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MAY, 1917.

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**FRIDAY, MAY 4TH.**

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**TUESDAY, MAY 8TH.**

Afternoon, 4.30 p.m. Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Russian Music," by F. Gilbert Webb, Esq. ("Lancelot" of the *Referee*), illustrated by Madame Nina Field.

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 9TH.**

Afternoon, 4.30 p.m. Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Words of Power," by Mr. Robert King.

**FRIDAY, MAY 11TH.**

Afternoon, 4.30 p.m. Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Some Inner Experiences," by Miss Minnie B. Theobald. Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd will take the Chair.

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 16TH.**

Afternoon, 4.30 p.m. Club Drawing Room Tea, after which Miss Felicia R. Scatcherd will give an account of "Some Telepathic Experiments."

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# THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

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## Our Outlook Tower.

PREACHERS DEMAND MORE HELL-FIRE!

THE Reverend T. Phillips, at the annual assembly of the Baptist Union on April 25, said that "in effective preaching the idea of a just retribution must hold a large place; we must get back the spiritual equivalent of hell!" What! with all its infernal torments for ever and ever, to terrorise simple souls. It is difficult to realise how any Christian minister can sigh for the return of so savage and lurid a doctrine, or its equivalent. The love of God is surely a far grander theme for "effective preaching." A just retribution for sin is ensured by the eternal laws of God which bring about natural penal consequences for all evil deeds, but their purpose is to purge and purify and bring back the errant to the ways of righteousness, not to vindictively punish. A Mr. J. Charleton Steen, of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, said at Hawick recently that "he did not know why men did not preach hell to-day when God gave them it to preach. 'If there were more hell in the pulpit,' a preacher had declared, 'there would be less hell on the streets.' Hell was increasing in our homes and private lives and communities because hell was not preached in our pulpits to-day." Very well, let it be tried as a sort of frantic effort of decadent ecclesiasticism! We are not sure that it will be found quite as "effective" in these times when people are not so easily frightened by bogies as were their priest-ridden ancestors. But a gospel of love and truth would it seem to us be ever so much more effective among men who claim to be enlightened and civilised.

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE WICKED.

We are informed that Father Bernard Vaughan has been telling an audience that the spirits of good people cannot communicate with their loved ones left behind. This privilege is reserved for the spirits of the wicked. It is a wonderful doctrine! What a blessed reward it proclaims for wickedness! What a dreary punishment for goodness! But it must not be taken too seriously, for it is simply the official pronouncement of the Roman Catholic Church, which it sticks to and propounds at every opportunity. It resembles the official German *communiqués* which misrepresent the truth with a view to keep its people in line. The German nation might lose heart if not lied to. Similarly good Catholics might get out of hand if they knew the truth as to survival and post-mortem communion. Retribution, however, follows all lying whether uttered to screen a person, a nation, or a church. For the truth in time inevitably shines out and dispels the shuttered darkness.

SPIRITUALIST MAY MEETINGS.

We direct the attention of our London readers to advertisement of the May Meetings of the Union of London Spiritualists. The Sixteenth Annual Convention will be held in the South Place Institute on Thursday, May 17. Mr. Ernest Meads will deal with "The Application of Spiritualism to the Teaching of the New Testa-

ment" in the morning; Mr. Richard Boddington will open a discussion on "Some Problems to be Faced," at a semi-private Conference in the afternoon—admission being by ticket only; and in the evening there will be a Mass Meeting when Mrs. M. H. Wallis, widow of the late Editor of *Light*, and Mr. Percy Street, will speak, in addition to Mr. Meads. Members of the public will be freely admitted to the morning and evening sittings, and they will find this an excellent opportunity for breathing the refreshing atmosphere, and partaking of the inspiring enthusiasm, of the Spiritualist Movement.

THE ANTI-WITCHCRAFT ACT AGITATION

The Executive of the Spiritualists' National Union are holding public meetings at Peckham on Friday evening, April 27, and at the South Place Institute on May 1, too late in the month for us to report them in this issue. We hope to give a pretty full account of them in our June number, as they will deal with the Spiritualists' present effort for liberation from the antiquated and oppressive Witchcraft and Vagrancy Acts. Some of the most eminent and eloquent speakers of the Movement are expected to be present and we have little doubt that they will put forward a convincing plea for our freedom to think and worship according to the dictates of conscience and the truth as it has now been scientifically vouched for.

J. L.



## THE TIMELESS ETERNITY.

"Time is a fiction, being only a measured portion of that Eternity in which we live now and always."—*Rev. J. F. Newton.*

There is no time to thee,  
Thy feet are set in the wide corridor of Love's eternity,  
In sight of those fair mansions where I fain would be.

There is no time to thee,  
Nor space, nor unfulfilled desire; thy yearning soul  
Speeds onward to the light, unwearied, till it reach  
the goal.

There is no time to thee,  
The flowers of Paradise are yet unculled, blooming and  
fair,  
And thou may'st linger in thy quest for blossoms  
rich and rare.

There is no time to thee,  
All Heaven is thine to scan. God's bright ethereal  
blue  
Lures thee from earth; bear upward where all things  
are true.

There is no time to thee,  
Through fields of asphodels the angels lead  
Go forward, look not down at feet that bide with  
earthly thorns,  
Bear upward to the Crown.

There is no time to thee,  
Thy God dwells in a myriad worlds, holds in His  
grasp a multitude  
Unnumbered, merge thee then—oh soul, in His  
infinite.

E. P. PRENTICE.

## Some Occult Powers of Sounds.

By ROBERT KING.

The following are notes of a recent lecture by Mr. King to the members of the International Club for Psychical Research.

**M**OST of you are aware that in ancient times great attention was paid to sounds, and especially words, among those who were in touch with what we have learned to call "The Mysteries." They had an axiomatic saying that "God spake and the worlds became," always associating the creation of things with the spoken word. It is interesting to note that, whether looked at from the Western point of view or the Eastern, the creation of form is always associated with the spoken word. On the other hand, sound has its destructive side. In the Mystery teaching it was stated that sound created and also destroyed. In our own Scriptures we are told that when the people marched round the walls of Jericho a certain number of times blowing on rams' horns the walls fell down. That was an example of the power of sound in overcoming cohesion in the physical world. In olden times people were taught how to use sound for creative and destructive purposes, but most of this knowledge was lost with the fall of ancient civilisations, and we are only beginning to come into touch again with the definite use of words and sounds along these lines. In India, when the Brahmin reaches his majority at eighteen, he has given to him by the family priest what is called his sacred name, a word or name which under no circumstances will he reveal to anyone, for if he did so he might place himself at the mercy of persons who could use that sound against him in a destructive way.

Now what is this sound which has such wonderful effects? From the Western scientific point of view, sound of any kind consists in a series of vibrations in the air which may range from 30 per second to 40,000. As I speak to you, by the agency of my throat, larynx, and tongue, I throw the air of this room into a certain state of vibration. The vibrations go out in all directions and reach the fine instrument in your ear which vibrates in response to what I say. You are really hearing me by virtue of the waves of vibration I am setting up. Between my lips and your ears there is no sound whatever; there is simply movement in the air. In the late seventies of last century, certain experiments were conducted which proved that these sound vibrations produced beautiful geometrical forms in dry sand spread on a metallic plate. These forms changed with the musical note played. If you could see the air in this room as I am speaking you would see that I am sending out in all directions wonderful shapes like flowers, triangles, half-moons, squares, and so on. After the orchestral concerts at Queen's Hall there used to be quite a bill to pay for glass globes broken solely by the sounds of the instruments. In the same way a large company of men marching over a bridge are told to "break step" as the rhythmical vibration of ordinary marching would tend to break up the cohesion of the bridge. If you know the keynote of any given substance and send against that substance the appropriate wave of sound-vibration you will break that substance up. In the magical days persons were practically destroyed by others in this particular way. In the same way sound can be used for the successful treatment of disease. Those dealing with cases of insanity are finding that certain kinds of music

are producing a very distinct reaction for good on people who are subject to nervous disorders. In our emotional nature also we are all more or less affected by sounds. Some are pleasant to us and others unpleasant. People's voices affect us harmoniously or adversely. This fact has been made use of in religious worship, certain hymns playing an important part in affecting the emotional or astral bodies of the worshippers. Music tends to calm the psychic body so that it becomes receptive to influences from the higher spiritual regions. The pitch and key of a note play an important part in giving the dominant colouring to a tune. C is a note of strength, which gives power and inspiration. E is associated with wisdom, power of intellect, and power of feeling through the mind. G is always connected with love and oneness. These three notes form a trinity of influence whose importance is sadly overlooked. The first, third, and fifth notes of any key represent power, wisdom, and love. Again, melodies played in sharps have a positive invigorating reaction, but those played in flats have a negative and restful influence. We also find that certain notes are related to the inner planes and represent these planes by their sound-waves. B minor is an extraordinarily weird note which reflects some of the conditions of the astral world, and the striking of a few chords in this key are found to help psychic development. E major with its four sharps stimulates mental activity. G flat is intimately related to all forms of intense spiritual feeling. Such sounds have been combined with certain words by Eastern peoples in order to produce desired effects upon themselves or others. These combinations are called mantra, and when uttered aloud in rhythmical fashion produce an extraordinarily calm quiet feeling, even when one is in a turmoil. Eastern mantra are, however, not all suitable for Western people, and if not carefully chosen their use may do more harm than good. The name of Jesus (when pronounced as Yesyoo) has great mantric value and has enormous potency in bringing about peace in trouble. Ave Maria when pronounced slowly in syllables has also a strong reactive effect, of a soothing and sustaining kind, on women especially. Christos is another word of power for invigoration and strength. The use of sound is also used to help us to leave our physical bodies and to bring back to our physical brains the knowledge of what we have been doing while away. The pronouncing aloud of one's own name is found useful in this way. Tennyson used to employ this method. It is important, however, to use not the baptismal name but whatever name you are known by, for that depicts you. You can also help other people very often by calling them by their name. If they are in trouble or danger and you want to help them, go somewhere quietly by yourself and send your spiritual energy out to them, repeating aloud their familiar name, and that effort will affect them as a real strength and blessing.



Man is not the creature of circumstances; circumstances are the creatures of men. We are free agents and man is more powerful than matter.—*Disraeli*.

I know the day is on us when these extraordinary things will not be considered extraordinary, but will be proved and recognised by the strictest science to be facts of human psychology.—*J. MacBeth Bain*.

## A New Physical Medium in Wales.

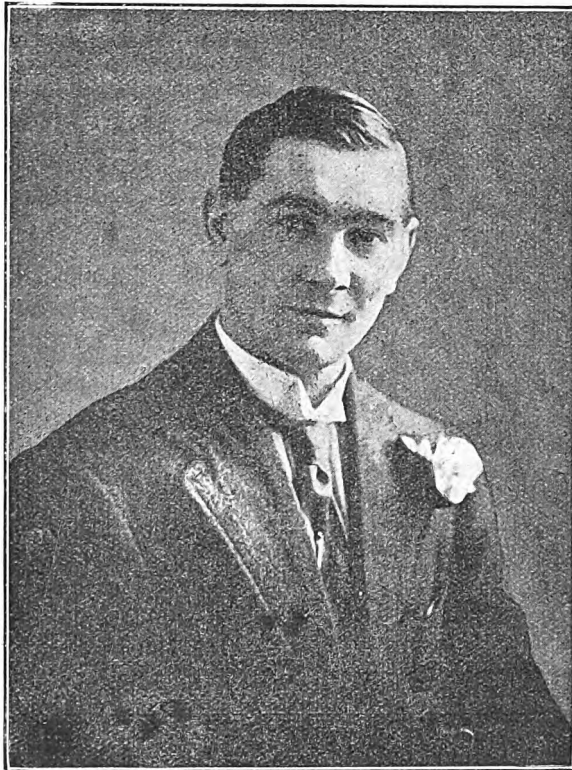
By WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES.

HAVING read various articles by, and biographies of, noted mediums in the *Psychic Gazette*, I have thought it might encourage those who are mediumistic to give a brief account of a medium who spent some ten years in a developing circle before he had physical phenomena. His name is Mr. William Thomas, and he is about twenty-eight years of age. He was born and brought up at Merthyr Tydfil, but for the last few years he has resided at Gorseinon, about eight miles from Swansea. At Merthyr he sat in a family circle, his father having been interested in Spiritualism for about thirty-eight years. He was controlled at his first sitting, and developed into a trance medium, and has up to now been the instrument for a highly powerful and scientific band of spirit-friends to whom it is a pleasure to listen. Their addresses through him have attracted good audiences and a few weeks ago hundreds could not obtain admission at Ystradgynlais. During the time of his development, he has been greatly helped by Mrs. Rees Powell, whose wonderful gifts of test mediumship gave him an impetus to plod on. He also came in contact with Mr. E. J. Powell who helped him to keep his head erect, even when he was jeered at by those he had thought to be real friends.

It is right to say that Mr. Thomas did not sit during these ten years without a break, as it is difficult to gather a few sitters who will be faithful and attend regularly whether there are results or no results. Such a break happened about two years ago, but in January, 1916, we commenced to hold circles at Gorseinon Institute, where I met Mr. Thomas for the first time. We had two circles, and Mr. Thomas joined one. This circle being considered too large, Mr. Thomas commenced one in his own home, in an upstairs room which is kept solely for this purpose. There are seven members (four female and three male) not including the medium, and the circle meets regularly on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Addresses are given by different controls of a highly intellectual character. No physical phenomena occurred until the 25th of June, 1916, when without our expecting other than the usual greetings and addresses, a strong materialized hand struck one of the male sitters a hard thump on the knee. This was the first phenomenon of this class, but it was soon followed by many more. The medium sits in an armchair, and is tied with his body to the back of the chair, his arms to the arms, and his legs to the legs of the chair. Twenty yards of

rope are used for this purpose, and at every circle he is tied in the same manner. The room is square, and has in one corner a cabinet, made of black sateen. Inside it is placed a small table, upon which is placed rubber dolls with whistles inserted, fans, trumpets, bells, a tin whistle, a tambourine, a skipping-rope, and during the last month a violin and bow, also a letterpad case, in which is placed a sheet of white paper and a lead pencil. This case is sealed around the edges, so that the paper cannot be tampered with by any person without breaking the seal. There is also a blackboard and easel. The rapidity of the phenomena is marvellous. At one circle, matches and cigarettes on the mantelpiece were handed by the unseen friends to the sitters, a stud from the medium's collar, worn in the back, was given to a sitter; a fancy safety pin to another, and a coin to another. Flowers have also been handed round to each sitter. Then the "wind chimes," which hang from the ceiling by the cabinet are played, bells are brought out from the cabinet and whirled around the room, touching every sitter on the head or face, hands or knees, two or three or four bells are out among us chiming to the music we are singing, the little dolls are squeezed so that they whistle to the tunes or imitate a skylark going up to the ceiling and coming down to the ground as if there was a nest at our feet. Then the table itself has been brought out and swayed with great power over our heads, butting us on the head and chest, or banging the door or "wind chimes." It even dances to our tunes sometimes.

