

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

(FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH),

22a, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

The Only Psychic Social Centre in London,

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Miss N. SAVAGE *Secretary.*

Programme of Drawing Room Meetings for January, 1917.

Sunday, January 7th.—Evening, 6 p.m.

Mr. Elliot O'Donnell. Lecture, "Some of the Dangers of Spiritualism."

Wednesday, January 10th.—Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Demonstrations of Clairvoyance by Mr. A. Vout Peters.

Friday, January 12th.—Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Religion as a Science," by Mrs. E. S. Gaskell.

Sunday, January 14th.—Evening 6 p.m.

Mr. D. N. Dunlop. Lecture, "Psychic Development."

Wednesday, January 17th.—Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.

Club Drawing Room Tea, after which Mr. A. G. Prys-Jones will repeat (by request) Lecture given by him November last on "Welsh Folk Lore." Mr. T. H. Lonsdale will take the Chair.

Friday, January 19th.—Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture entitled, "Is a World Religion Possible?" by Dr. Walter Walsh. Mrs. A. Symonds will take the Chair.

Sunday, January 21st.—Evening, 7 p.m.

Concert, instrumental and vocal, arranged by Madame Christie-Murray.

Wednesday, January 24th.—Afternoon 4.30 p.m.

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Palmistry Scientifically Explained," by Mrs. Buck, with blackboard illustrations, and, if time permits, a few practical demonstrations.

Friday, January 26th.—Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.

Club Drawing Room Tea, after which Mrs. Mary C. Gordon will relate her "Psychic Experiences in India."

Sunday, January 28th.—Evening, 6 p.m.

Madame Jean Delaire. Lecture, "The Religion of To-morrow."

Wednesday, January 31st.—Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE AFTERNOON.

Tea will be served at 4.15 to 5 p.m., after which Psychic experiences will be related by members of the audience. Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd will preside.

NOTICE.

On those afternoons that Clairvoyance and Psychometry are being demonstrated, the Drawing Room door will be closed at 5 p.m., after which no one will be admitted.

"Your Better Self" Class held by Miss VIOLET BURTON, Tuesday Afternoons at 3.30 p.m., to which Members are cordially invited.

Mrs. E. S. GASKELL'S Meetings of the Order of the Rose and Lily are held every Thursday afternoon at 3.30 p.m., to which Members are cordially invited.

Club Members are invited to attend the W. T. Stead Conversational Evenings held at the Club every Tuesday at 6.30 p.m.

Upon receipt of name and address, the Secretary will be pleased to send full particulars of the Club to any friends likely to be interested.

The Entrance Fee is taken off during the War, and Annual Subscription includes admission to all Lectures.

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

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Our Outlook Tower.

THE TRIAL OF MADAME BROCKWAY.

Madame ALMIRA BROCKWAY, "America's premier psychic," is not likely to have very pleasant reminiscences of her life in England when she returns to Chicago. She is said to be a regularly-ordained minister in America and is there known as "The Reverend Mrs. Brockway, spiritual and business psychic." Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie met her last summer when he was in the United States looking for psychic demonstrators for "The British College of Psychic Sciences" he is setting up in London. He engaged her at a salary of £50 a month and brought her to England. The College not being ready for occupation, Madame Brockway has been giving psychic demonstrations on Sunday evenings at the Bechstein Hall, and on weekdays she has received clients in a room at 8, Linden Gardens, Notting Hill Gate, which was formerly occupied by Mr. Von Bourg, a well-known psychic who was, it is understood, requested by the police to leave this country during the war, on account of his nationality being German-Swiss. There she was arrested on December 16, and lodged in prison, bail being refused.

Madame Brockway's particular phase of psychic demonstration is apparently different from anything commonly seen in England. Her clients, and the members of her audiences, are requested to write the names of one or two deceased persons on slips of paper, with, in addition, one or two questions to which she endeavours to get answers from the spirits of the persons named. She does not claim to be able to do so in every case. According to Mr. Harold Ashton, of the *Daily Mail*, she says—"If the spirits are anywhere about, I guess I will get through to 'em all right. If I cannot, don't blame me; blame them." Her *modus operandi* is as follows:—The slips of paper are folded up, with the writing inside, and laid on a table. Madame takes them up, one at a time, and places them on her forehead or to her ear. She then tells the names written on the papers and purports to give messages from the deceased persons named. The theory of the prosecution is that she brings the papers down to her lap and reads them by a quick glance, and that therefore her claim to be able to tell the names by psychic power or spirit help is a fraud and a deception.

The trial was held at the West London Police Court, on December 30, before Mr. Francis.

Detective-Inspector Sanders gave evidence as to arresting Madame Brockway, and produced a statement found in her room showing that the amount of her receipts for thirty-four days had been £115. In cross-examination (by Mr. Ernest Wild, K.C.), he stated that inquiries as to Madame Brockway were being made in America, but replies had not yet been received. Mr. Wild stated that her late husband was an X-ray professor, and that her son was doing Red Cross work in France.

Mr. Wild—You know that she was brought over to this country at the instigation of the British College of Psychic Sciences?

The Inspector—No, I fancy she was brought over by Mr. McKenzie.

Mr. Wild—Being its representative?

The Inspector—I can't say.

Mr. Wild—Would it surprise you to learn that the President of the College is Sir William Crooke, and that among its members are Sir Arthur Conan, Doyle, Mr. Hewitt, K.C., and a number of perfectly respectable people, who study this subject and believe in it? When Madame Brockway was arrested, Mr. McKenzie called to see you and gave you an explanation in regard to her position as to the College.

The Inspector—No, he manifested an interest in her, and offered to stand bail.

Mrs. Annie Betts, a woman detective who has for a number of years been engaged in fortune-telling prosecutions, was then called, and took off her yellow gloves preparatory to opening her notebook, to which she constantly referred in giving her evidence. She said she had attended a meeting at Bechstein Hall, and there made an appointment with Madame Brockway for 10.30 a.m. on Monday. She wrote on three pieces of paper, folded them up, and put them on the middle of the table. Madame picked up one, put it to her ear, and said—Yes?

The Magistrate—As if she was speaking on the telephone?

Witness—Yes, who is it? What dear? Then to me she said—Is your name Nancy? I said—Yes. She said—Bruce? I said—That's it. (Witness had written her name as Nancy Bruce on the paper.) She said—I get this by sound. Madame then said—Edward William Lang, do you know anyone in the spirit-world that name? I said yes, and she continued—Yes, yes, he is so pleased to see you, and to tell you that Chris is quite safe at present, but he has been in the thick of it. And he says Will, Wal, William, he is out there too. I think he will return. There are many dangers out there, but we here in the spirit-world will do our best to guide and guard him. During all this time she kept putting the paper down on her lap. Then she tackled another paper and said the name was Auchurch, but I told her it was Allchurch. She said I would have one more child and live to a good age. She said—You know Annie? I said yes. I had written down—Will Annie leave me any money? Madame said—Well, Annie will leave you a good round sum, but you must humour her and make up to her and I will do my best for you with the spirit, so that she will leave you a very good share.

The Magistrate—Did the papers disappear?

Witness—She took them up one at a time, and put them back on the table. It struck me she was looking at them when they were on her lap.

The Magistrate—And pretending that she was hearing sounds from a spiritual intelligence? That word looks much more like Auchurch than Allchurch.

Witness—Madame said, You have not had a letter from your husband for a long time, have you? I said no. She said, he is very bad, and the spirit bids me to tell you that he will never return to you.

The Magistrate—That was like a shock to you.

Witness—I am living with my husband.

Mr. Wild—Was the meeting at Bechstein Hall in the nature of a religious service?

Witness—I heard McKenzie say—Many years

ago, a certain person was born whose name was Jesus—

Mr. Wild, interrupting—Was there a hymn ?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Wild—Then the lady demonstrated by taking the folded papers ?

The Magistrate—What is this ? A Maskelyne and Cook's entertainment ?

Mr. Wild—We are considering whether it is serious or not. To Witness—At some time in the service it is explained to the audience that the messages are given by the spirits ?

The Magistrate—You are not suggesting it is a fact that she gets the answers from the spirits ?

Mr. Wild—Yes.

The Magistrate—Oh !

Mr. Wild—I am not only suggesting it but will prove it. To Witness—When the lady was reading your paper, you say she glanced down at her lap, but the paper was at her ear ?

Witness—I could not swear she was reading my paper. I thought so.

Mr. Wild—Did you see her change the paper ?

Witness—No.

Mr. Wild—Did you see any paper on her lap ?

Witness—I could not see her lap as the table was between us. Witness further said that the person she asked about leaving her money was fictitious.

Mr. Harold Ashton, the *Daily Mail* "special correspondent" then gave an account of his sitting with Madame Brockway in similar terms to his article in the *Daily Mail* of December 15, the day before she was arrested. He gave his evidence with great clearness and no little dramatic effect, as an actor might recite a well rehearsed part. He laid stress on the fact that his grandfather was "a Congregational minister of great piety." He said that when he wrote on the papers and folded them according to Madame's directions, she put on a pair of powerful eyeglasses.

The Magistrate—How could you tell that ?

Witness—By the lens, sir.

The Magistrate—More powerful than these she has on now ?

Witness screwed up his eyes, looked quizzically for a few moments at Madame Brockway, and replied—I cannot see from this distance, sir. Continuing—She placed one of the folded papers to her forehead.

The Magistrate—Did she place it there folded ?

Witness—Yes. Continuing—There was a powerful electric light overhead. I placed my hand over my forehead like that, watching her very closely. I noticed her shifting in her seat and fumbling with one hand in her lap, and getting into position, so that the rays of the electric light fell directly into her lap. After a few minutes she took one paper in her right hand and placed it on her forehead. She began moving rather restlessly and groaned, placing her other hand in the region of her waist. Then she moved the paper from her right hand to her left and placing it at her ear said—Say, you there ? Yes, I guess it is. That you ? Speak a little more distinct. I can't hear. You are there then, are you ? Why didn't you speak up before ? Will you ask the spirit this gentleman is inquiring for to come through. A pause. You are there, or he is there. I guess I can't quite catch the name. Then she shifted her position a little more, and I with my eyes still shaded by my left hand, saw her looking down into her lap, fumbling with her other hand at the same time. She said again—Speak up, please. Who is it ? Oh, Ned, Ned, Davis. She said—Is that right ? I said—Not quite, madame, have another try. She said—Well, then, it's Ted. I said—Wrong again, have another shot. She said—If it is not Ned, it's Ted. I said—You have read it wrongly. It is neither Ned nor Ted, but Fred. (Explaining to the Court—My Fr's and N's are very very similar.) Then she said—I guess the spirit of Fred Davis is a bit shy. He is one of them lonely spirits. He has never been called up before, and is so excited over it I guess he don't quite know what he is doing. Her answers to the questions were very vague, and when she removed the Fred Davis paper from her ear for the space of a few seconds, her two hands were invisible under the edge of the table. I moved forward slightly, attempting to look over the edge of the table, and at the same moment she moved forward to get her lap further under the table. There

was a rustling of paper in her lap. I heard it most distinctly. Then her left hand emerged from the shadow of the table with apparently the second folded scrap of paper. She could not get the name and I told her it was Hopkins. In answer to my question—Is she all right ? Madame replied—I guess she is, and I guess she isn't. Beware of that dark woman. She has got you on the end of the string. If I was you I would cut her out of my life altogether ! My question referred to my black kitten which was missing ! I told her she had been performing a simple conjuring trick, and her hand was trembling very much when she was getting my change. She said the money did not go to her. I said—Where does it go then ? to your friend, McKenzie or Von Bourq ? She replied—To neither, but every penny goes to the National Psychic people or fund. I said—Do you mean the Psychical Research Society ? She said—Yes, I do.

Mr. Wild, cross-examining—You yourself have done some conjuring tricks and perhaps you are apt to regard all this sort of thing as conjuring.

Witness—I am convinced of it.

Mr. Wild—You say you heard the rustling of paper in her lap ?

Witness—There was rustling and it sounded like the rustling of paper or silk.

Mr. Wild—While she was dealing with the first paper, how much of the time was the paper out of view ?

Witness—It was momentary. We shall say two seconds.

Mr. Wild—Only for two seconds did you lose sight of the paper ?

Witness—I should think it would be about that.

Mr. Wild—The same observation would refer to the other papers ?

Witness—Possibly yes. (Witness now gave his answers with less confidence and stammered rather painfully, dropping his chin into his hand and stroking it.) In regard to his kitten question he said—Frankly that is a trick question. I put it for the sake of copy for the newspaper. I went for the sake of copy and to show up the fortune-telling business.

Mr. Wild—And is there a dark lady ?

Witness—Yes, but she is my faithful wife. I went to get copy and I got it.

Mr. Wild—In the *Daily Mail* of 15th December you wrote the journalese paragraph—

Witness, interrupting—I wrote an exact paragraph.

Mr. Wild—It is written in your own usual attractive style—a bit offensive—"a clairvoyant's conjuring trick," "began her lectures on Guy Fawke's Day," and so on. You say Madame has smooth grey hair, which is wrong. As a fact she has rather blackish curly hair. If you could not see the colour of her hair, you might have made a mistake about her fingers ?

Witness said he believed a letter had been received from Mr. McKenzie at the office of the *Daily Mail* saying that he would welcome a committee of inquiry appointed by Lord Northcliffe.

Mrs. Leah Bailey, who accompanied Mrs. Betts as a private detective, also gave evidence for the prosecution, and Mr. William Hendry and Mr. John Humphrey Miller having given evidence for the defence, the case was adjourned for a week.



IMPORTANT NOTE.

The Editor has pleasure in announcing that with the New Year the proprietorship of the Gazette has been transferred to "The International Psychic Gazette Limited, a private Company formed, with the consent of the Treasury, by the Editor and his friends. The offices are situated at 24a Regent Street, London, S.W., where all communications should be addressed

Owing to the removal, this issue is published a few days late, but in future the "Gazette" will be on sale punctually on the 1st day of each month.



Have you sent yet for your copy of "The Rift in the Veil," the beautiful song by Mr. Cecil Husk ?—(see *adv.*)

MR. J. N. MASKELYNE, on December 27, confessed to a *Daily Sketch* reporter that he believes there is something in Spiritualism after all !

MR. ALFRED KITSON is publishing his reply to Dr. J.M. Peebles on "Soul and Spirit" in the *Lyceum Banner*, of which he is the editor, for January.

THE HUSK FUND.—Mrs. Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts., acknowledges with hearty thanks the following further donations to this fund : J.S.B., 2/- ; Another Sympathiser, 2/6 ; Kaye, £2 2s.

Raymond's First Intermediary.

PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 23.—MRS. GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD.

WE have pleasure in introducing to our readers Mrs. Osborne Leonard, a comparatively young and excellent medium who has quickly risen to front rank among our valued sensitives, and who has gained fame as being the intermediary who was first used by Raymond, the son of Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge, to give his living message from beyond the grave. In an interview Mrs. Leonard was kind enough to grant us, she told us the following most interesting story of her life:—

As a child I had a peculiar upbringing, which, I think has helped my psychic development. My people were pretty well off, and my father had a yacht on which, for the best part of every year, he sailed all round the English coast. He always took me as his companion, so I had a healthy open-air life. My father had strong ideas as to how children should be educated. He said the general methods were wrong entirely. Instead of being kept hours every day over grammar, history, and geography, he said children learnt much better by conversing with people, and by seeing places at first hand. So beyond having a governess during the months we were not sailing, I had practically no schooling at all.

I was the eldest of four children, and began my sea-life when about seven years of age. The whole crew of the yacht were my father, one man, and myself. At times we sailed through the most terrible storms. I was taught drilling, boxing, and shooting, and enjoyed my free and adventurous life immensely. All this was suddenly ended when I was about thirteen or fourteen. My grandfather died then and left all his property, which was in different parts of London, to his daughters. Owing to some misunderstanding, which was scarcely a quarrel, my father was left out of the will. Of course he felt that keenly, and my mother was even more bitter about it. Family difficulties arose, and my mother with the children went one way and he went another. He was anxious to have me with him, but my mother would not allow it. So we went to live at Liscard in Cheshire.

When about fifteen, my mother sent me to Birkenhead one day to do some shopping. That was only a few miles away from where we were living. I saw a little building with a notice-board saying: "Spiritualistic Meetings held here." I did not understand what that meant, but I

remembered the word. Two years later I saw a similar notice at Seacombe, and determined to go to the meeting announced for the next Sunday evening at 8.30. We were very early-to-bed people, but I made an excuse of some kind and went. There was a medium on the platform speaking, and I was puzzled by her gestures and broken English. I wished she would talk plainly. She described somebody to me she said I should know, and I said, "Oh yes, I know," for I thought it was a kind of game! Then she went on describing for me all sorts of people, old men with beards and ladies with crinolines, and I said "Yes" to everything, though I knew none of them. For I had heard all the other people say "Yes," and I did not really follow what the woman was doing.

I went to another meeting, where there was a different medium. She gave a description to someone in the audience, who said: "No, I don't recognise it." I thought how rude and how unkind the person was, and then I gathered that the description was supposed to be of a spirit. The medium then gave more details and made the description clearer, and the sitter said he recognised who it was that had been described.

That was a revelation to me, and I began to understand what I was going for. I never had anyone described to me whom

I knew. And yet, in spite of my disappointment, I felt there was something in it. Eventually I told my mother about the meetings and she was dumbfounded and disgusted. She said I must have nothing more to do with it, and I dropped it for a little while.

Then I had diphtheria and went into hospital, where I met a nurse who, after I was better, invited me to her house. That night we had a table sitting, and it was most wonderful. I really got something spelt out by the table which was so clear and so unlooked for, from someone I had known alive but was now dead, that I knew at once it was true. That impressed me very much. It gave me the certainty I was waiting for.

That same night we had a thought-reading experiment. I was sent out of the room and was blindfolded, and had to find what those in the room had fixed their minds on. I did it rightly several times, and someone said I would make a good medium. The experiment appeared to take it out of me, and when I got home I looked ill, and



Mrs. Osborne Leonard.

was asked by my mother what I had been doing. I was again forbidden to have anything to do with it, and the Vicar of the parish was appealed to and asked to speak to me about my wicked practices. He said, "I cannot do that, for I think there is too much in it!" That put an end to argument for a little while.

About that time I went to stay at a town twenty to thirty miles away. In the early morning of December 19, 1906, I woke up, and I saw my mother distinctly. Next day I received a telegram saying she had passed on between 9.30 the previous night and 2.30 that morning. She had been unconscious from 9.30 and the doctor said she was dead at 2.30. I saw her

with my eyes open. Something—I don't know what—awakened me, and I saw her with her hands folded across her breast as if she were suspended over my bed and looking down at me. She looked as if she were ten years younger than when I had last seen her. She looked at me very kindly. When I went to see her body her hands were folded across her breast, and her expression was just the same as I had seen in the night. This event again impressed me, and though I did not take the matter up immediately, I made up my mind that I would sit for investigation whenever I met with harmonious and suitable people.

(To be continued.)

An Important Spiritualist Movement.

By HORACE LEAF.

THE need of a proper educational institution for Spiritualism has been often mooted, especially during the last few years, but practically nothing has hitherto been done in regard to the matter. A movement cannot live on mere words, and the sooner Spiritualists realise that, the better will it be for the great truth they profess. At present the Movement is quite unable to cope with its increasing popularity, with results detrimental to its best interests. For a scientific body without any means of educating its students is an anomaly, and that is at present the precise position of modern Spiritualism.

