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THE INTERNATIONAL  
PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

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JULY, 1917.

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Our Outlook Tower.  
REPRISALS.

"THE CANT OF CANTERBURY."

UNDER this heading the *Weekly Dispatch* of Sunday, June 24th, was good enough to publish the following letter in several of its editions, though not in the later London editions, so we print it here hoping that it may interest readers of the *Psychic Gazette*. The problem of Reprisals is one of the most difficult a humane Christian nation like ourselves has ever had to solve, and the letter attempts to indicate certain principles which would justify the adoption of that policy—though most regretfully—if the German air raids on our open towns are continued.

Sir,—When Britons demand reprisals on a savage and ruthless enemy it is not because their hearts are cruel or their motives revengeful, as the Archbishop of Canterbury suggests, but because they wish to avail themselves of what they honestly believe to be the most effective weapon by which they can protect their own unoffending civilian population.

The Archbishop says: "I am urged . . . to insist upon reprisals, swift, bloody, and unrelenting. Let gutters run with German blood. Let us smash to pulp the German old men, women, and children, and so on."

Herein he misreads the British demand for reprisals. This country does not want to smash anyone to pulp, and least of all "old men, women, and children, and so on." But it does want to save from wanton murder its own "old men, women, and children, and so on."

In such a situation an appeal to platitudes will not help them. They must perforce act in accordance with reason and common sense. We are told in the sacred Scriptures that those who take to the sword shall perish by the sword, but that cannot happen unless those assailed or their defenders wield the sword with greater might than their aggressors.

If individuals step outside the pale of civilised law we punish them, not because we are cruel or revengeful, but because our civilised life—which is higher and nobler than the savage life, in which each man is a law unto himself—is at stake.

It is essential to civilisation that we hold up before those who are criminally disposed the *fear of consequences* of their crime. If a man is inclined to steal he knows that he will be deprived of his freedom, shut off from his fellows, taught that the way of transgressors is hard, and learn to toe the line of rectitude. If a man is inclined to murder he knows that he will probably be hanged.

Civilisation, in the interests of the well-doing, must itself be ruthless. It says, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" (no one will injure me with impunity); "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again"—and more so. It says "Do the right and you will not suffer; do the wrong and you will involve yourself in penal consequences."

That is just; it is not revengeful; it is essential to the upholding of our civilised life. It is not wicked; it is in harmony with the laws of God and nature, which have all their essential corollary of penal consequences.

And so when a nation has gone mad with dominion-lust and blood-lust, and murders our British women and children, it is neither in accordance with Christianity nor common sense that we should sit down calmly and await further murders. That is simply to give freedom to crime, encouragement to greater savagery. We must hold before such Godless enemies the *fear of consequences*.

That is the only way in which we can prevent them becoming top dogs over our innocent and defenceless ones. Let us make it plain to them that if they shower destruction upon our open towns we must of necessity try to purge them of their ruthlessness by giving them a taste of their own medicine, for *similia similibus curantur*. Not that we wish to be cruel or to rain down death on their populations—that is utterly foreign to our instincts and character as a nation—but because the holding out

of such consequences as inevitable is the only way open to us of restraining the criminality of a nation which has put itself beyond the pale of law.

If it persists in its crime it must suffer; if it forsakes its evil way there will be no reprisal. It will be alone responsible for its suffering, if that is made necessary.

Reprisals, or the threat of them, will tend not only to save our own people but to keep the German air fleets at home for the more legitimate purpose of defence, when their bold warriors are not anxious to fight their equals or betters on the battlefield. Reprisals are a necessary defensive measure for Britain, and we should not be restrained from their effective use by untimely cant.

Our women and children must be protected; that should be our first duty and consideration.

Yours faithfully,  
24a, Regent-street, S.W. JOHN LEWIS.

In the House of Lords, on Tuesday, June 26, the question of reprisals was under discussion, when

Lord Strachie asked the Secretary for War the following question:—"Inasmuch as effective and immediate reprisals are a certain means of preventing enemy raids, and therefore preserving British life and property, would it not be advisable to order that every enemy raid which proves injurious to the civilian population of this country shall be followed by one on a far larger scale, directed against some German town within reach of the Anglo-French lines?" There was an outcry when it was first proposed that we should use poison gas, as the Germans were doing, said Lord Strachie, but I am told that not so much of it is used by the Germans now, and probably we should have suffered more if we had not used it.

Lord Knaresborough said:—This last week I have been asking everyone's opinion on reprisals. The general view is something like this: The German people inside Germany have been treated like spoilt children. One way of spoiling children is by letting them think they can do anything without punishment or without anything happening to them. Are the Germans still to be treated as spoilt children? Are they to sit behind their lines and chuckle over the luck they are having? Are they to say: "We need not keep our airmen or aeroplanes back from the front to defend our towns because the English will not attack them?" I don't think we have a right to refuse to hit back. The only way is to bring home to the German people the fact that these actions bring their own punishment. Give up treating them as spoilt children. Hit back as hard as you can. My conscience, at all events, is clear, and the conscience of nineteen out of twenty people, who are all thinking the same is clear also.

Lord Derby, on behalf of the Government said:—I am not a believer in fighting with kid gloves. We have got to hit back, but our military advisers must decide how it is to be done. The Government have given the military authorities an absolutely free hand to use their machines in whatever way they think best to secure a military success.