One evening a sitter thought of using the letter-pad case in the manner described above, and on the first occasion there was writing on the sheet when the case was opened, but there was no lead-pencil in the room. At the following circle I and the other sitters examined the white sheet of paper carefully and we found it to be perfectly clean. The pad was sealed up in our presence and placed in the cabinet, one of the sitters having placed a lead pencil in the bottom of the letterpad. During our seance this was thrown out of the cabinet between myself and my wife, and when the seal was opened with a penknife, lo! there was writing on the paper. The words were—"Keep on with your circle. I shall come.—J. Keir Hardie." This was on the 21st of June 1916. Many have been the messages given to us by this method. The next was: "You are



William Thomas.

olving the great problem.—Thomas Paine.” The originals of these can be seen at our seance room at any time.

When at Ystradgynlais, on the 24th of December, 1916, two physical seances were held with very good results. The friends were anxious to hear about different phenomena we had witnessed in our circle, so among other things we told them of the direct handwriting. This conversation took place on the 23rd of December, 1916. On the 24th, the friends, anxious to receive a message through direct handwriting by the method described above, brought two covers of copybooks and sheets of paper, from their own home, and in the presence of fourteen persons placed the sheets within the covers and sealed them up with stamp-edging. They placed a lead pencil in the bending of the covers, and then put them inside the cabinet. One of these covers was thrown out to Mr. W. Hughes, secretary of the Ystradgynlais I.L.P. A message was written on the sheet of paper—“Keep on with your work, comrades. I am alive.—J. Keir Hardie.” On the sheet of paper within the other cover was a message written by one of their own friends, whose name was signed to it.

Direct voice has been heard by all sitters in the circle, and even four direct voices have been heard at the same seance, each voice giving its owner's name with the message. On the occasion first mentioned fourteen persons were present and all heard the voices.

We have three instances of articles being brought into the room while we were holding our seance, the door being closed and the window with a shutter on. On one occasion a nice rose with maidenhair fern was brought from the coat of a gentleman who had taken his coat off in the front room down stairs, it being a summer evening. There was not a petal broken or bruised. This gentleman expressed his surprise; he said he had seen many solid things brought into a seance room before, but never a rose. On another occasion a pair of gloves were brought from downstairs to our circle room. At another time, a bird was brought from the scullery and taken round the circle, placing its tail and feet on the faces of the sitters. We knew not what it was until the end of the seance.

The tambourine I referred to has been manipulated by a masterhand, playing different marches, either with small kettle-drum sticks or with materialized hands, which were as solid as our own, each sitter having had the opportunity of feeling their solidity, as well as the flexibility of the fingers; brooches from the ladies' dresses, and safety-pins from the gentlemen's ties, have been taken out and carried round the circle, each sitter feeling the point of the pins either on the hands or knees. A watch has been taken from the pocket of one of the sitters, loosened from the chain, and carried round the circle. A gentleman's tie was taken out of his collar and tied in a knot around a lady's neck; then the end of the tie was put through the ring of the watch and knotted so that the watch should not fall until the end of the seance. On another occasion my diary was taken from my waistcoat-pocket and placed on a gentleman's breast, when the lead-pencil was taken out and a message written on it. Combs and hairpins have been taken out of the ladies' hair and thrown here and there about the room, and lozenges have been taken round to the sitters and placed inside their lips. To return to the tambourine, I may say I have never yet

heard a tambourine so energetically or so cleverly manipulated, and on many an occasion the march of “William Tell” has been wonderfully played. During the last few months, a little girl from the spirit-ream has skipped most beautifully in our midst. Her name is “Annie,” and she is the daughter of one of our gentlemen sitters. She touches the sitters with the rope when skipping and we can hear her tiny footsteps touching the oilcloth in the centre of the room, alternatively with the skipping rope. At other times she spells out alphabetically messages to us, such as “I love you, Daddy,” or “I love you all,” etc. The violin is also taken out from its case by the spirit friends, and is played to our tunes, while at the same time it is carried around the circle and placed either on our heads, or with the strings quite close to our faces. I have even extended my hand and touched the hand and fingers that carried the case around.

Be it remembered that the medium is always tied to an armchair—body, hands and legs quite secure—with twenty yards of rope. His coat, and often his waistcoat also, is taken off and thrown on to one of the sitters without undoing even the knots or twistings in the rope. His boots also have been taken off his feet without being unlaced. Also one of the sitter's boots and socks.

Such is a brief statement of the phenomena we as a circle have witnessed, and we hope our results will help others to plod on patiently until some day they may be blessed with the realization of their hopes.

The medium received great help from Mr. Rees Powell as conductor of the circles at Merthyr, and from his brother Thomas Thomas, and also from the care and patience of his present circle, whose names are: Mrs. Ann Dennis, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. J. A. Phillips, Mrs. Phillips, Mr. Richard Lewis (conductor of circle), Mrs. R. Davies, and myself.



### EASTER THOUGHT.

Spring, with her ever-vitalising breath,  
Doth soft uprise  
All that to seeming dies—  
*There is no death!*

Listen and watch! with rev'rent, bated breath,  
From out the tomb,  
The Lord of Life has come—  
*There is no death!*

Wheneath-life ended, man yields up his breath,  
Through God's great love,  
Know that he is but born above—  
*There is no death!*

E. J.



Whosoever wishes to see in a supernatural way in his inward exercises must have three things. The first is the light of Divine grace, and this in a more lofty degree than that which we can experience in the outward and active life without earnest inward diligence. The second thing is the casting out of all distracting images and attachments from the heart; so that a man may be free and imageless, released from all attachments, and empty of all creatures. The third is a free turning of the will, with a gathering together of all our powers, both bodily and ghostly, cleansed from every inordinate love. Thereby the will flows forth into the unity of God and into the unity of the mind; and thus the rational creature may obtain and possess the most high unity of God in a supernatural manner. For this God has created heaven and earth and everything.—*Jan Van Ruysbroeck.*

## Reply to Lord Halifax's Criticisms on Raymond.

By the Rev. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE, Vicar of Weston, Otley.

RECENTLY Lord Halifax, who is an acknowledged leader of the High Church party, gave a lecture on Sir Oliver Lodge's book "Raymond" at the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Knowing that I had taken some part in disseminating the truths resulting from the practical study of psychic phenomena, his lordship sent me a copy of the book containing the lecture. It is a work of some forty-two pages, and I regret to have to say that bigotry, prejudice, and ignorance of the subject are writ large on every page. Lord Halifax set out to damn modern psychic phenomena and investigation. It was a congenial task, and right heartily has he done it. I propose to examine as briefly as possible the main positions taken up by his lordship in his lecture.

After some preliminary "sermon stuff," Lord Halifax advances his first main contention to this effect: "The manifestations described in Sir Oliver Lodge's book seem to me to be attributable to natural causes, and to be largely the result of imposture" (page 6). Here it may be well to pause and remark that, as his lordship's religious belief is founded entirely on Bible records of psychic phenomena, identical in their description with those he seeks to discredit, what proof has he, such as he himself demands, that all the psychic phenomena recorded in the Bible are not equally "the result of imposture"?

After touching upon some of the communications in "Raymond," and the purpose and intention of the book, he proceeds to give a very brief and very imperfect account of the rise of modern psychic investigation, not touching on one-fiftieth part of the available evidence. When the evidence which he does give is favourable to modern psychic investigation, he carefully abstains from favourable comment, making no attempt to do it justice, but deliberately passing it over and dismissing it, while making the most of alleged exposures of psychics. It is indeed a contemptible performance, in which the methods known as *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* are very much in evidence. What is painfully apparent is the fact that Lord Halifax is not fearlessly seeking the truth regardless of the consequences, as an honest man should, but is endeavouring to bolster up the preconceptions, bigotries, and prejudices of himself and the party he represents, regardless of observed facts and modern knowledge.

I will examine as briefly as possible a number of his Lordship's statements.

Firstly, he says (page 20) that he passes over any detailed account of Eusapia Palladino, because in 1895 the Society for Psychical Research "declared everything connected with her to be fraud from beginning to end." But is he cognisant of the fact that the Society for Psychical Research published later, in 1909, a substantial volume of 260 pages, by Messrs. Fielding, Baggally, and Carrington, all expert psychical researchers, and all well versed in the tricks of professional legerdemain, in which the genuineness of Eusapia and her phenomena is completely vindicated? If he did not know it, he now does,

and I call upon him to publicly withdraw his statement, acknowledge his error, and make the *amende honourable*. If he did know it—and this would almost seem to be the case from his use of the words, "any account"—then the obvious intention of the noble lord is to give the impression that no genuine psychic phenomena have ever been observed in connection with Eusapia, and he stands convicted of a particularly gross case of *suggestio falsi*, which would be bad enough in one who made no profession of religion, but is much worse in the leader of a great religious party.

Secondly. Lord Halifax, while admitting that Sir William Crookes "had satisfied himself of the reality of materialisation in one instance," through the psychic Florence Cook coolly says, referring to the account published by Crookes, "This narrative, however, I pass over," and the reason he gives for thus dismissing the careful observations and tests of the greatest of living Scientists is, that "this medium was eventually exposed in January, 1880, when some of those present seized the materialised spirit who was found to be Miss Cook herself." Again he uses the old and well-tried weapon of *suggestio falsi*, so dear to the hearts of those who have a poor case.

He relates the account of the alleged exposure in 1880, and by his words "eventually exposed" wishes his reader to conclude that all her materialisations were frauds and that Sir William Crookes was tricked and duped. He completely ignores not merely Crookes' positive ascertainment, but also the careful testimony of many other trustworthy observers who experimented with the same psychic. Practically ignorant of the subject, his Lordship does not know that when the materialised figure is roughly seized, being largely built up from materials taken from the body of the psychic, it is compelled to return them instantly to the psychic. The fact that materialised figures and the body of this psychic have often been seen standing widely apart, *at one and the same time*, by Crookes and other careful observers appears to have no weight for a religious fanatic. It would be well for his lordship to remember, however, in view of his statement that "Crookes satisfied himself of the reality of materialisations through Florence Cook in one instance," that no amount of negative evidence can alter or annul one positively ascertained fact.

Thirdly, his Lordship's statements on page 39 that "in nearly all spiritualistic revelations the consequences of sin and the fact of hell are denied," and "all such communications have no realisation of sin and its consequences, and all deny that man's time of trial is here," are absolutely untrue from beginning to end. They are only the wild and reckless statements of a bigot, who has apparently not cared to take any trouble to verify what he alleges. One could fill a volume with accounts of communications which convey the very opposite statements. The serious consequences of sin, and the certainty of punishment hereafter for wrongdoing, and the constant exhortations to right living while on earth, are well known to be most marked features of modern spirit communications and psychic literature.

Fourthly, Lord Halifax's statement that to those who inquire in psychic practices "the general results are ruin, intellectual and moral, and sometimes actual madness," is a statement at once so absolutely false and so ludicrous, as to be doubly contemptible. Human nature has not changed, and if the results of intercourse with spiritual beings to-day are "madness and ruin moral and intellectual," then the same must hold good of Bible times. Were the Prophets of the Bible mad? Was Christ mad? Were the Apostles mad? Festus, who was possibly an ancestor of Lord Halifax, cried out when Paul was bearing witness to a wonderful psychic manifestation—"Paul thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad" (Acts xvi. 24). Does Lord Halifax believe that Paul was mad? Was Moses mad, or ruined physically, intellectually, or morally? Of him we are told that at the age of one hundred and twenty years his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. (Deuteronomy xxxiv. 7). He was in constant touch with the Spirit-world. So were the Prophets, the Apostles, and the Christ. As for "intellectual and moral ruin," I know very many persons who are leaders in psychical research who, to say the least of it, are the equals of his lordship, both intellectually and morally. This falsehood, this cry of "ware madness," was raised forty years ago, and killed by statistics obtained from asylums as soon as raised. I can obtain them for his lordship if he desires it. It was found that in the asylums from which the statistics were obtained there were very few persons suffering from madness caused by devotion to psychic things, *but that there were many cases of religious mania among the orthodox patients.* Such is the state of affairs to-day. Why does Lord Halifax not inveigh loudly against Christianity because of the many cases of religious mania among the orthodox? Professor Enrico Morselli, Director of the Clinic of Mental Diseases at the University of Genoa, says on this subject, "Cases of Spiritualistic madness are very rare. In my long career among thousands of patients I do not remember more than four or five."

I come now to the second main contention of Lord Halifax. He says (page 6), "If these manifestations are the work of spiritual agencies there is every reason to believe their origin to be from below." Again, on page 40, he asks, "Can Sir Oliver be certain that it is not Satan, or some other spirit under his control, who is making use of the mediums who profess to speak in the name of his son?" Here we have the old cry of Devil. Perhaps the Scribes and Pharisees may also have been among his lordship's progenitors, for they used the same argument—"He casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils." It is astonishing what respect many professedly religious people have for the power of the Devil. They seem to have more fear of the Devil, than confidence in the protecting and overruling power of God. They seem to think that the forces of Evil are more potent than the forces of goodness! This argument shows the practical bankruptcy of the religious opponents of modern psychic phenomena and investigation. With the words of the Christ I will answer his lordship—"If I, by Beelzebub, cast out devils, by whom do your sons cast them out? Therefore shall they be your judges" (Luke xi., 19). If modern communications and psychic phenomena are the work of the Devil, whose work are all those recorded in the Bible?

His lordship asks (page 6), "What kind of security can Sir Oliver Lodge, or any one else, have that these spiritual agencies are the agencies they profess to be?" I will ask Lord Halifax a similar question. How does he know, and what security has he, that all the angels who appeared to the Prophets, the Apostles, and the Christ were the agents they professed to be and were not agents of the Devil, masquerading as angels of light? How does he know that the appearances of the Lord Jesus after His death and resurrection, as recorded in the Bible, were not the work of a deceiving devil? Truly, those who use this wretched devil argument are hoist with their own petard.

Lord Halifax brings his lecture to a close with a glowing account of the Modern Church's idea of the Communion of Saints. He says, "We can speak to them and they to us." This is interesting, but rather vague. Will he be so good as to tell us how they can speak to us? and by what means the communication is made? Has he ever heard them speak? and, if so, what have they said? The only means of "speaking" from the spirit world to us here in the mortal are by the direct voice, by a materialisation, or through a psychic by trance or clairaudience. Has his lordship ever been "spoken to" by the departed in these ways? Has he ever had any communication from the spirit-world by direct writing or by signals rapping out a code, by symbol shown to him direct when awake, or seen clairvoyantly by a psychic, or by verified dreams? (All these are methods found in the Bible and used by Prophets, Christ and Apostles.) If not, I tell him bluntly that his talk about his communion of saints is mere sentimental nonsense and make believe, and that he has never in all his life had any real communion with the departed, that he has had any means of recognising as such.