With between three hundred and four hundred societies holding one or more meetings each week, it is notorious that there are probably not more than fifty thoroughly capable exponents of its philosophy and science to occupy their platforms. The Movement may well be said to groan under this great disability, and how long this unfortunate state of affairs is to last rests entirely with Spiritualists themselves. If they will not unite and support their cause more effectively, the things must continue thus until Spiritualism as a movement either dies out or becomes absorbed in some other organised body, that may do the truth for which it stands more harm than good.

A good start, however, has recently been made that ought to commend itself to all Spiritualists sincerely desiring to forward the educational interests of the cause. On November 18, delegates from various London Spiritualist societies, and a number of private individuals, met in conference at the London Spiritual Mission, 13, Pembroke Place, Bayswater, London, W. to consider whether some immediate effort could be made to improve the educational facilities, and so raise the platform status of the Spiritualist Movement. Those present felt that nothing could better meet the requirements than a properly organised training college, with a qualified staff of experimenters and teachers, with facilities for students to attend lectures, etc., and, if necessary, reside there during their studies. But this, it was unanimously agreed, could be adequately accomplished only by the Spiritualist Movement throughout the country uniting for the effort.

The value of the British College of Psychic Science recently instituted by Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie was fully appreciated; but since its aims are independent of the recognised Spiritualist movement, it is not likely to perform the special task the interests of that movement require. It was therefore decided by the Conference to form an organised body under the title of "The Spiritualist

Education Council," with properly appointed officers and committee, and to make an immediate endeavour to do something to supply the desideratum. The Council is at present quite tentative, and is prepared to make any modification of its constitution that may be in the interests of the object for which it is formed; nor is it to be conceived as in opposition to any other body working towards the same end.

The Council extends a hearty invitation to all Spiritualist societies and sympathisers to co-operate with it to make the work a success. This can be done in several ways, namely by starting local centres, by subscribing to the funds of the Council, and by purchasing tickets for the lectures held under its auspices. A very good plan would be for societies to purchase tickets for distribution to those of their members who could most benefit the cause by receiving instruction, especially those members who aspire to take up platform work. In this way two services would be rendered; one, encouraging the society's members, and two, helping the Council's efforts financially and otherwise. These tickets will admit to the developing classes and lectures, besides entitling the holder to any other advantages, such as advice as to the best lines to pursue in psychic studies, books to read, and hints on the art of public speaking.

If circumstances warrant it, the Council proposes establishing a summer school during the summer of 1917, so as to make it possible for those desiring to do so to have continuous educational facilities from a few days to several months. The most qualified lecturers, etc., could be engaged for this purpose, which in itself would raise Spiritualism in the public estimation.

The ultimate aim of the Council is, of course, a properly established training institution, similar to those possessed by every effective religious sect, only supplying the express needs of students anxious to make the furtherance of Spiritualism their life work. The fulfilment of such a scheme would make Spiritualism the greatest religious force in the world, and this can be attained as soon as the present slipshod method of presenting its philosophy and phenomena are replaced by a cultured and well-organised system. It is to be sincerely hoped, therefore, that a start for the betterment of the movement has at last been made, and that to assure success no financial and moral support will be withheld.

The human family have been for so many ages under the dominion of error that it amounts to bondage.—
Jane W. Yarnell.

My Experiences in Spirit Photography.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL LECTURE.



Mr. Hope, Miss Scatcherd, Mrs. Buxton, Mr. Buxton.

MR. WILLIAM HOPE, one of the two Crewe mediums for psychic photography—(the other is Mrs. Buxton)—gave a lecture on his experiences at the International Club for Psychical Research, 22A Regent Street, under the auspices of the W. T. Stead Borderland Library and Bureau. The event is one that is likely to be long remembered by all present. When Mr. Hope arrived he found the Club was illuminated only with electric light; but for the working of his lantern he required a combination of ordinary gas. A large audience was quickly assembling, the minute hand of the clock was nearing the time to commence, and the lecturer gloomily said, "Without gas there can be no pictures!" Someone got into a taxicab and sped through the dark streets to a gas emporium, Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd took the chair and opened the proceedings with a lengthy introductory speech, and just as she was finishing a cylinder of coal-gas was brought into the room, and the tenseness of the situation was relaxed. Mr. Hope soon made the necessary adjustments, the audience conversing freely while they waited. Finally the electric light was switched off, and the lecture began. Our notes taken in the dark are somewhat incomplete, but they will serve to give some idea of the wholly unconventional and intensely interesting address delivered by an honest man of the country to the polished men and women of the town, in the fashionable neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus.

Mr. Hope, with his coat off and his spectacles resting on his head, said—"Now you ladies, the time is going on. Let us begin. I am wondering if you are good singers. (Throwing a hymn on the screen.) Now, Miss Stead, where is your choir? I want you all to sing these verses—

Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise, &c.

(Mr. Hope himself led the singing in a soft melodious voice, and was only feebly helped by the audience.) "We always believe in carrying out these meetings in a religious manner. Now, can

anyone offer up a prayer? No one? (Mr. Hope then prayed as follows:—)

Oh, Lord, bless this meeting, and teach the hearts of those seeking for truth. Help them to realise exactly what is true and what is false, and give them intuition so that they will be able to discern truly with their own commonsense and their own consciences. Bless us, Lord, and give us a good time. Amen.

"Now I am going to introduce myself. I am the Mr. Hope of Crewe you have heard speak of many a dozen times perhaps, and in terms maybe not very elevating to me; but all that is like pouring water on a duck's back! When you know you're right you care for no one. I have come here open to criticism. I shall make this meeting as instructive as I can. Listen to the explanations I shall give of the photographs, and if at the close you want to ask any questions, I shall answer them. I do not profess to be a very well-educated man, but at the same time I come with pure and simple fact, and I think I will be able to give the most sceptically minded among you something to think about. I don't present the pictures as works of art. I have got them from all sorts of negatives—good, bad and indifferent. It has taken me twelve years to get what I will show you to-night. Their virtue lies not in their clearness, but in the psychic extra on the plate. We want to know how it comes to be there. By all photographic rules it has no right to be there. It is commonly called spirit-photography, but no one really knows what spirit is. We believe, however, these extras give us a certain amount of proof of the continuity of life beyond death and that our departed friends live and love us still. Let us welcome everything that will throw a ray of light on this subject. There are thousands of hearts longing for a touch of the vanished hand and to hear the sound of the voice that is supposed to be stilled for ever.

"The first two pictures are not psychic pictures at all, but I am putting them on the screen in honour of whom they represent. This is the Reverend Archdeacon Colley. He was the leader of our circle for many years, and under his leadership we got a very striking negative containing 1710 words in 39 seconds. The wording is so beautiful that he gave it as his Easter sermon from the pulpit. And this is our dear friend Mr. Walker, of Buxton. He took the Archdeacon's place (at his death) in our circle, was a photographer from the days of the wet-plate process, and was president of the Buxton Photographic Society. He was a very earnest man, and a keen investigator of spiritualistic phenomena. He passed away suddenly on July 17, 1915.

"This picture of a floating angel holding a wreath is the first psychic photograph we ever had. It is what is called a psychograph because it was got without the use of the camera, by simply holding the plate between the hands of the sitters. This cannot be offered to outsiders as a test, but the face of the angel is that of the sister of one of the sitters. When we showed it to the mother she said, 'That is our Lily, and she has come with the flowers too!' She explained that when her daughter was passing away she held out her hands saying, 'Give these flowers to our Herbert.' The mother could see no flowers, but she had pretended to take them from her.'

Mr. Hope then showed a whole series of remarkable photographs, including an extra taken at Nelson of a young boy who was drowned on the Yorkshire coast, which was recognised by his mother, who said—"Bless him, that's my lad Jim!" Another of a grandfather who had never been photographed in earth-life. The psychic photographs taken at Glasgow and Rothesay, which have already been printed in these pages; a photograph of Miss Stead and Miss Scatcherd, with a psychic photograph of Mr. William Stead, junr., and a host of others.

The lecturer explained the circumstances attending the receipt of each psychic picture, and showed, when it had been procurable, a photograph taken of the same subject in earth-life. These were never facsimiles, but were in most cases clear resemblances.

At the close, Dr. Abraham Wallace said that

in one of the first numbers of *Borderland* he had offered £100 for a genuine spirit-photograph. He had been very sceptical then, but he said he must admit that the photographs shown by Mr. Hope put the question of the reality and genuineness of such phenomena beyond doubt. (Mr. Hope: "Come and pat my back, then!" Laughter.) The doctor said if Mr. Hope had informed them beforehand he wanted singers they could have had plenty. (Mr. Hope: "I tell you honestly, we can beat you up north for singing!" Laughter.) Miss Scatcherd said Dr. Wallace had given a splendid testimony and in the name of the audience she thanked Mr. Hope for his most instructive and delightful lecture.

Mr. Hope delivered his lecture to the Wimbledon Spiritualist Mission on the previous evening "with great success, carrying conviction," says the Secretary.

Phrenology: A Psychic Study.—I.

By J. P. BLACKFORD, F.B.P.S.,

Author of "Phrenology: The Student's Enchyridion," etc.

SHOULD it not be an obligation on the part of all students of Psychism to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the whole of the many phases of their most engrossing subject of research? The mystery of the operations of the human mind, or psyche, is one which cannot be fully solved by a study of one class only of its manifestations; but should be approached from every avenue which offers to inquirers any help towards a solution of the problem. Is it not ill-advised, as so many do, to confine investigation to a study of the occult or cryptic aspects of the subject? This limitation of scope frequently carries the student through a maze of inexplicable and bewildering phenomena, which frequently leads to confusion and indecision. Would it not be wise to take into consideration all the knowledge of the mind or spirit which has been gained by workers in other fields of zetic investigation, especially when their results are based on known and demonstrable physical verities? In this quest—though not in itself an occult subject—Phrenology, the most valuable of all the human sciences, provides data which admit of no questioning; and, as one avenue of research into the causes of psychical impulses and their resulting phenomena, its value is beyond all price. One of its chief virtues is, that the knowledge it reveals can be applied to practical ends in the direction of self-understanding, and to the consequent improvement and ennoblement of our lives.

The psyche which we each call "I," cannot demonstrate its existence without an instrument, and nature has provided each of us at our birth with such an instrument in the brain. And what a wonderful instrument it is. No touch is so light but that it responds with marvellous rapidity and fidelity to the exciting thought; no emotion so intense but that this amazing instrument momentarily flashes its thrills throughout the body; no imagination so vast but that it finds its tabernacle in the brain. It is the obedient, willing, eager servant of the spiritual man, placing all its powers of action at the disposal of its lord.

Like all other instruments, however, it has its limitations, and can only act within the scope of

its capacity. Every musician knows that it is impossible to render correctly on a piano with a five-octave manual a piece of music written for a seven-octave; and if in addition some of the strings have lost their tension, the attempt to play would be a grievous failure. To continue the simile—the brain has its separate notes each responsible to the touch of a particular mental faculty, and where the mechanism of a note is perfect, there the expression is also perfect; but should its string have lost its tension, then the resulting expression is discordant and inharmonious. What a host of living men and women there are around us with limited powers of expression; circumscribed capacities for thought and imagination, and restricted visions of life's possibilities, all due to an undeveloped or distorted growth of brain. Poor warped creatures possessing a limited keyboard, strings snapped, hammers broken, levers bent, instruments of discord and inefficiency. The servant of the ego is crippled and palsied; it cannot perform its functions faithfully, and the mind thus limited in its manifestations to the capacity of its brain instrument, in the execution of its will, is also necessarily crippled and palsied. To rightly assess the potency of any mind we must study the condition of its servant—the brain, for as long as the mind remains the inhabitant of the body, so long will the condition of the brain be the correct measure of its capacity and its power of action.



The Temple of Righteousness is built, and its four walls are the four principles—Purity, Wisdom, Compassion, Love. Peace is its roof, its floor is Steadfastness, its entrance-door is Selfless Duty, its atmosphere is Inspiration, and its music is the Joy of the perfect. It cannot be shaken, and, being eternal and indestructible, there is no more need to seek protection in taking thought for the things of the morrow. And the Kingdom of Heaven being established in the heart, the obtaining of the material necessities of life is no more considered, for, having found the Highest, all these things are added as effect to cause, the struggle for existence has ceased, and the spiritual, mental, and material needs are daily supplied from the Universal Abundance.—James Allen.

Conditions of Life in the Midst of Death.

WONDERFUL SPIRITUAL PROTECTION IN TIMES OF DANGER.

By M.E., AN OFFICER IN THE FIELD.

II.

IN the earlier days of the war, our people at home had a very hazy idea of what trenches were really like, but one would imagine that now there are few who have not some notion of their general appearance, for the illustrated papers and written descriptions in the daily newspapers have tended to enlighten those who can never visit the trenches until the end of the war. Even any visit they may be able to make to them then cannot inspire them with the same feelings as those which animate their present inhabitants.

No trench is ever straight; if it were it would be dangerous. The more twists and turns in it the better, and where an army is concerned these twists and turns are usually of some particular pattern. You seldom find junctions like cross roads, because they would be points of danger. The front line trenches run in a general way parallel to those of the enemy, and are in varying numbers and varying distances apart, governed entirely by the requirements and contours of the district. These trenches are connected at various points by communication trenches; again, in order to reach any of these trenches from the rear one has to do so by traversing long zig-zagging trenches which commence at some point distant from the front line, about a mile, sometimes more and sometimes less, as circumstances require. In short the trench system covers the ground in appearance like a huge spider's web.

The troops use and confine themselves to these trenches, which are usually just wide enough to allow two to pass, and they are for the most part 6 feet or more deep, and never on any account do they get out of them in daylight; so that to any one who might be on the ground outside these trenches, the country presents an immense deserted stretch, scored and marked by these interminable earthworks. No one is to be seen, and only puffs of smoke, small and large, distant and near, denote exploding shells or bombs, and show that it is the line between the contending nations. To the great majority of the soldiers this open stretch is a sight unseen, except for the circumscribed view they may get of the top through a periscope. They know each trench and branch, as we know the streets of a town. To expose oneself above the parapet in daylight usually induces the visit of an enemy bullet, which is not unlikely to end one's career, for snipers have their specially constructed post with telescopic sighted rifles ready for the adventurous or unwary.

There are times when the engineer finds it necessary to crawl out from these trenches during the day to make observations which could not be made in hours of darkness.

It was a scorching hot day in the summer, and accompanied by another officer I made my way up towards the front line trenches, our object being to take a few observations necessary for certain purposes. We had an occasional rest on our march in order to cool ourselves, for it is sultry in these trenches when the sun shines hot in the summer. During these rests we chatted together about the nature of the work before us, and the necessity it involved of getting out of the trenches and creeping over the open. I must say there is a kind of fascin-

ation about this sort of work which has a peculiar attraction. The morning was quiet, which means that each side were throwing a few trench mortar bombs, or a few odd shells, all of which made much noise compared with the amount of damage they did, but no doubt gratified the hearts of those who fired the pieces. The trenches were a bit smelly, and did not afford much pleasure to stand in; so we pushed on, and in due time arrived in the particular trench we sought. By a judicious peeping over the parapets here and there we were able to find a rough line of shell holes which would serve as a track for our explorations, and to the amazement of the garrison were soon over and into one of the first holes and out of sight.

At first one had a queer feeling of being exposed to the eyes of every German in the district, but that was only momentary, for on looking round we found that the tips of a recently blown crater shielded us from the view and fire of the immediate enemy lines, and the contour of the ground made us fairly secure right and left. As a matter of fact we found ourselves in a slight natural hollow. We made our way from one shell hole to another until the distance between them necessitated us walking or crawling in the open. We did crawl a bit, but soon preferred to walk, and were not long in locating the spot we sought. We looked round on the strange sight; far away to the right and left on higher ground we could see both the enemy and our own lines, and to the front left standing on a hill about a mile away a well-fortified village in the enemy's hands. The ground was covered with rich herbage, and all sorts of weeds, except in the spots where shells had fallen and turned up the brown soil. Pretty flowers grew here and there and mingled their colours into beauty spots, but however much their beauty may have attracted us, there was that which was repellant. Some time before, this ground had been hotly disputed, and had occasioned some of the severest fighting of the war, finally remaining to us, with the not uncommon result that enemy dead lay thick upon the broken waste. They lie there because it is unsafe to go out to bury them, being under constant observation during daylight, and swept by machine-gun fire at night; nor could we have been there then except for the cover of the newly-formed crater.

To see dead strewn about is no new sight to me, but I never do see it but what my mind turns to the great subject of the Hereafter, and an intense pity for those who have suffered and are suffering through the sure grindings of God's great mill. They lay about as they had fallen, every one of them a mother's son. But on a battlefield one must suppress sentiment, and indeed as the sun shone down on these disintegrating remains of our enemy there was an odour which did not invite one to linger. We had just finished our observations when I heard the whizz of a shell and at the same moment we were laid flat on the ground. It is curious how quickly the mind works. Before I got myself stretched on the ground I had reasoned out why that shell had reached us, and knew that more would follow. There is a queer feeling passes over one under such circumstances—are you going to be hit? will it be a wound? or

will you be killed outright? and hundreds of other thoughts race through the brain, but somehow, I must confess, there was always a thought or idea, or better still a knowledge seemed to override all others, and that was that I need not be alarmed as "Someone" would see to my safety, and my thoughts would fly to my powerful spirit-friends, and a feeling of comfort would enter my mind. It is all a flash in one's brain so quick that I have not been able yet to dissect it into separate thoughts. That shell burst within five yards of us, and pieces of it flew over us. We were protected where we lay from the direction of the fire by the remains of an old earthwork, which had at one time been very hastily thrown up and again almost destroyed. We had been observed from the village and the

observers had given the information to a battery behind. They had got the range with their first shot, and we heard another which exploding sent a shower of earth on to us. It was so close that it shook the ground under us; however, we were quite unhurt. Another shot like that and we would both be done in, so we made a bolt for it on our hands and knees, and managed to get shelter in the remains of an old trench about twenty yards away. Six shells were fired in all on to the spot, which I examined on another day, and found they were all within a ten-yard radius of where we had stood. They had, however, only succeeded in disturbing the remains of some of their own dead.

(To be continued in next number.)

The Club's Ghost Story Tea.

PHANTOM OF THE BAKERLOO.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

ALL sorts and conditions of ghosts were recalled at the Christmas ghost story tea of the International Club for Psychical Research, from the "pretty lady in grey" of the haunted house at Acton, of whom Miss Stephens told us, to the shadowy figure which Miss Stollard said used to want to shake hands with visitors at a mansion since made famous by being the residence of Lord Kitchener.

One of the most vivid stories of the evening was that related by Mr. Lonsdale, of an experience on the Bakerloo. Looking out on the platform at Waterloo he saw a vision of a woman falling. He looked again, but saw nothing. Evidently there was nothing material to be seen that was out of the common, because the guard was quite unconcerned. When later he got out of the tube at Piccadilly to go to Leicester Square an overwhelming impulse made him go to the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue. "As I got to the corner," he said, "I saw the very woman of my vision at Waterloo fall flat in front of a motor-omnibus, and I was only just in time to pull her from underneath it. If I had not followed that admonition the 'bus would have gone right over her."

There was an artist at the tea, Miss Gotch, who spoke of a vision of "the most beautiful head of a saintly man" that once appeared on an oil painting of hers. A friend saw it too, the vision remaining on the canvas for twenty-five minutes.

