





# THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

(FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH),

## 22a, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

**FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND.**

*Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "The Fourfold Method of Healing," by Miss H. Worthington. Mr. T. H. Lonsdale will take the Chair.

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH.**

*Evening, 6 p.m.*

**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH.**

*Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Recent Experiences in a Haunted House," by Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd.

**FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH.**

*Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea, after which Dr. Caroline Matthews, M.B., Ch.B. (Edin.) will give "Personal Experiences with the Serb and Hun." Miss A. Johns will take the Chair.

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH.**

*Evening, 7 p.m.* Dr. Walter Walsh. Lecture, "My Spiritual Pilgrimage."

**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH.**

*Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Psychic Healing," by Dr. A. T. Schofield.

**FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH.**

*Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Suggestion in Plays," by Miss Agnes Platt.

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH.**

*Evening, 7 p.m.* Mr. D. N. Dunlop. Lecture. "Christian Mystery Teaching."

**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST.**

*Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "The Psychic Meaning of Colours," by Mr. Robert King.

**FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD.**

*Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture entitled "The Message of Phrenology to the World," with blackboard drawings and practical demonstrations, by Mr. Alfred Hubert (President of the British Phrenological Society Inc.).

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH.**

*Evening, 6 p.m.* Concert arranged by Madame Christie Murray

**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH.**

*Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.* Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Demonstrations of Clairvoyance, by Miss Florence Morse.

**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 every Tuesday afternoon at 3.30 p.m., to which Members are cordially invited:—

February	6th	...	"Answers to Questions."
"	13th	...	"Vocation in Spirit Life."
"	20th	...	"Degrees of Spirit Progress."
"	27th	...	"False Self-Sacrifice."

Mrs. E. S. GASKELL's Meetings of the Order of the Rose and the 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.

## For Your Friends.

We feel assured that many of our readers would like to introduce the "INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE" to their friends, and to enable them to do this, we are willing to send free specimen copies to three friends of any reader who will send us a postcard with the names and addresses of three likely subscribers.

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# THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

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## Our Outlook Tower.

### THE "DAILY MAIL'S" "EXPOSURES" OF SPIRITUALISM.

DR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, on a famous occasion, said he did not believe in "exposures" of Spiritualism in the majority of instances, and we agree with him. They are usually the work of self-advertising conjurers who claim to be experts in "tricks," or of journalists who go out flippantly "to seek for copy" (as Mr. Harold Ashton expressed it when in the witness box the other day) instead of in search for truth. We give below the mediums' own versions of interviews with two of the *Daily Mail's* "special correspondents," from which our readers may be able to form an opinion as to the character of the "exposures" to which these good friends have been subjected. The first medium referred to is Mr. J. J. Vango, whom Mr. W. T. Stead once referred to as "a living link between this world and that beyond the grave." Mr. Ashton, who boasts that he is the grandson of "a Congregational minister of great piety" writes for the instruction of *Daily Mail* readers that Mr. Vango "received him in a fitting surrounding of 'sympathetic sideboards,' mechanical music, and drawings of materialised ladies and gentlemen in his studio." We are familiar with the drawing-room in which Mr. Vango receives his clients, and, will it be believed, there is no such thing therein as a sideboard—"sympathetic" or otherwise; no mechanical music of any kind whatever; and not a vestige of a drawing of a materialised lady or gentleman! So much for the accuracy of this pious man's grandson when "seeking for copy" for the *Daily Mail*! His eyesight must either be enormously defective, or his imagination abnormally twisted! Then follows a column of cheap ridicule, of the old "penny dreadful" type, in which this great newspaper's "special correspondent" attempted to foist on the medium the word "terrapin," a trick which he seems to regard as amazingly clever! As a matter of fairplay we think it right to give here

#### MR. VANGO'S OWN VERSION OF WHAT TOOK PLACE.

I am going to give you the facts as they happened. Mr. Harold Ashton did not make an appointment with me. He said he wanted advice on his health as he was suffering with shell-shock. He said he did not want to have anything to do with spirits. I said you may not be doing army duties now, but you are still retained with the army. He said—That is correct. I said—Your nerves are in a bad state, but your constitution appears to have been undermined before this war. I asked him to give me something to hold that he was accustomed to carry. He handed me his purse, and I offered to hand it back to him, saying—That contains money, which I don't like to handle because it passes through many hands, and has various influences on it which would be misleading. He said—I have carried it about with me for years and regard it as a mascot. I thereupon held the purse and said—I sense you in a country abroad; the climate is very hot; in fact the heat is tropical. You appear to go up country; I don't know whether you would call it the interior; but I get you amongst coloured people. What colour? he asked. I said—I would describe it as a dark yellow. It appears to me to be the interior of the country, because the people wear very little clothing; in fact I might say they are absolutely nude. He said—You are perfectly correct in all you have said. I said—I only see two white men and yourself; the others are all coloured. You appear to be in danger

of your life. I don't know whether you went hunting but I see an animal. I don't know what it is but it is something of the species of a tiger. It has a thick fur, patchy in colour, and has a broad head something like a retriever dog. Now I see a lady come on the scene. She is like the rest of the coloured people. I cannot say she is perfectly nude, as she has her back to me; she may have a girdle on. She has a pack on her back, and something in her hand which I cannot describe, but whatever it was it darted from her hand and killed the animal, probably saving your life. He said—That is right. If you cannot tell me what she had I will tell you; it was a bow and arrow. He said—Did you say "stripey" about the animal. I said—I described it as being "patchy" in colour; that is all I can say about it. He said—Do you know what a terrapin is? I said—I can't say I do, sir; I may have heard the name. He said—Well, that is what you have described. What do you think of the lady? would she be of high or low birth? I said I could hardly say, but I would think she was probably the daughter of a Chief. Or higher? said he. I could not say that, I replied. Or a princess? he asked. I could not say that, I answered. He said—She was the daughter of the king, so she was a princess. I was thus leading up to what had caused his nerve trouble. He said—Do you give treatment for nerves? do you think it would do me any good. I said, there is no doubt that magnetic treatment with massage combined would do you good, but I can give you no guarantee. He said—How often ought I to take treatment? I said—If I was talking to a rich man I should say every day, but at least you ought to take it twice a week. He said—What would be your fee? I said—If you have magnetic treatment, 7s. 6d.; but if with massage of your spine ros. 6d. per treatment. I said—You can think the matter over and let me know. He said—Yes, I will do that. He said—I am in a dreadful state and if you had been where I have been, with shells dropping around you, and not knowing from one minute to another that it would be your turn, you would be the same. I have consulted already five specialists and it has cost me hundreds.

We asked Mr. Vango if he had seen the article written by Mr. Ashton in the *Daily Mail*.

He replied—No, it does not seem to have been printed in the London edition, so I could not get a copy. It was printed in a country edition, and from what I have heard of it the man appears to be an out-and-out liar, because I never used either the word "princess" or "terrapin." When he came in I told him I was a Spiritualistic medium, and that my chief work was to describe spirit people and to get messages from them to prove that the dead still lived and returned. Oh, I don't want anything to do with spirits, he said; I want to know about my health.

It was a lady journalist who visited Miss M'Creadie, the well-known Scottish seer, in what she calls "her exciting search among the psychists for George;" so Mr. Harold Ashton is apparently "not the only pebble on the beach." She says that Miss M'Creadie seized her hand and immediately sensed "George," and told her he was a prisoner among the Germans, but safe and well. "Six words of cheer from the Scottish seer for 10/6!" she says. "It was almost as expensive as cabling from South America. The kind lady recognising this, filled up the rest of the time with soothing words from spirit land. She told me I was originally a little wayside flower, then an animal (possibly a tiger), and then finally a human being." This is all very well for the purpose of creating false prejudice among *Daily Mail* readers, but it is just as well to read along with it what is likely to be more truthful and trustworthy, namely—

#### MISS M'CREADIE'S VERSION OF THE FACTS.

One day, a lady telephoned to me saying she had been recommended by Julia's Bureau to come to me as a most reliable medium, and she asked my fee? I told her I charged according to the time occupied; an hour's trance-sitting would be a guinea, half-an-hour without trance

ros. 6d. She said—Do you only give half-an-hour for half-a-guinea? I said—Indeed I don't mind giving an hour for the same fee if I cannot get readily into the conditions. If I have promised anyone a sitting for half-a-guinea she has not to pay more, even if the time taken is longer. She said—Can you see me to-day? I said—Yes, at three o'clock. She said—Can you make it 3.30? I said—Yes, with pleasure. So she came at half-past three. She gave no name and as she said she had been recommended by the Stead Bureau I did not ask for it. She was a very pleasant woman and had very dark eyebrows. She said she wanted to see if I could find out about a brother who was lost; she wanted to know where he was. I said—Have you anything belonging to him? She replied—I have only this article—(handing me a medal). I sensed the medal and said—The man who got this medal would be about thirty when he got it. She said—He is forty now. I said—He may be forty now, but he would be about thirty when he received the medal. She said—Yes he got it for the Boer War. I said I will try and see what I can do, but I do not know that I can get into touch with him. I can trace him to a foreign land—it may be France—but I cannot see him when I get there; I seem to love him. I said he may be a prisoner in Germany, but I cannot get into touch with him to tell you where he is. The only thing I feel about him is that he is not out of the body. She said—Oh, cannot you sense him at all? I said—No, I cannot tell you anything more about him than this, and I say it with confidence, the man that this belonged to is still in the mortal body. I said—Have you no letter or anything else belonging to him? She said it was some time since she had heard from him. Then I said—Have you not a letter to his wife, for he is a married man, is he not? She said—Yes. And he has some children, I said, and she replied—Yes. I said—Perhaps if I touched your hand, he being your brother, I might get into touch with him through you. On touching her hand, I said—Why, you are a very practical woman, and one who, taking anything up, will go through with it somehow or other. I said—You are quite a psychic yourself, and should have something to do with writing. If you were to study this you might be able to give something to the world through your own hand, because I feel you have that ability. I get you connected somehow with literary work. Oh, she said, do you? And you think I shall do something in that way? I said—Later on in life you may do, because I sense you have to do with writing. She was apparently quite pleased with this and said—Would it be successful? I said I was sure it would be, because she had the psychic ability. I also said—You have excellent healing power and if you are in a sick-room people would feel the benefit of your magnetism. You would make a good nurse if anybody belonging to you were ill, and you seem to me to have had some trouble of that sort. She said—Yes, I have a husband I have been attending to for the last four years. I have done nothing but cook and cook for his delicate stomach, so that I have had plenty of sickness. I said—Your husband would feel the benefit of your wonderful healing power through his food. She said—why? I said jokingly—If you are nursing someone you love, and put all your magnetism into your cooking and attention for him, that is different from doing the nursing and cooking for a stranger. She said—Yes. I said—You have been married for eight or ten years? She said—It is seven. I said—I am not very far off it! I said—He seems to be better than he was. She said—Oh yes, he has been better these last three years. She seemed to want me to follow that up, and she spoke in rather a mournful tone as if to suggest that she was still concerned about him. But I did not follow it up because my inner impression was that I should say nothing more about it. In fact, to put it plainly, I felt as if she were trying to mislead me. Then she said—Oh tell me, do you believe that people come back and live in the mortal form on the earth again? I said—No, that is not my belief; that is the Theosophical idea, but I do not like to think it. It may be true, but I rather believe in evolution. I believe that all life is a manifestation of God, ascending from the mineral through the vegetable, animal, and human kingdoms. I said while man remains on the mere animal plane he still belongs to the animal kingdom, but when he reaches God-consciousness and begins to realise God within him he rises out of the animal into the spiritual kingdom. I said man had wonderful powers, and could make beautiful flowers which looked perfect, but he could not give them life. He could only imitate their form. That showed there was a greater mind beyond our mind, and I said I believed there was eternal progression towards that Mind, both here and hereafter. As a man dies here, so he shall begin over there. If he has not progressed here

he will there. The lady said—That is really wonderful. You really believe that? that we have come through all these different stages to the human stage? Yes, I said, I do, because it is all the same life and that life I call God.

She said—I have taken up a long time (I had given her an hour). She said, Will you be satisfied with half-a-guinea? I said, Oh yes, certainly. She said—Have you any change? I said—I am sorry I have not, but never mind, just post it on to me; it does not matter. She said—Will you trust me? I said, Certainly, and I just peeped at her, for she had told me she was half Scotch and half Irish, and said—“You are Scotch, ye ken!” She said, I would like to pay you now; could not you get me change? I said I daresay I could, so I sent my maid out for the change. While she was away, I said to the lady—I would like to let you see my little sanctuary, so I opened the door, and lit up the light, and she said—“Oh, it is very beautiful.” I told her—This is where we come in to speak with those who have passed out of the body, to be shut off from the world for a time, to give comfort to the mourners, and I said I knew that those who had been accustomed to a little altar to pray at found it a comfort to come to such a place. I said—Just come in and look above the door, will you? She did so and I pointed to the scroll—“He giveth his angels charge over you.” She drew back then, and came out into the little room and said—“Yes, it is all very beautiful!” I thought, this is very queer; she does not quite like it. I accordingly shut the door and came out into the middle of the room. Just as I did that I said—“Oh, wait a minute; there is a spirit friend I would like to describe to you; do you mind?” “Oh, no,” she said, “I would like it.” I described a gentleman to her and said—“You know who that is, don't you?” She said—“It is my father.” I said—“And a grand man he is too; he is a fine spirit.” I said—“He is looking very seriously at you. Remember,” I said, “there is a cloud of witnesses watching all we do, and it would be a pity to grieve that grand soul.” She said he was a good man. I said, He was a Scotchman, was he not? She said, Yes, and her mother was Irish. I said—It is a good mixture, especially if the people are good!

The maid then came back with the change and I handed it to the lady. She gave me 10s., saying—I have not got a sixpence. I said—Oh, never mind the sixpence! She said—Oh, yes, I like to pay what is right. I said—Very well. I opened my purse and she peeped in and said—There is a sixpence! I lifted the sixpence out and she dropped in a shilling. When she was going away she shook hands and said—“I have thoroughly enjoyed our conversation; you have given me some new thoughts I have not had before.” I think I omitted to mention that when I was holding the medal I described a soldier to her in detail, and she said that was the description of her lost brother.

After the article appeared in the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Ronald Brailey (another medium) rang me up on the 'phone and asked if I was distressed at what had been published about me. I said—No, I am rather amused to think that any one could come and accept everything so frankly, and then go and write so many lies about it. What the lady says about wayside flowers or an animal, perhaps a tiger, is quite untrue. I mentioned about the one life being in the beautiful flowers and in the animal creation, but the word tiger was never mentioned. I am very sorry, I said, that the poor lady should have soiled her soul by telling falsehoods. If she had written the truth it would have made a very interesting article for the *Daily Mail* people to read. I have no ill feeling towards the lady, for I am sure she has her own private thoughts, whatever she had to write for her newspaper. I did not take any notice of it at the time, but when I look back I remember she kept her hat down, apparently not wishing me to look at her eyes. I think she was a nice sort of woman who felt that she had been put on to rather a nasty job.

J. L.

“Sir Oliver Lodge's Spook Book—Half a Guinea's Worth of Rubbish,” is the *Daily Mail's* refined and cultured heading to a review of “Raymond.”

THE HUSK FUND.—Mrs. Etta Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following kind contributions to this fund:—Mr. Hammerstrand, Pretoria, 41; Mrs. Coglan, 10s.; Miss F. Thorpe, 8s.; and *Per* W. L. Hull, 4s. 4d.

“I have no objection to rogues being prosecuted, whether they be palmists, bank directors, clergymen, or Members of Parliament, but I dislike these police-made offences. I have no confidence in the administration of justice when a professor of the occult sciences stands before the judgment-seat.”—*W. T. Stead.*



# Raymond's First Intermediary.

## THE COMING OF FEDA, THE INDIAN CONTROL.

Mrs. Osborne Leonard's account of her mediumship, begun in our January number, is here continued, as she narrated it in a special interview.

THE next time I really took up Spiritualism seriously would be about seven years ago. I met, quite accidentally, two sisters, and without any preliminaries at all, one of them said to me, "Are you a Spiritualist?" That was in London; I was introduced to them when I was out visiting. She said, "I think you are a Spiritualist." It seemed an extraordinary remark to make. I said, "Yes, I am. Are you?" She said, "Well, we believe in Spiritualism, but we have had no experience of it, and we wonder if you would care to sit with us." I had been married then for two years, and when I told my husband, he said, "Yes, why don't you sit with them?" So they came to me, and we sat at a small bamboo table twenty-six times without ever getting a flicker of anything! One of the ladies then got tired of it, and said, "We will never get anything." No sooner had she said it than the table rapped and began to move. We had messages from various friends. My mother came through, and they had their mother, and then came a name which we could not make out at all. It was a long name beginning with F and had about ten letters. We could not pronounce it. We said to the spirit, "Whoever you are, can we pick out a few of the letters and call you by that?" The table rapped out "Yes," so we picked out the letters F-E-D-A, and that is how we got in touch with my control.

Then Fedá started to tell me that at the early age of thirteen she had married someone called Hamilton. To my amazement, she said she was my Hindu ancestor on my great-great-grandmother's side. I knew then who she was, for my mother had told me about her when I was a child. Then she said she was going to control me and work through me. I said, "I don't want to be controlled." I wanted to be clairvoyant, and to get it normally. She said, "No, you will have to be controlled, because your brain works in such a strange way that if you are not controlled you will interfere with everything we give through you." She said, "You must sit specially for me to control you." So I began to think of it seriously after that, but I did not want to go into a trance. We still continued our table sittings, and had wonderful tests and evidence—things that could not be thought-transference because we never knew them, things that were happening at a distance which we proved afterwards to be true, so many things! We went on like that for several months, and Fedá used to try to control me, but it was eighteen months before she really got control. Really, it was only when I gave up trying, and was getting rather bored with the proceedings, that she really got through. She has told me since that it was my trying so hard that was the obstacle, for when I had once made up my mind to allow her, I concentrated on it and wanted to get ahead with it. When Fedá first controlled me she used to speak in a whisper, and seemed not to quite understand, when she got through, what she had to do through me. She kept on saying, "Other guides are going to help." It was awfully difficult for her. No, the sittings did not

affect my health. I am much better in health since I developed than I was before.

At first we could not get Fedá to understand what was serious and advisable. For instance, we were sitting with a few more friends, and one of them had a friend in trouble at a distance. She asked Fedá to go to this friend and bring back a message if she were all right. Fedá said she would go, and next day at the sitting she came, very excited, and said "I have been there!" But she did not mention anything important. She said she saw a lady whose hair had been black, but now it was golden! She thought that a miracle and has never forgotten it. She had forgotten all about the person who was ill. So we had to train her to attend to what we wished. She developed great obstinacy, and it took us eighteen months to get the idea into her of what she had to do. She would go to see people at a distance and became clever at describing them. When at last she was able to do what we wanted, she said I must take up the work professionally. She said it was of no use my simply doing mediumship for friends, because something was going to happen on the earth plane in a big way, in which my services would be wanted. That would be about five years ago. She was referring to the coming war, though I did not understand it then. I started to work professionally only four months before the war broke out. I was very diffident about it, as I had an idea I could not do this work to order, but Fedá promised she would look after me from the commencement.