There is only one vital line of truth in the whole of his lordship's lecture, and that is contained in the following sentence (page 41), "Such books as that of Sir Oliver are the Nemesis which comes for our neglect of the dead." With this I heartily agree. The Church is once more standing at the parting of the ways. A great crisis, a great opportunity, are at hand. Once more as in days of old she is called upon to look Truth in the face and pronounce judgment. Three hundred years ago, Galileo was brought before the Inquisition. This grand old man, the greatest scientist of his day, and one of the greatest of all time, who had proclaimed the living truth to the world, was compelled under fear of the Inquisition to pronounce publicly on his knees the following recantation:—"I, Galileo, being in my seventieth year, being a prisoner and on my knees, and before your Eminences, having before my eyes the Holy Gospel which I touch with my hands, abiure, curse and detest the error and heresy of the movement of the earth." And so the Church denied the Truth, and forced the great astronomer and physicist to perjure his soul. Shall this tragedy be repeated in this our own day, and will the Church once again shrink from the Truth? Or will she looking Truth in the face, take her proffered hand and march with her to fresh conquests?



The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts.—*Marcus Aurelius.*



## The Lighter Side of William Wilberforce Juneval Colville.—II.

By Mrs. J. MILLOTT SEVERN.

(Continued from page 196.)

I ALSO remember a tale of another kind he told us. He was once sleeping in an American boarding house, and the son of the house was a rather careless young man. Mr. Colville awoke soon after midnight, having had a very vivid vision. He saw the beginning of a fire in the cellar, seemingly caused by the son on coming home going into the cellar and unwittingly dropping the end of his lighted cigar on a heap of wood shavings. Mr. Colville jumped quickly out of bed, drew on his slippers, rushed to the bath-room, drew a pail of water, crept quietly downstairs, and was just in time to prevent the fire spreading further. He put it out and returned to his bed unobserved. In the morning he spoke to the son, and asked him if it was not a fact that he came home late, went into the cellar, and dropped the end of his cigar. He admitted it was so, and thanked Mr. Colville for putting out the fire so promptly. They kept it a secret between themselves, and no one guessed the danger they had been in during the night, from which the unseen presences had saved them.

He often did queer things at the Spiritualist Halls. For instance, if he chanced to see a picture, the subject of which displeased him, he would stop talking, step down from the platform, turn the picture face to the wall, return to the platform, and resume his discourse, as if nothing had happened. Again, if he saw living flowers adorning the dress or coat of a lady or gentleman in the audience, he would go to them, and beg to be allowed to place the flowers in a vase of water because, he said, "they must be very thirsty."

Another of his fads was giving the names of animals or birds, and titles of honour to his various friends. When asked why he did so, he replied, "The King bestows titles on whom he wishes, why should not I?" Thus the lady with whom he was staying was Lady Hilton. When addressing anything to Mr. Severn it was to Professor Headworthy. To him some of us were birds or animals. He called me White Eagle; Mr. F. G. Clarke, our president, he said greatly resembled a horse. Mrs. Annie Besant was the Polar Bear, and Mrs. Susanna Harris (the trumpet-medium), he always called the Elephant. A friend once remarked, "Mr. Colville, don't you think it rather impolite of you to refer to Mrs. Harris as the Elephant?" She thought he was alluding to her size. Looking queerly at her he remarked, "does she not trumpet!"

Anticipating a somewhat limited audience at one of our afternoon meetings we had thought it would look more cosy to screen in the platform end of the hall, and removed some of the chairs. "Bring those chairs back at once," he demanded, "I will not begin my lecture until every chair is in its place. I do not expect a small audience, I shall have a large audience, of both seen and unseen friends, and I will not have them shut out."

He disliked being looked at through a lady's veil, especially through a black veil, even if it was made of the flimsiest lace. To him it was a symbol of bondage. He was constantly asking ladies to raise their veils, and he never forgot to

publicly thank any lady who had been kind enough to remove both her hat and veil during his lectures.

As an instance of his wonderful working powers, he came in one afternoon soon after Christmas, and asked for writing materials, as he wished to send a letter off to America. He raked about in the waste-paper basket as usual, while I fetched pen and ink. Then spying a rather ancient typewriter he asked if he might use it. He found it would not answer his expectations, so he put it back and returned to pen and ink. He told me he wanted to write a letter to a German Baroness, about a paper she was hoping to bring out in California, which would be similar to the *International Psychic Gazette*. He also informed me he had undertaken to edit this journal, and he seemed quite upset at the idea of his having pledged himself to do it. He never liked to think that he was obliged to do anything, and before he left Brighton, to his great joy, he was happily released from fulfilling that contract. Then he wrote a whole column of matter for *The Progressive Thinker*, Chicago, containing an account of his visits to the various societies and Churches at Brighton. These included both the Spiritualists' Halls, The Theosophical Society, The Church of the Seers, Queen's Square Church, over which the Rev. Rhondda Williams presides, the Apostolic Church, St. Paul's in West Street, St. Mary's Catholic Church, Upper North Street, and The Jewish Synagogue. Then followed a review of Mr. Severn's—"Popular Phrenologist," also written for *The Progressive Thinker*. All this work was accomplished under two hours. He also took tea and was answering our remarks the whole time; I was, to say the least, astounded at the performance. His fingers simply flew over the paper, and his writing was queer-looking stuff, large and uneven, you might have thought it had been done with a skewer! He just folded the matter up into a large envelope and posted it off. I asked him how he knew it was all right for the press, "Oh," he remarked, "I never read my matter after it is written, I know it is all right."

Before leaving Brighton early in the New Year he told us that he hoped to spend Easter at Brighton. Then I asked him to spend the Easter week with us as our guest. He said he was delighted at the idea of staying immediately opposite St. Paul's, at Easter—the dear old Church where he had helped to sing the anthems when a boy. Once more he would hear the bells ring, get up, and go to the early service! He recalled the time, long ago, when as a lad of fourteen he was there in the choir, and as the evening service proceeded he felt a strong desire to leave the Church, and run as quickly as possible to the Concert Hall at the bottom of West Street, where Mrs. Cora V. Richmond was lecturing. He went and felt instantly drawn to her in a remarkable manner. He said—"I entered the Hall, and sat a long way from the platform, almost beyond hearing distance from the speaker. No sooner had I turned my eyes towards the platform, than I saw in addition to the many persons who were on it in the mortal body, a distinguished looking gentleman, who appeared to stand throughout the address exactly behind the speaker, with his

hand lightly pressing her head, and from his fingers there seemed to flow a fleecy line of light, which extended over the heads of the audience until it reached my brain. That caused me to hear every word of the lecture as though it were spoken in my head. On leaving the hall, it was distinctly revealed to me on my walk home, that my career would be that of an inspirational speaker, and that in the discharge of my work I should travel both by sea and land."

Easter 1914 arrived and Mr. Colville came to stay the week with us. I gave him a front room directly facing St. Paul's. He asked me, if he let himself out quietly, could he attend the first service. On that same Easter day he conducted the whole Morning Service at The Spiritualists' Hall, Manchester Street, returning to dine; afterwards going over again to St. Paul's for the children's service at 3 p.m., finishing the afternoon at The Lyceum, Manchester Street. Before 5 p.m. he left to attend a service at the Apostolic Church, coming home to tea about 6 p.m.; and going again to Manchester Street to conduct the evening services held there at 7 p.m.—attending three short services, and conducting two full services, singing some grand song at the beginning of each

service, and ending with a long impromptu poem. Then he would talk a great deal in between at meal times, yet he would never own to being tired. Small wonder that this tireless worker, this wonderful lecturer and writer, always on the go, seldom resting either body or mind except by change of work, that at the age of fifty-six he had worn out that all too frail body of his. He has done a grand work that will live and influence as yet unborn generations; and that strong live soul, eager to serve humanity, regardless of colour or creed, everywhere and at all times lives on, and lives to serve as a grand example of what one can be and do if he wills.

Mr. Colville's age is generally stated as fifty-seven; but according to a biographical sketch of him in *Mystic Light*, an American journal, of which he was editor, he was "born at sea in the vicinity of the South Coast of England, on September 5, 1861."

Until he came to stay with us I had not known what his initials stood for. He explained, "William Juvenal were given to me; Wilberforce is the name I chose to give to myself; Will and Force is what I stand for!"

## Mutual Loss, and A Whitsun Day Experience.

By DORIS SEVERN, Author of "The Next Room."

When bereavement comes to us, as it most surely does sooner or later, we are inclined to think that the whole of the trial is borne by ourselves. How often we hear some mourner say, amid bitter sobs and tears, "Oh, of course, I know it is all right for him, *he* is far better off away from all chance of misery, or trouble, or bereavement, but for me what is it?"

The following quotation from a poem written by Mrs. Charles, the authoress of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," exactly expresses the common attitude of mind:—

"The suffering, and the loss are mine,  
The pain, the death—are all for me;  
'Tis fond delusion makes them thine,  
Transferring my regrets to thee."

But is this idea quite reasonable?

Hear an experience of my own. Some time after losing my dear mother, who was hardly ever out of my mind, day or night, I was lying on my bed resting, and fell into a momentary dose. Instantly I was aware of the beloved one seated close beside my bed, on the left side. And she spoke to me in just the soft tones of old; and what she said was this, "At first I was tempted to complain, but Miss — (mentioning a name which was familiar to me in that other state but not in this) said, 'It will be better for *you* and better for *her*.' That was all, and she was gone."

Now does not that open up a new aspect of the question, and should it not bring a grain of comfort? A sorrow shared is a sorrow halved, and if they, our loved ones, have to share the pang of partial separation may we not bear that pang a little better than we do? I say "partial," for we know that the separation is not complete, though many thousands of bereaved people imagine that it is. Soul calls to soul, though the material presence is absent, and the finer and more unselfish the bond between two people has been in this mortal life, the more likely it is that the one left here will, after a time, be conscious of his or her friend's influence. So let a lofty courage cheer the mourner's heart, remembering that both have to bear some of the pangs of loss.

I have told in "The Next Room" how we were vouchsafed one Eastertide not only the knowledge

that there was a great Exodus from the Grey World into the happy region of Rest, but Hilary, my husband, was even permitted to see the procession passing, as it were, before his eyes, although he and I were seated in the little drawing-room of our house on the moors at the time.

More was to follow. Whitsun Day fell early that year, and it was a day of heavenly beauty, such as the first day may have been when the promised Comforter came to inspire, to purify, to guide the hearts of His people. Earth and sky seemed to join in rejoicing, the air was balmy, the sun shone, the breath of the flowers seemed more exquisite than before. And in the very early morning, even before the time when the bell of the little church near by called the faithful to the first Celebration of the Holy Eucharist, Hilary was granted a vision of that other state.

Perhaps you think he travelled into the blessed country of Rest to see how they keep their Whitsun Day, for you know the church there keeps all her times and seasons as we do, only under such infinitely better conditions. No, he went elsewhere; into the sad, stony, dimly-lighted Grey World, and he found himself outside a great building which he knew to be one of the prisons in that dismal place. The gloomy walls and barred windows frowned threateningly down on him as he stood gazing, wondering why he was brought there. But what else did he see? Gathered close in a little group, under one of those guarded windows, were a number of people in snow-white glistening robes. Their voices were upraised in sweetest harmony, and they were singing one of the lovely hymns appointed for Whitsun Day. I do not know which, but I do know that they were striving to reach and cheer the poor captives behind those gloomy walls, and to bring them some hope to lighten their darkness. When those holy strains, sung by voices from Paradise, stole on their weary ears, surely the tight hard bands of misery about their hearts must have loosened, and the first stirrings of hope must have made themselves manifest in their souls. Who had sent them on this errand? Who but the Lord and Lover of souls? "For He has broken the gates of brass and smitten the bars of iron in sunder."

# Man's Work in the Next World.

## HOW HIS TIME IS OCCUPIED THERE.

By G. E. OWEN.

**S**HALL we have anything to do in the next world? Will we be able to utilise our time there in some form of activity? These questions are often asked, but seldom intelligently answered. An enormous amount of arid matter has been uttered and written in attempting to describe man's next life. Men who have not the faintest idea of what the spirit world is like have urged extraordinary views on what man is doing there. The result is a mass of unintelligible and senseless matter pervading religious life which darkens and smothers people's reflective faculties just as weeds in a garden do to the budding flower. Men in that ignorant state are content to accept anything that comes from those who pose as authorities on matters pertaining to their religious and spiritual welfare. Like the smothered plant, they are unable to reject what is not helpful to them.

In hymns and sermons it has been proclaimed that man after this life will rest from his labours, or that he will be engaged in perpetually praising by song and music the Author of his being. Sentiment, emotion, and hazy understanding are the foundations such ideas are based on. To chant praises for ever and ever would indeed be weary work to many. To be continuously resting would be agonising work for active and buoyant minds.

It is difficult to understand why it has been thought, and so extensively taught, that all labour ceases with death. Such a view warrants the surmise that such an idea is only a guess, and a poor one at that. This view is expressed in the following lines, founded on a Russian proverb:—

“Two hands upon the breast,  
And labour's done;  
Two pale feet crossed in rest,  
The race is won.”

What these words convey may fitly be applied to the body when it is dropped at death. Its labour is done. But man is not his body. The following verse from a hymn is also an appalling misrepresentation of the truth:—

“Now the labourer's task is o'er;  
Now the battle day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore,  
Stands the voyager at last.”

One would think by these lines that death terminated the eternal voyage of life. But that is far from being so. People for centuries have clung to, and sought for, satisfaction in such ideas. The churches in their spiritual darkness have sung and preached them.

We can understand a person whose life here is one of incessant toil amidst unpleasant conditions pining for rest in the next world. He has been obliged to pursue a vocation he was not fitted for, and the effect has been a yearning for the cessation of all labour. That yearning, however, does not represent man's true nature, but only a false condition set up through spending a lifetime at unsuitable work. Those who think our only occupation in the next life will be to sing “Hallelulias” and “praises” make the mistake of assuming that that would meet the requirements of all temperaments and types of mind.

The problem here is to find the work each is suited for. Very many follow callings they are

not at all fitted for. They are, in the familiar phrase, square pegs in round holes. Through that an entirely deceptive feeling about work is generated. A man constituted to do fine and delicate work has to do what is rough and coarse, and work to him is a drudgery and not a pleasure. “Blessed is he,” said the great Carlyle, “who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.” Yes, blessed is he, indeed; but how few are able to enjoy it in this life?

When Dr. Aked some time ago preached a series of sermons in New York on “The Joys of Heaven,” he pictured the glorious time those there are having with their crowns and harps! Men of eminence and with a wider outlook on life declared that his views were in conflict with human nature. The noted inventor, Thomas Edison, confessed his doubts of the “joys” so depicted by Dr. Aked, and said: “We live now in a busy world, and I cannot think that we are going to lay aside our intellectual progress in the next world for crowns and harps.” For expressing such a conception Dr. Aked said Edison was an atheist! To that the inventor replied, “I believe in a Supreme Intelligence, but I certainly doubt that the good are going to be raised from their graves on the final day and go to a beautiful shining place where existence is a continual round of praise and song. The preachers themselves do not say always what they think, and some, I fear, do not think at all.” No, the multiplicity of mankind's interests, tastes, and dispositions are not to be compressed into the triune categories of psalm-singing, harp-playing, and crown-wearing in the next life!