The Beresford ghost, well known to students of psychic research, had a more powerful light than usual thrown upon it by Mrs. Buck. A newcomer to the Club, Mr. Cooke, described a bedroom scene, in which his brother and he felt a mysterious something rushing towards them. To Mrs. Symons the guests were indebted for a thrilling story of a baboon, and to Miss Walford for recalling the screams of long ago, since heard again, associated with a tragedy of the house of Lorenzo de Medici.

Miss Hamilton Brown spoke of a curious experience she had had whilst staying at the seaside with her brother. She sometimes felt many ghosts about her and one morning found on the dressing-table some soft fair hair apparently from a man's head. She placed the hair carefully in paper, but when she afterwards took the paper up its mysterious contents had vanished. The servants of the house said they had seen a head floating round the room.

Some time afterwards a friend asked her if she had had any experiences in the house. She mentioned casually the incident of the hair. "Oh, goodness!" the friend exclaimed, "hair which disappears as soon as it is found is the very thing the house is haunted by."

A family living in a well-known square in Glasgow were driven out of the house, Miss Prentice told us, by unaccountable noises. One member after the other of the family—relatives of hers—heard footsteps come up to the landing. But nothing could ever be seen. Sometimes there was "an awful noise in the fireplace," but even though the fireplace was taken out, nothing was found, and the mystery was never solved.

The Club heard also how three ghosts once came to tea with Madame Irwin, in order to convince a French guest that the spirit survives the death of the body. Another well-known medium, Mrs. Boddington, capped this story and all besides by saying she had been a ghost herself and telling us what it felt like to be in that condition.

"A friend," she said, "challenged me to operate as a ghost outside my body. As I slept, my spirit left my body and went about seeking where he lived. In this state I got to his house and went upstairs and into his room. My friend lay asleep. I tried to awaken him, but without result. I put my hand on his face, and it went right through. I tried again and again to awaken him. My hand went through his face each time. Before I left I looked round the room and took a note of everything in it. The next day I was able to describe to my friend everything in the room in the most minute detail, and he said it was quite right."

Another lady stated that her daughter when away from home had frequently returned in spirit and was able afterwards to recount what each member of the family was doing at the time, what they were talking about, and what they were wearing.

Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd, who presided, quoted Tennyson's definition, "The ghost in man, the ghost that once was man," in order to allow a wide latitude to the stories, and let them cover, as we have seen, almost every kind of ghost.



The struggle with surroundings makes all our misery.
The reconciliation with surroundings makes all our peace.
—Mozoomdar.

Space and Time in Spirit Life.

THEIR NATURE CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF (1) INSECT METAMORPHOSIS AND (2) CLAIRVOYANCE.

By G. E. OWEN.

THE next world, just like this one, is a condition of existence. As such it contains all that is necessary to enable man to live in it. It has its own space and time, or man could not live a self-conscious life in it. Space gives him the scope to move about. Time is the duration of his movements and events. Space is a consciousness of the world man is in. Time is the consciousness of the duration of an event occurring in space. Space and time are only certain properties of the world they belong to.

The Spirit-world has its own space and time, for they are necessary for existence there. But our space and time no more belongs to it than does our objectivity, colours, sounds, sceneries, sunshine, rain, food, etc., belong to that world. The space and time of this life are in some mysterious way the outcome of the peculiar way man is organised and conditioned for existence here. They are elements in this physical universe, enabling its phenomena to be experienced by and have significance for man. The phenomena of this world have to take place somewhere, and have duration.

Now, as there is also matter in the next world it too has its phenomena, which must be in space and time. The locality in space, and the duration in time, of events in spirit-life have to be experienced by those dwelling there, according to the new order of matter that makes up the world man finds himself in after death.

It is no more wonderful that man should have a changed consciousness of space and time after death, than it is that he has of his entire new world. It would be far more wonderful if he had a change of world without a corresponding change in the space and time elements of consciousness. If such happened, difficulties would arise. The phenomena of the next world are not the phenomena of this one. What is objective to us is not to those in spirit-life. Hence the movements of a ponderable body is not for those in the other world what it is to us. What is objective to those in the other life is not to us. Hence the movements of a ponderable body belonging to that world can not happen in our space, nor can the duration of those movements be determined in our time. Thus my contention of it having its own space and time seems irrefutable.

Just as the ideas of space and time of this world are brought about by the workings of the physical body, so the space and time of the Spirit-world are brought about by the workings of the psychic body. It is all so natural and orderly when seen. When the physical body is laid aside at death, then the consciousness of this world with its space and time and everything else melts away. They are not permanent realities, but only temporary conditions experienced for the duration of existence in this world. Death sweeps all belonging to this world away from the arena of actual experience, and causes a consciousness of a new world to be experienced. In that changed mode of consciousness, man experiences what he could not when in the physical body. He, for instance is aware of a universe that is solid and tangible.

He also finds himself in the company of relatives and friends of his who had passed into that world before him. Now, just as he becomes aware of these through death, so he also becomes aware of the space and time that belongs to existence in that world.

The consideration and understanding of these questions necessitates much abstract thinking. The faculty of abstraction is one that is not largely used by the intellect of the present age. The disposition is rather to pay attention only to the concrete and objective. Therefore our readers will probably find some difficulty in accompanying us during our consideration of such abstract questions; but, to make matters as clear as possible we shall here derive valuable help from a reference to the insect-world, which aids us much in conceiving what space and time here and hereafter mean.

As we pointed out in last month's issue, the butterfly when shedding its caterpillar body is transferred from one condition of existence into another, and a very different one. We have no reason to believe other than that in some way, vague perhaps, the caterpillar has some notion, some experience of space and time, though not necessarily that known to man, because the nature and responsiveness of the body possessed always determines the space and time experienced. If we think out and analyse in our minds the space and time concepts of the caterpillar when living that life, we can see that the space separating two objects, say cabbages three yards apart is very great, and the time it would occupy in going from one to the other would be a good bit. That is so through its being in possession of an organisation which makes its universe very, very restricted, and its means of going about very cumbersome. When it dies as a caterpillar, and comes forth as a butterfly, the caterpillar world with its space and time concepts disappear with the old body. In its new life, and with its new body it has again concepts of space and time, but they are not those of the caterpillar. They are the butterfly's, and belong to the butterfly world. Although the two cabbages and the space separating them would remain the same to man, they would not be so to the butterfly after having died to its caterpillar state of existence. Even the cabbages will seem very, very different things to the butterfly, from what they were to the caterpillar. Although viewed by the same being, they are viewed by it in two different states of existence, possessing different bodies, with their respective sense organs, which of course affect all its modes of perception, and sets up two distinct states of consciousness. What is now a yard to the butterfly, was in all likelihood a mile to it when in the caterpillar world. The time it occupies to soar across a field when a butterfly is less than what it took to crawl across a cabbage leaf when a caterpillar. These changes and differences are the result of the change in the bodies it has had.

The dragon-fly is another instance which beautifully illustrates by analogy what happens

to man when he dies, and how he reaches the spirit-world. Prior to its arriving at that stage in its development, it was a grub living in the bottom of a pond. Its universe was circumscribed by the banks. When its allotted span of time to live that life has been spent, it, by some inherent law of its nature, is impelled to rise to the surface of the pond, climb up out of the water, and attach itself to the stalk of one of the bulrushes. That stalk is its death-chamber, where the process of passing from the grub into the dragon-fly state of existence is gone through. There the outer body, the grub body, is rent, and through the rent emerges one of those radiant creatures which float through the air, with transparent wings, and dazzle our eyes in the sunshine, known as the dragon-fly. It thus died to its grub life, and in dying to that existence it is ushered into another one equipped with a suitable body for it. How similar to what happens to man when his span of life here has been spent! Think of the enormous revolutionary changes there must have taken place in the space and time consciousness of the dragon-fly as compared with those it had when living in the pond. It is just the same with man when he leaves this life for the next. He leaves behind with his physical body the space and time ideas of this world, which are no longer appropriate to life in the next.

The psychic body has a different mode of consciousness suitable for the Spirit-world, and that provides it with concepts of space and time appropriate to that world. This is very convincingly demonstrated by clairvoyance, in which the psychic organ of sight is exercised while in a normal and conscious state. A clairvoyant with his ordinary vision first sees space objectively, but its appearance melts away before his psychic sight. Again, a clairvoyant sees in what to others is empty space solid and real things. In last month's *Psychic Gazette* we gave an account of what Andrew Jackson Davis saw clairvoyantly happening to a woman whose transition from this state to the next he witnessed. He saw her adapting herself to a new condition of existence, with her new psychic body. He then saw her clairvoyantly going away with friends. She travelled until he lost sight of her in the distance. We have here evidence of space being perceived that was not our space. Davis was aware of non-physical or psychical space. When he returned to his normal state the space in which the woman and her friends had gone out of his view melted away, and he found himself in the death-chamber again with the dead body and the woman's friends. This indicates that the other life has its own space.

Yet another instance we have of clairvoyance indicating the existence of space other than ours. Mrs. Owen is, and has been for many years, an excellent psychic. The writer has received valuable aid from her in his researches into after-death conditions of existence. A few evenings ago when this article had been partly written, she, without knowing the question it treated had a clairvoyant experience which differed from the numerous others she has had. She related how late that evening, after the children had retired, her clairvoyant faculty became active, causing the room she was in with its walls and contents to disappear. She then saw clairvoyantly, space extended for a considerable distance. Far in the distance she saw a man who appeared at first very small. He came as if floating towards her. As he came nearer the size of his stature appeared

to increase. The man whom she had not seen before was a Hindoo. That evening her arm was affected with some discomfort. He magnetised it for her, and advised her to do certain things in connection with her health, which has not been lately as well as we would desire. She says she had the unusual experience of feeling the Hindoo spirit's hands distinctly touching her arm. That of course was psychically. When he had done he instantly disappeared, and her normal sight was restored. When discussing the matter she states emphatically that the space she saw the man travelling in, was not the space of this world at all. It was night, and the space of this world was then dark, but what she saw this man in, was not in darkness. Whether our time was in any way concerned with her experience she is utterly unable to say. Perhaps there was a comingling of the time of the two states as she was still linked to this life.

It often happens that a person dying, in say Africa, manifests simultaneously with his death to some friend or relation in this country. Instances of this are in abundance. It is thought that the one who has died has travelled the distance dividing Africa from England. That is a great mistake, as the distance is only physical and does not affect nor exist as such for those on the psychic plane. To go on a voyage to Africa means in reality that only a series of changes in consciousness takes place through certain forms of sensations being set up. These changes are successive, and being so they give the idea of travelling. Thus things are not what they seem.

We shall, next month, consider the nature and formation of the spheres in Spirit-life.



BLIND.

Dedicated to our Blind Heroes.

The blinds are down, there is darkness
Drear and chill,
The light of the sun is shrouded
The bright stars nil ;
The glint of the rain-drops, the blue
Of the summer skies,
Veiled, as the glance of love, or the smile
In a baby's eyes.

The blinds are down, not a glimmer
Of golden light—
" Oh, God, for a fleeting hour
Of sight, dear sight !
Just one short, fleeting hour
To bid farewell
To the sights, and the forms, and faces
One loved so well ! "

The blinds are down, there is darkness
Drear and chill ;
Hush ! listen, soft voices are whispering
Peace, be still !
Out of the darkness a radiance
Shineth awhile ;
It grows, it expands, it discloses
An angel's smile.

The blinds are down, yet there's light—
Glorious light,
Spiritual eyes have been given
For earthly sight ;
Darkened for ever on this side
Of Jordan's tide,
But the windows of the soul are open,
Open wide.

ANNIE M. MARCH.

The Psychic Paintings of "Atlantis."

"Atlantis" in this connection is not the name of a buried continent, but of a present-day London artist, whose truly wonderful symbolical pictures, painted under inspiration, were exhibited some time ago at the Doré Galleries, and are now permanently on view at her studio, 91, Moscow Road, Bayswater, S.W. The following is a short note by "Atlantis" on her work, and the illustration shows one of her later series of pictures, which reproduce her psychic visions of soldiers and sailors who have fallen in the war. A delightful hour can be spent in viewing these delicate paintings which have an other-world atmosphere all their own.

I FIRST began my inspirational work by sketching Egyptian heads and symbols in pen and ink, during convalescence, after a very severe illness in November, 1913. Then I felt impressed to try heads in colours. The first of these I painted on the lid of a hat box, with a 6d. box of crayons. I was so pleased with the result, that I got more suitable materials, and started the next evening in real earnest. In the short space of six weeks I painted fifty-three heads, mostly Egyptian. These were all painted about eight o'clock in the evening, though everyone knows how difficult it is to get the right shades by artificial light. Sometimes I did two pictures in one evening, but had to fight against the controlling influence, as it was too exhausting. I could not understand myself or my pictures at all, and most certainly my nearest friends could not. I wrote to Sir Oliver Lodge and asked if he could interpret the meaning of this sudden inspiration. He replied most kindly and, as he was not coming to town just then, gave me an introduction to Miss Clarissa Miles, who is an artist, a keen Egyptologist, and a psychic.

Miss Miles came to see the pictures, and was able to tell me the meaning of many, for they proved to be a link in the psychic messages she had herself been getting about Egypt. I exhibited the fifty-three pictures at the Doré Galleries, where they caused a great deal of interest in the psychic world. Since the war I have been drawing portrait impressions of men unknown to me who have passed over, and several have been recognised by their friends. Lady Muir Mackenzie has very kindly shown some of these heads in her drawing-room, and there a lady recognised a portrait impression of a soldier, as a friend who had been sniped in Flanders. A short time ago, a lady recognised another as her son who fell at Mons. A few days ago, a young "middy" was recognised—he went down during the naval battle off Jutland.

The pictures vary much in theme and treatment. One moonlight sea-scape has a cross on the

horizon, and over-shadowing wings, which the Rev. Dr. Macgowan is using on a lantern slide at his lectures. Directly he saw it he was impressed by it, and wrote the following in my visitors' book:—"The White Wings of the Holy Ghost stoop, seen or unseen, over the heads of all." I very seldom know what I am going to paint. In one case I thought I was painting an Egyptian lily, but when finished it was the Sphinx, with a spirit face and white aura, forming the ancient symbol of the Ankh."

Last year I exhibited some of the pictures at the Cosmos Club. One head I called "Estelle"; she had a seven-pointed star on her head. Directly Mr. Thurstan and Mrs. Walter (the president of the Club) saw it, they both recognised "Estelle" as the presiding Spirit of the Club. The members

all wear a seven-pointed star as an amulet. They were all so interested by the likeness, that they subscribed and bought the picture, which is now hanging in the club room. Mrs. Mary Davies then told the members that she had met me for the first time on October 1, and within twenty-four hours I had taken her a head I had drawn the same night, and could not rest until giving it to her. It was the face of her sister, long passed over, and she had not a portrait of her. Two of my guides were also recognised by Mrs. Davies. A few weeks ago, I was writing a letter, and suddenly began to draw a face on the blotting paper. I felt terribly sad, and had the impression

that the face was one of our poor prisoners in Germany, starved and beaten. A lady psychic saw it in the studio, and told me she got the name of "William" with it. She said he was not only starved and beaten but shackled.

Many pictures have been prophetic. These are usually given to me in visions, when I also hear a most beautiful voice. I have been told I should learn anatomy, and have lessons in drawing, etc. I know enough about drawing to be quite aware that many are technically incorrect, but I cannot stop to consider anything else than just to get the impression as quickly as possible. The eyes of the brave souls I am drawing appeal most touchingly to me. I wish they could all be recognised. I feel sure the work is intended to prove to those who do not understand how very near their loved ones are to them.

If these souls can impress an absolute stranger to draw their portraits, surely this alone must convince the most sceptical.



An Unknown Soldier.

Reminiscences of a Materialising Medium.—III.

THE INTELLIGENCE BEHIND TABLE MOVEMENTS.

MR. F. F. CRADDOCK, continuing his reminiscences said:—"After I started my boot businesses I got married. We still knew nothing of Spiritualism, but we were disturbed by knocks and other phenomena all over the house. We mentioned this to one or two customers, who were friends, and they said we ought to sit at some Spiritualist seance, and find out what the phenomena meant. They told us 'it must be spirits,' and this nearly frightened me out of my life. I said, 'I have had had enough of that in my youth.' One of these friends took me to a professor of mesmerism, who said I was a good subject and when under the influence could read questions written in closed envelopes, and give answers to them. He offered me four guineas a week and all expenses to travel over the country with him, and guaranteed me a ten years' engagement, but I would not accept it.

"After that, all sorts of phenomena possible appeared to be let loose. Tables moved about the house, and fans hanging on the wall were switched across the room, drawers were opened apparently by nobody, footsteps sounded on the stairs, pictures swung on their strings, and a stuffed parrot was constantly moved round in its case. I became acquainted with a chemist who came to the house, and he said the phenomena could all be accounted for by mesmerism.

"One night he brought another friend who had apparently more intelligence, for he said:—"I think there is some connection between this and psychic force.' I did not know what he meant. I told him we could not get any peace, and that previous experiences of the same kind had made me ill. I wanted to get rid of them. He said, 'I think I know somebody who can help you.' He brought to us a friend of Dr. Dallinger, who witnessed the table moving about. If we put it in the corner it used to move forward again into the room. What struck him most was that when the table came off the polished wooden floor round the room, it lifted its front legs over the edge of the carpet before moving further. We all knelt down to watch it do this. He said, 'There is an intelligence at the back of this.' He pointed out to us that the table could not have moved an inch further unless its legs had first been lifted above the obstruction of the carpet.

"That was how I got my first idea that behind the phenomena some intelligence or mind was operating. He said I must be a natural medium, providing the intelligence with the necessary force to produce the phenomena, and he pressed met to come and sit in his home circle, but I would not go. He said he knew a medium who might be able to see my guides and might help me. The man came and his advice was: 'Don't let people come to see you. You will get talked about, and folks will say you are haunted by the Devil.' He introduced a Mr. Jackson, who was a very nice man, and a wonderful physical medium. He was a master-engineer and told me he had come into touch with phenomena in a similar way to myself. He asked me to put my hands on the table, and his Indian control might speak to me. He said the Indian was a spirit. I said, 'That is enough, I want no more spirits. I have had enough of them. They have given me too many sleepless nights.' He

said that was splendid, and that I should be delighted, but I thought he must be mad. I said, 'My wife has been made ill by these things, and I have to think of her health.' Like my foster-mother, she also had been pushed from top to bottom of the stairs, but fortunately she escaped without much hurt.

At last Mr. Jackson persuaded me to go to his house on a Sunday evening to meet some friends of his. These friends were Spiritualists, and they told me they had sat secretly in an office at an empty building, and they asked me to go there with them. There was a pile of copies of the *Medium and Daybreak* in a corner of the office covered with the dust of the years during which they had been collected. I told them that when I read a newspaper it would turn over and crinkle like anything. They said they knew a man in whose presence walking sticks danced. I said I did not want to make anything dance. Several people sat round the square table in the room, and there was a red light burning on it. One man went under control and I thought he must be blind as he did not open his eyes. He said I was a wonderful medium, but that was Latin and Greek to me.