First of all I started giving circles in western London, and from the first moment they paid my expenses. Then the war broke out, and after a few months people were coming to me wanting actual tests about those who had passed on. Fedá thereupon asked me to give up my public sittings, because, she said, the conditions were not always good, some people only coming for silly, frivolous things. She told me through a friend that at a circle on the previous day a boy who had passed on in the war had been most anxious to speak to his mother in the circle, but could not get through because two people present set up such frivolous, bad conditions for him. So I gave up the circles, though I thought it rather a pity, because I used to have a great many people. But everything went right, after all. No sooner had I started giving private sittings than I had more people wanting to come than I could take.

(To be continued.)



CERTIFICATES TO QUALIFIED MEDIUMS.—"LET AUTHORITIES DECIDE."—Spiritualists are to be asked to support the new Spiritualists' Education Council in a request to the Government to allow them to form their own Committee to give certificates to qualified mediums to practise. In making this announcement to the Marylebone Spiritualist Society on New Year's Eve, Mr. Horace Leaf said: "We are not anxious that there shall not be any law to check those who may act as charlatans, but there ought to be some more efficient system than exists at present. Let the authorities decide this matter. We can supply a Committee of persons who are capable of judging who is a true medium and who is not; and just in the same way as you will not permit a person to practise as a doctor or a solicitor unless he receive the sanction of an accredited body, so let us not allow persons to practise as psychics unless they receive a certificate from the authority we appoint to decide on their capability."



## General Sir Alfred Turner on Survival After Death.

The following unequivocal statement by Major-General Sir Alfred Turner appeared in the remarkable series of *Weekly Dispatch* articles by eminent men, and gives instances of Sir Alfred's occult experiences during the present war. We again acknowledge our indebtedness to the Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch* for his kind permission to reprint.

I HAVE been an earnest investigator in psychical research for a great many years, and I have had many experiences which to me have proved absolutely that life is continuous and that there is no such thing as death, unless the disintegration of the physical body can be so called.

I have sat with a great many mediums, American, English and foreign, and although unfortunately the subject lends itself very much to fraud, which may be practised to the profit of a dishonest medium, I am perfectly convinced that all the mediums I have sat with to any extent were perfectly genuine.

Although in these days one is very busy and has not the time to devote to this research, I have had several experiences in connection with this war which enable me to affirm again my belief.

On one occasion I was sitting with a medium when a voice called me "uncle." At first I could not think who it was, but then he gave me his Christian name, and I identified him as a boy of nineteen, an officer of the Guards, who had been brutally murdered by a German officer.

The battalion of the Guards to which this boy belonged was being pressed back by the Germans, who were in greatly superior numbers, and he was hit by a piece of shrapnel and knocked over. The pressure was so great that they could not carry him away, and a German officer was seen to shoot him with his revolver. This German was subsequently captured, identified, tried by drum-head court-martial, and shot.

This young officer had always called me uncle, although he was not a nephew of mine. He told me that he was perfectly happy, and had no wish to return to earth. He added that since his spirit had left his body he had been received and helped by other spirits. I have heard this boy's voice on other occasions.

At another séance with a medium known as Mr. Craddock, whom I have always found genuine, a most distinguished general officer who "passed over" some few years since appeared to me as he had done before and said that the war was going as well as it could go for the Allies. He thought the Germans, who were obsessed by the spirit of evil, would hardly be brought to see that they were hopelessly going to destruction, because for some mysterious purpose their spiritual eyes were absolutely blinded and they believed they were in the right. They had lost all power to see the difference between good and evil.

Another distinguished general officer, who gave up his life for his country in the Sudan over thirty-one years ago, appeared to me as clearly as he used to do in his physical life. I asked him whether his son, who was an officer in the Guards, and who had been reported "missing, believed killed," had been killed or taken prisoner.

He said that his son had been taken prisoner

and was now in Germany, but that owing to shell-shock his memory had completely gone, and he could not tell his captors who he was!

No news has come through about this officer, so that it remains to be proved whether this information is correct.

On one occasion in my study, when I sat with the medium Mrs. Wreidt, and when, with one exception, the circle was composed of experienced students in psychical research, there was a lady with us who had lost her son in very tragic circumstances. The death was sudden, and the jury returned an open verdict, many people thinking it was a case of suicide.

We had not been sitting very long when voices began to make themselves heard, and I asked the mother of the boy if she would like any questions to be asked.

She wanted to know if the death was accidental, and she was told that it was so, and then the boy's voice, which was, of course, well known to the mother, made itself heard, and there was a conversation of some minutes which was most affecting.

He said that the one thing that perturbed him was that a book he was writing just before his death was not finished, and mentioned the name of somebody whom he wished to complete the work for him. The fact about this book was known to the mother and to nobody else in the room.

One interesting communication has been made to me which may bring comfort to those who are losing their beloved ones on the battlefields. I am told that the spirits of our soldiers and those of our Allies, who are fighting in the cause of righteousness and mercy against cruelty and wrong, are all helped from their physical death into the upper plane of the astral, and not condemned to the lower planes, which appear to be very much like what Dante described as Purgatory. I have always felt that Dante must have been very much in touch with the spiritual world.

I know that there are a large number of people who scoff at such assertions, and consider that I am little better than a lunatic. I would refer them to Sir Oliver Lodge's article in the *Weekly Dispatch*. He is a man of the very highest intellect, level-headed, and one who would not be deceived by appearances.

Then there is Sir William Crookes, and there were men like Myers, Stainton Moses, Lombroso, Richet, and others who had no doubts whatever. They have convinced themselves by their researches of the continuity of life, and of the power of communication with beings who have passed the border. I am perfectly ready to be classed as a lunatic in the company of such highly scientific men.

To those who would scoff I would say, in the words of Rochefoucauld, "Ordinary minds usually condemn everything that is beyond the scope of their understanding."



For the Lord Himself being asked by a certain person when His Kingdom should come, answered: "When two shall be one, and that which is without as that which is within."—*Apocryphal New Testament*.



## A Mystic's Plea for Improved Spirit Intercourse.

MR. FREDERIC THURSTAN, M.A., the riverside mystic who lives all the year round in a houseboat at Old Windsor, lectured to the Cosmos Society at Eustace Miles' Restaurant on January 10. He said that when it had been established by Mesmerism that a subject's thought-body could travel about the earth while his physical body was on the stage, and could come back and tell what a lady at a distance was wearing or what she was writing, that knowledge started vivid questioning all through the western world. If the thought-body could travel to remote places on the earth, why should it not also travel to places under the earth or above the earth to the spheres where the souls of the departed had gone? And sometimes the psychic subjects went into a deep trance and their thought-bodies got free, and were illuminated, and they entered superior states of consciousness, and said—"I see the departed. I talk with them. They are much the same as they were. They appear quite at home, and they come to earth in similar thought-bodies to mine. Just as my projected fluidic body can go to them, so theirs can come to us."

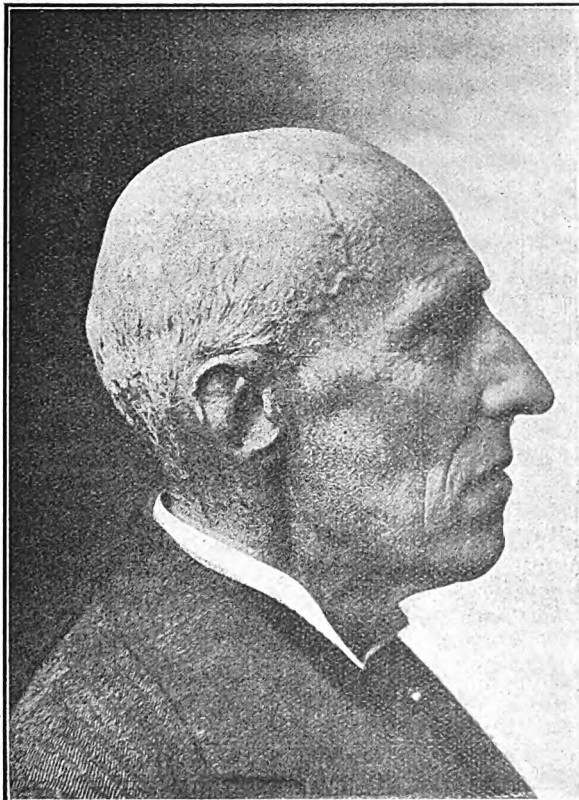
That opened up the question—Can we therefore have intercourse of friendship with our departed by means of these projected fluidic bodies travelling from one sphere to the other? That was the beginning of what were called "circles" and "séances," and before long, people were saying they were quite sure their friends did come to them, not only in their thought-bodies which clairvoyants could see, but also they could make use of psychoplastic material withdrawn temporarily from mediums and show themselves in material bodies visible to the ordinary sight. To those persons who had been yearning for intercourse of personality with personality this knowledge was all of life, and an intense desire arose among them to prove these things to the world.

So organised Spiritualism began, and there arose shouts from various quarters against it. First, the Church condemned it. It had always been the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church that the so-called dead were not asleep, but that they were allowed to come back and have intercourse. Their saints, whom they had canonised, and who had the love of the Church, were allowed this intercourse. If, however, people had personal intercourse with other humans in spirit the Church said they must come from Hades or Purgatory.

Then came another shout from another quarter, from the scientifically-minded people who thought they could get evidence not from Mesmerism or circles, but from the old occultism and magic, and from the Hindu, Yogi, and Vedantic teaching of the East. Thus arose the Blavatsky Theosophical school, and they said the dead had either dropped into a sort of Nirvana sleep to prepare for reincarnation, if they were inferior persons, or if superior they had no wish to take up personality or intercourse again, and if they were called back by their friends' desire for personal intercourse their progress would be interfered with. These Theosophical people said if people in circles did get evidence of phantoms, voices, materialisations, and impressions of their friends talking to them, that might be the work of elementals from some nature world masquerading as humans, or devils as the Church called them.

Those great questions were agitating the western mind when he (Mr. Thurstan) was at the University forty years ago, and he joined the various organisations dealing with them—the Spiritualists, the Theosophists, and also another Society that started out of the scientific camp, because when these questions were depressing his Cambridge friends, Mr. Frederic Myers and Mr. Edward Gurney they said—"Cannot we settle by some scientific evidence whether these alleged beings are spirits of humans, or elementals, or devils, or whether they are at all?" So he joined the Psychical Research Society as one of its first Associates.

He also joined the late Serjeant Cox's society which asked the question, "What am I?"



Mr. Frederic Thurstan.

A new question then arose for him which had haunted him ever since, and had been the guiding star of all his intellectual life and longing for humanity, and it was this—All these perplexities were caused by a want of organisation on both sides of the two worlds; can we who are on earth and they who are in the other world not improve our methods of communication or discover new ones, so that there shall be such certainty and clearness in our intercourse that the inhabitants of the two worlds would have each world equally real to them, would have two sets of intimate companions in life, so that when they found life here dull they could go to the other life, like a man with a town and country house, or telephone or cable to friends across the Valley as people can here in a few minutes though living on separate continents? If they could communicate with each other thus rapidly



each world, it seemed to him, would help the other.

The inner world did not appear to be so very much advanced from this outer world, and if both could talk freely to the other there would be a rapid advance in knowledge and happiness. The inner world wanted from the outer world certain essences from nature that gave the brightness and vibrations of the plasmic body its inhabitants lived in. And also they wanted the meaning of nature-life, which had an intensity of consciousness greater than the inner subjective life, because it had an artistic symbolising meaning of some celestial divine thought that was reflected in the nature-life. Therefore, to beings in the inner life one life gives an intensity which they like, and they like to be connected with us in the outer world because of that. When we have learned to suck in the aura of the flowers and colour and movement then they can take these things from us, when they themselves have not learned how to extract it in their life here. Thus they wanted to be associated with persons in the external life.

If we, on the other hand, are intimately connected with the inner life, we have the power to get high caste and high refinement without pushing ourselves in the external world. The great temptation and ambition in the outer world for riches is really the divine urge to get into the society of the best, into the aristocracy of the old Greeks, of Plato, Socrates, and so on. Those who have refined bodies with radiant health, which all are longing for, are not found in this external life; they are found in those spheres still in contact with the earth, and if people could go like the mesmerised subjects into that sphere, they would go practically into that refined society. If they could go there only for a few hours they would be refined, for even a vulgar man entering refined society would soon be refined.

That question of improving the organisation of intercourse between the two worlds had been for him absorbing. He could not get any friends in London life to take it up. It seemed to them impracticable; they said it could not be done. So these forty years, said Mr. Thurstan, have gone on like that! The Psychical Research group has been groping and groping for evidence. I have not sympathised much with them for I knew this inner world. I have been experimenting myself and have been to India to learn how there they make this inner world real, and I discovered the possibility of getting into communion with the refined people. I proved that for myself, and saw it was a mere waste of time to seek conviction by external evidence. I said to Myers—"Assume that these things are true and try to see them." In their desire for proofs the scientific men had stumbled on several dangers. They had cut themselves off from the nature-world, and by keeping on with automatic writing, clairvoyance, and trance states, they had failed to draw from nature the essences the spirit-world wanted them to have, and their bodily health was consequently parched.

Spiritualists on the other hand had made a religion and a sect of spirit-communion, and they sang hymns and had sermons and collections. Instead of a preacher in the flesh they had a person in the spirit-world talking through somebody in the flesh, and then they found the collection plate was made a little better by giving a little clairvoyant show as proof to the audience. That part of Spiritualism was to him very abhor-

rent. The Spiritualist Alliance he only sympathised with so far as it had developing circles and psychic culture. After this war he believed they would have a new definition of Spiritualism and he suggested the following—Exoteric Spiritualism, from the objective consciousness, is an organisation for the improvement of communication between the two worlds; subjective or Esoteric Spiritualism is the method of spiritualising or refining our bodies and our souls or psyches by means of this organised intercourse between the two worlds. To me, he said, Spiritualism should be an organisation for improving our inter-world communion.



## THE POPE'S NUMBER—SEVENTEEN.

BY F. M. RANKIN.

To those who believe in the psychology of numbers, and that many do so is evident from the articles recently published in various magazines and reviews dealing with the subject, it is of interest to note that according to Italian astrologers the present Pope Benedict XV. comes directly under the influence of the cabalistic number 17.

That part of the well-known prophecy of St. Malachi, "*Religia Depopula*," which applies to Benedict XV. is composed of 17 letters, and even his very Italian and appropriate name, ecclesiastically speaking, of Giacomo or Jacobus della Chiesa—anglice James of the Church—consists of 17 letters, since the symbol "h" has no value for cabalistic reckoners. His pontifical abbreviation of B. XV. also contains 17 letters, for "B" is the second letter of the alphabet, which added to XV., his episcopal number, results in 17.

As is well known, the present Pope chose the name of Benedict XV. in honour of Cardinal Lambertini, the witty prelate of Bologna, who, as Benedict XIV., ruled over the Papal See for 17 years.

Giacomo della Chiesa was born in the year 1854. In computing cabalistic numbers the rule is to add together the last three figures of the century in progress at the time of reckoning. In 1854 we have  $8 + 5 + 4 = 17$ .

Benedict XV. while still Cardinal della Chiesa went to Bologna as its archbishop in February 1908 ( $9 + 8 = 17$ ).

The number 17 is held by some to be a very unlucky number, but it is not necessarily so, and in this particular instance it seems rather to indicate a decisive number and to foreshadow a radical change in the order of things. Not unlikely it points to a reconciliation between the Church and State in Italy, which for many years have been at daggers drawn.

With reference to this, it is interesting to observe the date that marks the fall of the papal temporal power, viz., 20 (20th of September), 9 (9th month of the year) in the reign of Pius IX., 1870. The numerals composing this date are  $2 + 9 + 1 + 8 + 7 = 27$ . Now in 1827 was born Quintinus Sella, who also was under the influence of the number 17, and to him, as the then Prime Minister in Italy, was due the decisive action with its far-reaching results of transferring the Court of Victor Emmanuel II., the grandfather of the present King of Italy, from Florence to Rome. The letter "S" is the 17th of the Italian alphabet, and all this acquires a special significance when it is remembered that Benedict XV. is related by ties of blood to the family of Quintinus Sella, which also comes under the direct influence of the number 17.

The result of all this reckoning is that the eventful year for Benedict XV. and the Catholic Church will be the year in which the three last numbers added together make 17, and which also ends in 17, and that year is precisely this present year of grace 1917.



## VISION-INTERPRETATION WANTED

(Letter to the Editor.)

DEAR SIR,—During my afternoon nap on December 7, I saw the following vision. I seemed to be looking for eggs in a fowlhouse, when I found a large one irregularly shaped. It was red in colour, and had on one side what appeared to be Chinese characters. Turning it over, I saw on the other side a picture of a large bull, being chased by a man who held up a gun aimed at the animal. Above the bull was a miniature warship, the whole of which was visible, the water appearing transparent. Whether or no this strange vision had any meaning, or what caused it, I have not the faintest idea. Can any of your readers interpret it? Yours faithfully,

THOS. ATTWOOD.

Ramleh, Egypt, Jan. 5, 1917.

# The Law of Influence—Man's Influence over Men

By LEWIS FIRTH.

(Continued from page 111).

THE failure of our educational system to reveal to the child, and later to the man, a knowledge of human influence, lies in the fact that our whole knowledge is based upon sense-perceptions. Along with positive science must be classed the study of psychology, a psychology which includes both physiological and spiritual factors, and is based on the facts of continuity, and on influences from post mortem states of consciousness.

The entrance of a person, with strong disagreeable moods, into the company of friends in harmony is sufficient to damp the ardour of all present. The influence of a boy with depraved tastes has been responsible for the temporary closing of one of our public grammar schools. Personally, I feel myself unable either to think clearly or to express myself fluently in the presence of several individuals whom I am on the best of terms with. Dogmatic and domineering persons irritate me, without a single word being uttered. Sensitives can feel the influence of morally depraved people, and if they would be guided by what they feel, rather than by what they see, pain and sorrow would be lessened in their experiences.

If very sensitive persons can feel evil influences, so also can they discern and feel good influences. The unfortunate failing in the majority of sensitives is that they lack strength of character, and reflect too often the influence of the minds of others, rather than develop a positive attitude towards evil, which is a negative one to the All Good.

The power of the orator is vaster than fine rounded sentences or clear-cut generalisations. Every gesture bespeaks character, every word conveys his inner life; and the influence he exercises over his audience is either electrical or magnetic, according to temperament. It is common knowledge that the speaker or minister may be intellectually and spiritually ahead of his audience, but his influence for good is felt by all present, and the souls of sensitive persons are stirred to their depths by the emotional tides that flow within the building—focussed by the speaker, generated by all present. If the character of the orator is intellectual rather than moral, then his influence will be limited and determined by the intelligence of his audience; whereas the great and good souls live with us in their immortal masterpieces, whose appeal is not limited to the intellectual, but to all sides of our being.