Death is the great leveller of all social inequalities, the remover of all the tinselled trappings and gilded veneer of this life, and the allocator of all talent and capabilities into their proper channels. Those who in this life had no opportunity to take up the work they were fitted for will be able to do so in the next. The important thing to be borne in mind is that man is not changed in temperament by death. What was agreeable or disagreeable work to him before death will be so after it. This not being realised is the cause of many misleading ideas as to how people spend their time in spirit life.

Another matter that should not be overlooked is that the unseen world, towards which mortal existence is travelling, is a universe of stupendous immensity, peopled with human beings, and throbbing with natural activity. To every clear-minded person it will be obvious that such a world contains boundless possibilities, similar to those of this world. That being so, it should be easy to realise that it presents opportunities for innumerable forms of occupation.

In a recently issued valuable volume—valuable, not to the stupidity of sensational journalists, who do not realise that intelligent men do not ridicule what they do not understand, but to the finely adjusted and balanced minds of those who labour to extend human knowledge by penetrating unexplored regions—“Raymond, or Life and Death,” Sir Oliver Lodge records how Raymond says, in alluding to the world he reached through death, “There is such a big field to work in.” That is

so, and it cannot be questioned save by those whose intellects are frozen.

In the next world people are engaged in pursuits very similar to those here. There are differences of course. One of them is that no one there does work which is uncongenial to him. All there do the work that gives them pleasure, contentment, and satisfaction. It has been stated through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond that one thing done there is the acquiring and imparting of knowledge. Those noble minds who acquired and imparted knowledge here continue to do so after death. They either pass their knowledge through mediums to us in this life, or they use it to enlighten many in the next one, because death does not miraculously transform an ignorant person into one of learning. What Emerson would call "rusty minds" need burnishing in the next world as much as here, and that involves work.

What are those the world calls "dead" doing? Well, as they live in a world that is real to them, and retain in it their interests and delights, and are inspired by motives and purposes similar to those which characterised them here, they simply pursue lines of activity that are in agreement with their aspirations and temperaments. Although the tendency of death is to purge man of his artificial and injurious tastes, desires, and ambitions, yet it preserves and awakens into activity all the higher and more enduring elements of his nature, which more often than not are smothered by the artificialities of modern civilisation. Thus the love of country gives way to the love of mankind; the pernicious and soul-wrecking ambition of making success an object of life is dethroned by the ennobling ambition of making life an object of success; the longing to accumulate perishable things is succeeded by the realisation of the truth of an Eastern proverb, which says:—

"The very moment that man biddeth adieu unto the world,

Dust and silver and gold unto him are all three one."

More substantial longings arise for the things of the intellect and spirit which have an enduring value. Superficial interests and small-mindedness dissolve with the vast expansion of outlook.

Death brings about the re-adjustment and the restoration into its normal state of a humanity that is so much warped by the wrongs of this life; it clears away all false standards and appetites—necessarily immediately—and thus paves the way for work under the best conditions. Work in this world is of two kinds, (1) that which man does voluntarily for the love of doing it, (2) that which the laws of necessity and circumstances compel him to do. The latter kind is wrong, and can only exist in a world that is not what it should be. Through having had to follow unsuitable work here many pass on to the next state whose natural growth have been suppressed and faculties dwarfed.

One thing that occupies the time and attention of some—those suited for it—in the next life is to render assistance to those whose lives here have been wrecked and distorted by our social anomalies. If we bear in mind the number of people continuously departing from this world who bear the stamp of being socially afflicted, it is not difficult to realise what a necessary task seeing to their welfare is, and why institutions and organisations have had to be erected in the spirit world to deal with them.

Some are engaged in caring for children who leave this life. Others labour to spread light and truth in the minds of those in darkness. Those

of a scientific turn of mind have now an extended field for their researches and experiments. A universe teeming with problems invites the application of their skill and acumen. All branches of natural science have their counterparts in spirit-life, and many persons will devote their time to pursuing them. A distinguished mathematician, ex-President Hill, of Harvard, was once asked: "What are you going to do when you enter the other life?" He replied: "There are enough problems, mathematical problems, connected with the arc of a circle, to keep me busy and happy for at least a thousand years!"

Many will labour with devotion to account for the origin and nature of the world they behold, just as many do here concerning this world. The work of seeking to know what lies beyond the new state will occupy the time of many. These will correspond to those interested in Spiritualism and psychical research here. Just as the establishment of communication between continents here meant much work and research, so the establishment of means of communication between this world and the next will occupy the attention of many master-minds in the spiritual world.

Inspired orators, artists, musicians, singers, writers, poets, inventors, reformers, philanthropists, composers, and seers, have trod this earth in all ages and nations, and they still represent various phases of labour in spirit life. Those devoted to the divine work of alleviating suffering have inconceivable scope to apply their abilities, and many poor souls have agonising work to do to clear their minds of erroneous views of life.

What Emerson eloquently said of this life that: "Raphael paints wisdom, Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakespeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Luther preaches it, Washington arms it, Watt mechanises it," can with truth be said of the next, for who but those who know no different cannot agree with the sublime utterance Victor Hugo gave in an eloquent oration at the graveside in Balzac's funeral that "it is impossible for a great genius in this life to be other than a great spirit after death." True and congenial work is the pathway that leads to the natural and balanced unfoldment of the human mind in this and the next life.

Religion in spirit-life shall be considered next month.

## OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

*A Golders Hill Subscriber*:—"I am glad the *Psychic Gazette* still keeps up its good standard in spite of the war."

*A Forest Hill Reader*:—"The *Gazette* is fine this month, and I hope and pray something substantial will be done to protect mediums."

*A North London Reader*:—"I may mention that we have been readers of it (the *Gazette*) since 1913, and very much appreciate its broad-minded and progressive nature."

*A Brockley Reader*:—"I have been trying to get this month's *I.P.G.* through a news-agent, but failed. I shan't be happy till I get it, so am sending stamps for one."

"In the reign of James I. (1619) we find potatoes quoted as being used for the royal table and costing no less than two shillings a pound. . . . But in spite of its evident worth the potato made slow progress in our too Conservative land. Puritans condemned its use by reason of its non-mention in the Bible, whilst the ignorant and superstitious looked upon it with doubtful eye!"—*Daily News Pamphlet*. Later it became a staple article of nourishing food and was universally used by the people even when war prices were prohibitive. The humble potato by its inherent merit asserted itself in spite of ignorance and superstition. Other good things will do likewise, never fear!

## Spheres in the Spirit World.

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

[The following is the tenth letter in the new series received inspirationally by the author of "Speaking Across the Border Line."]

I HAVE been much interested in the controversy in your psychic papers regarding Spheres in the Spirit World. It is curious to read the many opinions regarding them. Some tell you their actual mileage from the earth, though they are as little vague as to the number of spheres. Others say they are all part of your own planet, but invisible to the eye of the ordinary man. And yet others declare that there are no spheres at all, but just mental conditions, because the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. All these opinions contain germs of truth, but none of them have the whole truth.

Let me try to put the matter before you as simply as I can. Briefly, the lower spheres are more or less interwoven with your earth. This includes Borderland, and the first, second, and third spheres, with all their astral plains; also the grey world which is the first of those just below Borderland on the downward grade. Below the grey world there are lands of gloom and sadness, till you reach the Land of total darkness.

As the spheres become more advanced spiritually their distance from the earth increases and they are held in suspension in the atmosphere as separate worlds. I do not go much to Borderland, nor to the first and second spheres, because my work does not lie there, except on the rare occasions when I am sent down for the special help of one probably known to me in the earth life. This one, not being advanced in spiritual perception, may be dwelling down there in the twilight of those spheres, or even in the darkness of spiritual ignorance. So the command comes to go to one such, and guide him into the light, and give him comfort. Then, through prayer, his eyes become opened to see the beauty of the great love which flows round him.

It is true that in Borderland and the lower spheres the life and condition of the inhabitants are very similar to those of earth. So much is this the case that many do not realise for long periods that death has really passed, and that they are in the intermediate world.

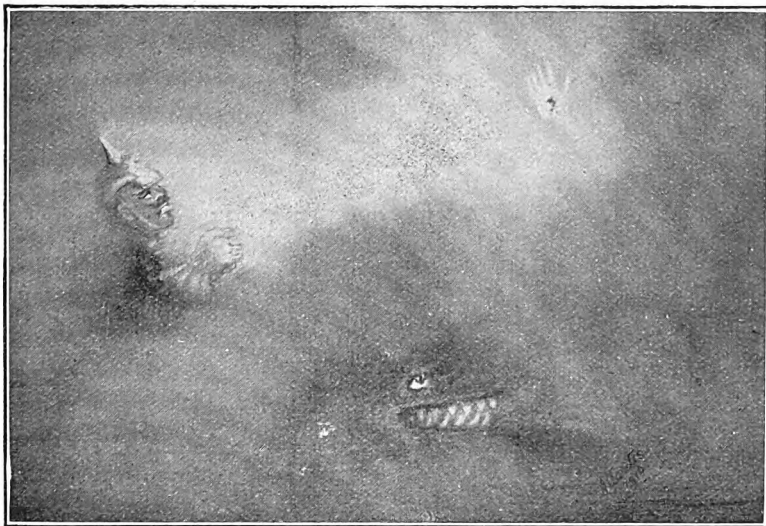
The third and fourth spheres are bright and beautiful, more like a glorified earth with their exquisite foliage and flowers and beautiful scenery. There are many intermediate planes in each sphere, and these are more or less observed through the mentality and spiritual unfoldment of those who

live there. Really, it is an extension of a similar faculty on earth, where a beautiful scene will produce exaltation in one individual while another regarding it is quite unmoved.

Many of the higher spheres and interior states have originated by the combined thought of Exalted Beings from higher worlds, and none are permitted to enter them till they have been purified and are advanced in spiritual perception. But those who, by prayer, faith, and especially by love, have their feet firmly planted on the right road while still on earth rise rapidly from sphere to sphere.

The increasing beauty and radiance of the higher spheres can hardly be described in words. Every faculty and bent of mind receives its fulfilment here. There is, for instance, the artistic sphere, where the aspirations of your finest artists, poets, and musicians are realised. The dwellers in each higher sphere gain a fuller consciousness of the presence of Jesus the Christ, until they come

to the seventh or Christ Sphere, where He reigns supreme. He is the life-principle of every one of its inhabitants, and moves about amongst us in full and beautiful communion. Now, in the lower spheres, as in your world, Jesus also manifests, but He can only be seen and His Divine Presence rea-



The Nailed Hand versus The Mailed Fist.

lised by the heart that is prepared by love and service, and a total self-abnegation, to open and receive Him. And it is here that the crude religious ideas of the lower spheres become crystallised into perfection. I have tried elsewhere to describe to you the Christ Sphere, but there is no language by which I can convey the intense beauty and the perfect harmony of our surroundings. They transcend human speech and human ideas.

Beyond the seventh sphere there are other celestial states, but of these I cannot speak. You must wait, my Beloved, till you join me here, and we journey together up the ways that lead into the immediate presence of the Father.

#### THE NAILED HAND versus THE MAILED FIST.

In this symbolical picture by "Atlantis" (which loses much of its effectiveness in the reproduction) her inspirers convey the idea of the wound in the Divine Hand bleeding afresh at the brutality and wickedness which have caused the present world-wide war, with its accompaniment of enormous suffering to mankind. A typical Hun is seen arrested and conscience-stricken by his vision of The Nailed Hand, appearing in the ethereal clouds which contrast so strongly with his own dark atmosphere. In the foreground is seen a dragon symbolising Evil, but it will be noted that it is emerging from the shades of Darkness and consequently its lust for mischief is being destroyed by the coming Light.

## The International Psychic Gazette

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24a, Regent Street, London, S.W., 1,

where the whole business of the Gazette is now being carried on.

### The Weight of Evidence for Spiritualism.

“THE Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.” That is what all sane, rational, human beings are supposed to desire and insist upon in regard to any matter in which they are deeply interested, and concerning which there is a conflict of opinion. Loose notions, hazy ideas, what this prejudiced person says, or what that hostile witness avers, don't count with anyone who is ready and willing to give the truth a chance. He must first ascertain the true facts to be considered, for they are the bedrock on which alone he can build a trustworthy conclusion. Without them he will inevitably sink and flounder in the morass of error. If circumstances make it impossible to get at the facts at first hand he must have recourse to the evidence of trustworthy witnesses. He must then apply his mind earnestly to sift and weigh the testimony, and be ready unflinchingly to accept the truth, whatever it may turn out to be, and however it may differ from his preconceived ideas or inherited prejudices. That is the recognised process by which the real truth on any matter is acquired. And so far as we know there is no other. Such a pursuit involves earnestness of spirit and honesty of purpose. If the truth is not particularly desired the evidence may be ignored, one may take his ease, remain comfortably deaf to the testimony, and even refuse to look at it. We thus simply express the merest commonplace known to everybody in everyday life. Very well, let us see how it applies to the vexed problem which deeply concerns us, now and hereafter, namely whether we as persons survive “the wrench of bodily death,” whether our “dead” still live, and whether being alive they are able to have converse with us, and we with them. These are important questions, worthy of most earnest consideration, but it is amazing how many ordinarily intelligent and well-educated people are content to leave them absolutely unanswered. They have no desire to lay aside their preconceived ideas, their prejudices, their distaste, their “creepy” feelings—the product of centuries of superstition during which any unbiassed appeal to the facts has been tabooed by Church and State. The Church has brought them up to believe that there are indeed spiritistic facts but they are, it says, “of the Devil and his works.” The State, after changing its mind on the subject, now holds, by statute, that there are no such facts, and anyone who says there are is a criminal and a pretender who seeks to impose upon people, and ought therefore to be locked up as “a rogue and a vagabond.” Thus Church and State, while contradicting each other as to the reality of the facts, are at one in placing a ban on their consideration. On this one question of all others they deny to intelligent people their intellectual or religious freedom. But the world to-day, under the stress of war, and the tumultuous

emotions resulting from it, is now breaking through these artificial barriers which hedge it in, and at last under this great impulse, the truth of the matter, foreshadowed as it has been by great men—philosophers, thinkers, scientists and poets—in all times, may soon become the common property of the race. The evidence is being widely considered, Church or no Church, State or no State, and its weight will prove to be overwhelming.