"I put my hands on the table and they were held down as if they were two suckers. In a moment the whole heap of *Medium and Daybreaks* came flying over us, and smothered us in dust. We could not breathe in the place and had to give up the meeting. They said it was psychic force, and I said I did not want any more. When I got home I told my wife about it, and she said, 'Have no more to do with it. It will make things worse, and we won't be able to sleep at nights.' She said she felt it quite dreadful to be left in the house alone, and we had to send for her sister to come and stay with her.

"I used to think a good deal of what Mr. Jackson said about an intelligence operating in the phenomena, and the medium at the meeting had told me that the intelligence was a Mr Salt. When the table began to move about my room, I used to say to it—"Turn round, Mr. Salt,' or 'Come forward, Mr. Salt,' and it used to obey my directions. A friend who went to the same chapel as I did came one Sunday evening, and on seeing this he said I was bewitched. He said a spirit was haunting me, and told me further that the story of it was all over the blessed town. This, I soon enough discovered was quite true, and my business fell away to such an extent that I had to sell up and move off to another town."

(To be continued.)



HERE AND HEREAFTER.

I know not the way, I know not the power,
I know not the day, I know not the hour,
I know not the trend, I know not the dreams
I know not the end, I know not the means.

I know all is light, I know all is clear,
I know all is right, I know angels appear.
I know Christ has risen, I know He's above,
I know there's a Heaven, I feel all is Love.

F. M. RANKIN.

Auric Emanations: Their Value and Significance.

By LEO FRENCH.

LIFE and death. Love and hatred. Nectar and poison. This is the range, the octave, of auric emanations. The imagination of to-day proves to-morrow's reality. The practical application of the scientific aspect of auric emanation is still in its infancy. Like many of the greatest revelations, it is gradual and cumulative: it steals upon the majority through their instincts, to be perceived by the minority through intuition, subsequently submitted to the tests of intellectual development and practical experiment.

Yet what stupendous secrets, treasure-houses of wealth, spells to conjure with, lie hidden within the words "auric emanations." Go to any large representative gathering of human beings; stand alone upon a mountain-peak beneath the stars; the experiment needs no repetition to any sensitive perceptive nature. The hot eager throbbing of a multitude of human hearts, or the sick desolation that sweeps over them, like a miasma, according to the message of any orator or artist possessing power over a crowd. The immanent vitality, the voice of the silence of that universal life of nature, a life that is still because it enfolds within heart and mind all mystery and all knowledge. The joy and splendour of so-called "lonely places," where solitude speaks to those who know themselves earth's exiles, her foster-children at most—heirs of that divine heritage wherefrom they are banished, that they may lead others to realisation thereof. These are among the auric emanations that speak more than many words. The same truth applies in the world of men. Every man is either an elixir, a grey vapour, harmless or harmful according to whether the central vibration is well or ill-disposed to his fellows, or a corroding poison.

In psychic development, one of the most painful yet educational stages consists of "the ordeal of regulation;" a dual experience almost impossible to describe in words, wherein the pupil is taught to polarize himself at will, and immediately; the instinct of self-preservation and helpfulness combined, the simultaneous adjustment of armour and mobilisation for immediate warfare. The preliminary sights, sounds, sensations and impressions received by one to whom the psychic world is opening as a sphere of living and actual reality, come as a series of severe electric shocks to those who have been prisoners of substance in a world of material objects. "The psychic world" appears no summer-land of sentimental aspect and romantic experience, in the ordinary sense of the word "romantic," that which is opposed to reality. The wildest romance is abundant within the psychic world, but all is one remove nearer to reality than the psychical world of shadows, solemn, solid, self-consequential, yet pathetically removed from the world of reality as the wire-pulled marionette on the puppet-stage!

Complete psychic-development is not necessary, however, before the neophyte comes within the zone of auric emanations. No human being is entirely impervious to atmospheric influence. They may set themselves against it, enclosing themselves within cast-iron shells of reserve or personal self-sufficiency, deliberately hardening and contracting their subtle bodies, often un-

consciously opposing themselves to "precious influences;" building high walls of rubbish and rubble, lest the sun might shine upon them, and thaw that which they prefer to keep frozen and inaccessible.

The other extreme is found in the type of man who is "unstable as water," driven about by every wind of vain doctrine." The elements of air and water are naturally those most subject to atmospheric contagion. The vitality and "positiveness" of fire, and the comparative inertia and stability of earth, protect them, to a certain extent. Hence we have the spectacle of a man with good abilities, even marked originality, becoming a wastrel, "going to the dogs," because when in unsuitable atmospheric influence he responds to it, prey of constant processes of disastrous and destructive self-disintegration, literally "giving himself away," *breaking up* because he cannot stand against the iconoclastic force and fury of strong, impure, personal magnetism.

Again, there is another and a beautiful variety of species. They who can verily touch pitch without being defiled. Doubtless we all know one or two of these kings of the earth, royal rulers over substance. They can go anywhere, do anything, descend to the depths, ascend to the heights; at home everywhere, stationary nowhere (so far as human perceptions go—their roots are ethereal). If they come into any assemblage, however mixed, there is no awkward silence, no direct awe (for these stars permeate rather than dominate the atmosphere), yet in some strange unaccountable manner, the tone of the group becomes insensibly raised; the foul story dies unfinished, the coarse gibe remains unuttered, and those even who came to wallow, remain to revel, a distinct advance on the Aphrodisian path!

Again, there are those who bear the soul of solitude within their breasts, whose auric emanations resemble those of "the lofty peaks" which "but to the stars are known," who are surrounded with vibrations set to some strange magic rhythm of natural isolation. They stand like islands, seas foam and fret around them, yet no landing-place is visible. It needs no supernatural powers to feel and to differentiate thus roughly and generally the various groups and types of emanations. True magic, white wisdom, begins when we learn by intelligence, discovery, and experiment, how to reproduce in ourselves the emanations we *choose* to produce and exhale, in contradistinction to those thrown off by mere animal consciousness. Here is the beginning of free-will and of freedom.

Also, we learn how to polarize and attune ourselves, so that we may companion some lonely souls who are not wrapt in solitude by choice, but by some strange fateful necessity, which we can over-ride by knowledge, power, and love. Not only this, but we can make ourselves immune to any atmospheric-auric poisons—we need neither be stultified by our neighbours' inertia, (nothing is more contagious than the inertia of mediocrity, that of the great majority, who know neither deep thought nor keen feeling) nor corrupted by his sensuality

No "high-falutin" so-called "occult knowledge" is necessary for this psychic reconstructive work.

Nothing but strength of will, average intelligence, and intensive culture of whatsoever things are pure, lovely, etc. The old familiar adage, "As a man thinks so is he," is proved by all who have any psychic vision, hearing, or perception. *Initiative, energy, concentration, persistence, perseverance*, and we can people the world of our own

psychic emanations with living forms of spiritual creation, and modify the forms in the psychic world around us.

Some of the methods of work may be indicated in another article; but this is sufficient to open the gate of reconstruction to him whose hand is on the latch.

Phrenological Reading of Mr. Lloyd George.

By J. MILLOTT SEVERN, F.B.P.S., Brighton.

The following phrenological sketch of our new Prime Minister was printed and published in April, 1903, and will be of interest to-day as having been somewhat prophetic. Mr. Severn, in November 1909, had another personal interview with Mr. Lloyd George, when he discovered that, during the interval of seven or eight years, his head had increased in circumferential measurement from being nearly 23 inches to 23½ inches, and that the increased development was particularly shown in the intellectual lobes.

"THERE is nothing speculative in saying that Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., is a genius of a very high order; the size and formation of his head and texture of organisation decidedly indicate it. Whatever his achievements up to the present may be, they give but an inadequate idea of the extent of his capabilities. Recognised political leaders will have to look to their laurels if they would hold their own beside a mind so colossal in its power and far-reaching in scope and breadth of intellect. Health permitting, he has, without doubt, an important and great future before him.

"His head is large, being nearly 23 inches in circumference around the Perceptives; length, 7-10ths; width at Executiveness, 6 2-10ths; at Ideality, 6 inches. It is high and broad in the frontal regions. There is no show of weakness in any group of organs. A great factor, too, in the manifestation of his intellectual powers, is his high-toned quality of organisation. His temperament is highly nervous, but fibrous. His mind is exceedingly active; his constitution fairly durable, yet he needs to economise his physical powers. The great activity of his mind results in considerable strain on the physical constitution; thus there is much liability to over-do.

"Mr. Lloyd George is a typical Welshman, possessing a high order of intelligence. He is exceedingly thoughtful, reflective, studious, poetic, musical, social, domestic, sensitive, suave and adaptable; but practical, lawyer-like, shrewd and intuitive; has a marked sense of humour, keen discriminative judgment, an exceedingly comprehensive mind, and great powers of expression. His social, domestic, and aspiring groups of organs are strongly represented. He is very friendly, warm-hearted and affectionate; particularly fond of home, and of children, animals and pets; is exceedingly sensitive and aspiring; has much sense of propriety, without being in any way formal or conventional. Has well-marked ambitions; fairly good control over his feelings; is confident, though not largely endowed with self-esteem. Has courage and enthusiasm to push forward and maintain what he feels to be just and right, and he is naturally very progressive.

"His moral organs, especially Benevolence, Conscientiousness and Spirituality, are strongly developed. He is broad in his religious views as in other matters. He is very benevolent, generous-minded, sympathetic, and possesses a strong sense of justice.

"Powerful as his other qualities are, the great strength of his brain is manifest, especially in the frontal or intellectual lobes. His broad, high and massive forehead—(large Causality, Comparison, Human Nature, Mirthfulness, Constructiveness, Ideality, Language and Agreeableness)—is indicative of a broad comprehensive mind, an exceedingly capable intellect, liberal views, great planning, organising and reasoning powers, critical acumen, constructive, creative and inventive genius; a powerful sense of humour, keen intuitive perception, remarkable scope of mind, poetic sentiment, literary ability, a high endowment of imagination and mental resourcefulness combined with very practical qualities of mind, and a very alert, earnest, enthusiastic, and impressional nature.

"He has large Language, giving him fluency of verbal expression; and he has on the whole a remarkably good memory. Like the majority of the Welsh he is strongly endowed with the qualities of music and poetry. His love of perfection, and of whatever is beautiful in nature and art is striking, and he is an excellent reader of character.

"He is moderately hopeful and optimistic. Has well-developed Firmness, giving perseverance, stability and adherence to principles. Has a fair endowment of Concentrativeness, yet is active, restless, go-ahead, and able to attend to many matters following in quick succession without becoming confused. He has much intensity of action, combined with great mental and physical energy. The width of his head above and behind the ears gives him great executiveness of purpose, forcefulness, courage, diplomacy and power of endurance. Though quite open-minded, candid and sincere, yet he is exceedingly cautious, judicious, tactful and prudent.

"Mr. Lloyd George is a statesman, public speaker, lawyer and writer, endowed with exceptional mental powers, originality, comprehensiveness of mind, breadth of understanding, a high moral tone, eloquence, wit, executiveness, and practical common-sense judgment. In carrying out his mind's powers to the fullest, he is capable of exerting an extended influence, highly beneficial to his fellow-men in the progressive welfare of mankind."



I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material and making it a prison wall, passes beyond to its Author, and finds in the radiant Signatures, which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit helps to its own spiritual enlargement.—*William Ellery Channing.*

Let us grow out of the sordid idea that because we do someone a favour or render him a service, he is thereby under some transcendent obligation to us. Let us recognise the truth—that it is we who are obliged if he will permit us to do him a favour. Why, to serve is gladness. "He that is greatest among you let him be your servant."—*Lilian Whiting.*

The Law of Influence.

MAN'S INFLUENCE OVER MEN.

By LEWIS FIRTH.

WHATEVER doubts exist in the mind of my readers respecting the evidence for the law, in its power to cause organic changes through the mind of either plant, animal or man, no doubt sullies my view. In its place a conviction of the truth for which I am contending grows brighter and stronger as the sun of knowledge rises above the mists of ignorance, towards the fuller noonday of truth's new dawning light.

The earth-mother, Nature, is a womb from which influences circulate like oceans or air-currents, giving rise to wonder in man, as he responds to her life-directing powers, and is the primal atmosphere out of which civilisation takes its rise. We are so hedged around with formulæ—scientific, religious and social—that we dare not leave the beaten track and express that which we often feel to be intuitively true. We are often familiar with such truths enshrined in poetry; but prose!—who dares to express such unpopular views in cold logical prose?

The province we are to enter, where man's influence over men can be observed and felt, has only in part been scientifically determined; a doubt exists here as elsewhere. The particular doubt I have in mind is cast by "classic science" upon influences emanating from a sphere of mind which lies below, and beyond, the threshold of normal consciousness.

Man is largely unconscious of the influence he carries with him, wherever he moves, acts, thinks and feels; and in return he yields to influences which mould his character sub-consciously. It is this sub-conscious influence which plays so vital a part in inhibiting or neutralising conscious acts, and determines ultimately the road we shall travel, and the kind and quality of experiences we are to meet. It is in this vast and unexplored region of outlying fields of Psyche, that the key to the formation of individual and national character is to be found.

The national character possesses an atmosphere wholly its own, and it would almost suggest the existence of a "World-Soul" which broods over her offspring, encircling them with influences which determine up to a given point the amount of freedom possessed within the national soul.

The atmosphere of a man, not unlike that of the earth, is in constant flux. His moods, desires, and ideals, influence everyone he comes into daily association with. The strong personality is felt by everyone. But behind what is popularly called "personality" is the key to the whole problem of human influence. Personality is only a fraction of the potentialities of individuality, which is the real inner ego, the cause of whatever enters into one's life, as well as the influence which mars or assists everyone within the radius of man's limitation.

From the cradle to the grave is one long story of man's influence over his fellows; and our standard of measurement of one's worth is found in that excellent word "behaviour." The moral behaviour of a nurse, *i.e.*, the kind of influence she exerts over her nursery, is known by the behaviour of those children under her care. Many children suffer in later life through a perverted

imagination, which reflects the moral perversion of a nurse's influence in early training. The value of influence is not in what one says or does, although important, but lies within the sphere of desires and thoughts which are suppressed, due to an external environment of formalism to make believe.

The story does not end in a riotous imagination, or in suppressed desires, for the world is indebted to those nurses and mothers whose influence was pure, virtuous, and unselfish; and which again is reflected in the behaviour—disciplined, considerate and morally-conscious of the influence they exert, through wise training, wherever and whenever they act.

The value of home life, and its influence for good or ill, is not wholly due to example, but is more often due to thoughts, emotions, and feelings which are suppressed before children, and yet are most potent influences determining the future behaviour of our offspring.

Can children feel our thoughts and emotions, which we always suppress before them? Certainly they can. A study of the human aura will help to give a solution of the problem of human influence. Each person is surrounded by an atmosphere more attenuated than the film of a soap bubble. Like the soap-film, which displays in changing colour the sun's alchemy, our atmosphere displays in glowing colours the influence not only of the light which streams outward from the inward soul, but reflects secondary colours, *i.e.*, influences from the external environment of those in daily communion with us, in the workshop or home.

There are many sensitives who can feel what others are thinking about them. You may call it intuition; it is more often aural reading. The psychic touch is diffused through the whole system, and its phenomena are more universal than those of any other faculty of Psyche. Therefore, such individuals can feel the quality of influence exerted by others, and if morally well poised can exert in return a transforming and beneficial influence over others.

Only yesterday I received a letter from a friend who is engaged in his spare moments with magnetic and spiritual healing, informing me that he has only recently discovered that he draws out, when magnetising, the influence of each person, and he knows immediately the moral life they are living. Also, which is very commendable, he now consciously draws out the lower influences, and endeavours to transform and direct them into a channel of service, with beneficial results.

The secret of power lies in the consciousness that we can exert at will an influence for good, without the medium of either action or words. The behaviour of an individual before his friends is no more the perfect key to an understanding of his character than any other of the many keys we are familiar with. The loose morality, the ethics of a business training, and the worship and power of Moloch and Mammon, are factors which have trained men to so use their influence that the majority of their actions and language conceal, more than they reveal, their true inner life.

(To be continued.)

The International Psychic Gazette

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24a, Regent Street, London, S.W.

“Looking for George!”

GENTLE Reader, can you by any chance guess the subtle meaning underlying these three simple words? We must tell you what they denote, for you, who have probably been touched—as most men and women, and youths and maidens, and little children, are at present—by the death in battle of a son, husband, father, or lover, could never guess it. They are a Parody of the World's Woe, a Mockery of Sorrowing Hearts, a Derision of Straining Eyes looking towards the Unseen Beyond for some sign that their dear ones are not lost to them for ever!

Who can be so blind and deaf as not to be aware that the universal cry from the homes of this war-stricken world is just the same—though sobbed out in a variety of tongues: the simple poignant heart-broken wail—“Where is my Boy?—my Father, my Husband, my Brother, my Lover? Where is he? I am sore bereft! Give me news of him! Some sign that he lives, some assurance that all is well with him. At times I feel dimly conscious that he is near to me, and knows my emptiness and woe; but that may be a mere dream, a vain imagination. But, oh, to know!”

This is a natural desire, and a healthy-minded longing, for the bonds of flesh and blood are strong, and when they are wrenched asunder the wounds are very, very deep. Is there any possible salve for them? Is there any balm in Gilead? Any real solace for such sorrow? Or is there no hope, no certainty? Nothing but doubt, and perplexity, and misery, and grief, that time alone will soften?

Now, who can answer this human cry from millions of broken hearts? Assuredly not the PRESS. With all its vast power and resources the utmost it can do is to print the name of your beloved in small type among “the list of killed.” And that is all!

Can the CHURCH do better? No, for even when its priests are “mighty in the Scriptures,” and one might hope that they of all men can surely unfold the mystery of the life beyond, they can only reply—“My dear sorrowing one, would to God I could tell you; but Death, you know, is a bourne from which no traveller returneth, so no one knows what lies beyond its Vale. Your son has fought his fight, and must rest in his grave until the world to an end shall come. After the resurrection and the judgment, perhaps you may meet. I can tell you no more!”

Poor sorrowing bereft world indeed, if it could look nowhere else for light and comfort than to Pulpit and Press! It might well sit down in sackcloth and ashes and weep till all the seas of its grief run dry!

But, thank heaven, the world has not been left comfortless! “I am The Resurrection and The Life” still blesses the world by his comforting assurance—“Thy son was dead, and is alive.” And not only He, but the great Seers of all time have known the blessed truth that “There is no death; what seems so is Transition.” Socrates knew it. That poor benighted pre-Christian pagan, as some regard him, said just before his death—“Bury my body where you like, but catch me if you can, for when I leave you I go to join the blessed immortals.” He was not going

to lie in any grave. He, as a highly-developed psychic, knew the truth; for he had frequent communion with the world beyond, that same communion which is known by many sensitives to-day, that communion the reality of which is being daily demonstrated in our midst, and whose certainty has been scientifically established even by materialistic researchers.

Now this true and blessed privilege has only been conveyed by God to men in one way—by His gift to some mortals of eyes to see, and ears to hear, beyond the limits that can be cognised by the physical senses. These persons possess psychic or soul senses which can and do cognise the immaterial, the etherial, the spiritual phenomena of this world, which are not less real than the material manifestations which so wholly engross us. These persons are living links between this world and the next, for they are endowed with senses belonging to both. They can and do see the spiritual presences which accompany and surround us.

