes,
That heavenly maids have sung ;

"And I will weave a poem rare
As music that is fed,
Where kisses laugh into the air
From lovers newly wed."

* * *

"Ere a seed can live and grow
Veiled in dusty earth below,
Gliding through its atmosphere
Fairy Angels hover near.

"In the germ its own bright fay
Wakens at the word they say,
Growing with a still delight,
Fed from Heaven by day and night.
Not a plant on earth is born
But is robe by fairy worn.
I have found your hallowed grot,
What is Nature ? it is all
Art World of the fairy small."

The Divine Child (1887).

"He who the fairy world unfolds
In fairyland his lord beholds.
Lord Jesus was a fairy Child
In form of light from Heaven let down ;
Before to earthly sight He smiled,
And taught the world from David's town.

"If you should meet the Christ-Child now
T'rough choirs of Angels round Him stand ;
The fairy crown begems his brow
And He is King in Fairyland.

" 'All size is relative,' he said—
The Angel of the far degree :
'The Christ-Child graced a fairy bed ;
With fairy gifts well pleased was He.'

" 'Stately Angels, fair and tall,
In the fields of Paradise
Seem as fairy people small,
Seen as by the inner size.' "

Now we are informed, according to Harris, of the true reality, never told before, about the Fairies ! Of this the reader will have gathered the main part. I have more yet to tell about the Use.

More about Fairies.

MR. TOM CHARMAN is again wandering in his beloved woods at No Man's Land. Notwithstanding the name, that is a real place, far from the haunts of men, near Lyndhurst, Hants. That is perhaps why fairies and other

suggest something too visionary. These are actual people who came to me for the readers of the *Psychic Gazette*. They were most anxious to be drawn, and pulled my hair as I was busy painting them ! " We feel quite sure Mr. Charman may tell his woodland friends that our readers are pleased to thus make their acquaintance, and that the very kindest thoughts and feelings are entertained concerning them.



MORE OLD WORLD SPIRITS, as seen and drawn by Tom Charman.

WOODLAND SPIRITS love its sequestered paths. In sending us this picture Mr. Charman says— "Do not call this 'a vision,' for that would

FAIRIES.

The first of May is Fairies' Day ;
All trusted, tried, and true,
They lightly pass along the grass,
Scattering drops of dew.

These tiny spheres are Fairies' tears—
Which only joy can bring ;
If scattered wide on every side,
Give joy to everything.

A Fairy breeze flits through the trees,
Awakening with a kiss,
Each leafy head, which turns in bed,
And whispers, What is this ?

From out the blue, in golden hue,
A Fairy sunbeam dips ;
With welcome sweet, and joy to greet
The daisy's ruby lips.

Then o'er the stream, a fitful gleam
In fairy fantasy
Delights to dwell ; while in the dell,
The bee makes melody.

High in the firs the blackbird stirs ;
So joyously he trills ;
The Fairy's song, is borne along,
O'er woodland, glade and hills.

The day begun, the joy-song sung—
By bird and flower and bee—
Shall echo far, till one bright star,
Peeps out at night to see.

Edinburgh. MARGARET NICOLSON.

Are Germans Cannibals?—A Strange Dream Confirmed.

(Letter to the Editor.)

July 19, 1916.

SIR,—As a reader of the *Psychic Gazette*, I have been much interested in the subject of dreams. All sound minds must admit that many dreams are due to overtaxed nerves, or other bodily ills. Occasionally a dream comes as a warning, or guidance; or some future event is given in minute detail. Such has been my experience, but never before have I seen one of my dreams given—or explained shall I say—in *John Bull*. The dream came to me on the morning of May 12, was related to my husband, and notes made of same, such an impression did it leave.

I dreamed some one came to me, a young lady in pale grey drapery; we floated through space, and for a few seconds all seemed dark. Then all was brilliant as a sunny spring morning. My companion was still with me. We entered a street, walked, and stopped where a large square wooden-looking lid was almost flat to the ground. A large motor-van came quickly, backed near the lid, which opened outwards from the middle, revealing what looked like a lift or drop to some underground place. Men opened the van and drew out human forms, nude, bound with cord in bundles of six, three broad, two deep. They were roughly hauled down the hole by men, bundle after bundle of them. All was done in the greatest haste. All the parts of muscular flesh had been hewn off. It was a ghastly sight, yet we watched in silence till I asked my companion, "What can it mean?"

She then spoke, saying—"The bodies are those of men killed in battle. The Germans are making the flesh into sausages, rissoles, and other things for the men fighting in the trenches."

A feeling of great repulsion overcame me. I said so, and my companion explained that the eaters of it did not know. Gradually all seemed to fade away, and I awoke.

For my own part I decline to believe what Erick Hansen, Ph.D. (Jena), tells in *John Bull*, but what I do want explained is, by what means was the thought so placed in two minds so far apart? Perhaps J. Arthur Hill or some other reader may be able to explain this.—I am, &c.,

AN INQUIRER.

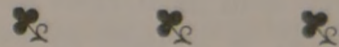
And now comes what appears to be corroboration of this dream vision.