Mr. J. Arthur Hill's new book on “Psychical Investigations” comes as a most opportune contribution to the subject. It is a piece of conscientious scientific inquiry and excellent literary workmanship which should commend itself to readers of every class. It will satisfy the fastidious by reason of its careful attention to the canons of a critical investigation, and it will interest and instruct the humblest inquirers, for the author is so engagingly frank and so conversational in his style that he will weary none, even while he is dealing exhaustively with a complex and abstruse subject. He takes one right to the root of the matter and dispels many mists that obscure it. He has been a careful and laborious investigator of psychical phenomena for ten years and he assures those who shudder at their very name that they are “quite natural, and not weird, alarming or nerve shaking, with sheeted ghosts and clanking chains!” He says nothing in his own experience has occurred to scare him! He claims to be of “an exceptionally sceptical habit of mind” who had been “steeped in Spencer, Mill, and others of the negative school.” He had no bias in favour of personal survival, indeed like J. Addington Symonds he rather entertained “the immeasurably precious hope of ending with this life the ache and languor of existence.” He had, moreover, no strong emotional links with what is called “the other world.” He says—“I did not become interested in psychical matters until about eight years after my father's death, and my motive was sheer scientific curiosity, entirely uncoloured by any special desire either about survival in general or the continued existence of my deceased relatives in particular.” Thus we have in the author an ideal witness whose testimony should be valuable to people not able to make a searching inquiry for themselves, and who may not be so well-equipped for the task. Mr. Hill's investigations appear to have been fruitful from the start. At his first “sitting” with a medium the name of his mother, who had been “dead” for twenty years, was given to him, her age at death, the date of that occurrence within a year, and the name of the place where she died, from which locality the family had moved. Now an acute critic, who has no first-hand experience of such communicated information, would probably explain it in two ways, viz., the medium was already aware of these facts or the sitter consciously or unconsciously gave them away. Mr. Hill, basing his opinion on careful consideration of many data, unhesitatingly rejects the suggestion that such facts given to him have been due to the medium's normally acquired knowledge. The “deliberate concocting of evidence, necessitating much inquiry and travelling” he rules out. He says—“I entirely reject the idea of fraud; not only because, in ten years' acquaintance with Wilkinson (the medium) my friends and I have found nothing at variance with the most complete integrity and veracity, but also because his mediumship has given us a large mass of evidence which no amount of detective work could obtain.” And as for the sitter having himself given the

facts away Mr. Hill says playfully—"I have a fairly sphinx-like countenance—so, at least, I have been told by my friends—and I do not think much is revealed in that way!" Besides, he says, referring to other incidents—"No expression of countenance would tell the medium my great-grandmother's maiden name, or the occupation of Benjamin Torrington's father, whom I had never known!" The clever critic who would maintain the opposite should demonstrate its possibility—that would only be fair.

The book contains interesting verbatim reports of many seances which were taken in shorthand at the time of their occurrence. It may be instructive if we summarise part of a short connected series to indicate their nature and value.

On July 21, 1914, Mr. Hill (J. A. H.) had a sitting with Mr. A. Wilkinson (A. W.) whom he describes as "an extraordinarily good medium." A. W., after describing several of J. A. H.'s deceased relatives and acquaintances, said—

*"I get the name Dunlop. A doctor. Medical doctor. Old times."*

J. A. H. says in a note he could see no particular significance in this name at the moment, though a Dr. Dunlop, well-known to his parents, had lived in his native town and died forty years ago. J. A. H. had never known him, but his former house was known as Dunlop House.

A. W.—*"I get the name Leather. I feel that he would be an old man, very gentlemanly, rather retiring. I hesitate to say the name, for I never heard it before as a name. It only means boots, leggings, etc., to me."*

J. A. H. says he knew a Mr. Leather, a true gentleman of the old school, who was eighty-four when he died in 1909. He saw most of him at Dunlop House, where a small party met for whist on winter evenings.

In a letter dated November 19, A. W. wrote to J. A. H., from Bournemouth—"By the way, did you ever know someone named Parbury or some such name? I am impressed it would be a very old gentleman you might have known. . . . He was a man who retained his faculties in a very large measure till the end of life almost. I am not sure but I feel perhaps he was called Robert. . . . He evidently is keenly interested in you."

On reading this J. A. H. thought it meaningless, but his sister said Robert Parbury or Parberry—spelling uncertain—was Mr. Leather's Christian name. On inquiry it was found the full name was Robert Parberry Leather. He retained his faculties until near the end, which was caused by a paralytic seizure. J. A. H. wrote to A. W. that the name had interesting significance, but gave him no further information.

On December 14, 1914, A. W. came to give J. A. H. a sitting, and in preliminary conversation remarked that when writing the letter he had felt that the gentleman in question was waiting for some old friend to pass over. This was curiously true, as at that very time Mr. Leather's brother-in-law and close friend for about fifty years was dying, and passed away on November 29, 1914, ten days after the date of the letter.

At their next sitting on January 15, 1915, A. W. said—"There is a man by that bookcase (pointing), a very old man, big, full-featured. Been gone some time; old-fashioned, shirt white, very clean. Elias Sidney. Politics interested him; rather a strong politician—Radical or strong Liberal. Somebody brought him, somebody on the other side, who has manifested here before."

J. A. H. says he had never heard of any Elias Sidney, but later in the same sitting, A. W. said—"Sidney appears again. Somebody brought him; some spirit."

Still unrecognised. After other spirits had been described A. W. said—"You remember me seeing an old man here before? I can't remember his name."

J. A. H. said—"Yes; Mr. Leather perhaps."  
A. W.—*"Yes, Leather. It is Mr. Leather who has brought Elias Sidney. They were cronies. . . . Sidney has been passed away longer than Mr. Leather."*

J. A. H. inquired of several local prominent Liberals who had known Mr. Leather as to whether they had ever heard of a man named Elias Sidney. None of them had. An old politician who lived some miles away was, however, asked the same question. He replied—"Certainly, I knew Elias Sidney very well. . . . He was one of a coterie of friends, all vigorous Liberals. I was one, Mr. Leather was another." Mr. Sidney died seven weeks before Mr. Leather. They had been members of the same Club and had met daily.

It is interesting to observe the process of building up this testimony which claims to originate from "the other side." None of the persons referred to were known to the medium, and as he was a stranger to the neighbourhood there was practically no possibility of his acquiring the information given by any normal means. First there is a mention of a Dr. Dunlop, *apropos* of nothing apparently. Mr. Hill never knew Dr. Dunlop, who had been dead for forty years. He, however, knew "Dunlop House," the Doctor's old residence. Then the medium mentions a Mr. Leather. He is almost afraid to mention Leather as a name of anyone, for he had never heard it so used. But Mr. Hill knew Mr. Leather; he used to play whist with him at Dunlop House! Four months later, the medium writes to Mr. Hill—"Did you ever know someone named Parbury, or some such name? . . . I feel perhaps he was called Robert." The medium evidently thought this was a new personality, but "Robert Parberry" were merely an additional link in the chain—they were the Christian names of Mr. Leather! Later when the medium saw Mr. Hill he mentioned that when writing the letter (on November 19) he felt that the gentleman in question (Robert Parberry Leather) was waiting for some old friend to pass over. It turned out that at that moment Mr. Leather's brother-in-law and close friend of fifty years was dying and passed away on November 29. On January 15, the medium describes an old politician and gives the name Elias Sidney. Mr. Hill says he has never heard of an Elias Sidney. Later in the sitting, the medium says, "It is Mr. Leather who has brought Elias Sidney; they were cronies." Not only did Mr. Hill know nothing of Sidney, but also prominent local Liberals who had known Leather had never heard of Sidney. An old politician, however, who lived at some distance said that Sidney, Leather, and himself belonged to the same coterie of political friends. Thus piece by piece, at intervals of time, a group of old men, only one of whom Mr. Hill had known, are described to him by the medium, whose claim is that he was only aware of their existence through his psychic senses. These are the kind of extraordinary facts, of which there are many in the book, all carefully noted at the time, which demand some rational explanation. If the medium did not know them normally—and Mr. Hill is convinced he could not—and if Mr. Hill himself was ignorant of most of them, where did this information come from? The medium could not have guessed them, and he could not have read them in Mr. Hill's mind for they were never there. The apostles of the telepathic hypothesis would require to show some reasonable possibility of there having been some person, consciously at work, building up a connected chain of evidence, and transmitting it link by link, in order to deceive persons at a time when they were sitting privately or writing letters many miles away. And there is no warrant for such a supposition. As a result of his ten years' psychical investigations, the author is convinced that the explanation of such facts must be spiritistic and certainly the weight of evidence points in that way, and in no other. J. L.

The things that are true, the things that are good, and all that is helpful, will gravitate to you only in proportion to the degree that you desire and invite them.—

Uriel Buchanan.

## With Victor Hugo in a Seance.

By J. M. PEEBLES, M.D., Los Angeles.

IN my world-wide travels, I have been honoured with meeting many distinguished men and women, such as Emerson and Carlyle, Queen Victoria, the previous King of Siam, and that illustrious French celebrity, Victor Hugo.

Stopping a week in Paris on my third missionary tour around the world, I learned by accident, if there be any accidents in this universe of immutable law, that Mrs. Hollis-Billings was in Paris giving seances. This information delighted me because knowing Mrs. Hollis in America and being at one time her guest for two days when her son was just starting off for the Naval Academy, naturally I hastened to meet her, for universal, international, or fraternal as people may be, it thrills their souls with patriotism to meet their countrymen in foreign lands.

Informing us that on the next evening she was to have a seance for the literati, she most graciously passed into my hand a ticket of admission. The evening time had come. There were some twenty present, and seemingly there was a kind of social stiffness in the group. This may have been more imaginary than real. The whole conversation was in French. It may be here remarked that there is naturally a sort of quiet sacredness in a rightly prepared seance, where an atmosphere of heavenly influences is supposed to be in the ascendance over the earthly.

Mrs. Billings, gifted with clairvoyance, trance and writing mediumship, entered the splendid drawing-room and took her seat. A few words from the leader, and a prayer was offered. The medium passing into the superior state, recognised messages began to come in abundance. There was now a few moments of silence. A new influence controlling this sensitive lady called for paper, writing rapidly in French. And here was the marvel, the wonder of wonders. Mrs. Hollis Billings wrote in French, when in her normal state she could neither speak nor write this language.

The message, when finished, was passed to Victor Hugo. The light in the room was suddenly increased and Victor Hugo reading it became so affected that tears streamed down his face. "This is from my friend, my dearest friend," he exclaimed. All was silence again. Others received messages of profound interest.

The seance closed. I had never met a more sociable and cultured assemblage. Introductions were in order and friendly exchanges of thoughts and friendships were the reigning force of the hour, too late for good health. Retiring early lengthens life.

Hugo was not physically a large man, but solidly built, straight as an arrow, with full eyes and a large high brain. His hand-clasp was warm and his voice rich in the goodwill of a really great man—A Spiritualist.

In one of his immortal works he wrote :—

"It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and yet is it historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel that I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn."

Such is the grandeur, the glory and the unspeakable blessedness of Spiritualism, that religious Spiritualism that glows in the ministry and immortality of Christ's Christianity.—Reason.



### SOME REMARKS ON A VICAR'S LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM.

"Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions."—*Acts* ii. 17.

"Despise not prophesyings."—*Thess.* v. 20.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."—*Prov.* xxix. 18.

"Your old men shall dream dreams."—*Acts* ii. 17.

"To another discerning of spirits (clairvoyance) to another divers kinds of tongues" (mediums under control).—*1 Cor.* xii. 7-11.

A Bournemouth correspondent writes :—"I was present at a recent lecture by the Vicar of St. John's, Boscombe, on Spiritualism, and while being pleased that the Vicar treated the subject in a fair and courteous manner, he struck on the same rocks that the clergy and other objectors usually do, through want of sufficient study of the matter, and asserted that Spiritualism is dangerous and opposed to Holy Writ. The latter objection is answered by the above quotations.

"The Vicar admitted at the start that it is undeniably true that the evidence of such great scientists as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes and the late Prof. Myers, has proved the fact of spirit communication, but he said one factor that led many to Spiritualism was curiosity. But this is surely a factor in all advance. He said others were drawn to it through the affections—the intense desire to hear news of their loved ones, which is quite true. But he also said as there were innumerable spirits of all kinds about us, we are treading on dangerous ground, as we might be influenced by evil spirits. With regard to the dangers of investigation, I would say that some kind of danger is inseparable from all discovery, whether in science, invention, or in any field of research. We should be still in the paleolithic age, I am afraid, if we had allowed possible dangers to weigh with us. While it is true that like attracts like, and that evil spirits may try to influence certain weak or credulous ones dabbling in the subject, the Vicar appears to overlook the equally obvious fact that good spirits can influence too, and are always doing so, which explains the text, 'prove the spirits,' etc., for if all spirit communication were bad, there would be no need to prove them. The Bible, moreover, counsels most strongly the cultivation of these wonderful psychic gifts.

"The late Bishop of London said, 'We pass from this state to the next, unchanged in any way save that we throw off this physical body.' And so it is that those 'gone before' are just the same as we knew them here. Spiritualism has given a decisive belief in God and a future life to countless numbers who had lost all hope and faith in anything, as well as to Materialists, who never had had any belief in a Supreme Being or a future state. It has also given comfort to numberless bereaved ones at the graveside, when all other sources had failed. Spiritualism deserves the blessing of every shade of moral and religious thought for its magnificent teachings, founded on its facts, because it has added to our faith knowledge.

"The late Bishop of Hereford said, 'The world will have to follow the teachings of Sir Oliver Lodge,' which, coming from so great a divine and thinker, should effectually remove any lingering doubts in the minds of inquirers as to the advisability of investigating. If one investigates in a devout and reverential attitude of mind, as befits such a stupendous subject, he need have no fear as to the powers of evil influencing him.

"The Vicar mentioned that he knew of a case in which a person who had been a helpless invalid for years, apparently incurable, had been cured by a medium through the influence of the spirit world. Does the rev. gentleman think this is the work of an evil spirit? Surely not, the Bible says 'to some the gift of healing.' I have known cases myself, in which the first London specialists had failed, cured speedily by a poor, much-derided medium."



Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.—*Browning.*



## The Chimes of Eternity.—III.

By W. H. EVANS, Author of "Spiritualism, a Philosophy of Life,"  
"Constructive Spiritualism," etc.

### VI.—SILENCE.

A SILENCE that is vital can be felt. It presses upon one as a weight. It holds within itself all sound, and encloses all harmony. And the mystic who speaks of the Great Silence within his own being, and the Presence who dwells therein, knows how vital that silence is. And here was I in the midst of a greater silence; and save for the shimmering waves of light which rolled around me, would have been in darkness. I perceived that the light was not of earth, and would have been accounted darkness by earthly vision. It undulated in continuous waves. I observed that I was in a sea of ether, and that vision was not, as in the case of bodily sight, confined to the eye, but was diffused throughout my being. I was endowed with eyes in every part of my body. And this, peculiar as it was, was not the only wonder about it. I was conscious of being at one with this sea—even with its remotest part. I was omnipresent; yet not of myself, for my consciousness was still a focussing point, and all these qualities, of which I for a time partook, were of the sea in which I was immersed. It was borne in upon me that this sea was one of the bodies of Deity. Here I perceived that every world floats in this body of God, and partakes of its qualities; so that whatever be its powers, functions, and operations, these are manifestations of those of God. They become as it were the visible expression of the Will of God.

But even though thus conscious, I felt that there was a thin veil before me. I had taken but one step from the material to the ethereal. This ether is the field of deific activities, the material being an outer manifestation of them. I was immediately conscious of this, knowing without the exercise of reason. There was no need to question; I can only say I knew, which is the essential quality of intuition.

Not only was my sense of vision diffused throughout my frame, but I, the ego, was conscious of being diffused throughout all space; the at-onement being thus complete. In this condition I awaited the change which I felt would take me still further.