To such initiates in other-world knowledge and comfort mourning mothers and wives and sisters and fathers and brothers have readily resorted in the hope of getting into communication with their warrior dead. And they have not gone in vain. In innumerable cases the sting of death has been removed, and their mourning has been turned into joy. They have found their boys (as Sir Oliver Lodge did) and conversed with them. Their desolation is no longer overwhelming, their hopelessness no longer paralysing. Multitudes have thus during the war discovered that this world and the next are not divided by wide spaces or æons of time, but that they are closely and sympathetically intermingled.

It is in these circumstances that the *Daily Mail* has sent out its “special correspondent” to “Look for George!” Of course there is no “George” and never was one. He is a mythical entity who is dimly imagined as existing nowhere, and is set up as a typical representative of the spirits of slain soldiers who are now in the Beyond! So this jocular “special correspondent” of the *Mail* goes forth on his high-souled expedition to mimic the mourners in their quest for their departed, simulating their sorrow, and pretending that he also is among the distressed. In keeping with the character of his mission he has ridiculed some of our most valued and highly respected missionaries of immortality, and he has caricatured them so scurrilously that no resemblance to these mediums or their modes of expression is recognisable.

If the *Daily Mail* had any interest in the problem of what happens to men after death, or wanted to ascertain whether communication with them is possible, it might have known that a “man with a muck rake” is not the kind of person to find the truth of the matter, which is far more precious than much fine gold; but having sent out its imitation mourner it cannot complain if he has only brought back to it stuff that degrades its pages and grievously misreads the spirit of the times. To mock the sorrowing, whose natural feelings ought to be sacredly respected by all men of good feeling, and to satirise and slander the only channels of solace open to them in their desolation, may seem to the *Mail* a smart journalistic feat that will give it a certain kudos with the baser sort and the police, but we are much mistaken if it will enhance for it the esteem of its respectable readers. In our view the *Daily Mail* has on this occasion made a most “TRAGIC BLUNDER,” which will not soon be forgotten.

J. L.

Religion after the War.

REQUIRED: A FRESH PRESENTATION OF THE CASE.

By the REV. C. L. TWEEDALE, Vicar of Weston, Yorks.

The following article by the Vicar of Weston, a clergyman who has bravely weathered the storms of persecution because of his loyalty to the truth of Spiritualism, is a weighty appeal to Church and People to set their house in order, if organised Religion is still to maintain its influence and authority in the life and thought of the world.

THE air is full of speculations as to what will be the status of religion after the war.

One of our bishops has said that the men who return will require "a religion without frills," while in all quarters it seems to be realised that changes are at hand. That this is the case will be patent to all who have studied the matter carefully, and who are in any way conversant with the progress of Psychological Research. Not only will the men who return require a religion which gets down to the bedrock of reality, but those at home will require the same, and the demand will become insistent.

Should the Church fail to satisfy this demand she must not be surprised to find her influence on the wane. On all hands, both in the Anglican and Non-conformist churches, we hear the lament as to decreasing attention to religious observances and increasing indifference. It is a thing acknowledged. There must be a cause. Probably there are several, but the chief of them all is undoubtedly the fact that in these days of exact knowledge and modern scientific education, there is an increasing feeling abroad, that apart from the mere presentation of the moral code, the religious teaching of the present day is largely nebulous and unreal. Advancing knowledge, accustomed to statements of fact, turns wearily away from vagueness and unreality.

I submit that the Church of the present day is labouring under several fundamental errors, which are the source of her present weakness, which weakness will continue until she casts these errors aside. The first great error is her insistence on the *internal* witness of the Spirit (Rom. VIII., 16) to the reality of the Spirit-world, while she totally rejects any *external* witness for the existence of the Spirit-world occurring in modern times. The result is that the modern Church relies mainly for the evidence of the Spirit-world and spiritual experiences, upon mere emotionalism, or mental states, which for aught she can prove to the contrary, may be purely *subjective*.

This is a *fatal* error, for the modern Church thus

cuts herself off from the possibility of effective proof of the reality of that Spirit-world in which she constantly professes to believe, but of which under her present *regime*, she is totally unable to give any demonstration. Christ did not commit this great error, for knowing full well that the external and physical phenomena are necessary to prove that the Spirit-world is an objective reality, He not only commended the internal witness, but constantly referred to and used the *external* witness of apparitions, visions, voices and various physical phenomena throughout his earthly career, and still continued to use them in manifestations to his followers after his Crucifixion.

The external witness of apparitions, voices, visions and various physical phenomena was also constantly in evidence in the lives of the Apostles and the members of the early Church.

It is futile for the modern Church to say, as she does, that the external witness of the Spirit was given 2000 years ago, and has now ceased because it is no longer needed; even as it is futile for her to profess to believe and receive the external witness of a past age, while she steadily rejects it in these modern times. If the external witness is no longer in evidence in the Church, it is because of the Church's deliberate neglect of the same. The need to-day is as great as ever, in view of the world's advancing knowledge of the material Universe. The Church having lost

the external witness, through long ages of neglect, takes refuge in the statement that "these things do not happen now; the day of miracles is past and revelation is closed," all of which statement is as false as it is paltry.

The second great error, the persistence in which is in a large measure due to the first, is the utterly false notion that the mortal body of a man will be raised again at the Last Day, and that until that event there is no life of active existence connected with any effective and real body. Of course, I am aware that the Church is supposed to have some notion of the Intermediate State, but this is of a very hazy description, and merely sets forth the idea of a state of repose, in which the soul remains until it shall again be joined to the mortal body, after the lapse of ages, in the general Resurrection at the Last Day. This doctrine is constantly set forth in books, sermons and hymns.

Such hymns as Nos. 401 and 499 *Ancient &*



Rev. C. L. Tweedale.

Modern, teach and perpetuate this error of the Church in all its crudity:—

401. Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection Day.

499. On the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again.

If this means anything at all it spells ages of sleep, ages of separation from loved ones, until the general Resurrection in the Last Day. How long this will be the Church cannot inform any inquirer, because she does not know. The statements and doctrine set forth in these hymns are utterly false from beginning to end. The Church's doctrine of the Resurrection of the Flesh is a fundamental error, based on an imperfect understanding of the phenomena, excusable in early days, but no longer excusable in these days of advanced knowledge. The time is quickly coming when no well-educated man will be ABLE to believe in the Resurrection of the Flesh. The facts will not allow him to do so. The wonderful appearances of the Christ, after His crucifixion and "death," were materialisation phenomena pure and simple, the materialisation of the spiritual body of the Christ.

The spiritual body, which is a real and effectual body, capable of entering into relations with matter, and carrying human personality, is automatically freed at "death," and the person usually becomes fully conscious of the new life, on or about the third day. People do not sleep or repose or remain apart from a definite body, for ages. Let the bereaved take heart; their loved ones are not very far away, and reunion after death is usually speedy.

It would scarcely be possible to put together a series of statements concerning the state of the departed, which could be further away from the truth than those set forth in the above-mentioned utterly deplorable hymns, which embody the teaching of the Church in the present day. The harm they do is incalculable.

The third great error of the modern Church, the idea that communication between mortals and the departed does not take place in these days, is the direct outcome of the second. A Church which holds that the departed are "asleep" has evidently no room for a practical belief in the Communion of Saints. The Communion of Saints is a dead letter in the modern churches, although the Episcopal Churches profess their faith in it every time the Creed is recited. During the last forty years abundant evidence has come to us proving the immediate resurrection of the spiritual body, the non-resurrection of the material body, the survival of human personality, and the practical possibility of communication between the two states of consciousness, the Communion of Saints having been demonstrated as a fact.

This evidence is as convincing as anything that can be found in Scripture, and is manifestly of the same nature. In some respects it is more convincing, for it is backed not merely by naked eye observations, but by photography and self-recording instruments. This evidence has not come from the Church, as it should have come; nor has it come from the ministers of the Church, with one or two exceptions, but from the psychic and the scientist. In this fact the modern Church is not singular, for when the Christ came, bringing in his own person the demonstration of the survival of human personality after death, with the accompaniment of his wondrous life and sublime teaching, the new access of light did not come from within the Jewish Church, but from without. To-day

the evidence is backed by a long array of names of the most eminent scientists that the word has known, while there is a voluminous literature connected with and embodying it.

The Church is face to face with facts which simply annihilate the three great errors which at present weigh her down. It is idle for her to cry, as she does, that revelation is closed, and that the external witness having been given 2000 years ago is no longer needed, as idle as it would be for the scientist to say that succeeding generations need no verification, or demonstration, of previously ascertained scientific truths. It is idle for her to cry that the modern external evidences of the reality of the Spirit-world are mere hallucinations of the senses, and that modern investigators are hallucinated. If these things are hallucinations to-day, what proof has the Church that the prophets and all the holy men of old were not hallucinated? She has not a scrap.

It is idle for the Church to raise the Devil cry, as she vainly does, and say that modern external evidences of the Spirit-world are devil-impersonations and deceits, for if this be the case what proof has the modern Church that the appearances to the Prophets, and the appearances of the arisen Christ to the Apostles, were not the tricks of impersonating devils? Again she has not a scrap.

In vain also does the Church maintain that it is unlawful and wicked to enter into communication with the Spirit-world, in face of the example and precept of prophet and apostle, contained in Daniel ix., verses 3 and 20-23, and x., verses 3 and 12, where the great prophet is shown engaged in doing the very thing that the Church seeks to condemn; and in 1 John iv., 1, where the apostle bids us to "try the spirits"; or of Revelation i., 10, where the Apostle, being "in the spirit on the Lord's day," receives a great revelation. The Church of to-day cannot condemn modern psychic investigation without condemning the Christ, the Apostles, the Prophets, and all the holy men of old who have been since the world began.

The Church is face to face with a whole range of facts which can no longer be successfully ignored or denied, and which will exert a profound influence on the religion of the future. Let her face the facts bravely and honestly. She has little to lose and much to gain. There is nothing greater than truth. Let the truth prevail. She has, and will retain, the essentials, but will be compelled to modify the details, and under the pressure of advancing knowledge, to let fall away as erroneous, things which she has cherished as true. This has happened before, and the gain has been great every time. Revelation is a continuous process, and is not confined to any one age of the world's history.

Just so long as the Church of these days excludes from her evidences the external witness of the Spirit, she will be like a person deprived of the use of a limb and will remain crippled and helpless. Why should the external witness to the great truths of the Spirit-world, of Man's Survival after Death, and of the Communion of Saints, come entirely from outside the official Church, and, with one or two exceptions, entirely from outside the ministry of the Church, as it does to-day? Let the Church take her courage in both hands, and claim her ancient gifts. Why should she not establish a modern School of the Prophets, for the cultivation of the psychic gifts? Her clergy would then not merely be able to talk about the Spirit-world, but would also have the power to demonstrate it, and a vista of new life and usefulness would open out before her.

Linking Two Worlds.

By H. ERNEST HUNT.

The following inspiring address was delivered at the "Thursday Afternoon" meeting of the W. T. Stead Bureau, on December 7.

IT is a sad battered old world we look around on to-day. We see the world in a state of chaos: the old landmarks have toppled about our ears, the old order is changing, giving place to the new; and God is fulfilling Himself in many ways. The old ideas of religion are proving inadequate to the needs of the day, and we see on bookstalls, works with such titles as "Is God Dead?" or "Has Religion Failed?" But we also discern a new spirit creeping into our hearts, and altering our lives; and we look forward to the time when there will be a new Religion of the World. In that we look forward to Spiritualism playing a very real and prominent part, for the gospel of The Spirit is the one thing that can regenerate humanity, make the crooked straight, and make this old world a happy place to live in.

Spiritualism is so exceedingly reasonable. People's conceptions of things vary with the evidence of their senses. In the lowest forms of life, there are organisms which are practically nothing but stomachs, and these have only two sensations—hunger and satisfaction. That is their world, a very simple world, in which they know nothing of hopes or fears, joys or sorrows, because they have no senses by which to apprehend them. Then the animal in the jungle—what can he know of the higher civilisation? The domestic animals have a larger world, because they come into touch with humanity, but their world is still limited. Then take the blind man. The beauties of the universe do not exist for him. So far as he is concerned they are not there, for he has no sense by which to respond to them. So with the deaf man, he misses the whole world of sound.

On the other hand, the world grows bigger and wider in proportion as our senses are developed or increased. The Materialist admits the existence of nothing beyond the limits of his five senses, but persons familiar with psychic work and Spiritualistic phenomena are beginning to see that the process of growing and expansion is still going on, and we begin to have evidence of the awakening of other senses beyond the five familiar to us. We are getting the first glimmers of a psychic awakening. By clairvoyance and psychometry people are sensing finer things, and these psychical faculties are much more common to-day than many would suppose, though doctors sometimes regard them as mere mental aberrations.

Now the main point of Spiritualism that I see is this. First of all, it demonstrates for us the fact of the continuity of existence after death. That stands by itself as the great central fact. But there is a most important fact to be deduced from it, namely that we are not only spirits later, but that we are spirits now. We are all spirits, using bodies for the time being. You do not see me, while I speak to you. What you see is eleven-twelfths clothes and one-twelfth hands and face. But I, the thinker, am inside this body, and am now using it to talk to you, not your bodies but your spirits. St. Paul said—"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body"; not, there will be a spiritual body; and modern science is backing him up in every way. There is so close a partnership between the natural

and the spiritual body that practically speaking they are one. But that partnership can be temporarily dissolved. We can be "beside ourselves" metaphorically and literally. When the dentist gives gas, the effect is to partially drive the spirit out of its natural body, but it comes back again because the connection has not been wholly severed.

Now, realising that we are spirits, how many of us live as if we were? By attending so completely to the physical, we have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. We should realise that the people we are working with and living with are also spirits inhabiting bodies, spirits first and foremost, just as we are. It is the body that separates us, but we are linked together as spirits. If death comes to me the body is taken away, but my spirit will live and continue as an influence as much as it was while in the body. That knowledge takes the sting from death. If two people are sympathetically attuned, if their two thoughts are one, that bond of affection holds right away through death. And if we regard those whom we love as spirits now, while we have them with us, then death is not a separation to us, as it seems to other people whose minds are fixed upon the bodily expression. To such people death is indeed a robber. But to us it is a liberator, freeing us from the thousand things that hamper, freeing us that we may realise to the full the joy of Spiritual Communion.

But you may ask—Why is it I do not know all about this Spirit-world I am already living in? The answer is that the subconscious mind which apprehends spiritual things is below the level of the ordinary workaday consciousness. The working connection between the subconscious mind and the conscious mind is not always very complete. You get little promptings from the subconscious coming up to you, but often they cannot get through because you are driving your thoughts so hard that you do not give yourselves time to "Be still, and know—." We keep the worry of our existence going for sixteen hours a day, or we wrap ourselves up in our black grief so that the delicate and loving promptings from the Spirit-world are lost to us. We should allow a little time for meditation and quiet concentration each day so that the better, greater, spiritual part of us may affect our ordinary consciousness.

Do you wish to spiritualise your self, so that you can live more really as a spirit? Then use your own volition to refine your body, so that it may respond more easily to the spiritual influences. Pay great attention to your health, for health, wholeness, and holiness are closely allied. To be healthy you must be holy, and to be holy you must be healthy, and to be spiritual you must be both. Tune your health up so that your body may become a responsive instrument.

Your thoughts have a tremendous influence on your body and on your spiritual development. You often see how the degraded type of thought coarsens the body, and renders it dull and inert, and therefore dead to spiritual things. But aspiring thoughts, pure thoughts, health-giving thoughts, kind, unselfish, loving thoughts, all tend to refine in a very real way the fibre of the body, and make it a finer and a fitter instrument. Take the old Spiritualist who has for long years

been living the unselfish life—as all Spiritualists to be true Spiritualists should—he looks fresh as a grown-up child, radiating happiness, and with thoughts so refined that those who meet him know he is tuned up high, and living in close touch with spiritual things; the man who has risen above the merely physical responds quickly to the finer influences of the Spirit.

The world has been deeply immersed in Materialism, or it would not be in the plight it is in to-day. It has lost its grip of the spirit, lost the true balance between matter and spirit. And the great lesson that comes to us to-day is that we must become more spiritual; the world must be spiritualised. We must learn to live as spirits in the two worlds at once, here and now. And it is for each person to make his own beginning for no one can do it for him. You are no Spiritualist until you have taken some steps along that road, even if you may have witnessed all the phenomena on the face of the globe. You are not a Spiritualist until you are actively living in both worlds at once. If you live a spiritual life you need not worry about material things. If you seek first the kingdom of God, by developing your spiritual faculties, then all necessary material things—money, clothing, and shelter—will assuredly be added to you. Yet people generally are so busy looking after money and material things that they have no time for the things that matter.

Let us then treat ourselves as rational spirits, and develop ourselves as such, and become more spiritual, more loving, kind, and gentle; rooted in the things that are eternal.



THE PASSING DAYS.

- “ Whence are they coming, the passing Days,
Stealthily into sight ? ”—
- “ One by one they are ushered in,
Out of the realms of night,
Through an eastern gate, that is held ajar
By Dawn, with her rosy light.”
- “ What are they bringing, the passing Days,
In their heavy-laden hands ? ”—
- “ Sword, and sorrow, and suffering.”—
- “ And what are their demands ? ”—
- “ Faith, and courage, and sacrifice,
And succour for stricken lands.”
- “ And whither wending, the passing Days,
Stealthily out of sight ? ”—
- “ They march, an army in single file,
Over the hills of night ;
With hope unquenched, and faith undimmed,
And tragic loads grown light.
- “ Silently out of the night they come,
Back, into night, they creep ;
And 'neath the weight of their burdens cast.
Sons of the empire sleep ;
And in the wake of their journeyings,
The mourners watch and weep.”
- “ What are they waiting for, weary souls,
By the roadside watching, tense,
Eagerly scanning each passing Day,
Sick with the sad suspense ? ”—
- “ They wait for Dawn to herald the Day
That shall carry Recompense.”

LILIAN HOLMES.

ARE YOU READY ?

Ready to catch the Master's voice,
Ready to answer “ Yes ! ”
Ready to help a heart rejoice,
Ready to share the stress.

Ready to face the thing we fear,
Ready to stand alone ;
Ready to wipe away a tear,
Ready to hush a moan.

Ready to stay—though life looks long,
Ready to wait the Word—
Ready to sing the earth a song,
Ready to hold its sword.

Ready to work, with little gain—
Ready to give the best—
Ready to meet the Spirit's pain,
Ready to be its guest.

Ready to learn from all around,
Ready to love—and know—
Ready to hear the trumpet's sound,
Ready to smile—and go.

H. M. UNDERWOOD.



THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE.

I Corinthians xiii.

- Though I speak with the tongue of an angel,
With words of sublimest ken,
It will be but the clang of a cymbal,
If I love not my fellow-men.
- Though I look through life's mystic glasses
And understand God's great plan,
Have faith to remove a mountain,
I am naught if I love not man.
- Though I give to the poor my substance,
My bones to a martyr's grave,
If my heart is from love withholden,
Not these can my blind soul save.
- Love suffereth long and is kindly,
Does not envy, with pride unsought,
Behaveth herself, and is seemly,
And thinketh no wicked thought ;
- Rejoiceth not in an evil,
But Truth in its inward part
Beareth, believeth all things
With hopeful enduring heart.
- Love in the soul never faileth
Though all things fade away,
For even if there be knowledge,
It all may vanish away.
- For blind are our eyes to God's meanings
And only a part we know,
But when the All Perfect cometh
The simplest part shall go.
- When a child, I had childish knowledge
But when I became a man
I put away childish learning
And understood more God's plan.
- For now through a glass seen darkly,
Like a shadow by sunlight thrown,
But then in a great Hereafter
I shall know as I now am known.
- And now there abideth solely
Faith, Hope, and Eternal Love,
Three, great as the Heaven above me,
But the greatest of these is Love.