Lord Derby, however, indicated that the military authorities would have no free hand in respect of reprisals, but must confine their attention to "anything that can be described as a military objective." So there the matter stands, on something like the old "wait-and-see" Mesopotamia principles, and reprisals are not at all likely to be adopted by our Government as a necessary defensive policy until the slaughter of our innocents has been still further increased.

J. L.



A second edition of Sir William Barrett's, "ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSPEEN" (revised), will be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., in the course of a few weeks. The first edition, which was exceptionally large was exhausted in about four weeks, the final copies having been taken up by an American order for 1,000 from Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York.

## The Chimes of Eternity.—IV.

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

### X.

WE have read how Moses came down from the Mount of Sinai with the tables of stone, whereon was written the Decalogue, said by Holy Writ to have been written by the finger of God. But the true Decalogue is written on tables of stone which no man can carry. The earth contains a record of its own history; it has preserved for us relics of the past, and he who devotes his time to the deciphering of its characters, reads a story more wonderful than that recorded of Moses. The book of God is always open. We walk upon its pages; the actions of men leave their imprint upon it; and we can read what men have done, what they have thought, and how

Life like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

For all forces have been busy inditing a history. Whether it has been the violent forces of ice, and wind, and fire, or the more gentle yet more persuasive one of life, the record is there for our perusal. Tables of stone! Epics are written upon them. The cataclysms of the past have left their mark. The geologist talks of various periods covering millions of years. Tells us of the vast antiquity of man. Speaks of the carboniferous age. While the old red sandstone has a story all its own. Reveals how tiny insects have built up huge limestone mountains, or how fire has fashioned the granite pillars thereof. Tells of the huge monsters strangely armoured which walked the great ferneries of those days; of the warm seas containing the leviathan in its depths. It was as though life in its youthful exuberance overflowed into vastness. As though the chisel held in youthful hands must delight in fashioning the gigantic. Form was greater than mind—that wonder though present did not yet reveal itself. The King of Kings was not yet come. The palace was a-building. The huge stores of coal were being laid in; the mines were being stocked. Everything that would be needed by him on his march towards a discovery of the finer and more efficient forces was being provided. Nature was looking forward; exhibiting her pre-science in these very acts. She was using all forces, directing them into that focal concentration which was to contain something of all forms, something of all periods, and of all realms. Every form of life was pressed into service, conscripted to the uses of nature.

Thus, in the laboratories of nature the busy chemist worked. It was as though the dream of God was slowly becoming true; being embodied in fact; which after all was so. For behind every form is a thought: is mind. And every form reveals will, purpose, consciousness. They figure the imagination of God; the universe springing from Him, palpitating with life. The law of life is labour, and the labour of nature is her daily prayer. She aspires, and we with her. Every new manifestation of life reveals the many steps towards the sacred consummation. Thus the elements conspired to weave many forms, outwrought of the divine imagination. And as we read the message upon the tables of stone, we perceive that unlike the message that Moses brought from the Mount of Sinai, it is a positive one. There is no "thou shalt not," but one ringing, triumphant declaration, "Thou shalt be perfect." This man is ever striving for, and ever discovering.

### XI.

Man is nature's wonder child. Of all her children there are none so gifted, none so wonderful as he. After eons of labour he comes. How? Not as is stated in the allegory of Eden, perfect, but crude, unfinished. Roughly fashioned, a promise, not a fulfilment. And as a promise he yet remains, save that here and there have appeared men who have in mental and moral power towered above their fellows. Man is yet a child. Like a child he plays with the forces of nature. Like a child he is still full of wonderment, and still full of perplexity. Like a child he is wilful, disobedient, selfish; desiring to go his own way—just wishful of satisfying his own appetites; living from day to day, his horizon bounded, as is the child's, by present needs, and passing whims. He is a wonder-child still. There is still some of the animal crudeness about him. But he has the spark of divinity within. Something in the cunning workmanship of his brain is different from that of the animals around him. He has need of that. Compared with the forces he has to contend with he is weak and puny. What was he beside the mastodon, the sabre-toothed tiger, and other great beasts? A veritable babe, yet he had a greater power than any of these, and that has made him master. He had the Promethean spark, the fire from heaven, within him. His rude, untutored mind was a mirror reflecting the outer world. He was the accomplishment of all nature's forces, representing the "Great week" of labour. His coming proclaimed the beginning of a new era in evolution. Henceforth the greatest factor was to be mind. In imagination one can almost see nature pause and view her work. If the Earth is possessed of a spirit—as some have affirmed—one might almost feel the thrill of pride that ran through her on the accomplishment of her task. Viewed from within one might indeed catch glimpses of wondrous realms co-operating in this effort. See that all the greatness, as it appears to us, is but the merest shadow of those wondrous powers that work ever silently in the guidance of the world. One might even catch afar off the faint cadence of the Chimes of Eternity striking the hour, indicating on the horologue of the universe the advent of a new being, made in the image of God, containing within him the mighty secret of eternal life.

(To be continued.)



### THE ANNIVERSARY.

On this your day, beloved, I bring my wreath,  
Of thoughts—which ever do encircle you:  
They are not changed with any chilling breath  
Of Time, or doubt of your sweet heart, and true.

Remember! In your home I have not seen,  
Where the fair sunshine glints, enchanting sounds  
Possess you, flowery fields, surpassing green,  
Invite you, and the air of life abounds;

Then fly to me, to help me on the way,  
Tell me you are my comrade as of old;  
Surely my life cannot be wholly grey  
While you can kiss me still, in clouds of gold.