The influence of man is not confined to speech or actions, felt or perceived whilst in close contact. In the case of the orator, who sways vast audiences with his eloquence and personality, we carry away with us his influence. How often have we felt that behind his tremendous power are factors that destroy much of the good that he otherwise might achieve! Briefly, his oratorical power is transitory, his real influence, whether for good or ill, remains with us as a lasting monument in thought of the power wielded by a great soul over his fellows.

The indirect influence of man over men is often vaster, especially in the case of genius, than the direct influence of personal association. The peculiar idiosyncrasies of many great men jar upon one's finer nature, and to view them through an inverted telescope enables us to forget the

personality, or otherwise perceive its smallness, and to estimate correctly the indirect influence of genius upon the world's thought.

If we set out to prove greatness by some ethical standard, we shall fail absolutely to realise the tremendous influence for good which the products of often morally depraved great men, exercise over minds attuned to influences in special directions. Take the case of Whistler, the artist. Must we destroy the products of his genius which have had such an influence on modern art, because of his moral lapses? The influence of the worst man is not wholly bad, and of the best amongst us, is not entirely good. Few men exist whose efforts are entirely directed to produce influences wholly evil. There is honour amongst thieves, and courtesans often possess hearts of gold. It is the poor that help the poor, and the widow's mite has been the theme for centuries, in the pulpit, religious press, and pious stories. We must revise our standards for the estimate of man's influence. We may go to Whistler to realise his genius in light and shade, and recognise his vast influence on art, but his moral standard belongs to the age of barbarism when the world was young.

When our finer and higher faculties become so far unfolded that we can readily perceive the quality of influence emanating from everyone we meet, then our moral obligations to society are increased. We must transform the evil into the good, and search for the gold amongst the dross, and having found it, wherever and whenever possible, direct the thoughts of our friends to the inherent qualities they possess, and help them to shed an influence of purity and right living in thought and deed.

Our responsibilities do not cease when we describe the quality of influence wherever acting. The secret of happiness is to be found in service. We must discover ways and means how to inhibit, transform, or accelerate influences of whatever quality. Such powers would enable one to cleanse a dwelling-house of influences which may obsess the occupants and wreck the harmony of the home. Or the good influences pervading buildings used for public functions, worship, or residence, may not only be discovered and explained, but utilised as great power-houses, from which we may link up in thought the wisest and best in the past with ennobling influences in the present, ever reaching forward to an ideal future whose foundations exist in the eternal-ever-present-past.

It is the paramount duty of all men not only to purge their personal atmosphere, aura, or environment, from influences which mar their growth and harmony, but equally to strive to help others in thought, by directing a constant stream of pure influences upon them, at whatever distance, and so to help in the creative evolution which will produce the super-man, or at least aid the birth of the divine within all men.

The influence of a genius is not limited to a nation or an age; he speaks the universal tongue, he is acclaimed by all. Masters like Confucius and Laotze in China, Krishna and Buddha in India, Zoroaster in Persia, Mohammed in Arabia, Jesus in Palestine, Socrates in Greece, and Marcus Aurelius in Rome, have been an inspiration and a lasting influence over the lives of men in every clime and in every age.



## A Ghost Hunter's Criticisms of Spiritualism.

MR. ELLIOT O'DONNELL, the well-known authority on ghosts and hauntings, and author of "Twenty Years Experience of a Ghost Hunter," lectured to the International Club for Psychical Research on January 7 on "Some of the Dangers of Spiritualism," Lady Lund presiding. Mr. O'Donnell said he was not antagonistic to Spiritualism as a whole, and the dangers he referred to arose in some of its popular branches. From the point of view of "the man in the street," when Spiritualism was mentioned, most people's minds reverted to fraud, and that there had been fraud associated with it was undoubted. Phenomenal Spiritualism lent itself to fraud, because some people were so credulous. A medium might see visions in a crystal, but could not at all times. The appearances too might be merely subjective, received telepathically, or they might be objective; because they did not tally with any actual happening was no proof that spirits did not prompt them. At times mediums fabricated to save their reputation and give their visitors their money's worth. In regard to table-turning, the tilts might be genuine spirit messages, or a person present might be able to read the sub-conscious mind of some other person present, get all sorts of secrets in this manner, and influence the table accordingly. He had watched certain trance mediums and it had struck him that their alleged "control" might be a clever piece of acting. He did not think scientists, however eminent, were the best judges of this class of phenomena. The chemist was not an expert in human character, or in the spiritual region. The man who had spent his life in the study of human character and criminology could best be relied upon to tell whether a medium was humbugging. The question arose—What should the law do to protect society? If it could not distinguish between innocent and guilty mediums, the law would bungle, and unfair sentences be imposed. On the other hand, there was the danger to the public of being deceived. Police spies, mostly women, were sent to mediums, and they proceeded by a system of lies and trickery infinitely more despicable than the very worst kind of charlatanism. In the recent wholesale prosecutions public sympathy might be enlisted for the class of people true Spiritualists wanted to see rooted out. The law needed revising in the direction of making a distinction between honest and dishonest mediums. When "the man in the street" read of cases of fraudulent mediums he was apt to think Spiritualists were all tarred with the same brush. He (the lecturer) personally believed in future existence because he had had practical demonstrations of it, but that had not yet been proved to the general public, many people entirely disbelieving in it. The composition of the other world was purely speculative, and those Spiritualists who dogmatised about it threatened Spiritualism by making it ridiculous. It would, he thought, be time enough to pose as experts on heaven or hell when they found themselves permanently established in either of these places! They were simply fools if they attempted to do otherwise. The danger of getting engrossed in table turning and automatic writing was that even amongst the strongest mentally these things were highly injurious to the brain. A vicar's son with whom he was acquainted was mediumistic, and took to table-turning and inviting spirits, and he eventually committed suicide. A

lady not of robust constitution took to table-turning and she shot herself. In many cases an interest in these things led to obsession, and obsession to insanity. He would not say, with some religious denominations, that it was wrong to inquire into the other world, but excepting for those persons who had strong and level brains it might become an extremely dangerous pursuit. Vicious elementals or other undesirable spirits might be responsible for obsession and for the sudden tragic endings of the victims. If Spiritualism could make them wiser and better men and women it was worth their zealous attention. If not, let them turn their attention to something else. Spiritualists could not judge this for themselves. It was, said Mr. O'Donnell for "the man in the street" to decide that question.

Dr. Abraham Wallace said in all his experience he had never met with "elementals" to whom Mr. O'Donnell attributed such vicious qualities, and he had never known of crystal-gazing being destructive to anyone's mind or character.

Mr. T. H. Lonsdale said Mr. O'Donnell had spoken of dangers connected with table-turning and crystal-gazing, but these things were not Spiritualism. They were psychical phenomena, if he liked, and if people devoted their whole time to these there might be certain dangers, just as there would be if people devoted themselves exclusively to anything else.

A lady member said if people investigated Spiritualism from a real conscientious love of truth that would protect them from any kind of danger.

Mrs. Symonds said that regarding the definite proof that should be given to "the man in the street," she questioned whether such a man was ready for it, and it was not a bit of good trying to teach Spiritualism or psychic science to people who were not prepared for it. If Mr. O'Donnell wanted to materialise Spiritualism it would be no longer Spiritualism, but Materialism. A spiritual understanding was necessary before people could appreciate the truths of Spiritualism, and people must be anxious for communion with their friends in spirit before they were likely to make any progress in ascertaining the truth of the matter. In regard to recent prosecutions how, she asked, could magistrates who were absolutely ignorant of the basic principles of psychic science or Spiritualism be fair or impartial judges? It was simply an impertinence on their part to pretend to decide whether a psychic was a rogue and a vagabond, or an honest person.



### A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE IN NEW ZEALAND.

(Letter to the Editor.)

36, Mount Pleasant Road,  
Mount Eden, Auckland.

DEAR SIR,—Many years ago when going to bid a lady farewell, and when just about to place my hand upon the handle of her bedroom door a spirit passed right between me and that door. I did not see anything, but only felt its very strong influence and knew it to be a spirit. In the next room to the one I was about to enter, an elderly gentleman had passed on during the previous night. The sensation was very peculiar, like an airy presence gliding swiftly and decidedly between me and the door, as if wishing to cut off communication.—Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) HILDA SPEEDY.

## More Psychic Photography at Crewe.

By R. WOLSTENHOLME, Blackburn.

FOR over forty years I have studied and been interested in psychic matters. During that time I have seen almost every kind of phenomena and mediumship, from the tilting of tables to materialisations. For nearly thirty years I earned my living as a professional photographer, so that in psychical research and in photography I am not a novice.

During the summer of 1916, my nephew, Mr. William Henry Wolstenholme, J.P., of "Hollenhurst," Middleton, near Manchester, made arrangements with the "Crewe Circle" for us to pay them a visit for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, some psychic photographs. On July 20th, 1916, my nephew and I, accompanied by Mr. Tom Tyrrell, the Blackburn clairvoyant, visited Crewe. Before leaving Blackburn Mr. Tyrrell and I each purchased a packet of sensitive photographic plates (quarter-plate size). These we took with us, wrapped and secure as they left the maker's hands.

Arriving at Crewe, we made our way to No. 144, Market Street, where we were welcomed by the occupier, Mrs. Buxton. The time appointed to make the experiment was 2.30 p.m., but Mr. Hope, the other psychic medium, was detained on business, and did not arrive until 3 o'clock. We chatted with Mrs. Buxton while waiting for Mr. Hope, and had not been in the house many minutes before Mr. Tyrrell said: "There is a little boy here. To look at he seems about six or seven years of age. He tells me he was drowned at Blackpool some years ago, and gives the name of —." (I forget the name given.) Mrs. Buxton here handed him an album, and pointing to a psychic "extra," asked if that was anything like the boy he saw. "The very same," was Mr. Tyrrell's reply. At 3 o'clock Mr. Hope arrived, and without any preliminaries the seance began.

Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton sang the hymn commencing

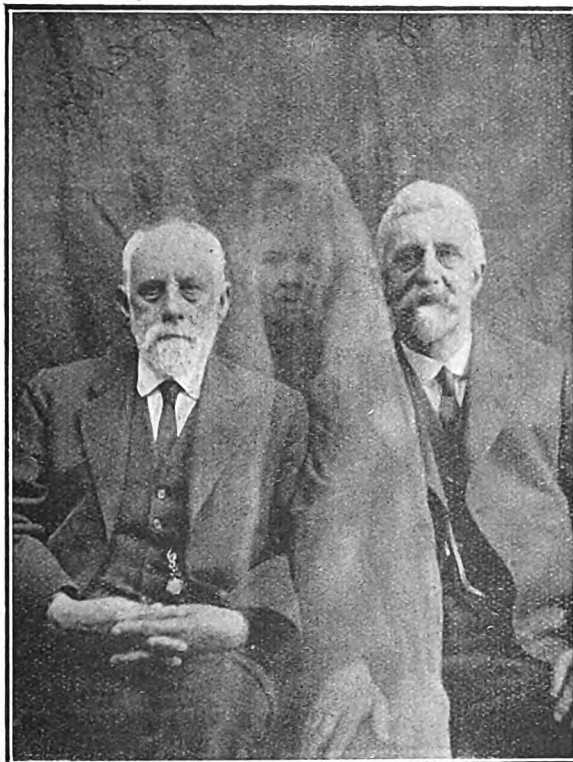
"Lo, in the golden sky,  
We angel forms descry,"

during which we sang, or let it alone, as the mood pleased us. Never before in my experience did the singing of a hymn produce such harmonious conditions. You could feel the "peace that passeth understanding" descend on the meeting. At the conclusion of the hymn, Mr. Hope went under control; then the photographic plates we had in our pockets were asked for. Mr. Tyrrell wrote his name on his packet, and I wrote my name on my packet. Mr. Hope then took the

two packets of plates and putting them together held them in his hands. Mrs. Buxton placed her hands on Mr. Hope's, Mr. Tyrrell's hands were placed on Mrs. Buxton's, my nephew's on Mr. Tyrrell's, whilst I placed my hands on those of my nephew. This holding of hands and plates lasted about 30 seconds. Mr. Tyrrell and I then put our own packet of plates back into our pockets. Mr. Hope, still under control, directed how the sittings should take place. We were to make four attempts; the first two plates to be exposed were from Mr. Tyrrell's packet, the third and fourth exposures were to be with my plates. The order of procedure was to be as follows: my nephew and I were to be taken on the first plate, Mr. Tyrrell alone on the second plate, all three of us in a group on the third plate, and my nephew alone on the fourth plate. Mr. Hope asked for our camera, but as we had understood their own camera was always used, we had not taken one with us.

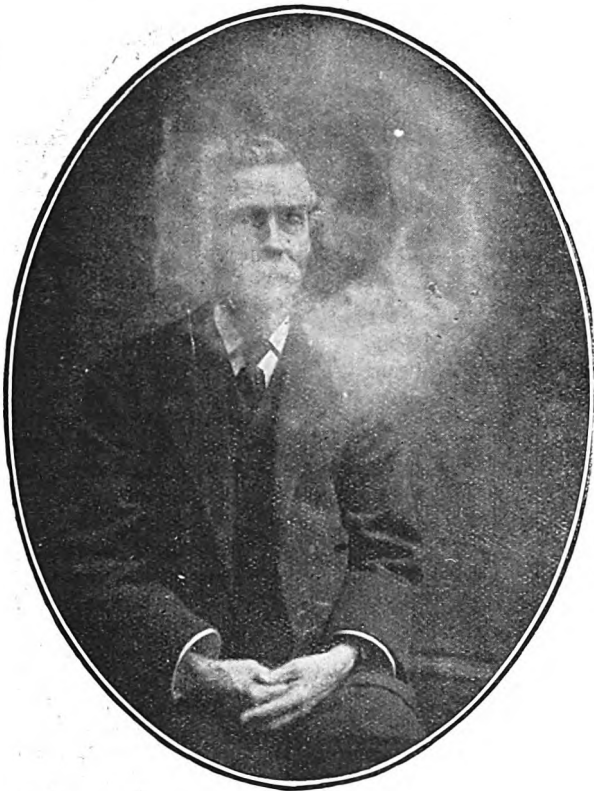
Before the experiment began I asked if I might examine the camera and lens, as well as the double-back plate-carrier. Mr. Hope immediately produced the lot, and while he was lighting the dark-room lamp and looking up the developing and fixing solutions, I made a careful examination of the camera, lens and plate-carrier. The whole lot were old and not made for fake purposes. I was told they were given to the Crewe Circle by the late Archdeacon Colley. I would not have given ten shillings for the whole lot. After the examination of the apparatus was completed, Mr. Tyrrell went into the dark-room, and there for the first time cut open his packet of plates, and taking two out, he himself placed the plates in the dark-slide and returned the remainder to his pocket. I think I ought to say here, that when I was President of the Blackburn Amateur Photographic Society, Mr. Tyrrell was a member, so he understood the method of filling the dark-slide or carrier.

Mr. Tyrrell came out of the dark-room, bringing with him the slide containing the sensitive plates, and kept possession of them until they were put in the camera for exposure. As my nephew and I were to be the first sitters, I placed Mr. Tyrrell on the seat I should occupy, while I focussed them. This being done, I took the seat held by Mr. Tyrrell, and he stood just outside the range of the lens. Mr. Hope then placed the dark slide in position in the camera, Mrs. Buxton pressing the bulb to make the exposure. My eyes never being



Mr. Tyrrell's Grandmother.





Mr. Tyrrell's Father,

taken off the camera, I saw every movement during the exposure of the plate.

Mr. Tyrrell then took his seat for plate No. 2, I again doing the focussing. Just at this moment a strong burst of sunlight broke through, and I had to hold an open umbrella over Mr. Tyrrell to keep the direct rays of the sun from falling on him during the exposure. Mr. Tyrrell then went into the dark-room, and took his two plates out of the dark-slide and wrapped them up. I should say that before the exposures Mr. Tyrrell wrote his name on the plates he used. I then went into the dark-room and cut open my packet of plates, marked them, and placed them in the dark-slide, retaining in my pocket those unused.

When the grouping of the three of us was finished, I handed the dark-slide to Mr. Hope, who placed it in the camera, Mrs. Buxton again pressing the bulb. After the exposures were made, I took the plates into the dark-room, and placed them in a developing dish, whilst those of Mr. Tyrrell I placed in a second developing dish. The developing process had not proceeded far when I saw that on plate No. 3 something besides the sitters was making its appearance. Then the "extra" on plate No. 2 began to show, followed immediately by the "extra" on plate No. 1. After the development was completed I fixed the plates, no one up to this time touching them but myself. After the fixation was complete, I brought the dishes containing the plates into the kitchen to wash. On examination I found an "extra" of a woman on plate No. 1; and on plate No. 2 I found an "extra" of a man surrounded by a deep circle of aura. In this aura can be traced two very small faces, besides the face of the man in the centre. On plate No. 3 was a very strong patch of light, which on examination shows a man's face.

When prints were made from these three negatives (No. 4 had no "extra" on it), the woman "extra" on No. 1 was recognised by Mr. Tyrrell as his grandmother, while the man on plate No. 2

Mr. Tyrrell recognised as his father, neither of whom were ever photographed in their earth-life. The "extra" on plate No. 3 so far has not been fully recognised. I have had a very dark print made of No. 3 so as to help identification, if possible. When I cover up the eyes, the remainder of the face is like my brother John, who lived and died at Blackpool. When I cover up the lower part of the face and look at the eyes, I do not recognise him; the eyes are more sleepy-looking than I ever noticed John's to be.

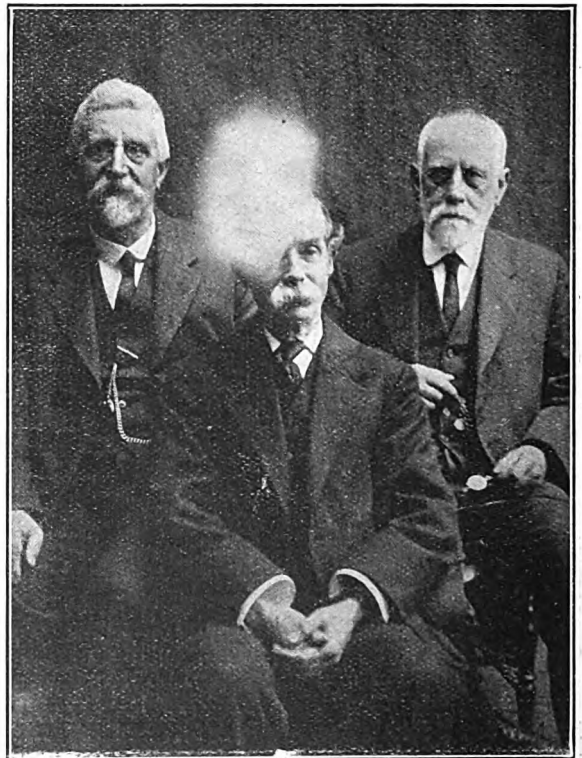
How these "extras" came on the plates, I do not know, but I will stake my thirty years' reputation as a photographer that they did not come by fake or fraud. In common fairness to Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton, I must say I never have met with more apparent honesty than in these experiments in psychic photography, and I wish publicly to thank Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton for giving us the opportunity of examining this very valuable phase of mediumship.