H. A. W.

The Mystery and Meaning of the Trinity.

By HANSON G. HEY.

DUALITY also falls into a threefold division for purposes of manifestation, and thus the triad comes perforce into being.

It is obviously impossible to imagine, let alone to construct, a pair of opposites without the intervention of a middle factor, which connects while separating; which holds apart even when connecting. Cause and Effect are necessarily opposed by the very nature of things, yet bound together by their relation. You cannot conceive of existence without this opposition coming into play. Even the faculty of knowing something demands a trinity—the knower, the thing known, and the reaching out from the one to the other whereby it may be known.

The very hypostasis of Nature are three—Substance, Force, Consciousness. All known phenomena may be reduced into one or other, or a combination, of these, when tested analytically in the crucible of examination. In the mountain—Substance. In the whirlwind—Force. In the running river—Force and Substance. In man—Substance impelled by Force, consciously directed to a given end.

I am indebted to our arisen brother James Burns (than whom no more indefatigable worker has Spiritualism seen) for the following concise summary of the triads of different peoples, or the varied views of the Trinity held by different sects:—

Modern Spiritualism.	Discovery of Truth.	Diffusion of Truth.	Application of Truth to welfare of Humanity.
Gospel of Jesus.	Love of Self (Mind.)	Love of Neighbour (Soul).	Love of God (Heart).
Christian Trinity.	Father.	Son.	Holy Ghost.
Egyptian.	Osiris.	Isis.	Horus.
Hindu.	Brahma.	Siva.	Vishnu.
Masonic.	Apprentice.	Fellowcraft.	Master Mason.
Harmonial.	Body.	Soul.	Spirit.
Relative.	Natural.	Spiritual.	Celestial.
Mental.	Phenomena.	Intellectual.	Intuitional.
Conventional Nature.	God.	Human Souls.	Devil.
	Mineral.	Vegetable.	Animal.

These by no means exhaust the rich crop of Trinities evolved and worshipped by man at some time or other. The Zoroastrians believe that man walks through life between two spirits—Ormuzd and Ahriman, and that his destiny here and hereafter is decided by which of the two attains ascendancy over him. Which reminds one of the "Mortal Lot" as sung by Homer:

Two Urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most he mingles both; the wretch decreed
To taste the bad unmix'd is cursed indeed;
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught it dashed with care.

—Pope's *Homer's "Iliad."*

It has been well said that nothing can exist outside the Trinity of the Sacred Name. It is the synthetic and absolute formula to which all sciences trend. Aristotle is quoted by Ostrowski as giving the weight of his experience to the conclusion that the three are all.

The Unity principle according to the Kabbalists, is both the unity end of beings, and the unity end of things. It was represented in olden times in symbology by a dot in the centre of the circle, the dot being the symbol of Unity in the centre of Eternity. Thus may we conclude that Unity is the whole, and all created beings the integral

parts, just as man is the aggregate of the millions of molecules which compose his being.

But the Ego cannot realise itself save through its opposite, the Non Ego. This is the region of Duality, of the Binary, the image of Femininity. All the antithetic Dualities are proofs of this; you cannot realise Light without the reaction of Dark; the flow of the river without its corresponding ebb; the passive relative to the active; the Non-Ego to the Ego; woman to man; substance relatively to essence, life relatively to soul. But this very opposition, as before stated, brings into play the third factor—the affinity which exists between the two poles, and so the triad is made complete.

The Materialist has, in his cold matter-of-fact way, resolved all the Trinities into the formula—Matter, Motion, Time. All systems fall to the idea of—Cause, Means, Effect, theologically symbolised by—God, The Virgin, The Saviour. Taking the above list of Burns, looking through it we find the grand thought of the Hindoo standing out most prominently—Brahma, the creator, flooding all space with being; Siva, the destroyer, whose work of devastation is turned to good account by Vishnu, the preserver, who, out of seeming death and waste, preserves the continuity of things. A grand symbolic picture, and one which we all see in nature to be true. Just so the Egyptian Horus is periodically renewed, though his progenitor remains for ever stationary.

The Harmonial Trinity is the one we Spiritualists accept—(1) Body, the physical garment, the material sheath of being, the "muddy vesture of decay," whereby we are enabled to come into relationship with the material objects and gain terrestrial experience. The body is the substance, the outer part of the vessel, and is related to the essence, the immaterial part, by the hyphen connecting the two. This is (2) the Soul—the Spirit-body, the sheath of the essence which will be its body in the spirit spheres, and which will function there in relation to the Ego itself, precisely as the physical senses do here. Did not Paul say—"I have a physical body, and a spiritual body?" These things have been preached for thousands of years, and yet they are far from being generally accepted yet. And (3) the Spirit. This we conceive to be the Spirit Divine, that which came from the Absolute, and is part of the absolute, that which enables us to say, "I and my Father are one."

And this tripartite division of man demands a tripartite division of consciousness. It is all very well to argue, as followers of Sir W. Hamilton do, that there are but two states, the Conscious and the Unconscious. Descartes, the most renowned of all the Dualistic leaders, made that the logical issue in his famous dictum—"cogito ergo sum." But we Spiritualists assert that Being is, even when thinking is suspended, and that we may be consciously taking note of things even when the supposed seat of consciousness is quiescent. What I mean is this, that the Soul is not located in one spot, nor limited to the five senses, but is diffused through the whole system, and may take in sensations and impressions quite apart from the usual functioning of mentality. We, in essence, see with our skin, taste with our

fingers, and hear through every pore of our body ; we drink in sensations as with rapid strides we swing both arms, and legs along the busy street ; and because we are not mentally conscious of the fact, we think that all soul impressions are mind-made.

These three parts of our being may (nay do) often act independently of each other. The man who is beside himself with rage, the child prodigy, the man who is not himself, all show a disarrangement of the Harmonial Trinity temporarily. Who is not conscious of the frequency of the saying, " I see it in my mind's eye ? " and do we pay quite the attention it deserves, to the truth which it embodies? The architect sees his proudest edifice in full glory clearly outlined, ere yet one stone has been laid upon the other. This is a proof, if any were needed, that the soul of things precedes their material outline. In point of fact the whole of objectivity existed in subjectivity first, and by the reaching forth to things before, were grasped by the prescient ones, and materialised for us ; all that we see, all that we know, is as the hymn we often sing so truly says, " But reflection caught from God."

The mental trinity represents the progress of the inquirer into our Movement. First is he drawn by its phenomena ; these strike him as unique—he comes, and comes until satisfied with his tests. He settles down then to grapple with the intellectual pabulum Spiritualism offers him. And finally, he develops into the third and highest stage, Intuition, when he *feels* the nearness of his beloved ; when he is spiritually conscious of goodness, when his adorations depend for success, not on the brilliance of the lecture, but on his own frame of mind, when he receives intuitively his spirit's succour, by the influx into his being of the spiritual manna he has prepared himself for, by his own mode of life.

And now, the Trinity of Modern Spiritualism. First, the Discovery of Truth, we have all to search for ourselves, and in the search find happiness, discard nothing as trivial, or commonplace, or unimportant. Truth is unassuming ; it may adopt the humblest guise. Laugh not at the Spiritualistic phenomena, because of table tilts or raps. The greatest truths the world has discovered came by as simple means. The lifting of a kettle lid is quite as simple as a table's tilt, yet to that simple fact, not ignored, but reasoned out, we have the steam-engine, and all the wonderful achievements of commerce thereby opened out.

And the threefold division of all things is made manifest again in that the attributes of each of us are separate and distinct. Physically we are known by our personality. This melts away at death, to be replaced by our individuality, which we are consciously or unconsciously making daily. We shall be known there, in the after-life by our individuality, as we have been known here, in sensuous existence, by our personality. We cannot conceive of spirits conversing with each other, and describing others as tall, or short, or thickset, or thin ; it is too funny for words ; still we can imagine them describing others by means of their individuality.

And I believe firmly, that in higher spheres to come, as we diffuse ourselves more, and spread ourselves out from the particular and the isolated, toward the all-absorbing, we shall shed our individuality, we shall shed our soul sheath, and enter the All-embracing. Just as the myriad stars by evening glow, but fade away merged in

the golden effulgence of the sun by day, so shall we be swallowed up in the Light Divine, stars no longer, but part of the One Light. And when as the Prodigal Son, we come to ourselves in pure spirit, we come to our third state Identity. So we have the Trinity—

Physicality	Individuality	Spirituality.
Earthy	Soul State	Reality.

and their corresponding attributes :—

Personality	Individuality	Identity.
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Happy the man who by his life and thoughts can illumine the earthen jar of this state with the sunshine of the soul, and elevate his mentality by the refrains caught from the melody of the Spirit spheres.

O Thou, whom *threefold* might and splendour veil,
Maker, Preserver and Transformer hail !
 Thy gaze surveys this world from clime to clime,
 Thyself unmeasurable in space and time ;
 To no corrupt desires, no passions prone ;
 Unconquered, conqueror, infinite, unknown ;
 Though in one form Thou rulest by might divine,
 Still at Thy pleasure every form is Thine.
 Pure crystals thus prismatic hues assume
 As varying light and varying tints illumine ;
 Men think Thee absent ! Thou art ever near,
 Pitying those sorrows, which Thou ne'er canst fear.
 Unsordid penance Thou alone canst pay ;
 Unchanged, unchanging—old without decay ;
 Thou knowest all things—who Thy praise can state ?
 Createst all things—Thyself uncreate !

—From the Hindoo poem " Ramayami " (1200 B.C.)



WAR MEMORIAL HYMN.

LIFE—NOT DEATH.

There is no Death ; Those noble lives upon the
 battlefield
 So bravely given for King and Right, our Motherland
 to shield,
 Live now more truly than in life : this is a truth
 revealed.

There is no Death.

There is no Death ; 'Tis but a change ; promotion
 from this life
 To higher, fuller life and work ; safe from this worldly
 strife,
 Where human passions dim God's light, and battle
 storms are rife.

There is no Death.

There is no Death Our dearest ones are with us now
 and aye,
 For nought can sever Love from Love, it rests with us
 always ;
 Though unseen now, we'll see them in Eternity's
 bright day.

There is no Death.

There is no Death ; Thank God for that ; They're
 safe within His care,
 And with this thought to comfort us, we can all sorrow
 bear,
 Rememb'ring they are ever near, and we shall join
 them there

In Life,—not Death.

B. ROBERTSON.



A wise man should stand as firm as the promontory
 against which the waves are continually dashing, but
 which still remains unmoved and resists and composes
 the rage of the ocean that swells around it.—*Marcus
 Aurelius.*

The Meaning of Life.

LETTERS TO F. HESLOP FROM HER HUSBAND IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

The following is the sixth letter in the new series received inspirationally by the author of "Speaking across the Border Line."

YOU are often asked "What is the meaning of the life on earth? What is the use of it? To many people it is all sorrow, disappointment and distress, to others all disease and physical suffering, why are we here at all?"

Now the answer is: You are here to gain certain experiences necessary for the training of the spirit, and the development of the divine within you; and your life hereafter is determined by the way in which you have used this period of education. To understand the full meaning of life you must regard it as education.

The experiences of life are: first, the lessons God gives you to learn, and these are often difficult and painful, and then there is the suffering involved by breaking God's laws. By far the greater part of the pain and distress of life is the direct result of breaking these laws wilfully or ignorantly. Do not think that God is unjust because, when in ignorance, His laws are broken, suffering results. The child who puts his tiny hands into the blazing fire because he thinks it pretty, is burnt as badly as the older person who understands the dangers of fire. Ignorance does not prevent physical suffering, and you can trace this in all sections of society. The danger to the health and well-being of the community through ignorance of the laws of God in nature and in life is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to all reform. When you can arouse people to the dangers of dirt and impurity in their midst, you take the first step towards freeing many from disease and suffering. This is a big subject, but what I want to impress upon you is this, a God of love is not responsible for the horrors of your modern civilisation. Most of them are due to the direct breaking of His divine laws.

When a soul is born into your world he comes at once into contact with these broken laws and suffers accordingly. They might have a disastrous effect were it not that God utilises these things for the education of the Spirit.

Thus, when through these broken laws you are laid low, this period of retirement is used to teach you lessons of Patience, Fortitude, Gentleness and Love. The soul that learns these lessons rises from the sick-bed stronger and purified. Sometimes the experiences of life lead by the still waters and green pastures. If in this far more difficult school the spirit grows in grace and beauty, and wealth be used for others in acts of self-sacrifice and love, then again the real educational value of life has been achieved.

God places you at birth in the environment that is the best for the education of your own soul. No other being could do your own special work for you, and you could not do it anywhere else than where you are. This is God's special school for you, and when your earth training is over, He will ask, "How have you used all the joy and the sorrow, the pain and suffering, the happiness and the sadness? What have they made of you? Are you careless, hard, cruel, and unloving, or has this training made you tender, gentle, and full of the Divine Love?"

But the discipline of life will not raise a man to the highest of which he is capable, unless he

has realised through these things the love and sympathy of the Divine Christ, and has learnt to co-operate with Him in the salvation and redemption of his own soul. It is true that there are pure and lovely spirits who have learnt much through other teachers. They bear bravely the trials of life, and their natures have been sweetened under their influence. But, some day, in some sphere, they also will come under the direct influence of Jesus Christ, who will not only teach them, but infuse into them His own divine nature. "For unto Him every knee shall bow, every tongue confess that He is Lord."

Then you ask me "What becomes after death of all those who lead idle and careless lives?" God has many ways on this side in which the lessons which should have been learnt on earth are taught and acquired here, but one thing is certain—they *have* to be learnt either on earth, or here when the earth training has failed. Another thing is also certain—it is far easier to acquire this knowledge in the earth surroundings than on this side, just as it is easier for a child to receive the ground-work of education than for a man, when he tries to learn what was taught him vainly in his youth. It is for this reason that so many disembodied spirits return in their spirit bodies to earth, striving to understand from earthly teachers what they failed to learn when with you. But oh! the grief and distress of these poor souls when they wake up here and find what they have missed, and realise what their lives have really been! It is perfectly heartrending!

And what is the highest result of all this earth education? It is two-fold—to teach you how to serve through love, and to teach you that full, deep love is selfless, blending you with the God who is all Love. Paul knew this when he told the Corinthians that you might give all your goods to feed the poor, you might even give your body to be burnt—but "if you have not love, it profiteth nothing."

And so, my beloved, if you want in a few words to tell any one what this educational process of life is really intended to develop in them, say: "It is all given to teach you how to love, and how to serve through love." Not that sentimental, hysterical thing you often call love on earth, nor that animal passion and lustful desire that would ruin another life under the sacred name of love, but the love which the Divine Christ came to reveal by His life on earth—the love which led Him to die on Calvary—the love which is still seeking the lost until they are found—the love which inspires all the children of God, who, through the discipline of life, have passed into the sphere of the Christ while on earth, and will enter the Heavenly Sphere in all its glory and perfection when they come over to this side.



All the frictions, all the uncertainties, all the ills, the sufferings, the fears, the forebodings, the perplexities of life come to us, because we are out of harmony with the divine order of things. Rowing against the tide is hard and uncertain. To come into the conscious, vital realisation of our oneness with the Infinite Life and Power is to come into the current of this divine sequence.

—Ralph Waldo Trine.

Thoughts for the New Year.

By GRANDFATHER EVERETT.

Would'st thou go forth to bless,
Make sure of thine own ground ;
Fix well the centre first,
Then draw the circle round.

ON New Year's Eve, when the church bells are ringing the old year out and the new one in—when the town-clock strikes the hour of twelve and we have crossed the invisible line that separates one year from another—it is a common phrase and salutation to wish our friends and neighbours "A Happy New Year." Doubtless in most cases it is no empty phrase, but a sincere hearty desire of good-will toward those we thus salute. Now while thus greeting one another it may not be an unprofitable inquiry to ask ourselves what we really mean by this well-worn phrase.

Perhaps the most ardent desire in the human heart is to obtain in this life perfect and complete happiness; it is the coveted flower that each and all desire to pluck. And yet experience, reason, and human knowledge of every kind, tell us plainly that it is a vain pursuit, that perfect happiness in this life can never be found; for the highest and best we can possibly reach is only of short duration, and is marred by the prospect of death.

In a long life I have sometimes heard a friend exclaim "I am perfectly happy." Not willingly would I rob anyone of one grain of his happiness, but sometimes when I have heard that expression I have shrugged my shoulders and murmured to myself—"Perfectly happy, perfectly happy." Ah me! I have not yet reached that delightful altitude, but ideals differ, as do the minds that conceive them, and we know that perfect happiness here is only a vain expectation of deluded minds; we must wait till paradise lost is regained, and our souls are free to soar to loftier regions, before we can enter into the realms of the blessed.

The Great Author of our being never intended that men should find perfect happiness in their probationary state; but nevertheless we all may reach a very high degree of happiness if we only seek it the right way, get in the right path, and pursue the chief object of our being which is to "glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding." "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding."

The happiest man is he who daily holds intercourse with another world than this, and prays not only for himself but for his neighbours, and for the town or city where in the providence of God his lot is cast. Happy, because there is within him a hidden mysterious life which the world knows not of, nor can quite understand. Such a man is not only happy and blessed in himself, but is a blessing to others wherever he may reside. Such are the salt of the earth, preserving it from moral and spiritual corruption, and the lights of the world, illuminating its dark places; and, like Abraham of old, they stand in the gap that sin has made, holding back the sword of Divine justice. Virtue is strength, and the root of all real and permanent happiness. Therefore study and practice whatever is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, and you will gratify the highest powers of your nature.

True happiness can only come to us by some

hidden mysterious union with the God of all virtue and holiness. He who obeys the divine voice, walking reverently and humbly with Him, on that man a constant stream of heavenly light descends, and there are subtle and unseen forces which influence his thoughts and actions toward God and man; spiritual forces that subdue his passions, and thus produce in him the highest degree of happiness attainable in this world. He is happy because he is free from all tormenting fear concerning the events that await him in the present or future life; he is happy because he has no dread of to-morrow, old age, or death. He is fully persuaded that all events, great or small, concerning his life from the cradle to the grave, are in the wise and loving disposal of his Heavenly Father, who will make all things to work together for his good.

The happy man, then, is he who endeavours to live according to virtue and right reason, using all his faculties and all the powers of his complex nature in harmony with his knowledge of the Divine will. Such a man, though he may not reach perfect happiness here, can rejoice in the life that now is, notwithstanding its manifold sorrows, trials, and afflictions, knowing that he has an endless life, and that its present condition is of short duration. Such a man does not mourn over the poverty of his earthly estate, nor cling to its glittering dust, knowing that he has "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." He does not fear the frowns of his fellow-mortals, but he appreciates their goodwill, and is happy if he can serve them in any way, and increase their happiness. He lives above the arrows of envy and hatred, "a man on earth devoted to the skies," in the world, but not of it, and like St Paul "he has learned how to abound with humility, and how to suffer lack with tranquillity, and in whatsoever state therewith to be content."