H. M. UNDERWOOD.

## Raymond's First Intermediary.

### HOW TO CULTIVATE ONE'S PSYCHIC FACULTIES.

**M**RS. OSBORNE LEONARD, continuing her talk on the cultivation of psychic gifts, as reported in our June number, said—When the person who wishes to cultivate his mediumistic gifts has ascertained from a medium in what direction his powers lie—whether clairvoyance, clairaudience, or trance—he would do well to read one or two instructive manuals on the subject. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis's "Guide to Mediumship" was of great help to me when I was developing. That is a very useful book in three little volumes.

Then there are several ways of setting about developing, (1) under a medium in a developing circle, which is the quickest and best way of all, though some people have a dislike to that; (2) sitting with one or two friends in a little circle once or twice a week; and (3) developing by oneself alone. The last method may take a couple of years, and the second method may take two years or two weeks, you can never tell.

I believe that directly the guides know that you are taking a positive interest in the matter, they are ready, and they generally select someone on the other side who will help you. But you must be serious and willing to keep going on, for if the guides see that you are not in earnest, they will not waste their time.

In a little circle of four people, three of them might develop some useful form of mediumship. They should sit round a plain wooden table, with their hands on it to start with, and try to discover in the usual way whether the guides have any instructions to give them. They may get nothing immediately, but if they are serious, and want to develop from the highest and unselfish motives, they should have results within two or three sittings, and they should not be troubled by stupid or interfering spirits.

Probably the guides will assign a control to one of the sitters, say Mrs. A., and give the name of the control which might be Myra. Another, whom we may call Mrs. B., will be told that she can develop normal clairvoyance or some other gift. Then the sittings would go on, and results awaited.

Mrs. A., who is to develop trance mediumship, should sit perfectly still and note whatever impressions or feelings come her way, and she must not be alarmed if she should feel trembling of her limbs and hands. It is a good test when the hands go up and down on the table. The trance medium should not try to concentrate on anything, but simply remain passive, and wait until the guide can get there.

In Mrs. B.'s case, as she is going to develop clairvoyance or clairaudience, it is a different matter. She too must be passive, but she has to be more on the alert for impressions than Mrs. A. She becomes aware of sensations she does not receive in a normal condition, and she must say out at once what she is feeling. It may be a touch, or some unaccountable word that comes to her, or a message. No matter how silly it may appear, that should be given out, for these are the simple beginnings of being taught by impression. She may feel—I want to say so and so to Mrs. C. That may turn out to be a good test, and Mrs. C. may understand the message. From that, with experience, she will be able to go further and further, and will become able to distinguish between what is real clairaudience and what is her own imagination. The

things that come unbidden to her mind are genuine messages. Perfect passivity with alertness—they appear to be contradictory, but they are not—are the necessary conditions for success.

The sitters in a circle must be the same people always, no strangers, and they should sit on the same evening or evenings at the same hour each week. If any one is ill, she should not attend. It is better to have one short, than one ailing. While the development is going on there may be physical phenomena to interest one, and to show that the guides are there ready to do their part. These may be knockings on the wall, or lights in the circle, things of no particular importance in themselves. Then the sitters must be harmonious, and not want to argue or to go off into personal reminiscences. They should for the time being leave outside their ordinary daily concerns, and just be quite quiet without talking; they may sing a hymn, or some old-fashioned song with a slow movement, like "Annie Laurie."

If you want to develop alone you must select a part of the day when you will be undisturbed, whether afternoon or evening. If you can lie down in your bedroom so much the better, because your own bedroom has more of your own atmosphere, and less of other people's than any other living room. Half darken the room, lie on the bed, and relax. Crossing the hands and laying them over the solar plexus is helpful. Do not concentrate or strain; keep quite quiet and say to yourself—"My guides or friends are around me and they are wishful that I should see or hear something. I shall be passive and give them a chance of making their presence known to me, I am in no hurry; they will do it in their own time." In beginning, one generally feels sleepy through habit. One may even doze, but don't take notice of that. The guides may even help you to sleep, in order to get your brain quieter. After a few times, just as you awake from the doze, you may hear something, or see something, or get some strong impression. Don't say—"I have just been dreaming," but record it. Either write it down, or bring your mind to bear upon it. Don't be surprised if it is something apparently trifling. The guides may simply be showing you something that you can say was not in your mind. Sometimes they may show you rather funny things. One of the first things I saw was a red satin tea cosy, one side of which was cut out to show a green parrot sitting inside it. I thought it was extraordinary, but I said—"Thank you very much, I have seen something, though I do not understand it." It was explained to me afterwards that that was simply to show me that something had been got through to me, and which was not in my mind. It is by way of practice, just as a child makes round o's and pothooks.

Whatever you see—it may be only a streak of light or a little mist—acknowledge it; for by so doing you are letting the guides know they have succeeded, and it helps them for you to record what you have seen. I generally say, loud out—"Thank you, I have seen so and so." When once you have seen something you go on seeing more and more. A lady who had lost her little girl—she had passed over to the other side—was told by Feda to do this. After one or two times she was awakened by hearing one or two taps in the room. Then she saw a little mist

and felt a cold breath, and after doing this two or three times a week, she one day felt her child put her hands round her head and down her body to her feet. About two times after that she was awakened by the child's hands, and heard the child say—"Mamma—Florrie!" Now she has conversations with the child without going to sleep at all. She hears the child clairaudiently.