NOTE.—Mr. Tom Tyrrell and Mr. W. H. Wolstenholme testify that the above report is correct in all particulars:



No man on any side is truly brave in thought who is listening for other people's voices, either to assent to or to contradict them.—*Phillips Brooks.*

"BE HAPPY."—"Always wear a happy face," said General Sir William Robertson, speaking at a meeting in aid of the British Red Cross Society, "Cheerfulness at the present moment is," he added, "a national duty. I feel that our soldiers and sailors are fighting as they always do and always will do. (Cheers.) It is needless for me to say that it is the duty of everybody to help to restore these men to health, keep them in good spirits, and make every effort to help them. A man can give no more than his life for his country, and that is what our men are doing. It is up to everyone to do his or her share in looking after them." Asking people to visit wounded soldiers in hospital, Sir William remarked: "When you go, go with cheerful faces. Cheerfulness is a duty on the part of every nation in time of war, and every man and every woman who wears a cheerful face in wartime is performing a national duty. There is no reason why you should not be cheerful if you have a clear conscience. (Laughter.) If you have that you will feel you have done your duty."



Not Recognised.

## Conditions of Life in the Midst of Death.

### WONDERFUL SPIRITUAL PROTECTION IN TIMES OF DANGER.

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

#### III.

**I**MAGINE a gloomy wet winter's day. Frost had been followed by snow, and snow by rain. Trenches were tumbling to pieces, and the earth in them was being churned up into sticky slime. In many places you had to stoop as you walked, for the sides had given way and exposed the trench. You had forgotten how long it was since first your feet became wet and deadly cold, but you knew the wet and mud had crept up your legs, and now that the cold damp sticky feeling was becoming felt about your thighs you became painfully aware of these leaden feet and cold wet clothes. Your trench-coat has become a sodden mass of wet mud inside and out, having rubbed and scrubbed and flapped and splashed on the oozing muddy sides of the trenches, and you have been glad to leave it in the dugout and chance it raining whilst you are out.

That was my condition as I set out one day to visit the saps. I had been cheerful while the frost had held everything tight in its place, when the air was crisp, and when for several hours in the day the sun shone out. How I loved the sun these days! It seemed to be the embodiment of all that was good and cheerful. I would bring up my blanket from out of the dark damp dugout, select a place in the sun for it, and spread it out on some sandbags. Thus it was aired and warmed and dried. No one at home knows what a blessing the sun is to the man in the trenches in winter time. I revelled in it, and when it shone never failed to remember that I once had some bitter thoughts about that same sun. I was then very near the equator, and was crossing a desert when my men were failing, for our water had given out. I remembered so well stifling those bitter thoughts that were rising, and inwardly saying to myself—"No, I may want your friendship some day," and somehow that memory has often been a pleasure to me during these winter days in the trenches.

The sunny days had passed, and were followed by a day of snow, which gradually turned to sleet, and then came the days of rain. Then the sun seemed only to be a memory or a dream. The spot where I had dried and warmed my blanket was a mess of decomposing chalk and mud, and the only comforting thought I seemed now to be able to find was that I had not neglected the opportunity to dry and warm it.

Hazy recollections of my childhood would creep up out of the profound sum of memories stored in the pigeon holes of my mind, as they often do when one is alone. Amongst them was one of myself as a boy listening to my mother impressing on a maid the necessity of seeing that bedclothes were well dried and aired! Immediately my thoughts ran rapidly back through the last twenty-four hours, and now I see myself with wet cold feet, heavy boots, and damp clothes, trying to keep circulation going by making unnecessary journeys from the dugout to the saps and back again; occasionally coiling up in my blanket on some strips of wood in a corner of the dugout and getting a few hours' sleep. Was I to be blamed if I felt a bit miserable? and if I craved for the comforts of a hot bath and a warm bed, if I longed for a

soft springy armchair and a fire in front of me to poke? When had I seen a decent fire last? It seemed years ago, and now fires only existed in dreams.

It had stopped raining for the moment and I was setting off again for the saps. As I said before, I had left my trench-coat behind because it was soaked with rain. In addition to the troubles produced by the weather, we were having an anxious time owing to enemy activity, and my thoughts reverted to that part of his activity which closely concerned me, as I made my way along the trench to the front line. The trenches were such messes of mud that each step had to be taken deliberately, but often it was impossible to avoid sinking in over the knee before one's foot found something hard enough to bear the weight, and then the hands and arms had to be freely used to assist in freeing one's limbs from the suction of the mud. I began to regret having left my trench-coat in the dugout. A constant hail of shells had been coming over on to us during the day, which added to the sum of hardship. Cheerless as it all was, however, I do not think, nay I am sure, it did not take the heart out of us, for we knew that the enemy in front of us was having no better a time. Our Tommies assured themselves of this by going over in the dead of night occasionally, and bringing one of the enemy back alive as a prisoner, and his gloomy tale was a tonic to them.

The enemy did not like these particular trenches which we were holding. He considered they were a menace to some of his strong positions, and he had tried time and again to drive us out of them. Each time he had failed, and his failures had always cost him dear, so he apparently settled down to make the best of the situation. At least that was what general appearances pointed to, but it was not so. Being checked on the surface he had resorted to burrowing, that is, he was driving small galleries or tunnels from out of his own trenches towards ours, his object being to get right underneath ours at several points, and then to blow them up. With the aid of his artillery and the confusion which might follow, he would send swarms of men over to take the piece of ground we held and which he so dearly desired. I was one of those sent there to prevent him putting his plan into execution, for the garrison holding the trenches must be protected from the enemy mines. Shafts were soon sunk, and tunnels driven out from them to meet those of the enemy, and thus an underground warfare commenced.

My scramble along the trench brought me to a sap leading to one of these shafts, and as it was low I had to get down on to my hands and knees and crawl in. Mud overflowing from the trench had found its way in too. Under different circumstances this would have troubled me little, but now it served only to intensify a chill that had been creeping into my mind during the last few hours. I had an unpleasant foreboding. We had checked the enemy in his mining operations, and he knew it; what was his next move? I reached the shaft, descended it, and made my way into the galleries, which extended away out in front of our own trenches. Here I met the miners coming out from their work, for it was the end of their



shift. They were due to be relieved by an equal number of fresh men. When I had passed the last one I felt happier, for they had gone from the neighbourhood of a spot which had been threatening danger. I had chosen this particular time for my visit, as I wanted to be alone and quiet. Having purposely delayed the entry of the relief for half an hour, I knew well that I would be undisturbed for that length of time.

And here let me say a word about the miners. Every one of them is a volunteer; they have hard work to do, and they do it willingly; no one knows the danger that surrounds their work better than they do themselves; but they are cheery and contented, and ready always to face the worst dangers in order to succour their comrades when occasion arises. With their picks and shovels they work steadily away, driving the gallery ahead so that the enemy may be countermined and prevented from driving his galleries near our own trenches.

It was into the end of one of these that I made my way. I knew the enemy had a similar gallery end not far off, so I lay and listened in order that I might observe any sounds and thereby form some judgment of his position. Suspicious sounds had recently been heard here, and they were not to be disregarded. At first, it appeared as though all was silent, the biggest noise being made by the beat of my own heart. I cannot say that listening is the most desirable occupation, but it has to be done. I suspected that the enemy had laid a mine not far from the spot, and intended to fire it at his own convenience, to wreck our galleries and trap our men, so I remained still to try and ascertain that such danger was or was not really imminent.

As in warfare on the surface, the enemy uses every artifice to deceive, and this requires that most careful observations shall be made. It was possible that several tons of explosives were only a few yards away from me, which when exploded would crush in all the galleries for many yards around, including the unfortunate occupants if any. Although it was damp and dark down here I was free from the mud and discomforts of the trench. Everything was intensely quiet, so I got out a cigarette intending to light it, but found that all my matches were wet, and so was forced to do without the comfort of a smoke. I switched out my electric light, and gave all my attention to catching any sound that might be made through the few yards of chalk between myself and the enemy, but I could hear nothing.

It is when circumstanced like this that I have confidence in relying on the help of my unseen friends, *and they have never failed me yet*. I had lain about twelve minutes with an easy mind, but all the time fully conscious that the signs pointed to danger. Still I trusted to my guiding spirits. When their signal came, it came clear and distinct, not in words but in a sensation. Any feeling of security that I had left me, and an impression filled my mind that I ought to leave the place. I got up and quietly left the gallery, and made my way back to the trench. It is always a relief to be able to stand straight up again, and even such a dull drizzling day is bright compared with those dark galleries.

The feeling of alarm now left me. I stood a few moments to consider the situation—Were the enemy going to blow a mine, or were they not? Was I allowing my physical surroundings to bias my judgment? Was I just becoming a victim of nerves? My men would be here in a few minutes

ready to go down to work; should I allow them to go in, or keep them out a bit longer? The work could not stand indefinitely, but on the other hand if I let them go in and something happened—.

Then something did happen! There was a mighty thud, the ground rocked, and the sides of the trench seemed to sway. From past experience I knew the enemy had blown their mine. I looked over the parapet, and saw a huge bulge appearing in No Man's Land. As it rose, the earth and chalk split and spread like a fountain. Then, up from beneath it all, came shafts of flame and smoke, which leaped and gushed from its prison, and carried the fragments high into the air, where it all seemed to rest for a moment. Then began a terrifying rain from the sky as all the debris, robbed of its propelling force, came tumbling to earth once more, like a gigantic cascade. On those not accustomed to such a spectacle it has an awe-inspiring effect, but in this case it only served to take the tension off my mind. My men were safe. No one was hurt, and very little damage was done to our works. So once more I breathed a word of thanks to our unseen protectors.



### THE IMPENETRABLE VEIL.

I sit beside the ocean,  
 Wrapped around with patient hills,  
 And the magic of its greatness  
 All earth's tortured moaning stills.

I grope among the Senses—  
 "Eyes and Ears, Oh, break the spell!  
 Flood me with the hidden secret  
 Which this beauty guards so well!"

"Our gifts are thine," they answer,  
 Yet withhold the Master Key,  
 And a Veil they cannot sunder  
 Hangs between the Real and me.

I turn to Inspiration—  
 "Harp, swept by the airs of Heaven,  
 Pray the Angels to draw near me  
 That this baffling Veil be riven!"

I feel them softly gather,  
 Turning with mystic spell  
 All the faculty of Being  
 Towards the plane on which they dwell.

I bid my Soul go with them  
 To bring back the Truth I seek,  
 But it only hears an Echo  
 From some far-off shining peak.

For it journeys as a captive,  
 Bound by changeless Love's decree,  
 That the Veil shall ne'er be riven  
 By our frail humanity.

I sit beside the ocean  
 Of Eternal Mystery,  
 With the memory of an Echo  
 Wafted through the Veil—to me.

M. E. HALL.



If thou art unwilling to suffer thou refusest to be crowned. But if thou desirest to be crowned, fight manfully, endure patiently. Without labour there is no rest, nor without fighting can the victory be won.

—Thomas a Kempis.

## Mr. Arthur Balfour as a Crystal Gazer.

CRYSTAL gazing is one of the most interesting of psychic arts, but woe to any gifted clairvoyant if a sapient London detective should find so mysterious and occult a thing as a crystal lying anywhere about her house! It is in his view a sure symptom of "traffic with the devil," and his mere mention of it in court goes a long way, he knows, towards securing a sentence for its possessor of a £50 fine or three months imprisonment. His evidence on the point is fatal, for a crystal is of course a crystal, and the smart criminal officer has no chance of blundering as one did the other day when he mistook an ordinary walking-stick for a magic-wand!

Crystal-gazing is in itself no crime. We have the authority of one ex-Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, for saying so, and the following story told by the late Mr. Andrew Lang, in his introduction to a book on "Crystal Gazing," shows how another ex-Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Balfour, His Majesty's present Secretary for Foreign Affairs, once practised the art with no little success.

Mr. Lang says—I lent the (crystal) ball to Miss Balfour, who only then saw, I think, an old fashioned piece of furniture (in it). Her brother (Mr. Arthur Balfour) laughed at her and took the ball into his study, when he returned, looking perplexed. He admitted that he had seen (in it) a person whom he knew, under a lamp. This was about 5 p.m. on a Sunday at St. Andrews. He would find out on Tuesday, he said, whether he had seen right or wrong. Miss Balfour told me this. On Tuesday, Mr. Balfour met, at a dance in Edinburgh, a lady—Miss Grant. "On Sunday, at five o'clock," he said, "you were seated under a standard lamp, making tea. A man in blue serge was beside you; his back was towards me. I saw the tip of his moustache. You wore a dress (described) that I have never seen you wearing."

"Were the blinds up?" asked the lady.

"I don't know; I was at St. Andrews," said Mr. Balfour.

The lady said the facts were correct, and she and Mr. Balfour wrote out and signed a report of the incident.

Not long afterwards Mr. Balfour lunched with me. We spoke of Miss X. (Miss Goodrich-Freer) and her experiments, on the links before luncheon. Afterwards, in my study, Mr. Balfour, who was smoking, gazed into a glass bowl of water. He saw (in it) as much of a house as you see from the hall. The arrangement, as to flooring, doors, windows, and staircase, was of a kind unknown to us. A white Persian cat in the picture walked down the stairs. The picture lasted long, and I made several changes in the lighting of the room. When I drew down the blind the picture remained, but the large window opposite the front door, in the crystal picture of the house, disappeared. I happened later to meet Miss Goodrich-Freer, whom Mr. Balfour had never seen in his life, and told her what he had beheld.

"My house, my Persian cat!" said the lady.

I had never been in this house, but visited it on my return to town. Mr. Balfour's description of what he saw in the picture was absolutely correct, but the Persian cat was out. His existence, however, is amply attested.

Now, if Mr. Balfour, instead of being a statesman and an amateur crystal gazer, had been a professional clairvoyant, and had told a client what he told Mr. Lang, he would have been liable, under the law as it is at present administered, to be convicted as "a rogue and vagabond," and to be fined heavily or sent to prison as a common criminal. That is no hyperbole, for prosecutions of clairvoyants and palmists are nowadays absolutely "sure things" for beating up funds for the police exchequer when real crime is quiet. Police magistrates are so hopelessly ignorant of psychic science, and so full of prejudice against it, that they are ever alert to convict an accused person on the ground apparently that what he has pretended to be able to tell from an examination of the marks on a hand or by gazing in a crystal is *prima facie* impossible and is therefore fraudulent. The problem for all persons interested in psychic matters is how they are to be protected from such ignorant police tyranny.

## How a Lord Chief Justice had his Fortune Told.

"CHEIRO" in his "Reminiscences of a Society Palmist" (Rider and Son) tells the story of how Lord Russell of Killowen, three years before he became Lord Chief Justice of England, went to him "to have his fortune told," as the phrase goes.

One day in the middle of my season in London (says the author), a very exacting and apparently severe old gentleman came to see me. There was certainly nothing in his appearance or dress to lead me for a moment to imagine that he was even then a very big man in his profession. Dates, however, seemed to interest him, and when I told him certain years in his past life which had caused important changes in his career, he did me the honour to delve back into his memory of the past and give me the satisfaction of knowing that the years I gave him were correct.

I then told him that in a certain year, and further in a given month in that year, he would reach the summit of whatever his profession was, and that he would at that moment hold the highest position that his career could confer on him.

He carefully took a note of what I told him and then in a rather mocking way he said: "And now, sir, as you have gone so far, you may as well make a guess at the exact day of this wonderful event."

"Call it a guess, if you wish," I replied, "but by my calculations the day should be any one of those days which make by addition the figure of one in the month of July, 1894—such as the first, tenth, nineteenth or twenty-eighth."

This he carefully noted, and then when I asked him to give me an impression of his hand for my collection, he turned and said: "You shall have it on one of the days

you have mentioned, provided your predictions shall have become verified." And so my strange visitor left.

Some three years later Cheiro was summoned to the High Courts of Justice, and, as no explanation was given him as to who wanted him or for what purpose his attendance was required, he was in a very nervous state of mind while he waited in a badly furnished room at the back of one of the principal courts.

Minute after minute passed (says Cheiro) until nearly an hour had gone. I had imagined myself tried and executed in a hundred different ways, when suddenly a side door opened and the Lord Chief Justice appeared before me in all the majesty of his robes of office.

I admit I did not recognise my client of some years before, but, without waiting a moment, rolling up his sleeves, he said: "I am willing to keep my promise; you can have impressions of my hands now."

I had no apparatus for doing such work with me, but there was not a moment to be lost. I lit a legal looking candle standing on the table, blackened some sheets of paper which the Lord Chief Justice himself found in a drawer, and in a few minutes I had obtained an excellent impression of his hands.

Taking a pen, he wrote "Russell of Killowen," with the date, and simply said: "You see I have kept my promise: this is the first day I have put on these robes as Lord Chief Justice of England—your date was correct, though how you did it I cannot imagine."

That was assuredly the act of a very brave and honest man. Newly enrobed as the chief



dignitary of English law, Lord Russell was not afraid to acknowledge the accuracy of the prediction arrived at by palmistry and numerology, nor to give a signed impression of his hands on paper stamped with the seal of the High Courts of Justice. And this, notwithstanding the fact that, if Cheiro had been arraigned before him for doing similar service for anyone else, it would have been his duty to condemn him under an Act of Henry VIII. which remains to this day "the law of the land" and reads as follows:—

Any person or persons found guilty of practising astrology, palmistry, witchcraft, or all such works of the devil, is hereby deemed a rogue and a vagabond to be sentenced to lose all his goods and possessions, to stand one year in the pillory, to be expelled from the country, or to be imprisoned for life.

Among other distinguished patrons of "Cheiro" were King Edward, the Shah of Persia, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Joseph and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Parnell, Sir George Lewis, Mr. H. M. Stanley, Professor Max Muller and Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

## Salesmanship and Phrenology.

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

The following is a summary of a most instructive lecture delivered in London lately to the members of the British Phrenological Society.

**A**LTHOUGH we are not all endowed by heredity with a commanding or specially favourable or distinctive personality, yet it is possible for everyone to cultivate a pleasing and attractive manner, whatever their physical appearance may be. There are many persons with beautiful faces and fine physique who are far from charming, and who repel rather than attract; while others, plain and uncomely, yet thoughtful and considerate, so much so that their physical deformities go unobserved.

Unless a customer feels that a salesman has a special interest in him and his needs, and is honestly desirous of increasing his welfare, that salesman is a failure. Many people make no effort to improve or distinguish themselves; they go on for years in the same unintellectual routine way. Cheerfulness of disposition, hope and enthusiasm are essential qualities in the salesman. Under no circumstances should he manifest low-spiritedness, despondency, half-hearted action or thought. The very essence of good salesmanship is to inspire customers with feelings of optimism and confidence.