Friends, if our love were perfect, our faith would also be perfect, and "perfect love casteth out fear." But, imperfect as we are, let us enter the unknown future with joyful hearts. We do not know what hills we may have to climb, what thorny paths we may have to tread, nor what stern battles we may have to fight within and without, before we reach complete happiness; but this we know, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and leaneth not on his own understanding," and this also we know, that "no weapon formed against him shall prosper, and no good thing will the Lord withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Hard and stern battles we may have to fight during the New Year, but it is a happy thought that no child of God is ever left to fight his battles alone. His unseen comrades are more numerous than ever entered into the mind of man to conceive. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to such as shall be heirs of glory." Yes, reader, and our invisible comrades know the will and purposes of our Lord better than we do, and will surely help us to gain a final victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Let us ever remember our unseen comrades when we are hard pressed, and cast our eyes beyond the immediate present to that eternal future when perfect and complete happiness shall be ours. Let us then be of good courage!

Colour-Thinking.

By ARTHUR BUTCHER.

COLOUR-thinking is not a familiar subject to most people. It is doubtful if a reference to it in ordinary conversation would be understood unless accompanied by an explanation of some kind. And yet it has formed the subject of numerous papers in technical publications, and has been frequently alluded to in current fiction by such writers as Rudyard Kipling, Richard Price, Richard Whiteing, Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, and others.

Colour-thinking has been closely studied by Continental and American psychologists, and Sir Francis Galton in this country devoted much time and labour to its investigation. Though not so attractive and important as some forms of psychic inquiry it is interesting because it indicates a striking departure from the normal, and offers, therefore, an inviting field for further research.

It is not easy to explain to a person who has not experienced anything of the kind what is really meant by colour-thinking. It must not be supposed that all the thoughts are coloured, and that the thinker's mental operations are performed in a kaleidoscope-like field of changing colours. The colourings are, as a rule, restricted to certain concepts, peculiar to the individual, and there is no recorded instance of their having extended to the mentality as a whole. The colour appears to be connected with the thought in much the same way that the voice of a person is sometimes subconsciously associated with his handwriting.

The conceptions most commonly coloured, according to D. F. Harris, M.D., D.Sc. (whose valuable paper upon "Colour-Thinking," in *Science Progress* for July, 1914, has been largely utilised for purposes of this article), are those for the vowels, the consonants, the months, the days, and the hours of the day. The vowel "a" has had the colours red, black, green, grey-white and white attributed to it; and the vowel "u" has been psychically coloured grey-white, yellow, black, brown, blue, and green, by as many different thinkers.

Sometimes whole words are seen coloured, and one colour-thinker was accustomed to divide all words into two great classes, the dark and the light—man, hill, night, horse, Rome and London being dark examples, while sea, child, silver, year, day and Cairo, were given as light; another colour-thinker associated numerals with cold and warm colours—the odd numbers being cold, the even, warm. Occasionally the colour concepts are appropriate, as when the word scarlet is scarlet, black, black, and white, white.

There does not appear to be any unanimity in the colour-thought in connection with any particular concept; the colour for Saturday having been variously given as white, yellow, steel-grey, crimson and brown. Some persons appear to have favourite colours with which they invest their pleasant thoughts, while their unpleasant thoughts are coloured with tints they dislike. One well known novelist, for no apparent reason, associated herself with blue, and another distinguished writer was liable to a feeling of brown, which at times was very distinct. There are other thinkers who associate a particular colour with their thoughts about a particular person.

Various forms of colour-mentation have been recorded in connection with mental processes involving the use of figures, some calculators visualising the figures as coloured against a dark background, while others saw them darkly outlined in luminous squares which merged the one into the other as the calculation proceeded. Sir Francis Galton, in his fascinating work "Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development," gives a plate of elaborately-coloured diagrams, taken from original drawings, supplied by the percipients, of examples of colour-thinking.

Here it may be pointed out that the linking of thought with colour is not the only instance of abnormal association. In the annals of psychology and elsewhere we find various "photisms"—as they are called—recorded, such as those of sound, taste, odour, touch, temperature, and pain. C. Stockley, in "The Dream Ship," tells of a boy for whom toothache was black, and rheumatism grey; and a writer in the *British Review* explains how the scent of hay was experienced by a lady in a picture gallery through her having become subconsciously aware of a picture of a hay-field placed at a considerable distance from her. Musicians seem to be particularly liable to colour visualisation in connection with musical sounds. But these variations are distinct from colour-thinking, as they are mainly concerned with sensations rather than colour concepts.

The symbolist poets of France, of whom Ghil Malarmé, Rimbaud, and Verlaine are examples, attach considerable importance to the significance of the colours associated with the vowels. It is not so much the sound of the vowel itself as the emotion or state of mind induced by the related colour that is valued. For them the vowel "a" is black, "e" white, "i" blue, "o" red, and "u" yellow. They also associate the sound of the organ with black, the harp with white, the violin with blue, the trumpet with red, and the flute with yellow.

It has been said that our colour sense as a nation is practically dormant, compared with that of the Japanese, the Indians, or even that of the Bulgarians or Spaniards. One writer, Mr. A. W. Rimington, author of "Colour in Music," has even gone so far as to state that a wide-spread refined colour-sense is of more importance to a nation than that of music. While it may be doubted if coloured music would ever be popular, it is significant that most persons derive great pleasure from a display of coloured lights, illuminated steam, fairy fountains, Bengal lights, and the like, which indicates a capacity to appreciate striking colour effects. It is curious, too, that while colour-thinking is an exceptional faculty or disability, confined to comparatively few persons, we have in common use a number of expressions, such as a black outlook, a black lie, a white lie, a black record, a grey life, a colourless life, which imply a tendency or inclination of the mind to link sensation to concept.

There does not appear to be any satisfactory explanation of colour-thinking. The very arbitrariness of the association defies theoretical analysis. Colour-thinkers are generally persons of superior intelligence. They belong to that group of persons who, as Galton says, visualise

or externalise their concepts in colour, and while they are not necessarily distinguished, they undoubtedly exhibit a greater sensibility and predisposition to introspection than is the case with their fellows. It has been suggested that the psychochromes are the result of childish impressions such as those made by a picture book or atlas printed in colours, but the survival of these childish sensations will explain but few of the best established instances of chromatic conception.

The characteristic features of colour-thinking are the early age at which the colour associations are formed, and their unchangeableness; the accidents of education seem unable to affect them. To this must be added the extreme definiteness of the psychochromes in the minds of their possessors. Galton and other inquirers have expressed surprise at the fastidious accuracy exhibited by percipients in describing their possessions. Then

there is the complete non-agreement between the various colours linked to the same concept by different thinkers. Another feature is their unaccountableness, as no colour-thinker seems able to explain how the association originated. Finally the capacity or condition appears to be an inherited one.

The question might reasonably be asked—Does the faculty for colour-thinking imply mental deficiency? The answer, according to those best qualified to express an opinion, is in the negative. Colour-thinkers are certainly abnormal, but they cannot be classed as mentally degenerate.

The subject is an obscure and perplexing one. It may be that colour-thinking is in some subtle way connected with those auric colours that clairvoyants subconsciously perceive surrounding individuals, and that its satisfactory explanation will involve a recognition and consideration of things pertaining to the spiritual.

Circle Work among the Unseen.

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

I WONDER how many Spiritualist circles realise the great and lasting work they might accomplish if they would devote a night a week for service on the unseen planes of life. Here indeed are fields "white unto harvest." Perchance many will say "there is enough to do in this world; leave the other to the angels"; but I want to point out how tremendously that other world affects this. This is a transition period in our planet's history, and wonderful things are happening on all planes. Speaking metaphorically, the veil is rent, the graves are being opened, and many are coming to resurrection and life.

I could tell stories, gathered in our own circle, of numbers of personalities who have, after passing from this life, lain dormant for ages, some in deep sleep, some in a state of nightmare dream, surrounded by multitudes who were slain. Amongst these are kings and emperors who savagely delighted in the misuse of their powers. But now the day has dawned for the awakening and release of many who have been bound in the hell-states, by chains of their own forging.

Then again there are those who held high the sceptre of power as spiritual leaders—popes and priests who were hypocrites. Oh, it is terrible to witness the agony of some of these earth-bound spirits, awakening to a realisation of their guilt, and now almost hopeless of ever attaining to freedom and light.

There are also other classes of transgressors of the laws of life, some who have sinned wilfully, some ignorantly; but all of these affect the earth-dwellers and their thoughts impinge upon the minds of us who walk the material plane, accentuating our own wishes and desires. For we are all members of one body, and it behoves us to realise that unless we are positive for good, we can be easily led in the opposite direction, through the action of the unseen spiritual forces. If, however, we make the choice of consciously allying ourselves with the powers of Good, and working in harmony with angel ministrants, then a great work can be done by us, and through us, on the astral planes.

Our spiritual teachers tell us that only of late has the state of humanity risen to the degree that

the angels can use at least some of its members as links between the higher states and the lower astral states, for many imprisoned spirits could neither hear the voice nor see the form of the angels, who would gladly minister to them—the gulf is too great.

For years now, our own circle has given itself to the service of the angels for this work, also some of the sitters consciously work on the unseen planes during sleep-life. The joy of such service is great. We realise that much has been given to us and of us much is required; we do not seek for tests now, though such often come to us unsought. Our desire is to serve, and the pleasure of conscious co-operation with heaven's messengers is our reward, as well as the thought of the sheaves and the garlands we know shall be waiting for us beyond the veil.

Some may think that this work is not sufficiently interesting, because it is done out of sight of the world, and without its acclamation. Upon this point a message from one of our unseen ministrants may give encouragement. He was speaking through the mediumship of "Light-bearer" of the two standpoints from which the work of the circle might be viewed, and said:—

"From the standpoint of earth, you are fools, dazed by imaginations, deceived by myths, occupying yourselves with nothings, teaching that which you do not know, missing all the pleasures of life, becoming incapable of enjoying your existence, shutting yourselves up from the world, and its amusements, and making yourselves conspicuous by your peculiar notions.

From the other standpoint, we see, among the dry bones of earth, Light, reflected from the heavens, which is giving life—even to the dwellers among the tombs and we see wave after wave of desire sent heavenward, and a reflecting out again of that which you receive from the angel-world. We look among the dark storm-tossed waves of earth's outer states, and behold a lighthouse with its light beaming forth upon the turmoil of waters. We view the troubled faces of multitudes who have encountered shipwreck in the storms of life; they are gasping wildly for help, and we see some, yea many, who have drawn near enough to feel the shelter from that lighthouse. And others there are who have been guided by its light, and have entered the harbour which its beams disclosed. These we see clothed and in their right minds, for indeed they have known and battled with madness in the dark seething waters; they have fought the billows in wild despair and agony of soul. No words will ever express the gratitude of even one so rescued; how then shall we declare to you the joy of

many who are yet coming and to come? And we see that the light is ever brightening and its rays extending wider and wider. Now do you see how the standpoint alters the appearance?"

So spoke our unseen poet friend and ministrant, and after that we never doubted whether our circle justified its existence, or whether the work was worth while.

At another time the same ministrant said:—

"Do you not know that the spiritually developed ones on your earth are as lights, seen by those who, although free from material bodies, are yet dwelling in darkness? Many such hover about the earth—drawn by affinity to the people who dwell upon it. Then, in time, they become attracted to those whose lights are burning. The very fact of their drawing near to behold the light and the life affects them. Your vibrations help to raise theirs, and they in turn reflect those vibrations upon those in the body whom they surround. Thus, even unconsciously, is light spread and good work effected. Remember, that no man liveth unto himself. You have no idea how far some of these, what we might call, chains of influence extend."

I should like this article to be the means of encouraging others to start work on the unseen, so I will add a little message from another spiritual communicator which testifies to work done, and how it continues and enlarges. The first time this spirit controlled our sensitive he told us that he had been a clergyman on the earth, and had through ignorance misled many. He had found his way to our circle, attracted by the light, and had learned much, and become a messenger of truth on the unseen. He told us he had been given the name of "Torch-bearer," and would come again to report on the work. This was in May of this present year. In August he came again, and controlling the sensitive, spoke thus:—

"Greetings friends! It is with great pleasure I come again to speak a few words to you, according to promise, and to tell you a little of the progress of the work here, in which your loving sympathy and thought are of so much help to us, and to thank you for your co-operation. The throngs who gather around this circle of Light—which is a centre of attraction to so many—are drawn here they know not how or why; they remain to listen and wonder, and soon there comes the desire for more light and knowledge for themselves. Then as you know, at the first faint desire, thousands of love's messengers are ready and eager to render service. It is joy unspeakable to me now to be able to help to reveal the new and living truths to so many of those who had been led into error by me, though unconsciously, and through my own ignorance. Many of these are now by my efforts being led into light and joy. So are Love and Justice working together. There are countless numbers here who have been led into darkness by the traditions of men, by error, superstition and ignorance, who need help and enlightenment, and there are as yet comparatively few to whom the angels of love can minister to them, so few who will consciously co-operate. The services of this sensitive are especially valuable, for she can consciously—and does so willingly—leave her physical body and minister to those who need, as she is doing now. There are many now on your earth who can do this; but we would that there were more, then progress would be quicker. Those here who have been brought into the light, are influencing many on your earth plane, including some of your blind leaders of the blind, who are beginning to get faint glimpses of the glorious truth, sufficient to cause them to search for more light and knowledge. Thus you may perceive some of the links in the chain, but you cannot fully realise the work that is being carried on. Again we thank, thank you, for your co-operation. I am Torch-bearer."

We replied that we were glad to be used in this service, and wished him success in his share of the mission. Thus are all the links tried, tested, and welded into the golden chain of Love and Service which reaches out from the Central Heavens to the deepest depths of the lowest hell; for "Not one life can be destroyed, or cast as rubbish to the void; when God hath made his pile complete!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

EGO AND SPIRIT.

DEAR SIR,—The Bible is the standard work of reference as regards all matters of Psychic import, and if we refer to it for information on this subject of "Ego and Spirit," we see that there is a direct reference to the subject expressed in St. Paul's teaching where he alludes to "body, soul, and spirit."

This reference to "body, soul and spirit" seems to give the key to the problem, for it signifies that the body is the garment of the soul, and the soul is the garment of the spirit, and the spirit is the highest essence of all, in fact, perfection.

In this way, we see a gradual progression commencing at the body, proceeding to the soul, and finally arriving at perfection (spirit).

From this it would appear that the term "spiritualist" should not be used to signify a person having dealings with the next plane of existence, but rather some term should be used denoting a connection with the soul.

Now although the word "spiritualist" is obviously inappropriate, another word which is often used is appropriate, and this word is "Psychist."

It would save a good deal of confusion and misconception, if the word "Spiritualist" was done away with, and its place taken by the term "Psychist," which would imply, a person having dealings with the "Soul" world or Psychic-world, and thus conforming to the teachings of Scripture—that the next world is the "Soul-world" and *not* the "Spiritual-world."—Yours Truly,

F. W. LAST.
(Late Lincoln Regt.)

THE CALL AND THE VISION.

Southsea.

December 9, 1916.

SIR,—I was very much interested in reading "Nannie's Vision: or The Master Calleth," in the December number. I, also, have heard the Master's call, and seen the vision of Jesus Christ, with a similar experience of being lost to all surroundings for the time, being only conscious of great joy. Although this happened many years ago, yet the voice is as clear to me to-day as when I heard it first. I have many visions of the Spiritual kingdom, and receive messages or verses of some kind.—Yours Truly,

A. READER.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE AND THE DISSOCIATION OF MATTER.

60, Trelawney Road,
Cotham, Bristol.

December 8, 1916.

SIR,—

Mr. G. E. Owen's remarks in your current issue are quite inexplicable to me, regarding M. Gustave Le Bon's theories.

The latter alludes, in his book, "The Mind and the Brain," to the dissociation (not evolution) of matter under the influence of the sun's rays, which cause the disintegration of atoms—originally integrated by "spiral whorls in the ether"—a portion of which "fly off" tangentially into space, beyond the influence of our physical atmosphere, and were, hitherto, considered *lost*.

Now, Mr. McKenzie's book *expands* this theory, whereby the dissociated atoms are weaved into the fabric of the "spirit spheres of the astral world"; and the remarkable discoveries concerning radium, or radio-active particles, lend themselves very admirably to support his contention, and the scientific understanding of these higher, natural, or perhaps psychic laws.

Psychic science greatly enlarges that "Circle of Life," hitherto so sadly restricted by the abysmal ignorance of materialistic "professors," and it seems delightful to consider that *our* spirits only leave this ponderable world, to rejuvenate in that imponderable one of "the soul of matter"; wherefore Mr. McKenzie's admirable book becomes a still brighter star in the firmament of our hope.—Yours in the Impenetrable Light,

E. STIRLING GUNTON.

POSTSCRIPT.—In extenuation of this matter it may interest you to know that some time ago, before I read Mr. McKenzie's book, I received the following message from my brother (who had previously "passed over" in this terrible war), namely: "Tell him what I am doing. I am exploring the *Circles of the Atoms!* He knows what it means. . . ." At the time I quite failed to understand its purport, but now it seems crystal-clear.

E. S. G.

MR. J. HEWAT MCKENZIE'S PSYCHIC INSTITUTE.

Claremont, Thornton,

Bradford.—December 4, 1916.

F. SIR,—In a recent circular letter, Mr. J. H. McKenzie mentioned me as a supporter and prospective member of his Psychic Institute. This was due to a misapprehension. I expressed general sympathy, but did not commit myself to the support of any scheme. I know very little about the proposed methods of the Institute, and it seems to me that such an organization will require great tact and judgment, if it is not to do more harm than good. I hope that these qualities will be found in the management, along with the energy which is very obviously there.—I am, etc.,

J. ARTHUR HILL.

"THE WOMEN WHO WERE."

56, Talbot Road, Richmond Road, W.

DEAR SIR,—I was agreeably surprised to read the article, "The Women Who Were," in the current issue of your *Gazette*, and can fully endorse what is said there, as I am "the little pale-faced man" referred to! I shall always remember my visit to "Old Newgate," for it was deeply impressed on my mind by the attendant making us "prisoners," putting us in dark cells with double doors closed on us and placing various handcuffs and chains on our hands, which he said had not been used for many years. This seemed to be more than I could bear, and the attendant had to bring a bottle of smelling salts to me. The retired officer, X. R. H., had a good deal of experience with me, and one letter I still have from him speaks of how an old Hindoo servant of his frequently conversed with him through me in Hindustani. Another speaks of an evening at his home in Surrey, when I had a vision of the illness of our late Majesty Queen Victoria, her passing away, the bringing of the body across water (from the Isle of Wight), the lying in state, the state funeral, and the gun carriage drawn by the eight cream ponies. If Mr. J. Arthur Hill is in communication with the retired officer, he could probably get the notes taken at the time of this vision, which was five months before her Majesty passed away.

Yours in the cause of truth and progress,

J. J. VANGO.

Mr. Henry A. Nutley, Reading, writes to say that Mrs. Dyer, one of the two child-murderers, whose spirits were seen by Mr. Vango haunting old Newgate Gaol before its demolition, was not executed at Reading, as the writer of "The Women Who Were" supposed, but was tried at the Old Bailey, and paid the penalty for her crime in London, probably at Newgate.