That is not like imagining or recalling a voice. There is a subtle but great difference, which there is no mistaking. When once you have heard clairaudiently, you cannot confound it with imagination or recollection. People have said to me—"I can visualise my son or my husband; how am I to know that I am not merely visualising when I think I see them?" I say again—Once you have seen clairvoyantly, you know it is different altogether. There is a sense of great nearness comes with it.

I do not think our spirit friends are with us all day long. I think they have their work to do, and it would not be right for them even to be thinking of us all day long. Should anything happen to us to distress us, and we need their help, and cannot help ourselves, we sometimes call to them. They feel such an appeal, and are drawn to us. They know when there is something the matter, and they want to help us. But sometimes they do not seem to come, and people wonder. You may be undergoing a painful experience, but it may be a necessary experience for you, and the one you are fond of is not meant to come and help you through it. It may be that you have to fight through it alone for your own good. I believe our spirit-friends are always within reach if we really need them, and I think they often help us when we are unconscious of it. I think they can help when a temptation comes to us. They can counteract it by operating on our mind. They come near and try to impress us both when we are awake and asleep, if we give them the conditions for so doing.

If we develop ourselves psychically, we should safeguard ourselves from evil influences by giving greater facilities to our guardian angels or friends on the other side to help us at the right moment. I think that everyone has got what is known as a guardian angel, someone on the other side who loves him, but some of us put these spiritual helpers outside the range of influence by our attitudes of mind and modes of life. If we voluntarily put ourselves into undesirable conditions on the earth plane, we cannot expect to be sensitive to guardian influences. If, on the other hand we go to a church or to a beautiful park where there are flowers, or any place that contributes to a higher mental and spiritual attitude, that would help them to impress us. We must supply the pure conditions.

I believe that anyone who has a desire to develop can develop. He may have very little psychic power, but if he lives for the idea of communication, and loves someone on the other side, he will be helped proportionately from the other side. It is just the same as anyone having a love for music; he is likely to be able to do something at it with practice.

I think desire through affection is the greatest help for mediumship of any kind, as well as for getting help through a medium. The greatest successes I have had with sitters have been when there was a strong affection between them and the communicating spirits. I believe honestly that 99 out of every 100 people who come to me could develop their own psychic gifts if they wished. Of course, to me it would not be living at all without my

communion from time to time with those on the other side. If it were taken from me, I should go on living, of course, without grumbling, because I know if communication is temporarily withheld, it is for some good reason. But it is really the greatest joy and blessing that there is. It is strange that people will cultivate music because they feel it is a helpful factor, or they will cultivate painting and be quite content to study for years, and yet when it comes to psychic development, if they do not get wonderful results at once, they think it is not worth while. Psychic development needs patience and perseverance, just the same as cultivating anything else.



## TO MY ENEMY.

My Soul is heavy because I slew  
My brother. His eyes danced blue,  
As the waters round mine own  
Shorelands. He smiled sweetly  
When I bandaged the gaping  
Wound, and my tears mingled  
With his blood.

Night thundered the wrath of war,  
And loosed his livid shafts  
Of light and fire innumerable;  
The stars trembled in their orbits  
And the Moon-God wept.

Before I went into the battle  
My prayers flamed up to Heaven  
For all those who should drink  
The cup of the slain: whose Souls  
Should waft to heaven as the  
Apple blossoms in the morning breeze.

What compelled thee, my Brother?  
What fate compelled my steel  
And thine? In the very heat  
Of the slaying, and the madness  
Of blood-lust, I saw within  
The Light Immortal, thee and me  
Encompassing, through all the ages.

Lo! I would have gone with thee!  
I see thee treading the fairer paths  
Of heaven. The blood of thy mortal  
Agony hath bloomed immortal roses,  
And thy soul laveth in perfumes  
Of Elysia.

I kissed thy mortal eyes when thou  
Wert gone, my Brother. Sudden  
And swift was my love for thee,  
For I know thou art of God,  
Immortal as I am immortal.

I struggle on in the meshes of Time,  
Be with me, my Brother whom men  
Call my enemy. Thou art arisen!  
Thou, who art immortal and free,  
Be with me till the end of Time!

SOLDAT.

June 6th, 1917.



We have all heard the witty saying that scientific truths have three stages to pass through. First, the truths are denied. Next, they are declared to be contrary to religion. And lastly, it is said that no one ever denied them.—*The Times*.



## The Beatific Vision.

By DORIS SEVERN.

"And besides, there were some of them of the household that said they had been, and spoke with Him, since He did die on the Cross, and they have attested that they had it from His own lips, that He is such a Lover of poor pilgrims, that the like is not to be found, from the East to the West."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

SOME of the visions given to us have been painful, dealing with hard, and stern facts in the Grey World, some partly pleasant, and partly sad, but two or three were of such exquisite spiritual comfort and beauty that, in the inmost recesses of my soul the memory lies like a precious jewel in a hidden and sealed casket. That the number is small is not surprising; rather should I wonder that they were given at all to so unworthy a disciple. They were among those experiences which, as Canon Liddon has said in one of his sermons, are "not transferable." So sacred are they, and hitherto I have feared to do wrong by giving them to the world. But I sent them in brief form to an English priest whose discretion and highmindedness I could trust, and asked him this question: "Should, or should I not, make these things public?" His answer soon came, and was as follows: "I have read the papers with great interest and a solemn thankfulness that such holy visions should be vouchsafed in these days. I believe that such exceptional manifestations are permitted by our Lord to counteract the terrible materialism of the age. My counsel is: Tell all. The narratives will have their own message for those who are capable of receiving it, and also they may confirm the belief of some who may have been granted something similar, but have not dared to credit it in its entirety—simply from their own deep humility."