A salesman should be endowed with a fair amount of imagination, initiative, talent and originality, so that he may be suggestive of new ideas. Sense of humour is a helpful quality, and whatever critical ability he possesses may be better employed in a careful examination of his wares than in an argument with his customers.

Above all, there must be the faculty of human nature or intuition. It is the greatest factor in the whole problem of salesmanship. The salesman comes in contact with every phase of human character. A scanty acquaintance with his goods would be less disastrous than a meagre knowledge of human nature. Few people rise to eminence either in business or the professions who are minus this quality.

The study of phrenology gets right at the basic conditions for the motives of human action. If you want to know the secret of the success of many of the greatest business organisers, it is the possession and use of this quality.

Business is intensely human, and to study and learn human nature is to learn business. The Englishman succeeds as a business man for the same reasons as he succeeds as a colonist. He will never forget that the final appeal of all business is to the living principle of a man's nature, rather than to the mechanical results of his calculations.

As a basis for the study of human nature no subject would help the student of character better than phrenology. It would be a great advantage

to salesmen and business men if they made a study of this science: they would make fewer mistakes in judging requirements. The time given to the study of phrenology may be saved many times over. A glance at customers' heads would assist much in acquiring a tolerably correct idea of the class of goods which would best suit their tastes, and how they could best be approached and dealt with.

Persons possessing narrow heads are far easier to deal with than those possessing wide heads. Long, narrow-headed persons will generally choose good things, whatever the price. The difficulty is that they are usually so free in spending, and so prodigal of their means, that they may not be prolific of cash or cannot afford to buy. If they have money it is comparatively easy to persuade them into spending it. But their refined taste and intelligence must be appealed to. The wide-headed customer is different. He often possesses more money than the narrow-headed individual, but he will not part with his cash except at bargain prices, unless it is something he is really in need of and compelled to get. He hates to be "done," and the salesman who can take a rise out of him deserves promotion. He is sound and stable in business, but always wants the best of the bargain, and usually gets it. It would not take a salesman very long to learn enough of phrenology to enable him to know all about his customers—and the knowledge would be very useful. What a lot of things it would save him the trouble of showing. And what a lot of mistakes he would avoid.



### NOT EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

(Letter to the Editor.)

December 25, 1916.

SIR,—I am writing in reference to the case of Cecilia Cassell, who was fined fifty pounds at Westminster Court last Friday, to point out the difference in the fines imposed at that Court. Two other clairvoyants were each fined twenty-five pounds, and both had been in business for years and had made money, whereas Mrs. Cassell commenced on the 10th of last October, about ten weeks ago, took 1s. fees, and up to date has not taken expenses, and is fined fifty pounds. Knowing Mrs. Cassell I cannot understand her telling a witness that she would soon be a widow, because her nature is so gentle that, even if she saw that, she would pass it for fear of causing pain, but I expect the witness had seen so many palmists that she got confused. Mrs. Cassell never wronged man, woman, or child, in her life, and yet she is convicted, not on the evidence of clients, but on the evidence of two police spies or decoys. Mrs. Cassell held positions of trust in some of the largest establishments in London and can get the highest references as to her character. It seems that the less the offence the greater the punishment. This may be law, but it is not what Britain has always stood for—Justice! I am no scholar, but those are my sentiments.—Yours  
FAIRPLAY.

## Rays of Light.

### LETTER TO F. HESLOP FROM HER HUSBAND IN SPIRIT LIFE.

I WILL write to you to-day about the rays of light that are always passing from our world to yours to illuminate the spiritual darkness. They are used to penetrate the mass of evil in which some souls are encased, and to such they are as a consuming fire of conviction and remorse. But to the pure in heart they bring healing and light.

These rays of light help us on our journeys to the Land of Darkness, for without them it would be impossible to penetrate the intense blackness of these regions. It is truly a darkness that may be felt. But the light falls on us, and on those to whom we are sent, and enables us to see them. Gradually, as they become accustomed to the light they also see us, and when they recognise a loved one from the other spheres who has come to help them to rise, it encourages them to try to do so. Then by a combined effort we are able to bear them away from the darkness to a better sphere. I think you can understand what these divine rays do spiritually, when you compare them to the action of the sun as it gradually dispels the thick mists of your London atmosphere till everything is bathed in cheering sunlight.

It is down these pathways of light that we frequently travel to earth. When you hear of spirits feeling choked by the mists and fogs of earth, and sometimes unable to reach the dear ones left behind, it is because they have tried to return to earth without passing along the rays. This is specially so with those newly arisen to spirit-life, but gradually they accustom themselves to the heavy atmosphere and can come and go as they will. When we know in advance that our presence is desired on earth we ask that the rays of light may be granted to us to illuminate our path. Sometimes, as we approach the earth, the mists of ignorance or evil cling on either side of the rays and shadow them. If we are not very watchful, they are apt to disturb the conditions and impinge on the minds of those we are trying to help. Hence, numerous Angelic Beings come and protect the rays; especially is this so when we try to communicate some great truth. Should one of the Higher Intelligences visit your earth, these Angelic Beings form themselves into a bodyguard and so fulfil the words, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."

Now it was down one of these pathways of light that we came to you on Friday. Had your eyes been opened, you would have seen these shining Angels in the room, and they extended on either side of the pathways of light far into the heavens. They were guarding the Exalted Spirit who came to you and wrote through the hand of your friend. Bend low in reverence, my beloved, for God had sent you a message from the Master, and these Holy Ones will oft-times visit you, as your hearts become pure and full of the love of the Christ.



### THE SECT OF THE ESSENES.

BY WALTER FIRMINER.

The names of two sects of the Jews that existed at the time of Jesus Christ, the Pharisees and the Sadducees, have been rendered familiar through the Christian gospels. No mention is made concerning a third sect, the Essenes, whose beliefs and manners

were remarkable, partly because of their resemblance to the ideas of Jesus himself. They were firm believers in fate governing man and his actions, and would not allow that anything was capable of altering the workings of destiny. Rejecting pleasures as evil, they sought to control the passions and desires, subjecting the flesh to severe discipline. They lived together in communities like the early Christians, despising wealth, and possessing a common fund into which they put all their private possessions. When travelling they made it a rule to carry no money with them, for it was their custom to obtain food and shelter and other bodily necessities without payment, at cities where other members of their sect resided.

Their piety seems to have been extraordinary. Josephus, the Jewish historian says: "Before sunrising they speak not a word about profane matters, but put up certain prayers which they have received from their forefathers, as if they made a supplication for its rising. After this, every one of them is sent away by their curators to exercise some of those arts wherein they are skilled, in which they labour with great diligence till the fifth hour. After this they assemble themselves together again into one place, and when they have clothed themselves in white veils they bathe themselves in cold water. And when this purification is over they all meet together in an apartment of their own, into which it is not permitted to any of another sect to enter. Then they go, after a pure manner, into the dining-room as into a certain holy temple, and quietly set themselves down, upon which the baker lays them loaves in order; the cook also brings a single plate of one sort of food and sets it before every one of them; but the priest says grace before meat, and it is unlawful for anyone to taste of the food before grace be said. The same priest, when he hath dined, says grace again after meat, and when they begin and when they end they praise God as He that bestows their food upon them."

The Essenes were remarkable for their restraint of temper and their love of truth, but taking the oath, to speak truly, was denounced by them as being worse than perjury, for they held that he who cannot be believed without swearing by God is already condemned. This belief strangely resembles the injunction given by Christ upon taking the oath, and their whole customs and beliefs are curiously like His. So striking is the resemblance that one is justified in thinking that at some portion of His life He became an Essene, or else studied their doctrine.

The Essenes were very strict with regard to a stranger entering their sect. For a year he lived apart, denying himself the pleasures and luxuries of life, and imitating the ways of the community. After this period, should his conduct meet with the approval of the Essenes, he was allowed to partake of the waters of purification with them, but even then he was not admitted to the sect. For yet another two years his endurance was tested, and should he then have satisfied the sect that he was worthy of them, he became one of their number.

He was, however, obliged to take several oaths—That he would exercise piety towards God; that he would be just to all men; that he would do no harm to anyone either of his own accord or at the command of others; that he would always hate the wicked and assist the righteous; that he would be true and faithful to all men, especially those in authority, nor endeavour to outshine his brethren in his dress. He moreover swore that he would be ever ready to reprove speakers of falsehood, that he would not conceal anything from those of his own sect, and that he would never betray the doctrine of the Essenes to others, not even to save his own life.

Those who were discovered breaking the strictest rules of the community were cast adrift from the sect. As their oaths forbade them to accept food from any but an Essene, many of them would possibly starve to death. For this reason the Essenes often took back those they had cast out, when they saw them upon the brink of death, thinking that the miseries such men had undergone were punishment enough for the wrong they had done.

The Essenes were long-lived, many of them living well over a hundred years, this being due to their regular life and the simplicity of their diet. They held the body of man to be corruptible, and that the matter of which it is composed is not lasting, but that the soul is immortal, being imprisoned by the flesh. Some of their number claimed to foretell future events, and, according to Josephus, "they seldom failed in their predictions."



## The International Psychic Gazette

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### Name of Spiritualism.

WHEN Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote recently in the *Observer* that "the word Spiritualism is not a happy one," and suggested that "perhaps with the general acceptance of the views for which it stands it may change its title," we cast our net out among our readers to see whether some new and more acceptable name for our Movement might not be found. In response, we received the following letters from four of our thoughtful readers:—

#### I.

I am extremely glad you have asked for suggestions for a new name to replace that much abused term "Spiritualism."

Doubtless in the past it was free from the objections that now encircle it, for to the ordinary orthodox man or woman of to-day, to call anyone a Spiritualist has certainly become a term of contempt.

It is most desirable, therefore, that we should now find a word expressive of the Scientific and Psychic character of this movement.

The British College of Psychic Science is being inaugurated at this very time; would it not be specially appropriate to associate the new name with the work of the College, and call it "PSYCHIC SCIENCE?"

#### II.

I keep in touch with you through the *Psychic Gazette*; a friend sends it me. The December number has just come, and I am intensely interested in some of the articles. To begin with, I do so agree with the idea of changing the name of "Spiritualism," but to WHAT? puzzles me! Perhaps an inspiration may reach some one. In past years, the very name suggested something we must not touch! and even now the old idea will crop up.

#### III.

Mrs. T— begs to suggest in reply to the request in this month's number of the *International Psychic Gazette* that the word CONTINUIST should be substituted for that of Spiritualist, as surely the prime object of any and all research is to prove the continuity of life.

No doubt the Editor will receive many other suggestions; still here is the one that to the writer seems not entirely unsuitable.

Mrs. T— has thought since writing earlier to-day that SURVIVALISM and SURVIVALISTS would be better than CONTINUALISM or CONTINUISTS already suggested. But above all, IMMORTALISM and IMMORTALISTS might take the place of Spiritualism and Spiritualists, objected to by Sir A. Conan Doyle.

#### IV.

With reference to Sir A. Conan Doyle's suggestion that we have a new name for the Spiritualist cause, by all means let us leave behind the name used by musical performers and others. I suggest that CHRISTIAN COMMUNIONIST would be a good title.

These letters appear to indicate a desire for a new name that would be less objectionable to the public generally, but neither "Psychic Science," "Continualism," "Survival," "Immortalism," nor "Christian Communionism" appears to us at least to be any improvement. What would be, seems as difficult and elusive a problem for solution as any Mr. Sherlock Holmes ever tackled. The position is this. The name of any new and distinctive doctrine held by a number of persons in advance of the world in general is bound, whatever it may be, to excite the popular prejudice of the day, as well as the anathemas of the official guardians of creeds and ideas that will be upset or destroyed by the new doctrine. The people in the mass are sluggish in turning from one form of belief to another. And

the recognised priesthoods are apt to fight against progressive views, not merely because of the primitive instinct of self-preservation, but because it is almost impossible for them to give up the formulas of religion and philosophy in which they have been trained, and which have become rigid in their minds. In individual cases clergymen advance far ahead of their people, but are deterred from avowing their real views because of the hopelessness of getting their congregations to keep step. These things may be taken for granted, and ignored as things that do not really matter when the banner of any new cult is being inscribed. The important thing is, not to play down or try to appease the prejudices of the crowd which does not understand, but to discover a name which above all others is appropriate and expressive of the distinctive doctrine it is intended to represent. Having given the matter anxious consideration, the name "Spiritualism" appears to us to be the best possible, for this reason. It expresses the fact of the nexus between Spiritism, which is concerned with the various forms of phenomena and their veridity, and Spirituality, which is concerned with the true relation of all spirits, here and beyond, to each other, and to the Universal Spirit—the Father of All. There may be Spiritism without Spirituality, but that is not Spiritualism. There may also be Spirituality without an atom of acquaintance with spiritistic phenomena, but that too could not be referred to as Spiritualism. For Spiritualism embraces both Spiritism and Spirituality. It is also the *via media* between them, the connecting link, the unifier of both, so that they may together fill the aspiring heart as well as satisfy the critical intellect. It is based on the evidence of things seen, while it looks towards and apprehends the Unseen. It lifts its believers from contentment with the lower and material side of life, because it gives them actual knowledge and assurance that men are actually spiritual beings here, and will remain spiritual beings there. It informs them that there is not merely one world of spirit on the other side of the veil, but two worlds of spirit, on this side and on the other, which are able to have free intercourse and to help each other upward and onward towards the goal of their high calling. "Spiritualism" is an appropriate name because it obviously marks the liberation of its adherents from the shackles of Materialism. When men realise themselves as spirits, the relative importance of the physical and mortal life sinks into insignificance. The daily routine which is concerned with food and raiment has ceased to be all in all to the Spiritualist. The emphasis has been changed in his mind from matter to spirit, from the ephemeral to the eternal. With all truly spiritual people it is so, but many of these have not the intellectual satisfaction which accrues from the knowledge of Spiritualism; nevertheless "blessed are those who have not seen but yet have believed." In order that Spiritualism may grow sweet as a name, as well as expressive of its teaching, and satisfy mankind with its feet on earth and its eyes towards heaven, it must lay stress on its spiritual side. So long as it is very largely concerned with its merely phenomenal side, it can be no true regenerator or uplifter of humanity, but when it cultivates the lasting emotional links of love, joy, peace, temperance and charity—which are the fruits of the spirit—and which will unite eternally spirits here and spirits beyond, it will render an immense service to the world of which no Spiritualist need ever be ashamed.

J. L.

## The Spheres in Spirit Life.

HOW THEY ARE FORMED, AND HOW MAN ENTERS THEM.

By G. E. OWEN.

THE eternal progression of man in the world beyond death is one of the cardinal affirmations of Spiritualism. For that to be possible, spheres representing grades of development there are necessary. As there are so many shades or degrees of character and conduct, so many grades of good and bad living in this world, and as death does not alter the nature of man, then these conditions obtain also in the other life.

The idea of there being only two states in the world beyond, termed heaven and hell, as held by the churches, is hopelessly incapable of meeting the requirements of human existence there. We cannot group goodness or right living into one class, as it has many grades. We cannot group evil or wrong living together, as there are many grades of it also. Therefore there are good people who are too bad for heaven when compared with the goodness of other people, and there are bad people who are too good for hell when compared with the grosser forms of evil. What, then, is to be done with the moderately good man, who is not in a position, nor entitled, to enjoy the happiness of the man whose life, through effort and self-sacrifice, has been noble and pure? On the other hand, what is to be done with the man whose evil living is not evil enough to justify his having to suffer to the same extent as the worst degree of wrong living?

These things show that the exigencies of existence after death demand some other arrangement than that of allocating all shades of goodness into one place and all shades of evil into another. The idea of spheres representing degrees of development, and enabling all grades of good and evil-living mortals to find themselves after death in one that corresponds with the life they had lived when here, overcomes all the foregoing difficulties. It also meets all the requirements of temperamental tastes, æsthetic dispositions, pursuits and interests in the varied and diversified forms we see exhibited by human nature here. Again, those in the next life—those who should and do know—declare that the world they are in is composed of spheres, and that they dwell in those they have fitted themselves for.

Concerning the nature, formation and general character of these spheres there is much misconception prevailing amongst lecturers, writers and students on after-death conditions. It is decidedly an error to regard them as being formed ready to receive man at death. Yet that conception is held by many. It is difficult to understand why its falsity cannot be discerned. It is in essence equivalent to the old idea of a ready-made heaven and hell. No, no. The spheres, although they are actual realities to those living in them, are not created or pre-formed ready for the reception at death of those passing into the spirit world. The spirit world is not a place to go to, although our language in referring to it suggests that it is. It is a condition realisable through the losing of the physical body at death, and the consequent excitation into activity of psychic organs and faculties. That being so, then the spheres only means the classification, as it were, in that condition of existence of the numerous types and

varieties of human interests, pursuits, character and dispositions. Pure and corrupt living, the shades of self-abnegation and selfishness, the refinement of spirituality and baseness of animality in all their forms and gradations of intensity, gravitate into conditions which have been caused by and correspond to them. The spheres are a grouping together of identical or similar interests and character by and through the law of affinity.

To an extent we see in this life the workings of the law which sets up or forms the spheres in the next in the case of those who through their interests and modes of living are unable to mingle with those of opposite ones. Persons with a keen desire to pursue intellectual questions are unable to associate with those of a converse disposition. The men who toil to unravel the baffling problems of even this life are not attracted to those who do not even realise there are such. The artistic and musical temperament will not blend with that which finds satisfaction in base and ignoble pursuits. Those animated with the spiritual passion to lighten the burden of, and smooth the pathway of, human existence here have nothing in common with those who contrive to do the contrary.

These attractions and repulsions of likes and dislikes are in the unmasking that takes place at death, intensified to the extent of even setting up a barrier between them, something similar to the one dividing this life from the next. That is caused by the condition that a psychic body is in when it is at death released into activity. That condition is determined by the kind of life lived in this world. The psychic body is formed in this life for man in the next one, similar to how his physical one was formed for his existence in this world before his birth. Entering into or in some way affecting the structure of that body is the whole life he lived here. All his actions, thoughts, virtues and vices affect or are registered in that body. A person drowning, it is said, sees the whole of his past life passing before him in a series of panoramic pictures. That is so through our past (physically, anyhow) being treasured up in us, and entering into the composition and texture of our inner natures. Sir Edwin Arnold realises the truth of this in his beautiful poem, "He and She," in making the husband, who sought to know, when alone with the body of his young bride, the secrets and surprises of dying, to interrogate thus:

"Did Life roll back its record, dear,  
And shew (as they say it does) all things clear?"

The life, then, recorded in the psychic or spirit body that was lived when here, is what decides and forms the sphere one finds himself in after death. What is stored up in it is the fruits of either strict conformity to, or wilful transgression of, the laws of right living, which reflects on, or colours, man's environment in that life. His exterior surroundings there are a true indication of the life he lived in this world. The operation of this law is, in a measure, observable here in the life of a child whose body is frail and far from being what it should be in consequence of it having been affected during its pre-natal state through its parents disobeying social, dietetic, sexual or moral laws. To it this world is not what it is to the child



whose body is a model of organic perfection. There is this important difference to be borne in mind, though, between the operations of this law here and in the next world; that whereas the child is not responsible for what imperfections and infirmities its body may have, man is so for the condition the body he is born into the next life at death is in.