John Bull, July 15, says:—

"CANNIBALISM.—Readers with squeamish stomachs should pass this paragraph, lest it turn them. It rests upon the authority of Erick Hansen, Ph.D. (Jena), who states it to be 'well known to the trusted staff' in charge of the provisioning depots of the German armies, that municipalities and hospitals in Germany are using bodies of human beings 'as forms of nourishment,' to be consumed 'as sausages and rissoles.' We have heard that the Hun did not bury the dead; that he collected corpses and burned them in bundles. Dr. Hansen says these bodies, of friend and of foe, are so collected 'to provide nitrogenous food for the troops,' and 'by some trusted staff are served as rissoles, sausages, or as meat for soup and stew.' The Huns claim there is nothing 'inhuman or sacrilegious' in this; they are 'a race of supermen freed from such superstitious notions.' So they hold themselves justified in eating human flesh; there is only a little awkwardness when food-poisoning occurs 'through consumption of bodies of men killed by gas or fumes of high explosives.' We could not credit the tale if told of any other nation."

John Bull, July 22, says:—

"CANNIBALISM.—Perhaps we were in error when we treated with some reserve the story that certain trusted members of the German Staff have been preparing human flesh for consumption. For cannibalism, it seems, is in the blood of the nation. Our authority for the statement is not even a 'neutral'; it is a German, a Prussian, who says this thing. Their own famous historian, Wilhelm Pierson, published a book in Berlin, in the year 1898. Its title is 'Preussische Geschichte,' and it records that 'Even in the middle of the seventeenth century the Germans were undoubtedly cannibals, and in Silesia alone on one occasion 500 men were killed and eaten.' The record is to be found in volume one of Herr Pierson's book, page 132. So, if the story told by us is true, it is merely a reversion to type."



"AGNES"—A DOMESTIC LAY.

Agnes had plied her needle all the day,
And now, at night, her work beside her lay
Unfinished; by the small lamp's feeble gleam
She could no longer sew at hem and seam,
But sat there, lost in thought, as in a dream.

It took her back to where, in sunny hours,
A country child, she played among the flowers,
And roamed the fields, and climbed the tree-capped
hill,
And sought the source of the clear-running rill—
Is it a dream? or is she school-girl still?

She sees her mother smiling—mother dead;
The flickering flame falls on poor Agnes' head:
Life's storm has beat upon her, strong and wild:
She is an old worn woman—not a child;
Yes, there her mother stands—and Agnes smiled.

A voice, her mother's, whispers very near,
"Agnes, my love, 'tis I—oh! do not fear,
Ended for ever is this want, this pain;
No more shall hunger famish thee again,
Nor tears make dim thine eyes, thy thin cheeks stain."

"When thou hast rested I again will come
To bear thee, Agnes, to a better home:
Thy lamp is almost out, but brighter glows
The lamp of life the deathless spirit knows:
So let refreshing sleep around thee close."

Then Agnes slept—how long she never knew;
The fading lamp its light about her threw;
And there her mother stood, and to her said—
"Agnes, arise! behold the night hath fled!"
The lamp died out: and Agnes, too, was dead.

H. HALLETT B.



H. HALLETT B. writes:—"Those who contribute verse to the *Gazette* will have read 'A Yorkshire Secretary's' testimony (July) with much appreciation. That a 'working woman' should have selected 'the poetry' for special mention is very cheering to us, who can best write through that medium. Is not a poem—'only poetry'—often passed by, as if it scarcely deserved attention? But how frequently, like the rose, does it make fragrant the mental and spiritual atmosphere of the reader. The sweet and lovely—using an ordinary expression—poem 'The Open Door,' by H. M. Underwood, should be set to appropriate music, and 'The Sentinel,' by Lillian Holmes, what a fine conception, strong and beautiful! Let those of us who have the poetic gift be encouraged."

A Letter from the Unseen on "Music."

By F. HESLOP, Author of "Speaking Across the Border Line."

The following is one of an interesting new series of letters received automatically "from a husband in Spirit Life by his wife on earth." The first series is now in its third edition and has been found a most helpful book to many mourners.

I WANT to write you a little about music to-night. Music is the highest interpreter of thought. It enters a region where speech is dumb; it transcends speech.

Now, on earth, only a soul here and there can rise into this musical consciousness, and you call such an one a genius, and do not even try to understand his power, much less enter into a like experience. But when you come here, you learn that what you had only looked upon as a pleasure or a luxury, namely musical expression, is the language of every soul as it rises into higher and higher spheres. It is a part of everything, and interprets us, as speech expresses your longings and desires. If we are sad music flows round us in softened notes of sympathy and hope, and as we listen the harmonies fill our souls and revive us again. When joy is our portion, or ecstasy thrill us, then these celestial strains are full of mystic sound, woven of sunlight and the breath of flowers and all fair things.

You know that it has been said that beautiful architecture is sound crystallised into form. Now that is really true; music is behind all form, and when form is unlovely, it is because there has been discord instead of harmony in the vibrations which produced that unlovely form.