Therefore, I am giving out these two visions. The interval between them was about a year. The first was given to me after the prolonged and bitter attack by unseen powers of evil in "The Dark House," which were described in the June number of the *Psychic Gazette*. The troubles which had oppressed us seemed to have reached their ebb-tide, and most devoutly did we hope that they would not be renewed, but we were still "on guard."

One morning, after I had drunk my early cup of tea, I was lying peacefully in bed, not intending to get up for breakfast, as I had not been very well for two or three days. I was better, however, that morning, and intended to get up before lunch-time. Suddenly, with no sensation of falling asleep, or of trance, I "found myself" on my knees at the feet of some one whose white robes I saw though I never lifted my eyes above my own hands, held straight out before me at the natural level. How shall I describe what I saw? As Robert Bridges says in his lovely poem—

"I sit in wonder, reaching out beyond my ken,  
Reaching to turn the day back, and my pen  
Urging to tell a tale which told, would seem  
The witless fantasy of them that dream."

If that poem throughout had been written to describe my experience, it could hardly have been more appropriate. There, on my hands, which were folded, the right over the left, there lay a left hand, which rested on mine perfectly still. I studied the appearance of this Hand intently as I knelt. It was long and slender, and well shaped. Right in the centre of the back there was a terrible scar running up between the fingers as if the wound had torn itself by some great

tension beyond the original incision. Ah, that hand! Did I not recognise it, though I now saw it for the first time? My heart was filled with love, and awe, and thanksgiving unspeakable. I heard my own voice saying, "Lord, I am a very unprofitable servant; I am not any good at all."

I waited for the answer I felt that He would give me. I seemed to know that I might suddenly be translated back into earth life, and I thought, if I pass back before I hear His reply, I shall die of disappointment. That trial was spared me. The answer came in clear musical tones, "I have set thy feet in a large room;" and, instantly all was gone, and I was consciously back in my bed in the familiar room, with all its homely surroundings, with the sounds of everyday life going on outside, and the subdued bustle of the city just as before. I was thrilled through and through with an intensity of bliss, more than I had ever dreamt of; breathless with wonder and joy. I lay where I was, taking in as well as my limited capacity would let me, the miracle that had happened in this commonplace bustling twentieth century, "to me, out of a world of men." Presently my dear Hilary came in to see how I was, before going to his breakfast. I held out my arms, and drawing his head close, for this precious thing might not be spoken loudly, I whispered, "I have seen the Lord." And I had, though where, and how, and why, I know not. Suffice it, that it was so.

The second experience took place, as I have said, about a year later. Much sorrow had come to me during the interval, yet there had been a deep abiding sense of peace and joy, not of this world, and of protection that never failed. One night, without any premonition, the vision came. I found myself in a beautiful garden full of lovely flowers and blossoming shrubs, and stately trees. It seemed to be the middle of a summer afternoon, the sky was blue, the air soft and warm, yet not sultry. I was not alone, for by my side was the dear woman whose tender and enlightened friendship had helped me in the dawning of spiritual knowledge. We knelt side by side in a green enclosure formed by hedges of some fresh leafy growth which reached nearly to our shoulders. Around us, and almost as far as we could see, the ground was carpeted with the most exquisite emerald turf, far surpassing in beauty anything I have seen here. No one spoke to us, but I knew that we were waiting there on our knees for the passing-by of the Lord. He was to come through this garden, and our eyes would rest on the celestial beauty of His face, perhaps even we should hear that Voice in which all the music of the world—the song of birds, the murmur of running water—is blended, and included. We waited in a blissful silence, too holy to break. Suddenly across my breathless joy shot the suggestion, "When He comes, suppose He does not know me!" Strange and poignant thought! The moment drew near, I held up my clasped hands. I dared not speak, but I threw the whole intense yearning of my soul into that silent pleading. He drew near. His gracious steps trod that emerald turf. Did the flowers hold up their rosy faces in greeting as He passed? I do not know. He drew nearer, and as His eyes encountered those of my companion and myself, the most lovely and heart-warming smile beamed on those features of mingled tenderness and majesty, as though among all His myriads

of disciples, we two poor trembling creatures were just the two He most wished to see. I do not know if He spoke any words, perhaps not. Perhaps the Lord and Lover of souls sent some message silently to our souls, and it was enough. But I remembered, even in that wonderful moment the interview with Him which I have already

recorded, and I thought, perhaps if I follow His steps through the garden, I may be able to ask Him to tell me the meaning of those words, "I have set thy feet in a large room," but the vision-ended, and I knew no more. But this I know—"I have seen the King in His beauty."

## Eastern Mystics.

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

The following is the twelfth and concluding letter in a new series received inspirationally by the Author of "Speaking Across the Border-line."

I HAVE a message for you in connection with your dream of last night. In your sleep you were in distress, even unto tears, as you pleaded for recognition of the Divinity of Jesus Christ in the religious movements of your day. You wonder why so many ignore His teachings?

Now you will find that nearly all the great trance lecturers of the present time are controlled by Egyptians, Hindoos, Persians, or Chinese spirits, of a very high character, and strong intellectual power. These Eastern teachers have been adepts in the occult arts for centuries, and they have been in the forefront of their present revival in the Western World. They have sought out those of mediumistic power, and have developed many of your finest psychics, and so, once more in trance addresses, have become teachers of mankind.