A quickening of the sense of awareness made me conscious of a further penetration of this marvellous body. I now saw that there were diffused throughout it innumerable minute globules all in a state of intense movement. They emitted light of such purity of flame, such intensity of whiteness, that observation was difficult. By an effort of will I was enabled to gaze at these globules. I saw that they ran in lines with a slightly wavy motion. These globules pushed against each other, communicating some impulse, conveying to every part that energy which kept the outer universe alive. I became aware that there were two lines of these globules, or rather, within them there were two lines of directions. There was the outward push and the inward pull. I was going in the direction of the inward pull.

The light now intensified. It seemed to roll outward. Huge flames of it of most intense brilliancy leapt up and twined around each other. In them I saw strange and wondrous shapes, which flashed before me and were gone. The light began

to change colour, and grew softer. A feeling that I had taken another step toward the innermost centre pervaded me. I felt the intensity of Being. It pierced me with a sense of such exquisite sweetness that I was thrilled with its wonder. As I rested thus I gazed upward and there appeared an ancient symbol of a winged globe. The wings were huge and spread to the outermost parts of space. The globe pulsated and glowed with light. The wings were motionless, though the brilliancy of the light which emanated from them gave one the impression that they were in motion. The symbol gave me the impression of Being brooding over the deep. For the first time a feeling of awe swept over me. I could go no further. Behind that symbol I felt was the Great Reality. There was still another deep which I was not allowed to penetrate. But between me and That there was a feeling of reciprocity. The feeling of awe deepened and at last I stretched my being beneath the symbol in complete abasement.

I awaited; without thought; feeling an empty vessel before the throne of the Ineffable One. Then a voice of wonderful richness filled my spirit and bade me, Arise! Obedient, I did so, and looking up beheld standing upon the globe a figure. A figure of such transcendent beauty that my pen cannot describe it. He was poised as I say, but of such vastness, such majesty and glory, that words cannot convey. The hands were outstretched, seeming to guide all things. The face I could not see, but the sense of vitality and power that streamed from his whole being was sublime. I knew him as one of the beings who have the guidance of the life forces upon some world, but whether it was that of the Emerald Star I cannot say. The figure now moved, and the head was bowed. I then saw his face. The hand was extended over me in blessing. I could feel the protecting care and tenderness, though no word was spoken. And even as I felt this I saw that it was all fading out and becoming indistinct. There was a feeling of sinking downward, a far-off sound of bells and I was back again into waking life. The cathedral bells were still ringing, and as I gazed up at the first faintly showing stars I wondered which was under the special care of him whom I had seen in the dream vision.

### VII.

"When the morning stars sang together, and the Sons of God shouted for joy." On that far-off day when a new solar system burst into being and light in the universe, who were the Sons of God that shouted for joy? In the ascending scale of life, man is apt in his conceit to think that he is the highest. In those subtler realms that teem with life, as varied, as beautiful and wondrous, as any here upon the outer plane, live the Sons of God referred to. There is a continuous line of development from amoeba to man; a line that has its corresponding psychic side. The material is in fact an outworking of that inner side. But the line does not stop at man, above the material there ascends realm upon realm, all peopled with its appropriate life. Life that has passed through the evolutionary stages of pre-solar developments; which has lived many kalpas, which possesses a wondrous knowledge of the divine forces that work in the mighty universes of the Absolute.

"The Sons of God!" For them the birth of a new system is a time for rejoicing. The commencing of a great task, their work being one of guidance, of watching, and aiding the development of the life forces. What greater destiny can there be for man! Every star, sun, and planet, has its presiding genius, its god if you will, and there are hierarchies of beings of such transcendent beauty and wisdom, that men who have caught glimpses of them have imagined them to be the Infinite One. These beings who hold the destiny of worlds, whose life streams through them, whose life and love are poured out to bring into activity and being the living thought of the Infinite, see the final result, and are sustained with the knowledge that the ultimate end will justify all the suffering and sorrow and travail of the world, which leadeth to the perfect joy.

To regard the stars as being under the care of presiding spirits, may seem to some strange. But what do we mean by the phrase divine guidance? What does such imply? Does it not suggest intelligences such as I have intimated? In an infinite universe there will be an infinite number of infinities. Eternities within eternities. And to life and its expression no end. The glory of man is that all these realms will open to his ascending and deepening consciousness. And the expression of the ancient Apostle that we shall be co-workers with God is even now a fact, which we may become conscious of if we will.

Speaking of becoming conscious of this, brings to mind certain experiences I have had. There is a phrase which is often used, but whether understandingly I cannot tell. It is, "in tune with the Infinite." To many this is an absurd phrase. I am convinced that before one can understand it he must experience it. The experiences I have had are really illuminations, revealing to my inner consciousness—or rather it is the reverse of this, the inner revealing to the outer—that I have always been, and therefore can never cease to be. Now this is different from that conviction which we gain by processes of ratiocination, or by the observation of certain phenomena. Some people are so constituted that they must have the physical fact before they can believe. Like Thomas, they must thrust their hands into the hole in the side, and see and handle the Christ before they will believe that He is risen. This is the satisfaction of the intellect. The conviction that comes from outward observation. But that quality of knowledge and life which is eternal life, does not come by observation or study. It is a spontaneous flowering of the consciousness, a sudden bursting of a bud into flower, kissed by the celestial breezes of heaven.

The first of these experiences which came to me when engaged in my daily toil, was such that I realised that mergeance of my being with the All Being, a sudden opening of the inner faculties. It was as though—like Christian in Doubting Castle—I became aware of the Key of Promise. In that divine glimpse, which revealed more to my consciousness than all that I had ever read, I felt the Universal life, which had always been surging around me, but of which I now became conscious for the first time. The quiet joy and great peace that pervaded me—what pen can portray? It is a peace that nothing can take away. There comes with such illumination a consciousness of one's place in the world; a welling up of a great love, so that he feels he would like to take all humanity to his heart, and breathe upon it the vital breath of sympathy and love.

And since that time I have often had this illumination. I do not know its law, but it has its periods, so that there are between whiles that are barren of inspiration. But the memory always remains to sustain one and carry him over to the next spiritual oasis.

I remember once at such period of upliftment, that I became conscious of being surrounded by a sphere of beautiful light. This sphere was oval, and in it were all the colours of the rainbow, and many besides. While the vision lasted, I had such a sense of restfulness and protection that I felt it did not matter what happened to me, I could bear it all. I have often thought since that the martyrs probably had some such spiritual uplift which made it easy for them to pass through their terrible sufferings. At any rate I am convinced that many others beside myself have these experiences, though few talk of them. There is in these quickenings of the spirit great hope for the world.

On another occasion, for all these experiences are linked up, I became conscious of the "Man of Sorrows." The majesty of his presence lingers with me to this day. Gazing up into his face, I saw that it expressed a wonderful strength and power. There was none of that weakness which is so often depicted by artists in mistake for patience. The face I looked upon was that of a strong and powerful personality. Tenderness and strength were beautifully blended. And there was such an insurgent vitality and magnetic power streaming from him that I was enfolded by his presence. He held a dove in his bosom, and the bird flew from him to me, and nestled within my bosom, bringing again that sense of perfect blessedness and peace, the calm and glory and power of the Master. And in all my many struggles these memories have remained to bless and heal. And ever within my consciousness is a growing sense of that at-one-ment which is the blessedness of God.

*(To be Continued).*



## LORD, LEAD US FORTH!

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

Lord, while upon Thy pastures green we feed,  
Or, by still waters led, refresh our souls,  
We do not then Earth's deepest meanings read  
Nor the Quest follow, lured by lesser goals,  
Lord, lead us forth, away from love and home  
Through the dark valleys, up the scarped heights  
Where storm-clouds and great eagles, only, come,  
Where the destroying angels at their rites  
The very winds hold captive—With no guide  
New strength we gain, who pray not to escape  
From the rude forces that unmake, to shape;  
From the fierce music of the mountain-side,  
The torrent teaches, with its foam and roar,  
What the still waters tell not to the shore.

LEO FRENCH.



Let not your heart be troubled, then, because of death. There is no loss when it comes in the natural order, and you need not fear to let your loved ones go onward to a fuller and freer life. You need not think it is terrible for them to fall into the hands of the living God, for you and they are always in His hands, and no worse thing will befall you hereafter than you have prepared for yourselves by your motives and loves and endeavours here.—*E. W. Wallis.*

# Numbers, Sound, Form, and Colour.

By HANSON G. HEY.

The following is a delightful contribution from the philosophic Secretary of the National Spiritualists Union.

## NUMBERS.

THE science of Numbers which has come to the front so very rapidly within this last year or two is no new thing. It is a modern recrudescence of a philosophy which is as old as the eternal hills. Pythagoras gave it an impetus in his time; and most of the latter-day theories are based on the Pythagorean teaching; that all manifestation being based on numerical values, he who can find out the number and the sequence of the numbers can, as a child playing with a box of bricks, repeat the picture laid before him. The phrase "a geometrizing Deity" portrays how firmly held the notion of constant values was in days of old.

No one can deny the potentiality of the recurring numerals in his life; the dogged way in which certain figures recurring make their impress upon him. He thinks it strange, maybe calls it uncanny, and yet it is neither the one nor the other when you remember that each number has its value and its potency, and each in turn their message writ in characters unmistakable to him who can feel.

The cipher is not strictly speaking a number, but it is the womb of numbers, it is the matrix in which all numbers are formed. The origin of manifestation 1 is the most positive of all numbers, and it is the most important too. Yet were there but one in the world there would be none to see it, and therefore there could be no manifestation, and it itself could see nothing, loneliness in excelsis would be its fate. But when the one segregates and becomes 2, two ones, each manifests its presence to the other, and each beholds the other; an alternating this between changelessness and change, between the subjective brooding and the springing into objectivity like Minerva from the head of Jove.

Like to the angles of the astrologer's horoscope the numbers are 1-4\*-7-10 positive; 2-5-8 succedent, 3-6-9 cadent, but they gather or lose strength by virtue of their combinations.

You increase numerically by adding one to the previous number (another proof of the importance of the one), thus 1 plus 1 makes 2, 2 plus 1 makes 3, and so on to 10, where strictly speaking you begin *de novo*, for ten is but one when added to its cipher. And so the hugest sum of figures may by theosophic reduction be brought to the first nine, which are *the* numbers, all higher being but multiples thereof.

The holy name according to the Hebrews is four-fold, and represents the eternal; for *yod-he-vau-he* expresses the idea of something which is, ever was, and ever will be; and singular to say it can be construed a dozen ways, and it still preserves its original meaning. It forms the ROTA or Tarot, thus +, a perfect cross with one of the syllables at each point thereof.

The Trinity has a mystic meaning when esoterically viewed.

The Dimensions are ruled in the same way. The first dimension like the mineral is rooted in

the earth, and can only know motion in a forward or backward line of progression. It is in the earth, and cannot rise above it. The second dimension is as the plant amphibean, its roots in the earth the tendrils thereof stretching far and wide in search of the nutrition needed, the stem rising out of its clayey home reaching up toward the vaulted heavens; if we look we see two motions, up, and in the earth. The third has free circumambience, but still is held to the earth; so we may opine that that state of which we hear so much, namely the fourth dimension, will be a state where matter is pervious and offers no resistance to passage through it.

Now each number has its own significance. Thus 1 stands for positivity always; 2 stands for reciprocity; 3 for the idea of harmony; 4 is a modified form of the 1; 5 the Pentad is the balance, and is symbolised by the Pentalabra; 6 the interlaced triangles representing the descent of spirit into matter, and the rise of the purified spirit out of matter in which temporarily it was enmeshed; 7 is the number of sacrifice, and is portrayed by the seven-pointed star; 8 is the meeting of the downward arc and the upward before they interlace; 9 is the number of completion, 'tis the trinity of trinities, the pure white ray which in its bosom carries all the strengths and all the weaknesses of all the preceding numbers.

For a detailed graphic list of the story of each numeral I would recommend Dr. Wynn Westcott's book. Particularly would I draw attention to the Pentad and the Heptad, the 5 and the 7. The illustrations given of the power of the 7 are striking to say the least of them.

The 0 indicates a state of completeness. 1 cleaves the sphere; it is the flame which indicates the first motion toward creation. And all the others flow naturally from it and partake of the nature and influence of the planet under whose sway they are, for each number is governed by one or other of the planets. Hence is the science of numbers no trifling matter, but an absorbing study.

## SOUND.

Sound is proved to be correlated to numbers, because all sound is the resultant of a certain number of vibrations. It may not be generally known that no two notes in the octave are exactly equally apart; and each note bears a corresponding resemblance to its number. It is either resonant, dominant, sub-dominant, or plaintive as the number is positive, negative, primary, or cadent.

It has long been known that each sound carries with it its own particular colouring. So long ago as 1870 one of our advanced thinkers (still with us), speaking to an assembly of savants in London, told how every piece of orchestration evoked, had we but eyes to see it, an equally charming effulgence of colouring. Many clairvoyants in recent years have had evidence of this. As the peeling organ rose or fell they saw the changes of the iridescent hues which chased each other round the room in exact harmony with the changing sounds of which they were the prototypes.

And also true it is that each sound has got its own form. This may be proved by anyone who wishes, as has been demonstrated time and again

\* I know, of course, that 4 is the number of the Sun, negative (see John Hayden's work on the subject), but I think it positive in its influence on its own plane.

by many who have taken an interest in this subject. Borrow a euphonium from the man next door who does not think he can play but would dearly love to learn, and you try your experiment thus—tie some parchment or anything firm over the business-end of the instrument, then scatter some finely granulated sand, river sand for choice on the parchment, higgledy-piggledy, anyhow. Then raise the mouthpiece to your lips and blow determinedly the note doh for all you are worth. When the vibrations (which will cause the sand to jump about like little billiard-balls gone mad) cease, you will find that the sand has assumed a beautiful symmetrical and definite shape. Now ruffle up your granules once again, and repeat the experiment, and lo and behold the same geometric figure meets your eye. Each note you blow, a certain form takes shape, and every time you blow that note, that form appears.

How true those words of the Bard of Avon, "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The sound is the expression of the numerical value of the vibration. It is a new rendition of "the spirit made manifest."

We can see in all this if we will, some reason for the oft-repeated adoration in days of old for the Word, which is of course Sound. The stress laid upon the Logos is made clear, and the importance of the breath in many mystical writings becomes understandable, we think of these things and wonder.

#### COLOUR.

Each colour again is but the pictured image of some numerical value. Some sound too subtle for human ears to catch is thus made manifest to our understanding. Each golden sunset is an orchestration of glorious melody if we had but ears to hear. The whole landscape is a beautiful mosaic of the most enchanting colours over which is laid the heavier colouring of earth, so that only those with spiritual discernment can see through the apparent to the wondrous reality. Oh! for the day when all Earth's children, freed from the thralldom of Self, shall by their angelisation behold the glory of the Father in his works even here and now. It will come, but when?

#### FORM.

Form is the mould cast by the vibratory energy in which and through which the forces of nature may play. Fashioned, tuned, and made lovely (or the reverse), by the notes and tints it draws unto itself, and makes its own. It is the embodiment of the previous Trinity of Causation, the ultimatum of the full value of the combination which has been brought to play upon it. We reflect the light of angels; we reproduce the celestial anthems; we give shape to up-rising thought; as we strive to build the Form Divine and to understand the Law Eternal.