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Surely a society founded and carried on for such a beneficent purpose, is worthy of most loyal support. I am, Yours truly,

A. L. B. MARTIN.

THE DUNDEE SPIRITUALIST BAZAAR.—The Ladies' Guild of the Dundee Society of Spiritualists, on December 9, held a most successful bazaar which realised over £100 to help the propaganda work of the society. Mr. J. M. Stevenson, the president, said the society had been in existence for twenty-one years and this was the first bazaar it had ever held. Mr. William Jeffrey, of Glasgow (assisted by his niece, Mrs. McQuarrie) performed the opening ceremony in a happy speech, and afterwards gave a clever conjuring entertainment. The stallholders were Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Watt, Miss Murray, Mrs. Odhner, Mrs. Essenoff, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Cromb, jun., Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Smart and Mrs. Urquhart, who performed their shopkeeping duties most graciously, to the accompaniment of orchestral music supplied by Mr. Fenton. Mrs. Etta Duffus, London, the Honorary President of the Society, was unable to be present, but sent a substantial cheque, as well as a piece of spirit-drapery for exhibition, which the *Dundee Advertiser* says excited the greatest interest, all who saw it marvelling at the delicacy of the finely woven fabric. This newspaper also published a most sympathetic "interview" with Mr. Jeffrey.

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Spiritualist Churches and Societies

At which the *International Psychic Gazette* may be purchased.

The following List of Spiritualist Societies, with the times of their Meetings, will be found useful by new inquirers wishing to come into personal touch with the Movement. It is as yet an incomplete list, and we shall be grateful to Secretaries for particulars of their Societies for insertion.

The following contractions are used in the notices :

S. Service. C. Circle. D.C. Developing Circle. M.D.C. Members' Developing Circle. L. Lyceum.
H.C. Healing Circle. P.C. Private Circle.

LONDON.

BRIXTON Spiritualists' Brotherhood Church, Stockwell Park Road, S.W. Sun. L. 3, S. 7. Mon. Ladies' C. 7.30. Tues. M.D.C. 8. Thurs. P.C. 8.15.
CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD Church of the Spirit, Masonic Hall. Sun. 11 and 6.30.
FULHAM Society of Spiritualists. Sun. 11 and 7, L. 3. Thurs. 8.
GREENWICH, 11, South Street. Sun. S. 7.
HERNE HILL, S.E.
LITTLE ILFORD Christian Spiritualists, Church Road, Manor Park, E. Sun. L. 3, S. 6.30. Mon. Ladies' Meeting, 3. Wed. M. 7.30. Thurs. 8, Mutual Instruction Class.
MANOR PARK, Stone Road Corner, Shrewsbury Road. Sun. S. 11 and 6.30. L. 3.0 Thurs. C. 8. Fri. M.C. 8.
MARYLEBONE Spiritualist Association, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W.
NORTH LONDON Spiritualist Association, Grovedale Hall, Grovedale Road, Upper Holloway. Sun. S. 11.15 and 7, L. 3. Wed. 8.15.
PECKHAM, Lausanne Hall, Lausanne Road. Sun. 11.30 and 7, L. 3. Tues. H.C. 8. Wed. M.D.C. 8. Thurs. S. 8.15.
REGENT STREET, W., 22a, The International Club.
RINGMER AVENUE, S.W.
WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD Spiritualist Society, Perseverance Hall, Villas Road. Sun. L. 3, S. 7, Wed. 8,

PROVINCIAL, ETC.

ABERCYNON, Wales.
ABERDEEN
ABERTILLERY I.L.P. Rooms, Arcade. Sun. L. 11, S. 3 and 6.30.
ALTRINCHAM, 20, Kingsway. Sun. 6.30.
AMFIELD PLAIN Spiritualist Society.
ATTENCLIFFE Spiritualist Church, Sheffield.
BACUP Spiritual Evidence Society and Lyceum, Hall Street, Burnley Road. Sun. L. 10. S. 2.45 and 6.
BARNSELEY, George Yard, Market Hill. Sun. L. 2, S. 6.30.
BARNSELEY, Yorks, George Yard. Sun. L. 2, S. 3, 6.30 and 8. Wed. S. 8.
BARROW-IN-FURNESS. Supper Rooms, Empress Hall, Holker Street. Sun. L. 2. S. 3 and 6.30.
BATLEY CARR Spiritualist Society, Carr Street, Sun. L. 10 and 2, S. 6, C. 8. Tues., L. 8. Thurs. D.C. 8.
BEDLINGTON Spiritual Evidence Society, Co-Op. Hall, Bedlington Station. Sun. S. 6.
BELFAST Association of Spiritualists, Whitehall Buildings, 13 Ann Street. Sun. S. 11.30 and 7, L. 3. Wed. D.C. 8.
BELPER, Jubilee Hall. Sun. L. 10 and 2, S. 10.30 and 6.30.
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Spiritual Church, 46 Bridge St. Sun. S. 3, 6.30 and 8, L. 11. Mon. 3 and 8. Wed. 8.
BIRMINGHAM. Saltley Spiritualist Society, Alum Rock Road. Sun. L. 10.30. S. 6.30.
BIRMINGHAM Spiritualist Church, Bristol Street Board Schools. Sun. S. 6.30. Sun. 11. Mon. 3 and 8. Thurs. M.C. 8 at 21, Snow Hill.
BIRMINGHAM. The Small Heath Spiritualist Church, 495, Coventry Road. Sun. L. 11, S. 3 and 6.30. Mon. Mothers Meeting 3, S. 8. Wed. M.D.C. 8.
BLACKBURN. St. Peter St., Sun. L. 9.30 and 1.45, S. 3 and 6.30.
BLACKBURN. Northgate Spiritual Church, 89 Regent Street. S. 3 and 6.30.
BLACKPOOL Spiritual Church and Lyceum, Albert Road. Sun. L. 9.30 and 1.45, C. 11, S. 3 and 6.30. Mon. S. 7.30. Tues. C. 7.30. Thurs. Mothers' Meeting, 2.30. C. 7.30.
BOLTON, Commission Street Church. Sun. L. 10, S. 2.45 and 6.30.
BOLTON Spiritualists' Alliance, Henry Street, Manchester Road. Sun. L. 10, C. 3, S. 6.30, After Meeting 8. Mon. C. 3 and 7.30. Wed. 7.30.
BOLTON, Bradford Street. Sun. L. 10. S. 2.45 and 6.30
BOURNEMOUTH Spiritualist Society, Wilberforce Hall, Holdenhurst Road.
BRADFORD, 80 Cartwright Terrace.

BRADFORD, Milton Spiritualists' Church, Carlisle Road, Manningham. Sun. L. 10.30, S. 3 and 6.30. Wed. C. 2.30. Thurs. Study Group 8.
BRADFORD, Otley Road Spiritualist Church, 165 Otley Road. Sun. S. 3, 6.30 and 8, L. 10.30 and 2.0. Mon. 3 and 8. Tues. 8.
BRIERFIELD.
BRIGHTON Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Windsor Hall, Windsor Street. Sun. S. 11.15 and 7, L. 3. Mon. P.M. 8. Tues. 3 and 8. Thurs. P.M. 8.
BRIGHTON Spiritual Mission, 1, Upper North Street. Sun. S. 11 and 7, L. 3. Fri. 8.
BRIGHTON, 68, West Street.
BRISTOL, The Spiritual Temple, 42 Upper Maudlin Street. Sun. 11 and 6.30. Mon. 5 to 8, C. 7.30. Advice on Health (free). Tues. D.C. 7.30. Wed. S. 7.30, C. 8.
BRISTOL. Spiritual Church, Thomas Street, Stokes Croft. Sun. S. 11 and 6.30. Mon. Ladies' Meeting 3. Tues. M.C. 8. Thurs. S. 8.
BURNLEY Spiritual Hall, Richard Street, Fulleage. Sun. L. 10, S. 6, C. 8. Wed. 8.
BURTON-ON-TRENT. Horninglow Wharf. Sun. L. 10.45, S. 3 and 6.30.
CAERAU, Spiritualist Society. Sun. L. 2.30, S. 11 and 6
CARDIFF.
CASTLEFORD Progressive Spiritualist Church.
CHESTERFIELD Assembly Rooms. Sun. L. 10.30 and 2.15, 3 and 6.30
CHESTERFIELD Spiritualists' Alliance, Templars' Hall, Shipley Yard. Sun. S. 2.30 and 6.30.
CLAYTON-LE-MOORS. Sun. S. 2.30,
COLNE, Lancs. Cloth Hall. Sun. L. 10, S. 2.30 and 6.
COVENTRY. Psychological Society, 8 Broadgate. Sun. S. 3 and 6.30.
COVENTRY Progressive Spiritualists' Society. Sun. L. 10.30. S. 3 and 6.30.
CREWE Society, The Baths, Mill Street.
CUDWORTH, 10, King's Road, Sun. 6.30.
DALTON-IN-FURNESS, Beech Hill, Market Street. S. 6.15.
DARWEN Spiritualists' Society and Lyceum, Church Bank Street. Sun. L. 9.30 and 1.45. S. 3 and 6. P.S. 11. Mon. M.S. 7.30. Wed. P.C. 8.
DEWSBURY Spiritual Church, Bond Street. Sun. L. 10 and 1.45, S. 3 and 6.
DONCASTER Spiritualist Society, 83, Spring Gardens, Sun. H.C. 11, S. 3, 6.30 and 8. (Clairvoyance at each service.)
DUNDEE "Family Circle" Spiritualist Society, Camperdown Hall, Barrack Street. L. 12.45, S. 11 and 6.30.
DUNDEE Society of Spiritualists. Foresters' West Hall, Rattray Street. Sun. S. 11 and 6.30, L. 12.45. Thurs. C. 8.15.
DURBAN, South Africa.
EAST MELBOURNE, Australia. First School of New Thought and Mental Science, 249, Victoria Parade. Sun. 7.
EDINBURGH Association of Spiritualists, Albyn Rooms 77, Queen Street, S. 11.15 and 6.30.
EDINBURGH. New Thought Centre, 85 Hanover Street. Sun. S. 3. Wed. 8.
EXETER, Church of the New Dispensation, Marlborough Hall, Bullmeadow Road, Holloway Street. Sun. S. 11 and 6.30. Fri. 8.
EXETER Spiritualist Society, Market Hall, Fore Street. Sun. 11 and 6.30. Fri. 8.15.
FALKIRK Spiritualist Society, Central Hall, Swords Wynd. Sun. 11.15 and 6.30.
FENTON Spiritualist Society. Sun. S. 3.15 and 6.15. L. 2. Mon. 8.
FERNDALE Spiritualist Society, Cross Street, off Fountain Street. Sun. L. 2, S. 6.
FLEETWOOD. Old Bethel Hall, Kemp Street. Sun. L. 10.30, S. 3 and 6.30, M.D.C. 8. Mon. Mother's Meeting, 3. C. 7.
GLASGOW Association of Spiritualists, Central Halls, 25 Bath Street.
GLOSSOP Spiritualist Church, Fauvel Road. Sat. 7. Sun. 3, 6 and 7.30.

SPIRITUALIST CHURCHES AND SOCIETIES—continued.

GRANTHAM Spiritualist Temple, Central Hall, Room 4, Wharf Road. Sun. S. 6.30 and 8. Tues. D.C. 8. Wed. S. 8. Fri. D.C. 8.

HALIFAX, Alma Street Lyceum. Sun. L. 10.30 and 1.30, S. 2.45 and 6.

HALIFAX, The West End Spiritualist Church, Raven Street. Sun. S. 2.45 and 6.0. Tues. 2.45 and 7.30.

HANLEY, Waterloo Rd. Sun. L. 2.30, S. 10.45 and 6.30.

HARROGATE.

HARTLEPOOL, WEST Spiritualist Society, Haladown Hall, Musgrave Street. Mon. Aft. Ladies' Sewing Meeting. M.C. 7.30. Wed. C. 7.15.

HEELEY Spiritual Evidence Society, 379 Bramall Lane, Sheffield. Sun. 11, 3 and 6.30. Mon. 2.30 and 8.

HEYWOOD, William Street, Sun. L. 10 and 1.45, S. 2.45 and 6.30.

HUDDERSFIELD.

HULL Psychological Society, Holborn Hall.

JARROW-ON-TYNE, Co-Op. Hall. Sun. L. 2, S. 6.30.

JEPPE, Johannesburg Psychical Research Society, "Waterloo," 64, Janie Street.

KEIGHLEY, Heber Street. L. 10, S. 2.30 and 6

KETTERING Progressive Spiritualist Church, Dalkeith Place. Sun. 2.30 and 6.30. Mon. C. 2.30 and 8. Wed. 7.30.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES Spiritualist Church, Bishops Hall, Thomas Street. Sun. L. 3, S. 7.

LANCASTER, George St. Rooms. L., 10.30. S. 3 and 6.30. Mon. and Wed. C. 8.

LEICESTER, Queen Street. Spiritual Society. Sun. S. 3 and 6.30, L. 11.

LIVERPOOL "Star of Brightness," 54 Gilead Street, Kensington. Sun. 6.30 and 8.30. Mon. 2.30. Wed. 2.30 and 8.30. Thurs. 8.30.

MACCLESFIELD, Cumberland Street. Sun. 10.30, 3 and 6.30.

MANCHESTER Central Spiritualist Church, Onward Buildings, Deansgate. Public Meetings and Private Circle alternate Suns. 6.30. M.D.C. Wed. 8.15.

MANCHESTER, Collyhurst Spiritualist Church, Collyhurst Street, Oldham Road, Sun. S. 3 and 6.30, L. 10.

MANCHESTER, Longsight Spiritualist Institute. Sun. 6.30 and 8. Tues. 3 and 8. Thurs. 3 and 8.

MANSFIELD, Quaker Lane. Sun. L. 10.30, S. 2 and 6.30.

MERTHYR TYDFIL Spiritualist Temple, Tramroad Side, North. Sun. 11 and 6, L. 2.30. Sun. and Tues. C. 8.

MEXBOROUGH Progressive Spiritualist Society, Central Hall, West Street. Sun. 3 and 6. Tues. C. 7.30. Thurs. C. 7.30.

MIDDLESBROUGH Spiritualist Church, Grange Road West. 6.30, L. 2.30. Tues. 8.

MIDDLETON, Gilmour Street Spiritual Society. Sun. L. 10.30. C. 3, 6 and 8.

MOUNTAIN ASH Spiritualist Society, 16 Albert Street, NELSON, Lancs.

NEW SHILDON Spiritualist Church, Newlands Avenue. Sun. L. 2, S. 6, Wed. 7.

NORMANTON Spiritualist Society, Assembly Rooms, High Street.

NORTHAMPTON Spiritualist Association.

NORTHWICH, Co-op. Hall, Station Road. Sun. 3 and 6.30.

NOTTINGHAM, Gladstone Hall. Spiritualist Society, Lamartine Street. Sun. S. 10.45 and 6.30, L. 2.30.

NOTTINGHAM, Harwarden Terrace, Gregory Boulevard. Sun. L. 10.30 and 2. S. 3 and 6.30.

NOTTINGHAM Progressive Spiritual Church, Clumber Buildings. Sun. L. 10.45. S. 3 and 6.30.

NOTTINGHAM Spiritual Evidence Society, Mechanics' Hall, North Church Street. Sun. L. 2.30, S. 10.45 and 6.30.

OLDHAM (Lancs.), Bleasby Street Church. Sun. S. 3 and 6.30.

OLDHAM, Central Spiritualist Church, 164 Union Street. Sun. L. 10 and 2.30, S. 6.30. Mon. L.C. 3 and 7. Wed. C. 8.

OSSETT, YORKS. Sun. L. 10 and 1.45. S. 2.30.

PAIGNTON Spiritualist Society, Lower Masonic Hall, Courtland Road. Sun. 6.30.

PENRHUWCEIBER, Wales.

PLAIT BRIDGE (nr. Wigan). Gas Street. Sun. 3 and 6.30.

PLYMOUTH, Morley Hall Spiritualist Society, Morley Street. Sun. S. 6.30.

PONTYPRIDD, First Spiritualist Society, River Street. Sun. L. 2.30, S. 6.30. Tues. M.S. 8. Thurs. C. 7.30.

PORTSMOUTH, 73, Victoria Road South, Southsea. Sun. 11 and 6.45. Tues. M.C. 8. Wed. C. 8.

PORTSMOUTH, Spiritual Church Universal, 54, Commercial Road (near Town Hall).

PLYMOUTH, Stonehouse Spiritualists Church, Kenley Unity, Edgcombe Street. Sun. 6.30. Wed. 8-9.30.

RADCLIFFE.

READING, 16A, Blagrove Street.

REDLANDS, Bristol.

ROTHERHAM.

SEACOMBE AND EGREMONT. Victoria Assembly Rooms. Sun. S. 3 and 6.30.

SHEFFIELD Centre, Paradise Square. Sun. S. 3 and 6.30, D.C. 11, L. 10.30 and 2.30. Mon., Tues. and Wed. 8. Thurs. M.C. 8

SHIPLEY Spiritualists' Church, Market Buildings, Teale Court. Sun. L. 10.30 and 1.45, S. 3 and 6.30. Mon. C. 7.30. Wed. 2.30 and 7.30. Sat. C. 8 to 9.

SMETHWICK Spiritualist Church, Cape Hill. Sun. S. 11 and 6, L. 3.

SOUTHAMPTON Spiritualist Church, Cavendish Grove, The Avenue. Sun. S. 11 and 6.30, L. 2.30. Thurs. 8.

SOUTHPORT Spiritualist Society, Forester's Hall, Wright Street. Sun. L. 10.30, S. 3 and 6.30. Wed. Ladies' Meeting, 3. C. 7.45 Thurs. M.C. 7.45.

SOUTHSEA, See Portsmouth.

SOUTH SHIELDS, Robinson Street Spiritualist Society. Sun. L. 2.30, S. 6.30.

SOUTH SHIELDS Spiritualist Mission, 22, Fowler Street. Sun. L. 2.30, S. 6.30, Tues. P.C. 7.30, Sat. P.C. 7.30.

STALYBRIDGE, 13 Chapel Street. Sun. S. 3, 6.30 and 8. Mon. 3 and 8. Tues. M.D.C. 7.30. Wed. 8. Sat. 8.

STOCKPORT Spiritualist Lyceum Church, 24 Wellington Road. Sun. L. 10 and 2, S. 3 and 6.30.

STRATFORD Spiritual Church, Idmiston Road, Forest Lane, Forest Gate, Stratford. Sun. L. 3, S. 7. Wed. Ladies C. 3, M.C. 8. Thurs. L. 6, S. 7.

SUNDERLAND.

SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD, Swan Street. S. 2.45 and 6.30.

TORQUAY, Ellacombe Hall, Princes Road. Sun. 6.30.

ULVERSTON, Lancs, Burlington Street Mission Rooms. Sun. L. 10.30 and 1.45. S. 3 and 6.30.

WARRINGTON Spiritualist Society, Sankey Street. Sun. L. 10.30 and 1.45, S. 3.15 and 6.30.

WHITLEY BAY Spiritual Evidence Society, 137, Whitley Road.

WIGAN Miners' Hall. Sun. L. 10 and 1.45. S. 3 and 6.30.

WOLVERHAMPTON Spiritualist Society.

WYLDE GREEN.

YEADON (nr. Leeds) Spiritualist Church, Abbey Lane. Sun. L. 10 and 1.45, S. 3 and 6. M. 3 and 8. Wed. M.D.C. 8.

YORK Spiritual Church, St. Savourgate. Sun. S. 2.45 and 6.30. Mon. C. (Ladies) 2.45. Wed. M.C. 7.45. Sat. C. 7.45.

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