I do not wish to undervalue in any way the great work many of these mystics are doing at the present time. They are being used to break down the materialism that has grown up in all classes of society. They are bringing actual scientific proof of the existence of the Spirit-World, and emphasising the fact that there is no death. And they are teaching that there is inherent Divinity in all mankind. And all this teaching is a powerful factor for good. But here these great mystics rest. They say, that as Divinity is within each one of us, it is in our own power to develop it.

But there is yet a higher sphere of attainment, and the most difficult of all to reach, because only as "little children can ye enter this kingdom." The kingdom of which our Beloved Christ Jesus is Head and King. All the *intellectual* teaching of these mystics (when accepted) keeps them and their pupils back from the Christ Sphere, which can only be attained by those who acknowledge Jesus Christ as God, expressing Himself in man, and accord to Him absolute and unique Divinity, above, and differing from all other teachers.

To the soul, either on your earth or here, who has surrendered the pride of intellect, and consecrated his will to this Divine Lord, desiring to become as nothing before Him, there opens the glory of the Christ-Sphere and the inflow of His presence and love. From that moment he co-operates with Christ, first in the regeneration of his own nature, and then in the regeneration of the world.

Now dear, do you see exactly what I mean?

By the teaching of these mystics you are told of this indwelling Divinity, and this is true. There is a spark of the Divine in every soul—however degraded the character may become—and they tell you that by prayer, and meditation, and quiet contemplation, you may develop within yourself this Divine nature. And there are some who by these means, have become very pure and holy.

But the beautiful, yet simple teaching of Jesus Christ is for all men, in every condition of life. You are lonely, and you need His companionship; in sorrow, and you need His comfort; ignorant, and you require His teaching. Until you can acknowledge that the highest form of faith is the acceptance of the Three-fold God as Father, Son and Holy Ghost, you can never enter the sphere of the Christ.

I think that one of the reasons why Jesus Christ is left out of much that is beautiful in modern thought, is because people do not realise that He still lives, and goes about among men in His Spiritual form. But you, and others who have seen Him, and felt His presence beside you, know that this is true. And, I thank God that very many are now seeing Jesus Christ, and after such an experience they can never again be satisfied by the teaching of Eastern Mystics.

Now, you ask me why so many embrace the views of these mystics? The reason is two-fold.

First, because of the great errors that have crept into the churches, and which are acknowledged by all thoughtful minds. There is, for instance, the doctrine of the substitution of Jesus the Innocent, for the sins of men. It is obviously unjust and unfair, even to your finite minds, to assume that man can throw all responsibility for transgression on the sinless Christ and go free, free indeed, if he will, to sin afresh. Then, the belief in Hell-fires of everlasting torture in connection with a God of love is unthinkable. These, and many other errors are vital reasons for the revolt from the churches.

Second, because the views of many Eastern Mystics appeal to the vanity and intellectual pride of humanity. They cry, "Ye are Gods." By this teaching they drift further and further away from the humility of spirit, which alone enables them to enter into this sphere of the Christ. For, remember, you can enter it even while on earth.

Under the direct influence of the Divine Lord you can evolve the Christ-spirit in your own soul. Growing daily into his image, you are enabled by prayer, contemplation, and love, to be sharers with Him in the upliftment of the world. In the ecstasy of this revelation, you gain your first glimpse of what awaits you in all its loveliness and perfection in this land of unspeakable joy, where the soul is one with the Christ for evermore.



Stains will mar the noblest revolutions, but must not blind us to the fact that a spiritual revolution follows only on a spiritual need.—F. W. H. Myers.

They do us an ill turn, and we owe them no thanks for it, who compel us to keep going back to examine the old grounds, and declaring their want of solidity. What we need is to have done with all this negative, unfruitful business, and to get to religion again—to the use of the Bible upon new grounds which shall be secure. The old grounds *cannot* be used safely any more, and if one opens one's eyes one must see it.—Matthew Arnold.



## Travelling Psychically.

### HOW DEATH ANNIHILATES DISTANCE.

By G. E. OWEN.

THE distance which separates two towns, two countries, or even the two extreme points of the earth from each other is always an affair of the physical world. When such is viewed from a super-physical altitude, it is entirely different from what it appears when viewed with the physical senses. Distance, be it a mile or a 1,000,000 miles, is a mere condition dependent for its existence on our physical nature. When we wish to go to a certain town or country, we have only to travel to get there. This holds good in all purely physical existence. In the case of psychical experiences such as bilocation (the projection of self) distance-clairvoyance and clairaudience, and such like phenomena, we can travel psychically without moving the body.

Now, when a man sheds his physical body at death, what happens in regard to what we term distance? Does the extensive ocean, which separates two friends in the physical life from each other continue to exist as such to those who die? Does the man, who simultaneously with his death in Australia, appears as a apparition to a friend in England, need to travel in order to do so? These questions form the matter under consideration here. Many persons hold very incorrect views on them.

The last paragraph in our article on "Space and Time in Spirit Life," in the January *Psychic Gazette*, said—

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

The idea implied here may not be quite clear to all, so by request we give it a fuller exposition. Some may probably find it difficult to accept the conception of distance and travelling, in their physical and psychical aspects, advanced here. It must not be forgotten, however, that the universe as we know it, is one of relations, *i.e.*, that everything is dependent on other things for being as it seems. According to the mind that perceives it, so it appears. The relativity of all things is the great law that must not be lost sight of in dealing with all such questions. The difficulties that may exist in the way of accepting one interpretation of the universal phenomena under consideration, will disappear when the law of relativity is kept in mind.