#### LOVE'S REVELATIONS.

The Great Revealer—Love—now held me fast,  
And for a while I lived in his embrace,  
Then with a flash of memory turned to trace  
Life's lone departure; for m'thought—"At last  
She now must leave me, this sweet friend of yore."  
I yearned for Life, as ne'er I'd yearned before.  
"In leading me to Love, Life's work is done."  
The path was bare! I stood with Love alone.

I bent and hid my face upon his heart,  
Shaken with sobs because fair Life had flown  
Without farewell—only when Love was won  
Did I learn that from Life I could not part.  
I raised my head at last, looked in Love's eyes,  
Then started back, filled with a glad surprise,  
For Life looked thence, laughing "I have not gone,  
Save into Love—for Life and Love are one."

The music swelled more richly than before,  
I fain would tarry, but Love shook his head—  
"We have, my soul, far nobler heights to tread  
Than this whereon we stand; together more  
Wondrous realms of glory we shall win,  
In subtler garments clothe the joy within.  
Perchance, nay surely, Pain, God's angel rare  
Will meet us, and with us his knowledge share."

Scarcely had he so spoken when I saw,  
Coming towards us, one from whom I hid  
In awful terror, for he seemed to bid  
Me loose my hold on Love—and then to draw  
Love's radiant form behind him, out of sight,  
Leaving me helpless. So with all my might  
I smote this shape—my strength did naught avail  
For always in such fight will Pain prevail.

The night fell black. I, prone upon the ground,  
Was beaten, bruised and desolate indeed.  
Love's form had vanished. In my desperate need  
For some one thing to hold, I groped and found  
My erstwhile foe and drew him to my breast,  
For he, too, seemed to have no place of rest.  
With that close touch of union peace was born—  
I waited now in patience for the morn.

And when morn came! Ah! what a wondrous day  
Dawned for me, for I found that in the night  
The while I strove with Pain I'd scaled a height  
Whose summit once had seemed too far away  
For me to hope to reach. My arms were fast  
About my own Belov'd, who cried—"At last  
You hold the truth: only in robes of Pain  
Can *Deathless Love* come to his own again."

M. ETHELWYN HALL.



Everything we do affects our habits, and habits tend to repeat themselves, and thus character is formed; it is a man's character or capacities that really determines his destiny.—*H. S. Daine.*

A CANADIAN SOLDIER ON THE RED CROSS.—We recently had a chat in a railway carriage with a Canadian soldier who had "done his bit," been wounded, and was being invalided home. He was so enthusiastically grateful for the kindness he had received that we asked for and received his permission to take a note of his testimony: "The Nurses and Sisters of the British Red Cross," he said, "are angels in disguise. It is not merely the actual treatment one receives from them, but the hundred and one kindnesses they constantly give. They are simply perfect, and especially in France. Anyone who dares to say a word against the British Red Cross will hear something from me. They are perfect; they are beautiful. I lay paralysed in one of their hospitals in France for three weeks, and good is not the word for their treatment. Oh, they are perfect. I lay helpless there and could not do a single thing. Night and day they were just the same. My word, if they were your own mother they could not watch over you more carefully, more tenderly, or treat you more kindly. They did not seem to mind what trouble you gave them. They are certainly nice. I refer to the Nurses and Sisters especially, but the Doctors too are awfully nice. The Canadian hospitals here and in France are not so good. They do the best they can. The nurses are highly paid and rank as lieutenants, but I don't know how to express it, they are not to be compared with the British."

# The Utility of Phrenology.

By ALDERMAN D. J. DAVIS, J.P.

The following is the presidential address delivered by Alderman Davis to the British Phrenological Society on April 10th.

WHEN trying to press the claims of phrenology upon the public we are often met with the query: "Assuming that all you claim for phrenology is true, what is the utility of it, and does it afford any help to our everyday life?" This is a very reasonable question and phrenologists should be able to answer it in the affirmative. Life at best is short, so it ill affords any individual to pay attention to things which are not essential or of utility to him. I venture to state that there is no phase of life but that phrenology can throw some light upon it.

It is not my business at present to treat phrenology from a scientific standpoint, but it is necessary that I should explain what is meant by phrenology, because I discover that there are still a number of men and women who are in great ignorance as to what is meant by the science. For instance, a few days ago, a gentleman holding a high position, asked me if I had seen Lloyd George's bumps in *The People!* I answered that I had not had the pleasure of reading that Sunday paper. He then produced a cutting from the paper containing some facial expressions of Mr. Lloyd George, having no reference whatever to his mental capacity! Another political friend inquired whether it was true that phrenology had to do with fortune telling? This also is a mistaken idea; phrenology has nothing whatever to do with foretelling what is likely to happen to an individual: it only points out the mental capacity according to the brain developments, and also points out the sphere in which an individual would be most useful, provided that he will use his mental capacity to the best advantage.

Now having put before you what we mean by phrenology, I go on to produce evidence of its utility. The first witness I shall call is a man who, we are told, had one of the largest and best balanced brain capacities of his day and generation; a man whose criticism of any subject always commanded the attention even of people who didn't always agree with him. I refer to the late W. E. Gladstone. When comparing mental philosophy from a phrenological standpoint with other schools of mental philosophy he used the following words:

"I declare that the phrenological system of mental philosophy is as much better than all other systems as electric light is better than the tallow dip."

The question may be asked: Why is phrenology according to the above statement so much above all other systems of mental philosophy? The answer is obvious: because it fixes the right foundation on a study of the brain. The brain being the organ of the mind, no system which is not based upon that foundation is likely to explain the manifestations of the mind correctly. Most systems ignore the brain as the organ of the mind, or they only make a slight reference to it. For instance, a short time ago I bought a large volume having the attractive title "Know Thyself," by Bernardino Varisco, expecting from such a title some information concerning self-knowledge, which would be of use, but having waded through a large number of the pages I was greatly disappointed, because there was not a single reference to the organ of the mind, viz., the brain. Later, I again

saw another book, which from its title was attractive to those interested in the working of the mind. The book was called "Thinking as a Science," by Henry Hazlitt. On the cover we find the following words: "A brightly written volume, designed to show us how to manage our minds as carefully as we try to manage our homes, our business, and our banking account." Here again there was no reference to the organ through which the mind manifests itself. How can we learn to control the mind if we have no knowledge of the medium through which it operates? Again, some time ago, in looking up the question of education, I read Professor William James on "Talks to Teachers on Psychology and to Students on some of Life's Ideals." Even a great authority like Professor James, in my opinion, fails in his purpose because no mental system can be of much value to the teacher if it does not put into his hand a means by which the teacher can understand his pupils.

Two questions often stand out before an individual—in fact I saw them placed in a religious paper recently. They are, "What am I?" and "What can I do?" Now I venture to suggest that phrenology can answer both questions better than any other mental philosophy. The next witness I produce is also a man with a world-wide reputation, Henry Ward Beecher, who says:

"Much that I am I owe to my knowledge of phrenology. If a man wishes to know what he is made up of—if he wishes a knowledge of human nature for definite practical purposes—there is no system like phrenology to aid him in acquiring that knowledge."

Another witness, also an American, Thomas Edison, the world-famous inventor, who has been appointed as chief in command of the Inventing Department by his own country in their great crisis, makes the following reference to phrenology:

"I never knew I had an inventive faculty until the phrenologist told me so; I was a stranger to myself until then."

Just think what this self-revelation meant to Mr. Edison himself! Acting upon the finding of the phrenologist he has made himself immortal. Not only did this self-knowledge mean much to the man himself, but also to his own country and to the world at large.

Another eminent writer, Horace Mann, says:

"If I only had one dollar in the world, I would spend it with a good phrenologist, learning what I ought to do."

The system that can throw light upon the mental capacity of an individual and direct him in the best way to achieve success is priceless.

Phrenology is not only of great utility because it reveals to one himself, but it also points out the solution of the many problems which now face us. At the present time much is being said and written concerning our educational system, and most people agree that after the war greater attention must be paid to the well-being of our children. A knowledge of phrenology would help the teacher and the parent to direct the child early in life in the way in which it should go. I should like to draw the attention of those interested in the well-being of the child to a book by Dr. Hollander, on "Abnormal Children." Here you will have a clear and definite description of nervous, mischievous, precocious and backward

children ; also the cause for these types and the way to correct them. I refer to this book because I believe it is of great value to those having to do with the training of the child, and the Doctor treats the subject from a phrenological standpoint.

There are also other problems, such as reformatory treatment of criminals, and the remedial treatment of the insane. I here again produce evidence by two of the greatest men of the present generation, Sir Alfred Russell Wallace and Sir James Crichton-Browne. Sir Alfred Russell Wallace in his "Wonderful Century," says :

"Phrenology is a true science—step by step the result of observation upon the connection between development and function. In the coming century phrenology will assuredly attain general importance. It will prove itself to be the true science of mind. Its practical use in education, in self-discipline, in the reformatory treatment of criminals, and in the remedial treatment of the insane, will give it one of the highest places in the hierarchy of science."

## Phrenology : A Psychic Study.—V.

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

IN my two previous articles I have stated that the form of the brain represents the direction in which its possessor will manifest his mentality, and that its size is the measure of the force of that manifestation. Neither of these, however, are indicative of the rapidity with which the brain responds to exciting stimuli, or of the intensity of its action. A large brain well-formed, although powerful in its operations, may yet act very slowly and deliberately. The elephant and the rhinoceros are powerful animals, and can accomplish mighty things ; but a less powerful animal, such as a tiger, by greater rapidity of movement, and a momentary focussing of physical effort, may attack and overcome these huge creatures.

Compare the texture of a hempen string with that of a steel wire ; the one coarse, rough, loose, and easily unravelled ; the other fine, subtle, and taut in its structure. Imagine a harp or other stringed instrument strung with hempen cord ; what kind of sound could be produced. Even a master-hand would fail to draw from it a single musical chord ; but replace the cord with the steel wire, and a touch would cause the vibrant strings to speak in a language to thrill and charm the listening ear. The difference between coarsely and finely textured brains is as great as between the hempen cord and the steel wire.

For the highest effectiveness the brain must be able to act momentarily, and with an intensity and acuteness which mere bulk of brain cannot give, no matter how large or in whatever direction it may be developed. This further potentiality is the result of fineness of quality of brain texture, which quality of structure is hereditary, and therefore ingenerate. It cannot be imported from without, nor can it be eradicated. It is an essential and inherent part of our being.

A brain so constituted is high-toned, sensitive, intuitive, inspirational, fervid, rapid in conception, drawing fine and delicate distinctions, momentarily susceptible to excitation, giving an almost simultaneous response, its thought and will to act being immediate and spontaneous. Such a brain is a worthy instrument of a refined, aspirational, and impassioned soul ; and highly to be felicitated is he who is fortunate enough to be endowed with such.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., the Lord Chancellor's Visitor in Lunacy, says :

"To the illustrious founders of phrenological science, psychology owes much, for those who have had the greatest opportunities of observation have almost invariably come to the conclusion that without an acceptance of the general principles of phrenology, mental disease can neither be understood, nor described, nor treated."

When will the powers that be pay attention to the testimony of men like the foregoing ? When will the State make up its mind to see that those who have the care of the mentally diseased persons are specially trained to deal with this class of the human race ?

There are other problems in which a knowledge of phrenology would be most useful in the family life, in the differences between employer and employee, and I think if we could get at the bottom of the present world-wide catastrophe we should find that the quarrel had commenced because the nations did not understand one another.

It may be asked how is it possible to know the quality of a brain, seeing that the organ is not visible to the observer ? The reply is that man is homogeneal. In textural quality all his parts are of the same nature. He is not, and cannot be, coarse-grained in one part of the body and fine-grained in another. As is the hand so is the foot. As the trunk so are the limbs. As the nerves of the body so are those of the head. As the brain is all nervous matter, being the centre of the nervous system, it must of necessity partake of the same general characteristics as the rest of the body of which it is, not only an integral part, but the most important part. In fact, it is the brain which provides the standard for the body's texture. To know, therefore, the quality of the brain it is only necessary to examine carefully the texture of the body, and the conclusion will be obvious. Signs of fine texture in the body are delicacy of the skin and its sensitiveness to touch ; fineness of hair on head and face ; clearness of eye ; nervous twitching of skin, and restlessness of head, eyes, and fingers. An acute observer will soon learn to distinguish between the fine and coarse, the sensitive and insensitive, the highly strung and the unemotional. Fineness of quality may be found with small heads and ill-developed as to form. In such cases there is a limitation in manifestation of the higher powers. Instead there will be, in ordinary cases, emotionalism and hysteria ; and in extreme cases dementia and insanity ; but, happily, these are comparatively rare.

It remains that the large, well-formed brain of extremely fine quality is the home of the soul which lives nearest to the angels. All the possibilities of the spiritual life which may be enjoyed on earth are attainable by such. They have attributes beyond the reach, though not beyond the desires, of others, and whoever possesses them should cherish and develop them by use, so that they may be a blessing to others on earth and a guide to lead men to future bliss.



*A Willesden Reader* :—"I am very much interested in the *Psychic Gazette* as to me it somehow gives a wider, deeper, and more satisfying reason for the why and wherefore of so much that was puzzling."

# The Force that is Compelling.

By NADA.

I WAS greatly struck by this Force, when at Queen Street Station the other day. On the platform was a girl-mother holding in her arms a boy about four years old. The child had both arms round his mother's neck and was crying dreadfully, I went up to them, and asked him what was the matter, and told him not to cry. His mother explained that he was afraid of the trains coming on to the platform. I looked at the child kindly. "Stand down, old man, on your nicely brown-booted feet; give me your hand and I will show you the trains will not come on to the platform." "Eh," he said, looking into my face, but he climbed down from his mother's arms and put his hand in mine. As he did so a train came in with a mighty rush and roar, and drew up by the platform we were standing on. "Don't cry, it will not hurt you," I told him. Watching the boy I saw him struggle not to cry; he shivered from head to foot, then the shiver ended in a long drawn sigh. I asked his mother what caused the child to be so afraid of trains. I saw he was by no means a coward, or he would not have tried to control himself so well. The mother told me his father had gone to the Front, that she and the child went to see him off, that the night before the father went away they stayed at a house near the station, and the noise of the trains kept her little son awake. So the child connected the loss of his father, with the noise of the trains. I stood quite still for a moment; my subjective mind said—"You can help this child." Then, said I, to my subjective mind—"Give me power."

The answer came—"Buy a book." At the bookstall I asked for a book of soldiers for a child; the man put one in my hand and I took it to the boy, and opened it where there was a picture of soldiers standing round a big gun. "Can you find anyone like your father there?" I asked him. "You understand, don't you, that your father is a brave man, that he has gone with hundreds of other brave men to fight for you and your mother, you saw him go away in a train, then he would have to go in a boat, and then he would come to the place where those big guns are, and those big guns make more noise than the trains." When I paused he looked into my eyes, and said, "Eh." I went on—"You can do something, too, although you are only a little boy; you must be brave; you must not ask your mother to carry you; you must not cry; you must be a man, and really good brave men take great care of their mothers and their wives." The child and she were of the people, and she was a cheerful little woman, proud of her man, who was doing his bit. The child quite forgot his fright; he sat on their small box, and looked at his book, and talked about his father, and before long wanted to run all over the station.