The following extracts from the writings and utterances of notable mediums confirm, coming as they do from those in spirit life, the foregoing views. The inspirers of Stainton Moses, in "Spirit Teachings," say:

"We carry throughout the principle on which we have always dealt with you, of referring you back to that which is your true self, and of urging you to consider all you do as the outcome and external manifestations of an internal spirit, which, when you leave this sphere, will determine your future condition of existence. . . . Yea; even the deeds done in the body have their issue in the life disembodied. Their outcome is not bounded by the barrier which you call death."

The descriptions given by Franchezzo, in "A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands," of his experiences in the great beyond are rich with philosophy concerning it. He says:

"In the Spirit world, like draws to like by a universal law, and those of entirely opposite natures repel each other so entirely that they can never mingle or even touch the circle in which each dwells." Further he says: "For truly the earthly lives are building for each man and woman their spiritual habitations." Referring to the spheres he declares that: "Far beyond the power of any mortal to carry even his thoughts, lie the myriad dwelling places of the spheres, each spot or locality bearing upon it the individual stamp of the spirit whose life has created it, and as there are no two faces, no two minds, exactly similar in all the countless beings that have peopled the earth, so there are no two places in the spirit world exactly alike. Each place—yea, even each sphere—is the separate creation of the particular class of minds that have created it, and those whose minds are in affinity being drawn to each other in the Spirit world, every place will bear more or less the peculiar stamp of its inhabitants."

Instead of conceiving the spheres as being places formed ready for man to go to when he dies, they have to be regarded as conditions of existence in spirit-life reflecting accurately man's physical career. His whole life here is weaved into his psychic body, and when that becomes objective (or to be used as it is in the next life), then its outside world there corresponds to, and has in its constitution, as if externalised, the qualities stored up in it. We may view the psychic body as "The Book of Life," in which are recorded all the acts and deeds done in this life. Death opens this book, and what is recorded in it becomes revealed in the form of composing the surroundings, which is its sphere, of the person who dies.

The man who lives here a life of selfish pride, empty ambition, unkind thoughts, tyranny and oppression, indulging in deceptive pleasures and corrupt practices, dwarfs, blights and checks the growth of his psychic body. At death he does not go to a certain sphere, but he finds himself in a condition that is the result of his decrepit spirit body and an ill-spent life in the body, in which the effects of it assume an objective reality to him. That is his sphere. It was not formed for him. It is of his own making. He does not go to it. It is only a condition he finds himself in as a consequence of shedding his physical body, and not having rightly used his powers in earth life. It is only the natural reaping of the seed sown when in the body. Such a man, of course, would be in a sphere which represented a low state of development. Then the man who lived a life of purity, self-sacrifice, benevolence, kindness, spirituality,

humility, and exercised only the nobler and finer qualities of his being, would have a very different record in his psychic body, and these qualities would shine with indescribable brilliance in his sphere.

No fixed number can be given of how many spheres there are. In a lecture through the mediumship of E. W. Wallis, dealing with the spheres, as contained in his helpful booklet, "Death and the Beyond," the control, after stating he had no means of gauging the accuracy of the statements which gave locality to the spheres and described them as belts surrounding the earth at variously estimated distances, he uttered the eloquent truth that "there are, in reality, as many spheres as there are individuals; because each one lives in the world of his own consciousness." This spirit control, who has been such a source of help to so many through his medium, again says:

"You should bear in mind that the sphere in which you dwell, now and always, is the sphere of your own consciousness. Outside that sphere all is dark. . . . Your particular belief is of small consequence except in so far as it affects your character and conduct. It is your attitude, whether receptive or exclusive; your motive, whether selfish or altruistic; your love, whether sensual or spiritual, that affects your conditions and creates your hell or heaven."

The silver-tongued lecturer, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, in the early days of her remarkable career stated, when as Miss Hardinge she lectured in London on the spheres and after-death conditions, that:

"Even so are all the states in which the soul dwells. They are in fact gradations and conditions of mentality, represented in corresponding conditions of the soul's external life, and ranging from the highest state of illumination to the lowest of darkness. And thus that which we have loved on earth, that on which we have poured out our human magnetism, and chained our affections to, becomes actually represented in the scenery and surroundings of the spirit-world. There in the illimitable realm where time ceases and space is not the spirit is chained and fettered to the point of its peculiar attraction, and its memories and its loves are all externalised in representative scenery. These do not occupy space according to the boundaries which define matter. Spirit and spirit-land are so fine, and infinitely pervasive, that this very chamber is even now full of the scenery, surroundings, and inhabitants of spirit-land. . . . Were your eyes open like the seers of old, and could you perceive the various spheres of spirit-life, you might see them penetrating each other, and spirits of the finer passing through the very forms and spheres of spirits, yet more gross—aye, even passing through them."

This should make clear what the spheres are, and how they are formed. We shall next consider and describe what life is like in the various spheres, and the way in which transition from one sphere to the other takes place as man unfolds and progresses. The theme of this article is eloquently expressed by James Allen in the following lines:

"Man is the Master-Power that moulds and makes,  
And Man is Mind, and evermore he takes  
The tool of Thought, and, shaping what he wills,  
Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills;  
He thinks in secret, and it comes to pass;  
Environment is but his looking-glass."



Mr. A. G. M. SEVERN, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Millott Severn of Brighton, who is a promising medical student at Guy's Hospital, recently read a paper on "The Localisation of the Mental Faculties," before the Physiological Society of the hospital. Considerable discussion followed, which Mr. Severn ably replied to. This is probably the first occasion on which phrenology has been formally discussed in any of our large hospitals since Mr. O'Dell lectured on the subject at Westminster Hospital thirty years ago. Mr. Severn has lately been appointed dresser to Mr. Arbuthnot Lane, the celebrated surgeon, which is considered one of the highest honours obtainable by any student at Guy's.

# The Secret of the Universe.

## A NEW PHILOSOPHY AND ITS AUTHOR.

By LILIAN WHITING (Author of "Life Transfigured," etc.).

It will be observed by the careful reader that Miss Whiting expresses no opinion as to the new philosophy here described, beyond marking some expressions with points of exclamation or surprise. The author's own account of himself is graphic and interesting. Perhaps one of our philosophic readers will be good enough to tell us what he thinks of this bold adventure to solve the riddle of the universe.

FEW themes could be more alluring than that of possibly surprising the solution of the mystery of this vast universe in which we find ourselves; and if Professor Eugene Miller, of Kansas City, U.S.A., who has just issued a book with this title, has succeeded in "plucking out the heart of the mystery," his readers will be as indebted to him as they will surely be thrilled and interested by his discovery. The Greeks have a proverb: "Many are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics." Many have sought for the key to all this complex realm in which we live; but who has yet succeeded in turning the lock?

Many shall come,  
But one shall sing.

Professor Miller is entitled to attention because he has a constructive philosophy. He does not suppose that he has said the final word; but believes he has made a definite and an important contribution to contemporary research. He says, "If I destroy some old conceptions of things, I hope I may replace the old with a new conception—one with a wider sweep, and a mightier influence for good." He believes that the key to the secret lies in the Law of Analogy.

He finds that matter 'is constituted upon the same general plan as our solar system. There is the corpuscle, then the atom; and after that the molecule; and all these, in their various relationships, make up a system we call matter—the mass. . . . So when this combination of inter-related systems reaches the last stage, then we have matter as a something, a tangible reality. . . . The members of the solar system are moving, they are never still. They are vibrating back and forth between the limits fixed by law. How about the members in the system known as the mass of matter?'

Professor Miller finds that the same law holds good here. All these molecules and atoms and corpuscles are vibrating "with inconceivable rapidity, each having a motion of its own, exactly after the manner of the moons and planets that compose the solar system."

The "secret" that the author feels that he has discovered is that the corpuscle "possesses intelligence of a certain order." The corpuscle conforms to law. "Nothing can originate a law or method for itself," he says, "without being intelligent; and it is equally certain that nothing can conform to law or obey law unless it knows!" He finds further that the corpuscle is marked by two invariable characteristics—knowledge and method. He points out that knowledge and method are characteristic of mind, and then draws the conclusion that this ultimate division of matter, the corpuscle, is mind! Proceeding in his chains of sequences, the author arrives at the conclusion that the corpuscle is the mental as well as the physical unit, and that thus the two are identical. He says:—

"This built-up matter being composed of intelligent units must, as a matter of course, be more or less intelligent itself, for it is inconceivable that anything composed of intelligent parts shall of itself be without intelligence. As an indisputable proof of its own intelligence, matter

offers at every stage of its formation, and under every condition of which we have any knowledge, the one invariable fact that it obeys law. This is just what the corpuscle does, therefore every form of matter must of necessity have no less intelligence than the original corpuscle."

Professor Miller adds his conviction that these corpuscles unite to produce mind, and says:—

"When we arrive at the common unit of matter and mind I know that it is mind and not matter, because when I reach the unit I find that it has lost the fundamental quality of matter, and yet it retains the essential qualities of mind." The author asks: "Is it not perfectly easy under such circumstances for the investigator to know which is the fundamental substance? If at this point I found that the fundamental qualities of matter were retained, and the fundamental qualities of mind had been lost, the conclusion would be inevitable that matter and not mind is the fundamental substance of the universe."

If matter, then, has been reduced to mind, the author's next question is, as to what becomes of that peculiar expression of matter that we call force?

"Is there anything in mind which partakes of the nature of force as we are accustomed to know it in the material world? Yes," he answers, "I think there is. I believe that the quality or power of the mind which we call *Will* answers all the requirements of the case. It is the driving force of mind, it is the power which actuates and moves mind to the successful accomplishment of its purposes, and which lies at the very foundation of life and progress. As force is a quality of matter in the ordinary sense, and is always a quality of what we know as matter, so will must be an indispensable and necessary quality of mind, wherever in the universe it is found.

"In the field of matter action implies force, whose results we know under the names of gravity, cohesion, adhesion, chemical affinity, and so on down the list. In the field of mind we have memory, imagination, reasoning, and so on, through all the acts of the mind; but all these various lines of activity imply some power to direct this activity, and we have this directing force, *Will*. . . . The subconscious mind acts, and to act implies to will; and it does not necessarily follow that this exercise of will is within the range of consciousness.

"We have now one universal substance, *Mind*; and one universal force, *Will*. . . . *Mind* with a will is intelligent energy, and intelligent energy is enough to supply a cause for every known effect within the limits of the universe; beyond these limits we are not concerned."

From this line of reasoning Professor Miller deduces his conclusion that matter is intelligent, that it KNOWS!

Writing to Professor Miller for some data regarding his personal life as of interest to the readers of *The International Psychic Gazette*, in connection with the special problems discussed in his book, he replies:—

"You ask me to write you something about myself. Well, I shall give you a side light or two. I was educated at Ogden College in Kentucky, in the town where I was reared. My father was from Virginia, and was a graduate of old William and Mary College of Williamsburg, later getting his medical education at the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia. After my graduation, in Kentucky, I went to Princeton and took a degree there in 1884. At this latter institution I made quite a respectable showing and, possibly, it might be said, with more or less distinction, in the line of debate, thus keeping alive the traditional success of Kentuckians on the hustings. After leaving Princeton I taught school, married, and read law, but the only one of these three interests to which I have given continuous and uninterrupted attention is the middle one. Suffice it to say that I never practised law, and the last experience in teaching terminated nearly twenty years ago, when I resigned a chair in the Kansas City University to engage in business, in order that I might the more easily meet the emergencies arising from the undisputed possession of a wife and three husky children. Since that time I have travelled all over this



great southwest—and it is great—in sunshine and in storm, under a burning sun and in the teeth of a blizzard, usually finding a bed at night, but more than once I was lost on the prairie and spent the night absolutely alone, but for the company of my faithful horses and the multitudinous howl of the prairie wolf. Out of an experience like this the book was evolved because I was without books or papers, without companionship, and was compelled to resort to original investigation as a matter of self-protection.

"I studied philosophy under the great Dr. McCosh, who was possibly the greatest realist of his time, or for that matter since his time. He taught me that *things are*. I say that he taught me this, but as a matter of fact I knew this perfectly well, but it was he who informed me that philosophy would allow me to believe what I had heretofore known. In fact, every normal man is a realist, until some metaphysical subtleties sweep him away from his moorings and compel him to lose faith in his intuitions, and abandon confidence in the reports of his senses. However, I am under many obligations to Dr. McCosh. In fact, after being stored for many years in the hidden recesses of my mind, one of his statements flashed out at a critical juncture and bridged a chasm for me.

"I had reached the point in my investigation where I believed that the final step was from matter to mind. Now how was I to make that step? Lost on the prairie one night, I spent that night without food or water in a deserted house. Not being able to sleep very well, wrapped in a fur coat and lying on the floor, I took refuge in my hobby, and spent the greater part of the night trying to take the step from matter to mind. All at once there flashed upon me the picture of the venerable philosopher, and I heard again his statement: 'Mind and matter are different things. We know they are different because we know that they have different qualities.' Here was the solution. I could prove that the ultimate particle of matter was entirely without weight, and Newton having shown that weight (attraction) was a characteristic quality of matter, then it followed that anything which did not possess this characteristic attraction of gravitation (weight) must not be matter. If it is not matter it must be something else. And so far as I know there is nothing else for it to be except MIND.

"Just the other day I was reading Sir Oliver Lodge's address entitled 'Continuity.' He spoke of the ultimate particle of matter being ether, and, says he, it is material but it is not matter. These are his very words and I was astounded that a man of his parts should forget that material means matter, and matter means material. There are only two things in this world that I know anything about, matter and mind. And until some one definitely discovers and specifically establishes a third something, a *tertium quid*, I am compelled to classify all things under one of the two heads mind and matter.

"Pardon me for dipping into my philosophy in this way, but it may give you a view of me at another angle and that is what you likely want. But possibly I am prolonging this letter. Let me say, however, that I have come out of the experiences of the past, rough as they sometimes were, a wiser and a happier man. I have not lost my faith in humanity, although it has at times been sorely tried. Whether I accomplish the purposes that burn in my brain I cannot say, but I shall go on in the hope that if I do not succeed I may be able to lay the steps for those who come after."

Whether or not the reader shall accept Professor Miller's conclusions, there can be no question as to the value of the book in the extremely interesting and important problems that it suggests, and in its thus inciting new mental activities. As students of the entire phenomena of life, physical and psychical, the two so strangely interpenetrated at many points, new outlooks in science are invaluable to us all.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE POWER TO PROPHECY.

34, Arabin Road, Brockley, S.E.

DEAR SIR,—I have been reading the case of Mrs. Almira Brockway, and my spirit is moved to look back to the Bible upon which the persecutors profess to make their laws. I believe we have indeed gone back to those times the prophets speak of in Jeremiah xi, 21, also Isaiah xxx, 2, Amos xii, 7-13, and Micah ii, 6. In all these we read of the Truth, and that people wanted things of a pleasant nature prophesied so that they could go on pandering to

the flesh. I was surprised just after the death of the late Queen Victoria to read in a newspaper paragraph that one of the Indian servants had been sent back to India because he had actually given predictions of several things that had taken place in the Royal family. I cut the paragraph out and pasted it in my Bible. Of course the servant was one of those small things that confound the mighty, 1 Cor. i, 27, Matt. xi, 25, James ii. *Re magistrates and judges in this religious England, I have been reading several works by men who have attained through pure living, to the gifts spoken of by St. Paul, and they agree that according to the degree in which a person lives here, so the spirits of the same degree come from their spiritual home at their bidding. If a person seek for information from a deceptive desire, so they get their measure returned to them for "like begets like," everything after its kind.* I am, Yours truly,

GEO. W. LEACH.

## TRAVELS IN THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH SPHERES.

King Edward Chambers,  
Wickham Street, Valley,  
Brisbane, Queensland.

DEAR SIR,—I have been reading in the *I.P.G.* of a spirit temple in the sixth sphere, and would very much like to say that the sixth sphere is that of Venus, and the seventh of Jupiter. I have often travelled in spirit to these beautiful temples of light, whose massive pillars and gates are of white and gold, large marble steps leading to the temples, where the inner wisdom and knowledge of the All Good and Universal Power are expounded.

I have seen therein large congregations assembled, and noted their deep profound silence and reverence. Once as I entered with my robe of white, one seat alone was vacant, which I occupied. A priest was addressing the vast audience in the soul-language which we could all understand. A golden halo encircled his head, which denotes spiritual power. His robes were of lavender hue. Oh! the silence was deep and refreshing to the tired mind of a visitor from this sorrowful planet called the earth. Perfect order reigns, for there Love is the fulfilling of the Law.

I have also been permitted to see the banqueting hall, a scene never to be forgotten. Robes of white and gold were worn by all, for before we passed through the portals two shining souls placed the garments on us. The words came to my mind, "And ye must have on the wedding garment; these are they which have passed through great tribulations, have washed their robes and made them clean by their Love of Justice and Truth." I understood the meaning of the robes to show souls purified from dross and selfish motives. "Seven times shalt thou pass through the furnace if needs be, but none but the pure in heart can enter in."

I once visited the portals of a temple in the seventh sphere, Jupiter's. I felt a great desire to enter it, so massive was the exterior, but as I stood close to the entrance I heard myself speaking to myself these words, "You will be very sorry if you enter there, for you have not yet suffered enough nor endured enough." My life has been one of toil and sacrifice, as the world knows it; but two of my greatest trials came after this vision. One nearly cut off my days, while the second brought me such peace of endurance as the martyrs must have had.

I must close now with greetings to yourself, Mr. Editor, and your valuable paper.—Yours sincerely,

SUSANNAH VENABLES.

## A TRIBUTE TO MISS M'CREADIE.

DEAR SIR,—A few days ago, a friend put into my hands a copy of the *Psychic Gazette* for November, and I read of the case of mental healing by Miss M'Creddie. I felt surprised as I had never heard of this gifted lady in this role before. I have known her for some time as a very powerful clairvoyant, who gives the most wonderful word pictures, with names, without the least hesitation. Once from the platform she gave me a description of a relative, a gentleman, which was perfect. All his little characteristics, even to the manner he brushed his hair, were given and then the name "Alexander." Had she been reading from a signed photograph, it could not have been more minutely defined. I wonder, sir, if you would think this worth while to print, as a tribute to one of our veteran mediums, whom many love, and all esteem.—Yours truly, B. H.

December 29, 1916.