Instances of the dead appearing to the living are, if history is to be relied on, as old and as universal as man. People have had a vast amount of identical experiences in this respect, quite independent of each other, as the literature devoted to matters psychical chronicles extensively, and so these may be regarded as belonging definitely to the category of certainties. It is no use dismissing what we do not understand, or have not experienced, with a smile of incredulity. It requires no intelligence to ridicule what is incom-

prehensible to us. That frame of mind will not enrich our knowledge, or enlighten our understanding as to what is obscure in this. If these things were not true, and did not happen, then by no process of imaginative cogitation could they be conceived or thought of. Thinkers have long ago realised that the non-existent is inconceivable.

Flammarion in his volume, "The Unknown," Robert Dale Owen in his "Footfalls on the Boundary of another World," Mrs. Crowe in her "Night side of Nature," have collected a number of authentic and striking instances of the dead appearing to the living. Readers can with profit consult these valuable works. They can also find cases recorded in "News from the Invisible World," and in the records of the Society for Psychical Research. In these works are cases of persons in remote parts of the earth appearing at the moment of their death to someone in this country. The press has recently reported similar cases also. The following two are striking.

Under the heading "All Men are Ghosts," some time ago *The World* printed the following:—

"There is a curious story in connection with the death of Captain Scott, the great explorer. His little son, known now to everyone by the pictures and the descriptions of him that have appeared in the papers, was one day alone with his mother, when he repeatedly declared he could hear his father calling. Lady Scott assured the child this was impossible. He, however, went on repeating that he could hear his father's voice, till at last he said, 'Daddy has now stopped calling.' It was afterwards found to be at the very time that Captain Scott must have been writing those last heroic sentences."

An account was given in the *Daily News* of a colonel who was wounded in France. He lost an arm. He and his men were very much attached to each other. After recovering, he wished to return to his regiment in France. Being unable to, he went to the Dardanelles. There he had dysentery, and returned to England, being placed on a Red Cross train at the port at which he landed for London. He died during the journey at 12.30 mid-day. The account goes on to say that—

"The extraordinary part is that at the exact moment the colonel died on the hospital train, a company of his old regiment saw him in their trench in Flanders. . . . The sergeant-major turned to the company-commander: 'Beg pardon, sir, here's colonel — coming round. I didn't know he was back again.' The officer looked up. There, standing with his cap just a little on one side, as he always wore it, stood the colonel. . . . The company-commander was surprised, and started to walk towards him, when he dropped his stick. He stooped to pick it up; when he straightened up again the colonel had gone. The officer dived down a communication trench and rushed for headquarters. 'Did you see him?' he queried, breathless. The three subalterns looked up at his question. 'See whom? Do you mean the colonel? Yes, we saw him, standing still, looking down the trench just here; we looked at him for fully a minute, and suddenly he was *not there*. Cannot make it out at all' said the spokesman; thought he was in the Dardanelles; besides, all the men saw him too, and I don't know whether you noticed it or not—he had *both* his arms! It was not until the next week's mails arrived in the trenches that the regiment learnt of the colonel's death. They did not even know that he had left the Dardanelles until they read the fatal news. Over a hundred officers and men saw Colonel — at 12.30 on that Wednesday afternoon, saw him quite plainly and clearly."

It is presumed, generally, that this colonel,

in order to manifest as he did in the trenches, had to travel to France, and that Capt. Scott, in order to affect the auditory sense of his little boy, had, after quitting the physical body, to travel all the way from the polar regions. Now, that is not so, and to think that is necessary, is to take a deceptive view of these puzzling but universally recurrent manifestations. But, some will say, the man who passes away in a distant country and appears at the moment of dissolution to some one at home can and does travel when disembodied with the rapidity of light or thought, and so the time required to cover the intervening distance would be but a fraction of a second, and quite incapable of being detected when computing the time differences of the place where he died, and where he appeared as an apparition. No, that is not so. Travelling physically is only necessary, and can only be done when associated with the physical body. When that is discarded, then things are different. Distance is always relative. Death breaks down those peculiar elements of consciousness which we term "near" and "far," and the one who is far away when he passes into the fuller life, does not travel, but only conforms to psychic laws, probably without being aware of it, in order to momentarily appear to a friend thousands of miles away.

Distance physically, the same as everything else physical, ceases to be at the moment when that which gives it existence, namely, the body, is dispensed with. Death sweeps it away. It is only a thing of the physical senses, and with the losing of them it goes also. Those in the spirit-world can and do travel, but they travel in conformity to the new space and time

conditions in that order of existence. In travelling there it must not be supposed that they cover distance as belonging to this world. They are now in, and conforming to the laws, of the spirit world. Just as when one sees or hears psychically—clairvoyance and clairaudience—it is psychical things that are seen or heard, so those who have made a promise to appear to a friend after their death have, even though they lived in different countries, only to break through those conditions that are supposed to constitute a bridgeless gulf dividing the two states to appear spiritually.