Once more something said to me, "Buy another book." I went to the bookstall, and there lay close to my hand a brown book—"The War and After," by Sir Oliver Lodge. "That book is being read a great deal," the man at the stall volunteered, and I took it.

Then I stood by the child until our train came in, when the child put his hand in mine and let his mother carry their small box. A porter lifted him in, and I went to find a place for myself. I did not see them again. I was soon settled in a corner

of a carriage, and took up the book I had bought—"The War and After." The leaves fluttered beneath my fingers. My eyes rested upon this passage:—

"WE HAVE RUN A GREAT RISK. THE COUNTRY HAS NOT TAKEN IT SERIOUSLY ENOUGH. MONS WAS WITHIN AN ACE OF BEING A DISASTER. THE GERMANS OVERRAN FRANCE AND WERE CLOSE TO PARIS. WHAT TURNED THEM BACK? I DO NOT KNOW. I DOUBT IF ANYONE FULLY AND COMPLETELY KNOWS. SEPTEMBER 3RD WAS A CRITICAL DAY. IT IS A WAR AGAINST PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS, AND SPIRITUAL WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES. I MYSELF BELIEVE IN ASSISTANCE FROM ON HIGH."

I laid the book on my lap, and looked out of the window. Dartmoor was in view, the whole earth was bathed in sunshine. The words rang in my ears—"I myself believe in assistance from on High." Then I asked myself, what stopped the child from crying? Not an old woman, who spoke gently to him in the midst of a crowd. No, it was nothing I said or did. When the child opened his round eyes, and looked into my face and said, "Eh," he saw something beyond, he saw the Force that is Compelling. The Force that makes our men brave enough to die for the country which has given them birth. The mother standing with her child clinging to her, wanted Help, and I was made an instrument—by the angels, or the fairies, or by the Master Who rules the worlds, visible and invisible, I do not know—but for one hour work had been given me to do, and the same Force that controls soldiers, and makes them brave also controls the home-dwellers of our land, and even small boys and girls have the lesson to learn that war teaches. We read of Angels at Mons, and why should Angels not be there? Are not ministering spirits sent by the Master to comfort those who are in sore need of comfort? They may be the spirits of those who have passed beyond the veil, they may be the Astral forms of those still living on this earth—wives, mothers, sweethearts. The mother-love is the purest form of love we know here; does it not come through mortal agony? And is it against nature? I know it is not. That when a mother lies down to sleep her thoughts go out to her child, or children, at the Front, or to her child or children who may be in danger elsewhere, and is it against reason? I know it is not; that her subjective mind, her soul mind, leaves her body and goes out to Help. Is it not enough that the Scientific, the Mystic, the Spiritual, agree that these things can be? I dare not disbelieve, knowing what I know, that the White Comrade soothes and tends the wounded soldier on the battlefield, and that the soldiers do not recognise The Christ, until like Thomas of old, they see the marks of the nails on His Hands and Feet.

We are struggling for a new Era; the Soul mind is about to be born. Are we not being made to feel, and know, that the things we have worked for hitherto, we must give up? Fortunes have been amassed from father to son, and do we not see the only son of the rich lies side by side with the only son of the poor, slain at our feet?

The age is upon us of thought-force, of scientific investigation, and communication with those who have passed from earth; to those who are learning the way, and who have faith, great freedom of spirit is given. And we mothers, who have tried our best to guard our sons from evil and from bodily harm, have now to say GO, The

Master will guard you ; He only can ; either He will take you to Himself, or He will give you strength to return to work His will further on this earth ; see that you keep your body pure and clean, ready for sacrifice. And we who remember the touch of baby fingers, the sound of baby lips, are also given courage to wait with patience, and see what The Lord of All will do with His own. In the meantime, let us hope Sir Oliver Lodge's words, " The Country has not taken it seriously enough," will strike home to all hearts, and to those left desolate of all that makes life LIFE, who know that their husband, their sons, have been in hell on earth, and have passed beyond, there remains to them the comforting words of the great teacher of Science—" I myself believe in assistance from on High."

Yes, if we win this war it will be through " Assistance from on High." Because the souls of the Nation will have cried aloud, really and truly, for Help. So, with meekness and with hope, let us give that which cost us more than riches or possessions, trusting in God's good time He will speak out of His Heaven, as He did to Abraham when he laid his son on the altar of sacrifice. " Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from Me. That in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed, as the stars of the heavens and as the sand which is upon the seashore, and thy seed shall possess the gate of His enemies."

Resting on this promise, let each one of us try to live our earth life, which is God's wonderful gift to us, in such a way that we may be worthy of His promise to us. Never before in any age has science so grasped the Mystical, the Beyond, the Spiritual. Truly the night is passing and a New Day is dawning for the world.



## Letters to the Editor.

### THE CLOUD ON THEOLOGY.

DEAR SIR,—Noting your lucid reply to Lady King in the *Gazette*, I would (with your permission) suggest that our theology is under a dark cloud, from which your correspondent, A. W. Turner, has successfully emerged. Belief is of minor importance. " He that doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine." In true Christianity there is a wonderful simplicity—while orthodoxy is complex, regarding the gospel as a scheme introduced for a special purpose. The idea of revelation, and of Christ as the phenomenal God, is simple.—Yours, etc.  
Sutton.                                     E. P. PRENTICE.

### HINDRANCES TO SPIRITUALISM.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I fully endorse E. P. Prentice's letter in the *Gazette* of February last re the belittling of Christ in some meetings of the Spiritualists and I might add the neglect of reading the Bible in the Sunday Services. Say what we like, lives have been transformed by the Power of Christ, and as often as not the instrument has been through the reading and study of this Book. But for these things I myself should have joined the Spiritualistic Church, for there is much of its teaching which appeals to me.

I have been a lay preacher for some twenty-two years, but I am looking forward to the time when I shall speak from the Spiritualistic platform as an inspirational speaker (which gift I am sitting to develop), but that time will not come unless Christ and the Bible take their proper places.—I remain, yours faithfully,  
A. E. JACKSON.

### COMING EVENTS FORESHADOWED.

Summerland Villa, Plaistow,

April 6, 1917.

DEAR SIR,—In these times when we are hearing so much of the false prophets, it seems to me only fair to

give tribute to the true ones ; therefore I want to tell you of an incident which happened to me. A week or so ago I took a friend to call upon Miss McCreadie, who during our little chat (we did not have a sitting) suddenly said—" Oh, I can see an aeroplane quite distinctly ; have you any one belonging to you who flies ? " My friend replied, " Yes," when Miss McCreadie said—" There is promotion for him very shortly." She laughed, and I said, " Oh, that's nice, can you see anything for me ? " She looked very serious, and said—" Only a sick bed, and you beside it." Well, sure enough, in four days from then, my friend's son, who was home for rest, having come to grief when flying at the Somme, was promoted from Lieutenant to Adjutant. Not only that, but one of our household has been ill in bed a week and I have been nursing her. So I do think that prophecy a perfectly true one, and worthy of being published if you think fit.—Yours truly,

LIFE-LONG SPIRITUALIST.

### A RAINBOW AND ITS INTERPRETATION.

April 10th, 1917.

DEAR SIR,—I am so interested in Colour Thought I have been reading everything I could get hold of on the subject of colour for over a year, and now find I can concentrate pale yellow and blue, also rose colour. A rather wonderful thing happened about 5.30 on Thursday—Good Friday Eve. Over the earth came a rainbow, a perfect arch, both ends of the arch touching the earth, with strong colours. The colours were rose, pale yellow, and green. I stood looking at it, and read by those colours this message:—*Rose Colour*.—Pure affection for His earth from the Highest. *Pale Yellow*.—Highest intellect, from The Highest to those who will receive it. *Green*.—Adaptability, from the Highest Who took our human body and suffered so that we may feel sure He will judge our human weakness with love, wisdom, and sympathy. The sun set on Good Friday evening in a pale pink sky. Pale pink is love for humanity. It seems if we could think more in colour we might get many beautiful messages like the rainbow message. If ever we wanted messages of hope and comfort we want them now—the whole earth wants them—and it seemed such a strong repetition of the Promise: " I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." The rainbow did not touch the sea ; it was over the land.—Yours very truly,  
NADA.



### THOUGHTS: EASTER SUNDAY.

When I have cast these grave-clothes from my head,  
When, in a word, my earthly body's dead,  
When I, surprised not, find my spirit there,  
Where world of spirits breathe that other air,  
Methinks my joy will be so very great,  
My happiness so full, and so elate,  
That I must, by the cords of God's Love drawn,  
Make hymn and prayer throughout my Easter dawn,  
By calling other spirits to my side  
To praise and bless th' Eternal : We, His Bride,  
His holy church, His blessed company,  
His saints, His angels—a glad family  
Gathered from ev'ry nation, tribe and race,  
To love and look upon the Bridegroom's face,  
The pains and penalties of this life o'er,  
And held as prisoner in the flesh no more,  
Methinks that I, and other spirits too,  
Will stand to contemplate the glowing view  
Which grows on, and grows with, the vision vast,  
When Spirit knows itself at home at last.

H. HALLETT B.



The more humble a man is in himself, and the more subject unto God, the more wise and peaceful shall he be in all things.—*Thomas a Kempis*.

Every right thought we think, every unselfish word or action, is bound by immutable law to be fraught with good results.—*Emilie Cady*.

The manifestation of unselfish affection, or even the expression of it, is a token of a higher nature in man and a presage of immortality. Where there is a love stronger than death there must be a soul stronger also.—*Anon*.



## Book Notices.

**DAY AND NIGHT STORIES.** By Algernon Blackwood. London: Cassell & Company, Ltd.—This is a series of clever stories with a haunting atmosphere. Their keynote is struck, as the publishers say, in the first episode. "The Tryst," which presents the very real but elusive, inexplicable psychical connection that exists between the living and the non-living. Readers who revel in the occult and mysterious will find a great deal in these stories to thrill and puzzle them, and when they have laid them aside as finished with many weird incidents will haunt them still.

**FROM THE ATOM TO GOD.** By Gerda Linde. London: C. Maurice Dobson, 146, Kensington High Street, W. Miss Linde, whose literary work is not unknown to readers of the *Psychic Gazette* here presents a series of studies on such personally-important topics as The Mind of Man and its Unfoldment, Our Divine Birthright, The Path to Peace, Self-Realisation, From Pessimism to Optimism, etc. The essay on "From the Atom to God," is a sketch of the progress of life from the atomic stage to that of God-consciousness. The author says that to-day there is opening before us a New Cycle in religion, as well as in science and philosophy; men are leaving behind a religion of form and calling out for practical spirituality; and she believes that New Thought will make religion a more vital and practical part of our everyday life. Miss Linde has a gift for teaching and those who are not familiar with the New Thought view of life and religion will be able to cull a fairly comprehensive idea of it from this course of instruction.

**THE GOLDEN MIST.** By E. G. Owen. London: C. Maurice Dobson, 146, Kensington High Street, W. "A set of living pictures," with an allegorical meaning, is the author's own description of this book. It consists of light and simple stories which deal with distinct types of humanity seeking for the highest in different ways. The first deals with "Curlylocks," who though only a small boy found out "what a wonderful world this is, full of joyful surprises for those who have eyes to see." The second tells of "Bobs," who knew all about the Golden Mist, which illumines the road that leads to the City of Love. Others narrate "What the Beetle Told," "The Land of the Real," and "The Little Pink Rose." The stories are specially dedicated to lovers of children, and their parable is made plain for those who may require it in an epilogue. The book is daintily got up, and is suitable for a birthday gift.

**THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE.** By E. G. Owen. London: C. Maurice Dobson, 146, Kensington High Street, W. This is a little work by the New Thought pastor, so full of good things that we can heartily recommend it to the attention of our readers who are interested in the New Thought gospel. It consists of three chapters on The Worship of Idols, The Inner Meaning of Service, and The Guiding Hand. Here are one or two pregnant sentences from the first chapter, which will indicate the author's optimistic quality of thought and expression:—"A noble thought, deepened into action, and the world becomes a smiling place, full of hitherto unperceived beauty." "True growth is not striving to attain perfection for ourselves, but just letting our Divine Self shine through by keeping our thoughts and feelings in tune, till we find ourselves in such harmony that we naturally see it wherever we look." "To make up our mind to have no little self is to be great. To have no little self is never to worry, for we have nothing to worry about; never to be anxious; in short, to be sublimely indifferent to the trifling inharmonies of life." "It is not safe to be even on bowing acquaintance with self-pity and worry, if we desire happiness." No one can read this book without being better and stronger for it.



### THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

"I will see you again and your joy shall be full; and your joy no man taketh from you."—JOHN xvi., 22.

"Abide with us," the weary travellers said,  
As slowly waned for them the evening light.  
He brake the bread, and for one moment stayed,  
Then the loved form withdrew from mortal sight.

"Except I see the nail and spear-wounds wide,"  
Cried doubting Thomas. In the upper room,  
The Lord appearing, showed His hands and side,  
In glorious triumph over death and tomb.

"Who art thou, Lord?" This was the trembling cry  
Of Paul, struck down on the Damascus road.  
"I Jesus am," was heard in soft reply,  
"Tis hard for thee to kick against the goad."

As the dear Lord, in far-off days of yore,  
Met loved disciples at declining day;  
So our departed, who have gone before,  
Can meet and commune with us in the way.

Therefore our cypress wreaths we lay aside,  
For flowers and lilies in their sweetest bloom.  
For death's dark stream does not from us divide  
The souls of those we have laid in the tomb.

Their eyes immortal, looking from above,  
Behold our griefs and fears from realms of light.  
Their souls immortal, in immortal love,  
With our glad songs in harmony unite.

Our blest Communion, with the Saints in light,  
Joins those who toil on Earth to those in Heaven.  
While the great "cloud of witnesses" unite  
To light and cheer us with their succour given.

Thus as the ages and the years roll by  
Tidings of joy to men are handed on.  
Life Everlasting, Immortality,  
Are shown us still, although our Lord is gone.

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

Weston Vicarage, Easter, 1917.

This poem may be sung as a hymn to the tune St. Agnes  
Langran in the Church "Hymnal Companion."



Mrs. DUFFUS, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, wishes to gratefully acknowledge receipt of a donation of £2 from "Kaye" for The Husk Fund. Further contributions will be welcomed.

But if thoughts of love, beauty, inward communion with the Divine, dwell in our hearts, the glory of them will pass outwards, not only through our music but through all that we do or say.—Anon.

It is a deplorable recoil from progress which either now or formerly has substituted the barbaric desire for destruction for the civilised desire for reform and improvement. Yet still in all these cases there remains a permanent solution when even the failures disappear and the success comes at length. The nineteenth century may close in darkness, but the twentieth will dawn in light. The prophets whom we stone, our sons will honour. . . . The calamities of this world, so it would seem, come not by accident, but by fixed laws, by a combination of causes which, on looking back, seem irresistible.—Dean Stanley, in a Good Friday sermon at Westminster Abbey in 1878.

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