If your ears were more attuned on earth, you would be able to hear the music that flows through nature. Sometimes you do hear it in the fall of water, or the dashing of the waves. Sometimes it sings to you in the wind, or forces your attention in storm or tempest. Often as you sit in silence in the forest, you hear it in the whisper of the trees or the hum of insect. Nature is full of music waiting ever for the ears that are open to hear, the heart that can respond to her voice.

I am sure that on earth far more could be done by the use of music, but you are beginning to find this out for yourselves. The most uncultured will join the band as it passes down your streets, and will stand open-mouthed if anyone will sing to him; and we rejoice in the effect of music in your prisons and on the poor distraught brains in your asylums.

When the weary and heavy-laden come to this land of light and colour, the music of the spheres greets them, and they realise that the journey is finished, the fight over, and that they have come home at last.

I know that music has ever meant much to you, but I would say "Get more music into your life," because it will help you so much; seek it where you can. And I pray that ere you join me here, your inner ears may be so opened that you may hear the angels' voices as they sing and "the harpers harping with their harps."

SHORT ITEMS.

At the Annual Meeting of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, Mr. Robert McAllan was unanimously re-elected President, and Miss Gerba Linde, Hon. Secretary.

Will the lady who kindly offered holiday hospitality to a lady or gentleman interested in psychic matters kindly send us her address, as her letter has unfortunately been mislaid, and some letters are waiting to be forwarded?

"THE CARICATURIST AND THE CONJURER."—A. Correspondent writes us as to Mr. Harry Furniss's story quoted in the July *Gazette*: "One is reminded of a contemporary saying concerning Dr. Johnson: 'Now that the Old Lion is dead, every ass thinks he may kick him!'"

CURES BY HYPNOTISM.—In the course of a recent lecture Mr. Robert McAllan stated that he had successfully cured by hypnotism a schoolboy of his hatred of arithmetic. Mr. McAllan has given a newspaper representative some further examples of his work. A small boy, about eight years old, much given to petty thieving, after three treatments stopped stealing, and another child whom he treated who was dreadfully afraid of the dark, had lost all fear of the dark. "In cases of insomnia," said Mr. McAllan, "my method is to stroke the patient's forehead and to say in a confident, commanding tone, 'You will sleep to-night. You quite understand; you are going to have a good night's rest. Directly you lay your head upon the pillow you will sleep, sleep, sleep.' This is rarely ineffective. Alcoholism has been cured by the same methods, and people thus treated become violently sick if they try to drink stimulants."

SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS.—Although no doubt most of our readers are aware that Miss Estelle W. Stead is now editing *The Review of Reviews*, it is just possible that there may be some who are not personally acquainted with that popular magazine—which has been called "a periodical for busy people," a "searchlight into things that matter," and which asserts that "it puts the world before you!" An arrangement has been made with the Manager of *The Review of Reviews*, by which any of our readers can have a specimen copy sent post free. All that needs to be done is to send a postcard asking for it,

and mentioning *The Psychic Gazette*. Address the card to *Review of Reviews*, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C., and in a post or two a copy will come along. More than that, if any reader has a friend abroad, and if they would be interested in the magazine, a copy will be forwarded if such addresses are sent in. We hope many will take advantage of this easy method of becoming acquainted with a periodical which, as *The Midland Counties Herald* recently remarked, is "a monthly epitome of the world's history . . . and covers all recent happenings in all parts of the world."

OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A YORKSHIRE READER writes:—"Bravo, *Gazette*! I think Harry Furniss is placed in a cleft stick!"

A *Southend-on-Sea* Reader: "I think this month's number a wonderful one, so full of interest and help."

A *Barnsley* Secretary: "The magazine is improving, and gives great satisfaction to its readers. More power to your elbow!"

THE EDINBURGH SPIRITUALIST PRESIDENT writes:—"I gave the *Gazette* (June issue) to a friend to read. He is not a Spiritualist, but greatly interested. In returning it to me he says—'I thank you for the *Gazette* which I return. It is a paper on very sound lines as respect intelligence, moderation, and toleration, and these are what tell in the end. A hostile policy, where the convicts and prejudices of ages are enlisted on the other side, and where the reported occurrences are so astounding as to make belief almost impossible, would only intensify the opposition. In my humble opinion, the intellectual evidence is full to overflowing. What is wanted is demonstration. It is quite easy to say you believe, but another thing to say you actually know. So far as I can make out, this clear demonstration comes within the reach of comparatively few; the majority have just to take it on trust as in other faiths.'"

The *Hawick News* says: "The fresh communications on the subject (of fairies) which appear in this issue will obtain the sympathetic perusal of many readers to whom psychic literature generally makes no appeal."

August, 1916
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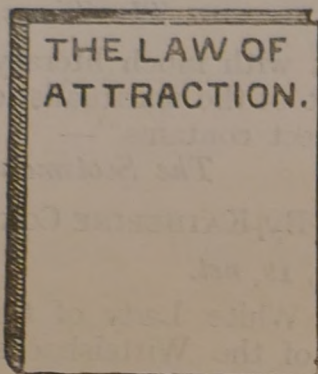
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