# Reminiscences of a Materialising Medium.—IV.

## STORY OF A SCEPTIC'S £100 CHALLENGE.

MR. F. F. CRADDOCK, continuing his narrative, said—For six months I would not go near any more seances, but after that Mr. Jackson came and suggested that he and I should have a sitting ourselves in his own house. He was a man splendidly endowed with magnetism and did not call himself quite a Spiritualist. He said I had been a medium all my life, and had suffered because my powers had never been directed or controlled. I asked him if he too had suffered, and he said no, because his powers were not so strong. We sat at a table, and it soon levitated in the air, with the help, he said, of an Indian control. Then he got a Mr. L., who was an agnostic and a lecturer on material science, to invite us to his home for purposes of experiment. We had not sat long before Mr. L.'s own father materialised; and materialised hands appeared to come up out of the table. We had a square hole cut in the centre of the table, and the manifestations were then even better. But the disturbances at my home began again. The knocks and noises were something dreadful. My wife was very much upset and said I must give it all up. I told her the noises would not hurt her, but she said they got on her nerves. Her sister again came to stay with us, which made her calmer, and I continued to go to Mr. L.'s meetings for eighteen months. Mr. L. became an avowed Spiritualist as the result of these seances and has lectured on the subject since. He gave an account of our manifestations in *Light* in 1906. Matter was passed through matter and I used to be transferred from one room to another though the doors and windows were closed. I would go into trance in a cabinet, where I was tied in a chair, and when they looked for me I would be gone from there and be found lying on a couch in another room. The control who did this was an Indian named Redcrow. I have his picture upstairs. All this was done quite quietly, and I began to have sittings in private with people connected with Spiritualism, when we got direct voices, levitations, and writings in Hindustani, old Georgian, Russian, and French. These phenomena came with a control who was called Doctor Graham. He had been a French Canadian pioneer. He took my health in hand, for the doctors I had consulted said I had consumption, of which complaint my mother had died. I was almost as thin as a skeleton, and the doctors said they did not think I would see my twenty-fifth birthday. I then felt condemned to death. Dr. Graham put me asleep and spoke and wrote something through me in French. But none of us knew a word of French, and we got a Mr. Wheatley, a schoolmaster at Norton-in-the-Moors, to translate the messages. He said—"Where did you get them from? They are most wonderful, and what philosophy!" Some of these messages also appeared in *Light* in 1906. Dr. Graham said I was to drop medicine, and told us my mother was near me, and had asked him to take care of me. From that time my health began to improve and in eighteen months, when I met my two former doctors in the street, they did not know me. One of them said—"I think I know your face!" I said—"I am Mr. Craddock, the man you gave up to die!" They said—"Why, of course; what have you been doing?" I said—"I have been having treatment from a foreign doctor." They

said—"What was the treatment?" I said—"I have been living mostly on rice, and I am now 9 stone 3 lb., but I was only 6 stone 7 lb. when you saw me." They said it was simply marvellous, and that I must introduce them to the foreign doctor, but I never did, and I have seen both these doctors out! When I began to get strong a different band of guides came around me, and watched over and protected me, so that I became what the insurance people called a first-class life. Mr. L. in his account of my passing from one room to another said that he had constructed a cabinet in a corner of one of the rooms of his house, and that there were always a number of witnesses present at the seances. He pinned the curtain right into the wall behind, and had two people standing at the door of the cabinet. At one sitting he was just fixing the last pin into the wall when Mr. and Mrs. Walker, who were watching for my coming in the next room, cried "He is here!" I could not tell how I got there, and no theory could be formed consistent with the ordinary laws of matter. When this phenomenon had occurred a third time it got spoken about and a man with a large furniture establishment in the town said he did not believe it, and would give £100 to any man who could show him such a thing. Mr. L. said to me—"Why not accept this gentleman's challenge? This £100 would do you good." I said the experiments made me ill, for I could scarcely walk for a day or two afterwards. However, I agreed, and Mr. L. wrote a letter accepting the challenge and fixed the date of the demonstration for a Thursday three weeks ahead. He told the gentleman to bring his £100 with him, and said he could select any room he pleased in the houses on either side of his to which he wished me to pass. Further he said that the doors and windows of the room in which I was to go into trance were to be sealed. That was a tremendous undertaking, and the man wrote accepting the terms. I thought I had as good as got the money! and thought what a help it would be. When the date arrived we all met with great expectations, but neither the challenger turned up nor his £100! He backed out. Mr. L. showed him up pretty well in the newspapers, but after all that man became a great Spiritualist himself later on, and attended the reception to Mrs. Hardinge Britten.

(To be continued.)



### DE PROFUNDIS.

Love drew me from the abyss,  
And set me on the pinnacle of pure desire—  
Lighting my spirit with celestial fire!

Love drew me from the abyss,  
Wherein I grovelled—abject, poor and mean,  
To set me in His heart of hearts—a queen!

E. P. PRENTICE.



And that unknown Father lives in me whether I will or no, and I love him, whether He be or not, just because I cannot help it, and with the best and bravest love that can be—the perfect love that believeth no evil, and seeketh no reward and casteth out fear.—*George du Maurier*



# The Art of Praying.

By HORACE LEAF.

PRAYER is one of the greatest forces known to man. It is as natural for man to pray as to worship. According to comparative religionists, there has never been found a human race without religion. It is impossible to have religion without a belief in a Superior power. It may be a known deity or an unknown one; but in every case man propitiates and invokes His help. St. Paul found in Athens an altar "To the Unknown God," whom men worshipped. He urged the Athenians to worship the God he declared unto them: the Lord of heaven and earth, who dwells not in temples made with hands, who gives breath and life to all things, who hath made of one blood all nations, whose offspring we are, and who is not far from every one of us. Whether it be an exalted conception such as the Apostle Paul's, or a crude idea expressed in stock or stone, it calls forth prayer, which is the soul's sincere desire.

The spirit of prayer has left an indelible mark in history; it has coloured all phases of art, science, sociology, government and literature. When man lived in mud huts he built magnificent temples: his best energies and genius were expended in worship and prayer. This is one of the anomalies of history, that in the midst of a crude, inartistic, social life man erected masterpieces to God. Springing from the eternal element of the soul, they have stood the ravages of time long after most other works of man have changed or ceased to be. The temples of the ancients still attract the visitor, for they were built of more than stone: they were born from the heart of man in communion with its Maker.

The most effective passages in literature are prayers. What books have brought the greatest influence through the ages—histories, dramas, poems, philosophies, science? No; the scriptures of the world. The Veda's, the Upanishads, the Koran, the Bible, to mention only a few. And what parts of those works have had the greatest effect? The prayers. Take the Bible for example. Is it the wars, the intrigues, the ordinances, the changeful events of the lives there recorded, that impress the imagination and attract the soul most? Or is it the prayers, praising God for His mercy, appealing for His help in the hour of temptation, and confiding in Him in the severest trial. In the moments of sorrow and aspiration we turn not to the history of the Israelites, but to the prayers and meditations of David, Solomon, Job, and Jesus; for they assure us that "There shall no evil happen to the just," that "truly God is good." With the Psalmist we long to say, "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust," for change what will, true prayer is ever the same.

Sincere prayer reveals the man. Words and prayers may have no relationship whatever. It is the motive, the intention, that constitutes real prayer. To quote parrot-like some formula makes a person not one iota better in the estimation of God, nor should it in the estimation of man. There are no formalists in true prayer. One of the rules in the art of praying is to mean what you say—or do. No one knew this better than Jesus, and no one expressed it more effectively. He prayed seldom, and His prayers always emphasised His actions. Had Jesus prayed much but

done little, He would never have lived in history. He prayed seldom and then He always revealed the purity and grandeur of His heart. His motives were the highest. He perfected the art of praying because he expressed with His lips that to which He conformed His life. "And He said Abba, Father, all things are possible to thee; take away this cup from me: *nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt.*" "And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left." "Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." These are two of the shortest yet greatest prayers ever uttered, because they crowned in a beautiful manner a noble life.

All this points to one thing, namely, that the art of praying consists in deeds and not words. Mere words cannot make the world better; they may make it worse. Words ruined Athens; its orators talked the nation to its doom. All truly great characters are great doers, and what applies to them applies equally to all. On one occasion a letter was addressed to Lord Palmerston when he was Home Secretary, by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, inquiring whether he intended to advise the Queen to order a day of Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer to be observed in Scotland, in order to supplicate Divine Providence to stay the epidemic of cholera which was affecting the people in 1854. Lord Palmerston replied to the effect that since the Maker of the Universe had established certain laws of nature, for the planet in which we live, and the weal or woe of mankind depended upon the observance or neglect of those laws; the best thing for the people of Scotland to do was to cleanse their cities and towns of filth, and overcrowding, and thus give nature a chance. When they had done their utmost for their own safety, it would be time to invoke the blessing of God! That Home Secretary knew better than the Presbyters the art of prayer. It applies all round. If you would pray your best, work your best.



## IMMEDIATELY AFTER.

Behind me, in the distance fading fast,  
I see the little span that men call Life—  
Its finite bounds so firmly set, its lack  
Of peace, its too-much strife.

I see my past, where love and joy, with pain  
And sorrow intermingled, held their sway;  
And over all, the mist of wondering doubt  
That shadowed all my way.

And then at last, the battle's blow, that hurled  
My soul from Life! Before me, now, I see,  
In vistas opening out, the boundless plains  
Of vast Eternity.

The fuller scope, the widened view, the hope  
More certain—these my Being grasps and thrills  
With new-found strength, while perfect harmony  
My war-worn spirit fills.

I see the Beacon-Light of God, afar  
But yet attainable; and satisfied  
In Death, I thank the Great All-Bountiful  
That I thus early died.

DOROTHY EDITH WEBSTER.

## The Esotericism of the Cross.

By HANSON G. HEY.

PROBABLY no subject is more worthy of close and careful study, or will better repay impartial reading, than the Esotericism of the Cross, for there is scarcely a topic in the religious world on which so much plagiarism has been exercised as on this; and certain it is no people is without a Cross. Though its style and the interpretation may differ, still it argues a primal base, common to all.

The popular idea that the Cross is a Christian symbol, pure and simple, is a fallacy, as is also the other cherished idea that it came into existence to typify and to perpetuate the final sacrifice on Calvary's Mount. The plain unvarnished fact is that the Cross is one of the oldest symbols known to mankind, and has been handed down from earliest times, with variations and modifications peculiar to the times it passed through.

Each people and each age have added value (in interest) unto it, and it has lost a little also, but it becomes the universal symbol, and not the particular property of any sect. In fact, for generations after the Crucifixion, it remained a pagan institution, the fish being used by the early Christians to mark the resting place of their departed, and not until the days of Constantine was the Cross lifted bodily, along with its accompanying initials I.N.R.I., which were rendered into an appropriate phrase to meet the necessities of the case, and to suit the teachings of the followers of the Nazarene. And from that time onward the Church of Christ has claimed it as its very own, and, trading on the ignorance of the people (always its greatest asset) has succeeded in a great measure in its claim.

The original idea was symbolised by the circle O, the boundless, the all-in-all, the all-embracing. Individuated existence typified by a dot in the circle O which to the initiated showed the beginning of separateness, the partition of the whole into parts, which still in aggregation gave the whole, the absolute. We now come to the idea that we are divine in origin, and came from the Father, and realise we are related unto the Father on all planes. So the next step in symbology gave us the cross in the circle, or man made manifest in the illusory existence, drawing his sustenance and support from the unmanifested which impinges on him at all points, and reaches unto him from all quarters.

The Cross then became the symbol of existence, equal arms intersecting each other at the exact centre, symbol of our dual nature—the animal, the horizontal section; the spiritual, the upright section; and it was taken as a sign of spiritual progression if the upright protruded far above the horizontal one, or *vice versa*.

Many variations are to be met with in different climes, which have all given inspiration and hope to thousands who knew the value thereof. It was in the Pantheon in Paris where I learned the lesson of the rise in spirituality being denoted by the lowness of the horizontal section of the Cross, in an interesting conversation with a French occultist, and I quote Franz Hartman when I give the types.

Looking at the Cross with spiritual insight, we see the war that is always being waged in every man's breast, the conflict of our higher with our lower selves, and we feel that bruising is necessary that we may rise.

The motto of the pagans which always accompanied the Cross was "*Igne Natura Renovatur Integra*," which freely translated means, The fire of Nature perpetually renews the parts. The Christian Fathers plagiarised this by giving to us instead the corrupt rendition, "*Jesus Nazareum Rex Judeorum*," which all students of the occult know to be an adaptation, which leads me to remark the text in the youngest of the Gospels, which gives this, was not written at the time, but at least one hundred years after the Crucifixion.

Then we read of the vision of Constantine, who beheld in dreamland a Cross going before his host on the eve of a great battle, which bore this strange device, I.H.S.V. (*in hoc signa vincit*). He abbreviated it to I.H.S., and the Fathers of the Church using their wits again plagiarised this into the familiar motto, "*Jesus hominorum salvator*." And you can see in Roman and High Church churches to-day these pagan symbols, these adapted renderings, of pre-Christian mottos boldly flaunted before you as the sacred legacies of the Church past to the Church of to-day.

The circle and the dot is, I think, the most interesting of symbols, for, we read, it represents the God made manifest, it portrays the precipitations into the phenomenal from the noumenal. The presence of the unseen principle and the highest manifestation on earth—man—is denoted by a dot which reaches out to infinity on all sides. This extension the ancients regarded as God in Humanity, the unseen working in, by, and through the seen to a given end.

The Avatars of the Hindu, and the incarnation story of the Christians, and many other legends, some of which are more beautiful and lofty in their conception than either of the two named, have been attempts made to grasp the mystery of Divinity in Humanity, and very largely failed, because they took the exoteric view, and were far too material in their concepts of this lofty ideal, yet esoterically considered each came near the truth.

This is but another example of the great difficulty which is always apparent when translating spiritual verities into cold matter-of-fact language. We Spiritualists experience it often when words absolutely fail to give true expression, or convey the exalted ideas, which in moments of deep inspiration flow in upon the sensitive soul, and fill him for the nonce with rapture wild, a rapture that is rapidly chilled when he tries to communicate the same, and finds the effort abortive, and himself regarded askance, for being so pleased with that which he cannot express.

The ancient mystery of the Cross we are taught is that it symbolises the diffusion of the spirit in the human family, the passage through all parts, by radiation from a central point, of the essence of all things. The Essence of Being supporting the Substance of Seeming. The teaching is that no one being, however exalted, however perfect (to us) figures alone as the central point, that God is in all, and all that is in Him, as are the drops in the mighty ocean, separate and yet conjoined, distinct though coalesced—a true type this of real blending, real Oneness. On the dead body of Hermes we are told was found a tablet, and this inscription thereon engraved: "Separate the earth from the subtle, the subtle from the gross. Ascend from Earth to Heaven, then descend to Earth again."

Here is contained the riddle of the Cross and we see its mystery unfolded by the grand philosophy of Hermes. The four points, diverging from the mystical precinct where the *geometrizing Deity* divides the lines, the height and the breadth, the horizontal and the perpendicular, represent, we read, successively—Birth, Life, Death and Immortality.

The Cross is verily ubiquitous, and is to be found in the least expected places. Gerald Massey, whose typology of the Cross is the most exhaustive and valuable exposition of the subject I have seen, says the Circle and the Cross are inseparable, and may be found in all parts.

The Cross then read esoterically shows us we are spirit-pilgrims passing through matter for the sake of garnering experience, shows us our infinite possibilities, by the fact that on all planes we reach out into the ocean of infinitude; teaches the immutability of all things manifesting here, gives inspiration and encouragement and stimulus to all who study it, for it portrays the diffusion of the All-Good into all the manifest—the circle enclosing all, the cross connecting all, fit and beautiful type of the Oneness of all things, and the kinship of one with all, God shown to be immanent in each unit. Development is seen to be the road to apprehension of the same, and as we are like the cross to the circle, spread out in each direction of our being, so do we lose both sense of separateness and sense of selfishness as we become merged in the sense of Oneness and completeness.

The Cross, like every other symbol, has suffered in the course of time by becoming a fetish, and receiving homage instead of being the means of drawing our homage to that which it symbolised. It has been made the end of our praise instead of being a means to the end. It has likewise suffered by being familiarised with a personality, witness the favourite hymn, "With the cross of Jesus." When a principle becomes thus submerged beneath a personality we are all the poorer, and not until we purge ourselves of all ideas of persons, and read but the great underlying principle, shall we have a real grip of the great truths which the ancients knew so well, and to save which and perpetuate it they wrote symbolically that all who care may read.

The personality differs in different climes, but the principle is the same, teaching the truth, revealing the spiritual to the eyes of him who looks in spirit and in truth; whilst those who look with material vision see but the material, the gross, the shadow.

The symbol being universal belongs to all, impinges on us all; it brings a message to us all, it breathes of hope, of elevation, of the ultimate triumph of the spiritual over the material. If we incline to earth and grovel in the things which are sensual, our spiritual nature pines, but if we trample on the fleshly, and put the carnal under foot, our spiritual nature thrives, and we rise over the illusory pleasures of the moment and revel in the happiness of the lasting.

## Psychic Experiences in the Transvaal.

By M. H. DUMONT, Pretoria.

**E**IGHTEEN months ago, a lady friend of mine passed over quite suddenly, leaving a baby boy, a year old, and some other children. The baby being very delicate I had a hard time to keep him well. One night, he suddenly took very ill, and I gave him what I thought might relieve the fever, for he was tossing from one side of his little bed to the other. I got quite in despair, seeing that nothing was relieving him, and I just prayed to our Almighty Father to help me to cure him. The room was dark and I saw a globe of light, very much like a star, come from the wall at the head of his bed, and floating up to him seemed to get lost in the blankets. In a short while the child was sleeping peacefully, and his fever had gone as by magic. I at once recognised the help of some spirit or friend, perhaps his own mother.

In reference to the same baby, I wish to say that he passed over just six months after his mother's death; and also at the same hour, 7 a.m. During these six months I could often see a mist in the form of a person standing about four yards apart from where I was standing. I never could discern the features of the person, although it looked tall and largely built, and nothing like the mother, for she was slim and small. Many a time also I felt as like if somebody was passing from my bed into the little cot of the baby. I often felt I was not alone in looking after him, but one day he got diphtheria and died on the next day. After his death I became a member of the Pretoria Spiritualist Association, and I try my earnest best to help its progress. For here, at present, the members are scattered and only a few remain, but we have good hope, for the people here are getting to realise life goes on after death, and they are slowly joining in our movement.

I am becoming mediumistic, and am very glad of my progress.

A month after the passing over of the child, my own son who is fourteen years of age came to me saying that he had had such an awful dream. He saw a man lying on the child's cot. He looked a rogue, and was so terrible that my son (still dreaming) took a stick to beat him off. The man went behind the bed and hid there, and as we were still chasing him from under the cot, the man came out and implored our mercy. He got on his knees and seemed to pray so fervently that we let him go without molesting him further. Strange to relate, I had the same dream on the same night, and in describing the features and look of the man I dreamed of my son exclaimed—"The very same that I fought!" Could some of your readers explain this dream, for none of us can understand it?



### THE GAIN: A SONNET.

If I alone remember all the past,  
 Cherishing memories thro' the slow-paced years,  
 Holding my way, that I may climb at last  
 Above the prised vistas, glimpsed by tears.  
 What have I in the end, if you forget?  
 But shreds and tatters of a worn-out life?  
 Only the founts of grief, all coldly wet?  
 Nought but the weariness bred of long strife?  
 Not so. I have a courage of the soul,  
 Won by long striving on the rugged way,  
 A deeper consciousness pain graved as dole;  
 Flowers bloom, where salt tears shrined a rainbow ray.  
 In deep still dreams I worshipped thee so long,  
 Love's chorus smote my soul's hushed chords to song.

AMANDA BEBBINGTON.



## A Historic Case in which the "Daily Mail" was Wrong and a Clairvoyant Correct.

MADAME KEIRO, of Regent Street, was with her husband prosecuted at the instance of Lord Northcliffe (then Sir Alfred Harmsworth) for palmistry in 1904, and was convicted under the Witchcraft Act. Three years later, she wrote an interesting book on "Clairvoyance and Crystal Gazing" (Messrs. Hollings, Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.), and in her chapter on "The Value of Clairvoyance, etc., in the Affairs of Life," she says—

In conclusion, I may be permitted to give an historical example of the practical value of clairvoyance which I humbly commend to the careful consideration of Lord Northcliffe. On July 6th, 1900, the *Daily Mail* startled this country by news which it described as a "cablegram of awful import," from their special correspondent, "a gentleman of distinction, with unequalled sources of information," and the Editor of the *Mail* endorsed the message by saying "there is, we fear, only too much reason for our correspondent's suggestion that the greatest tragedy of the century has been consummated." The news included the following sentences: "I have no hesitation in stating that crimes—including, I believe the murder of all the European Ministers and officials—have been committed at Peking, at which when the facts are known, the whole civilised world will stand aghast . . . . The 'official information' when it comes, may include the awful story of outraged women and tortured children, and the public execution in the streets of Peking of even women and children, a story of frightful atrocity which will shock Europe . . . . In fact, it may be almost taken for granted that the whole of the foreigners in Peking have been completely wiped out."

The *Daily Mail* kept serving up its messages of horror and sensation every morning. On July 13th, it reported that "the only two uncaptured Legations, the British and the Russian, were attacked on the evening of July 6th in force . . . . The fighting, which was severe, lasted until seven next morning, by which time the destruction of the Legations was complete. All the foreigners were dead, while the streets around the Legations were full of the dead bodies of both foreigners and Chinese." On the 16th of July, "scare headings" in large type announced "The Peking Massacre." "All White Men, Women, and Children put to the Sword." "Awful Story of the 6th and 7th July." This special message, the Editor boasts, "travelled at the highest possible telegraphic cost, and reached us in almost record time," and adds: "It will be seen that the terrible story confirms in detail the Shanghai cablegram published exclusively (*sic*) in the *Daily Mail* of Friday last . . . . There can no longer be any doubt about the date on which this, the greatest tragedy of the century, was consummated." Then its "special correspondent confirms absolutely and fully" his report that "on the nights of July 6th and 7th all the British and Europeans were massacred."

My readers may be able to imagine what sorrow and anguish was caused in the hearts and homes of those who had relatives in Peking by these sensational and circumstantial reports. One lady, whose brother was an Attaché in the British Embassy at Peking, came to me agonised and demented by these *Daily Mail* messages sent "at the highest possible telegraphic cost," saying she felt sure the Europeans were all massacred, and spoke of the horrors of having their eyes gouged out, and so on. She came to me daily to receive my clairvoyant impressions of what was the true state of affairs in Peking, and I told her consistently and firmly day by day that "I never could get them dead; I sensed them alive but in danger." I really believe that the comfort and assurance I was able to give this lady saved her reason.

Well, who was correct, the *Daily Mail* with its "special correspondent" of distinction and its most expensive cablegrams, or the humble clairvoyant with only the gift of God had given her of seeing or sensing things at a distance? Read the sequel—

On July 24, the *Daily Mail* published the following:—"The Exchange Telegraph Company last night received the following telegrams from Sir Halliday Macartney, of the Chinese Legation: 'Peking Legations are safe, and about to proceed to Tientsin.'" The Editor of the *Daily Mail* was unbelieving and printed a note along with this message, saying—"The evidence, so far, is over-

whelmingly in favour of the massacre," (!) Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent, however, settled the matter once for all by a message sent from Peking on July 21, a fortnight after the alleged wholesale massacre—"All the Ministers and the members of the Legation and their families are in good health, and the general health of the community is excellent. We are contentedly awaiting relief."

Thus ended the *Daily Mail's* "greatest tragedy of the century"! And I feel it is unnecessary to punctuate how it provided an occasion for the useful exercise of clairvoyance, which was the only possible means available during that period of terrible suspense and gloom, of peering behind the veil and discrediting the *Daily Mail's* false and blood-curdling reports.

Lord Northcliffe has since then thought it becoming to prosecute us for exercising our gifts of clairvoyance and palmistry, though no one but his precious spies sent for the purpose of procuring evidence against us ever complained of our services, while many thousands had been grateful for benefit and comfort received through them. May I humbly suggest that from his exalted position as a peer of the realm, the noble baron might now be usefully employed in introducing a bill in the House of Lords making it a punishable offence for newspaper proprietors to publish false imaginary news, causing such terrible sorrow, anguish, and suspense to many, and bringing no benefit to anybody so far as I can see, excepting to those few who reap the rich harvest of sensational journalism.



### MIGRATION.

"Life! Life!—'Tis but a fleeting thing—

A smile—a sigh—

Swift as a swallow on the wing

It passes by."

As some belated bird, unquestioning,

Skims through the blue,

Life spreads a grey or golden wing

And speeds on too;

Oblivious alike of peace or strife,

Of weal or woe,

In swift, unheeding flight, the bird and Life

Unswerving go.

"Life! Life!—'Tis but a fleeting thing—

A smile—a sigh—

Swift as a swallow on the wing

It passes by."

No swallow, undirected, wings its way

Across the night;

The morning dawns, and rising mists display

The land in sight.

This Life—one of a mighty flock—doth move,

Swift in its quest,

To gain, in God's own time, the Vast of Love—

Therein to rest.

LILIAN HOLMES.



The trial of Madame Almira Brockway was concluded at the West London Police Court on January 6, when after evidence for the defence had been given by Madame Brockway herself and Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie, the magistrate inflicted a fine of £50 with thirty guineas costs, and recommended Madame Brockway for deportation. Mr. Ernest Wild, K.C., left the Court before the conclusion of the trial, on the ground that its atmosphere was hopelessly antagonistic, but Junior Counsel intimated that the sentence would be appealed against in a higher court.

•   •   •   •

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

—Longfellow.

## The New Order Prevaileth.

A further message from the Rev. John Pulsford, D.D., received inspirationally by Miss S. E. Haggard, a cousin of Sir H. Rider Haggard.

OH yes, there must be a thorough change in Britain's religious teaching, or she, as a nation, will receive little lasting betterment from the sorrow and sacrifice she has been lately called upon to reap. Reap, I say, because her peoples have sown tares, tares of God-forgetfulness and self-indulgence—the latter, I take it, being the chief if not the only sin for which the "rich man" in the parable found himself in "torments."

Yea! what would you? that the selfish go unpunished? "faring sumptuously every day" while the sick and needy lie at the gate. I tell you, nay, for as saith the Christ, "except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish;" and perish, saith Swedenborg, is disintegration of soul and body, out of existence. Then why will ye die, O foolish backslidden ones? who hath bewitched ye? Die the "Second death" I mean.

Nay, nay! it must not be. The passive resistless order of "Believe and be saved" must give place to "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," and "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." Also, "Lest the Judge deliver thee to the jailor and thou be cast into prison, until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

Ah, yes! and although the main body of Britain's churches do not admit of a purgatorial dogma in their theologies, yet there are states in spirit-realms correspondent to that doctrine. Yea, and sad to say I know of many who are

suffering great tribulation there, through the knowledge of the dire results of their thoughtless and selfish deeds when in the flesh.

Oh be careful, friends, lest ye pass on a tainted heredity to those for whose being you are responsible, for thus are the sins of the fathers visited upon their children, and unto the third and fourth generation—such being the power of heredity.

But notwithstanding this, the Christ's beneficent influence is ever making saints of sinners, saints being those who are befitting themselves, or are allowing themselves to be befitting for inheritance in a heavenly sphere, and sinners being those who are missing, or have missed, the mark for the "prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus," viz., befitment for everlasting life in the kingdom of heaven. And do not you and I and everyone owe it to the Christ for his beautiful and wonderful impersonation of perfection, to become like unto Him. Thus will our loving Father-Mother's design in creation be ultimately achieved, that man be made "In Our Image." "Sanctify them through thy truth," said the Christ. Truth being then a sanctifier, one wonders that preachers of Britain should supply their congregations with so meagre and shadowy a portion of it. Because the truth makes free? Nay, but because people "love to have it so." Truth is too heart-searching; they prefer to be told smooth things. Well! for such the Christ hath said—"In my Father's house, 'or kingdom,' are many mansions," or states; and all those who have not befitted themselves for anything but sad mediocrity, or may be chastisement, will come into such. But, O! the pity of it, the pity of it! I would that ye were all "Aspirists"—such as I am. Amen.

## Peace.

THERE is perhaps no word in our language which satisfies the human heart like the word "peace." More comforting, more welcome even than happiness, is the thought of peace in a troubled world of chaos, tumult, and strife. The very imagery of peace is balm to the suffering soul—still waters at even-tide, quiet English dales and valleys smiling in the sun, old homesteads which are veritable "haunts of ancient peace," the *Nunc Dimittis* at vesper-tide in some quiet country church, the hush of a starlit night in quiet places—all fill one with a sense of unutterable peace and longing that a lasting peace should fall upon a distracted world. There is, however, a false peace, the peace of indifference and blindness of heart, that cries "Peace," when there is no peace. This is the peace of the careless and selfish who desire only to be let alone, and are indifferent to the sorrow and pain which is not personal. Satisfied with their own circumstances, they are blind to the great issues by which they are surrounded.

True peace is the outcome of a mind at rest, because beyond, and in spite of the turmoil and din of life, and the clash of arms, it has seen the vision of the eternal, and grasped the truth of those spiritual realities which alone endure and so has found its centre.

"My soul there is a country  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged sentry  
All skilful in the wars.  
There, above toil and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,

And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files."

Thoughts of peace and goodwill cherished by each individual are of priceless value in bringing about the world's peace. Many who are debarred from taking any active part in affairs may do a great and lasting work for good, by sending out thoughts for peace, and by cultivating the spirit of peace in daily intercourse and environment. Two parties are necessary for strife and contention. Let us then refuse to be of those who give place to ill-will, suspicion, and resentment, and by so doing contribute to the world's unrest. Rather let us be peace-makers, not only pouring oil upon troubled waters, and bringing harmony out of discord, but living daily a life of love and goodwill in such a degree that we make for peace, which is a much higher thing, for in the presence of peace-makers all discord vanishes as a cloud before the sun.

The centre of a fast revolving wheel is absolutely still and it is said that if one gets high enough above the discordant sounds of a great city they resolve themselves into one deep note of perfect harmony, amidst the jarring sounds and confusion of tongues that mark the world's travail as it evolves towards the birth of a new day when:—

"Love, which is sunlight of peace,  
Age by age shall increase,  
Till anger and hate are dead,  
And sorrow and death shall cease,  
'Peace on earth, and goodwill'—  
Souls that are gentle and still  
Hear the first music of this  
Far-off, infinite bliss."

## Phrenology : A Psychic Study.—II.

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

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

IN my last article I endeavoured to convey the information that the human brain is the great intermedium between the spiritual men and the material world; and before proceeding further with purely phrenological teaching, I would like to devote a small space to a further development of this commanding and momentous fact. In doing so I shall try to correct a few false impressions which seem to have crept into the minds of some earnest exponents of spiritual science.

That the brain is the only agency which the spirit can employ to make its existence known, and to express its resolutions and desires, is an immutable and incontrovertible fact. It must not be forgotten that we cannot cognise anything except through the senses—sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell—all of which have their nerve origins in the brain. To these gateways, however, certain philosophers add intuition, or some other form of mental impression; but even if it be so, these, like the senses, must be conveyed to, and through, the brain.

Every part of the body being controlled by the brain through the agency of the nervous system, it is apparent that one cannot see, hear, feel, speak, breathe, or even move the smallest muscle without brain action; neither can we exercise our purely spiritual powers—consciousness, thought, introspection, reflection, aspiration, etc.—without the process known as cerebration. It follows that if we can do nothing without the brain, and also that we can recognise nothing done by others, except through the same organ, then the brain has a value much more significant than many psychists are disposed to credit it with.

I know that some students are more than inclined to attach importance to certain distinctive structures in the brain, notably the "pituitary body" and the "pineal gland," the present functions of which cannot be accurately demonstrated; although in cases where the "pituitary body" has been removed by the late Sir Victor Horsley, there has been no perceptible loss of psychical function, and therefore no groundwork for building on it as a centre for such. As to the "pineal gland," it has been found to be the remains of a rudimentary eye, and is traceable as such in some lizards (e.g., Hatteria) and in other creatures in the lower forms of life, yet to such elementary creatures we rightly, or wrongly, do not ascribe the possession of a spiritual existence.

Others are attached to a theory that some important psychical phenomena are attributable to certain nerve ganglia, such as the solar and hypogastric plexuses, the functions of which are too well known to physiologists to leave the remotest idea that they are in any sense a source of consciousness or a special agency for psychical expression.

One of the most important evidences as to the brain being the mind's only instrument, is the fact to which I have already alluded, viz., that an imperfect or diseased brain limits the power of the spirit to manifest itself. A visit to an idiot asylum would be a wonderful revelation to the sincere student, and would banish a lot of the half-truths which often form themselves in the mind. There is to be seen the indelible fact of the limitation

of spirit power to brain capacity. A further visit to a lunatic ward would impress still deeper the absolute accuracy of my statement, that a diseased brain means a paralysed and impotent psyche.

I have now said enough to show the value of a study of the phenomena revealed by phrenology, the interpreter of the brain in its relation to the living soul.

There are three brain conditions which it is especially necessary to note, and these are size, quality, and form. But the consideration of these must be left to another article.



"I AM ABSOLUTELY CONVINCED."

—SIR W. CROOKES,

Sir William Crookes, O.M., is, with Sir Oliver Lodge, a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, and these world-famous scientists are the two most powerful living supporters of the belief in the survival of man. Their conclusions, considered in the cold light of science, can but be received with the greatest respect, however much people may disagree with them. Sir William fully endorses the wonderful article of Sir Oliver's, and in an interview with a *Weekly Dispatch* representative he agreed that the publication of articles by eminent men on such a subject must be a source of great comfort to many bereaved people. "Sir Oliver and I agree pretty well on this question," he said. "It is more than forty years ago since I took an active part in Spiritualism, and I am satisfied with the great methodical care and judgment with which Sir Oliver Lodge establishes the authenticity of the cases which convince us that, as Sir Oliver says, 'messages have been received across the gulf, and the barrier is opaque no longer.' I myself am absolutely convinced of the continuity of existence after death. I think that this war, with its many supernatural manifestations and its vast death-roll, will hasten the time when the mass of mankind will come to think as I do."—*Weekly Dispatch*.



### OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

*A Forest Hill Reader* writes:—"I am so very glad your paper is getting on and is so much liked; we all love it!"

*A Southsea Reader* writes:—"The *Gazette* this month is splendid and the poetry, all of it, is exceptionally good."

*A South London Reader* writes:—"The more I read the *Gazette* the stronger I grow in the faith. I wish you every success in your great work in this year 1917."

*An Aberdeen Secretary* writes:—"Again allow me on behalf of the few friends here to say what great pleasure the perusal of its pages gives to all."

*A Watford Reader* writes: "I have just received the *International* and feel that it is due to you to express my appreciation of its splendid quality. It is a marvel to me how you maintain such a high standard with so little repetition."

*A Bournemouth Reader* writes:—"I am sending for four extra copies for distribution on account of the excellent article by the Rev. C. L. Tweedale, named 'Religion after the War.' I shall send them to clergymen I know, as I quite agree with Mr. Tweedale that the Church of England in its teaching makes many mistakes about the next world."



## HINDRANCES TO SPIRITUALISM'S PROGRESS.

(Letter to the Editor.)

Sutton.

DEAR SIR,—I am to-day in receipt of the *Psychic Gazette*—excellent as usual. I fear this fortune-telling business will continue to be calamitous as long as some exponents of Spiritualism are non-spiritual people. Spiritualism, with its great truth, will never make headway while the belittling of Christ is a prominent feature of some of its disciples. We need to raise our standard of virtue; seeking first the kingdom of righteousness, assured that all things needed will be added.—Yours, etc.,  
E. P. PRENTICE.



## THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS.

There's a rare virtue in giving the Past the go-by, and painting the Future in the rainbow hues of Hope.—

Beth Ellis.

Hope, faith, trust are the tonics of the mind. Fear, doubt, distrust are depressing emotions.

Ellen H. Sheldon.

"All truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but to make them really ours we must think them over again honestly till they take root in our personal expression."—Goethe.

To live in continual dread, continual cringing, continual fear of everything, be it loss of love, loss of money, loss of position or situation, is to take the means to lose what we fear we shall.—Prentice Mulford.

At the present moment two things about the Christian religion must surely be clear to anybody with eyes in his head. One is that men cannot do without it; the other, that they cannot do with it as it is.—Matthew Arnold.

The character of every man holds the Divine somewhere. God knows it, the prophet sees it; cynics do not. Each individual is a point of radiance in the great corona of humanity, whereof the Substance is God.

P. C. Mozoomdar.

Do the thing you fear to do. Think the thought you fear to think. All the lions you will ever meet are chained. There is but one power, and it is on your side—for you, near you, about you, within you. Trust God. All is good, everywhere, all the time.—Hugh Pentecost.

"When God lets loose a great thinker on this planet, then all things are at risk. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned to-morrow; nor any literary reputation or the so-called eternal names of fame that may not be refused and condemned."—Emerson.

"We may divide thinkers into those who think for themselves and those who think through others. The latter are the rule and the former the exception. The first are original thinkers in a double sense, and egotists in the noblest meaning of the word."—Schopenhauer.

Mr. Robert Peebles Sudall, the adopted son and faithful co-worker of the venerable Dr. J. M. Peebles, was married to Miss Ida Louise Paul, at Los Angeles, California, on December 1. Dr. Peebles desires us to notify this interesting and happy event in the *Gazette* for the information of his own and Mr. Sudall's many friends in this country

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 March 4.—Mrs. M. H. WALLIS, Answers to Written Questions.  
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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. Mon. M.D.C. 8, 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.  
**RINGER 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.  
**BARNSELY**, George Yard, Market Hill. Sun. L. 2, S. 6.30.  
**BARNSELY**, 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**, Sattley 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. 2.45 and 6.0. 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, Fulledege. 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, Campdown 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.  
**FERNSDALE** 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.
- JEPPESS, Johannesburg Psychical Research Society, "Waterloo," 64, Janie Street.
- KEIGHLEY, Heber Street. L. 10, S. 2.30 and 6
- KETERING 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, Bishop's 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.
- PENRHIWCEIBER, 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, Blagrave 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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