The fact of so many persons having heard themselves being called by someone they know to be very far away, and who, as is afterwards discovered, with his last breath was calling to them, shows how distance is wiped out with the awakening of the latent spiritual powers and faculties. Professor Lombroso has told us of his remarkable experiments with a young girl who when blindfolded could see and describe what was happening at a distance. These tend to show the unreality, except when physically perceived and experienced, of distance. Our dead, therefore, have no occasion to travel physically when, after being transferred to the spiritual plane, they desire to come in touch with those here they have affection for. It does not matter how great is the physical distance between them, for through death a re-adjustment of consciousness has taken place, and in that process, distance, with many other things, have become transmuted into things very different to what they now seem.

We shall consider next month the origin, nature, and necessity of the psychic body.

## A Fulfilled Prophecy.

### TRANSACTIONS OF THE "LEE" INVESTIGATION CLASS.

**I**N these days when there is such urgent need for *proof* of Spirit-return and psychic verities, the following account of fulfilled prophecies may be of interest.

I should first say that we are a small band of earnest but level-headed investigators, that we are without a professional or paid medium, that our investigations are absolutely free from any attempt at fraud or trickery; and so, any details may be unhesitatingly accepted as strictly *bona fide*.

Our sittings have only recently been started, and from the first our table has behaved eccentrically; refusing to move or tap in the orthodox manner. At the same time, the Guides are enabled to powerfully control one of our number, whom we will call "Om-ta," so that she gives smart slaps with her hands, or movements with her arms, which are easily read in the ordinary fashion.

On May 14th, amongst many messages and warnings, which are too far in the future to admit of present verification, a German suddenly manifested through "Om-ta." Amid groans and sighs he announced that he was one of the "selfish" Germans, undergoing terrible suffering and punishment. He had been brought to our sitting to tell us there would be a dreadful air raid by the German over the East and South East Coast during the following week. In reply to our inquiries he said the injuries and loss of life would be great. I cannot describe his grief and generally wretched condition; they were awful. He wound up most emphatically—"God has numbered the Germans and finished them." The raids on the 23rd and 25th of May have sadly fulfilled his warning.

One of our members was told through another Control that her brother was in a cottage hospital and she would have news of him in a few days. She expressed surprise at this as she was not expecting such news from him. A few days afterwards, however, she had a letter from this brother saying he was in a cottage hospital, and congratulating himself on his comfortable quarters.

We are assured by our Guides that we shall have good results from our sittings, so we hope to have other details to publish as time goes on.

I may add that the title of the Class, and of the member controlled, have been supplied by my Hindo Guide, who also begs I will sign this in his name.

SOSTHENES.

☯ ☯ ☯

### LIFE AND DEATH.

What is Life? 'Tis a mirage, a dream,  
Wondrous fair, a delectable land;  
But the glamour and brightness soon fade,  
Lo, 'tis nought but a desert of sand.

What is Death? 'Tis the gate-way of bliss,  
The birth of the real and the true;  
No shadows, no shams, no deceit,  
God, the angels, just me, and just you.

ANNIE M. MARCH.

## The Physical Manifestations of the Davenport Brothers.

By WILLIAM PICKERING.

At the request of our Editor, I am pleased to give some of my recollections of the celebrated Davenport Brothers, who gave wonderful physical manifestations in the mid-sixties, and of their coadjutor, Mr. Fay, whose so-called "coat-trick" greatly intensified the excitement caused by the performance of the Davenports. With the exception, perhaps, of D. D. Home, no other mediums I have seen, in close upon sixty years experience in Spiritualism, have come near to them. Even Home was somewhat fitful with regard to the certainty of his demonstrations, and required that very desirable item for all successful psychic displays—quiet, passive, and sympathetic sitters and surroundings. But the Davenports did not wait for such accompaniments. They were invariably ready as soon as their audiences had mustered, and although I saw a good deal of them, I never witnessed any delay, or excuses, or apologies, for non-performance. They came to England at the solicitation of our dear old brother, Robert Cooper of Eastbourne, a retired brewer, who spent his fortune in pushing Spiritualism in its early days, and in starting and publishing the *Spiritual Times*, which cost him a considerable amount of cash. Mr. Cooper, however, did not slacken his pioneering, but by a mass of persistent work of a scavenging nature, cleared a way which has unquestionably been of the greatest value to the cause. There have been many excellent mediums since, but at that period no one afforded such clinching evidence in the point of *Time*, i.e., the instantaneous occurrence of the phenomena, and probably none have suffered more insult, contumely, and downright physical torture, in the course of their manifestations. At the same time there can be little doubt that their exceptional work performed a great part in breaking down the rank materialism of that period, when it had acquired a tremendous ascendancy.

It was owing to Mr. Cooper having written to America, asking for good mediums, that the Davenports were recommended and came to London, accompanied by the Rev. J. B. Fergusson, who acted as their spokesman. The Davenports were very dark complexioned young men, about 24 to 26, and Mr. Fay, who was very fair, was a year or two older.

Now as to their performances. As soon as the audience had assembled, it was suggested that they should select two or three of themselves to be a Committee to see fair play, and as soon as this had been done the Committee went on the platform, and were requested to make a close examination of the "cabinet." This was a light wooden structure, about 6 feet high, 6 feet wide, and 2 feet deep, from back to front. It stood on four legs, which raised it about 12 inches above the platform. It had doors in front, opening outwardly, and inside were two wooden shelves for seats for the mediums. Each medium's hands were then tied securely behind his back, leaving a certain length of rope to be passed through holes in the seats, and again tied under the seats. In the front of the cabinet, a few inches from the top of it, and quite out of reach of anybody sitting tied to the seats, was a diamond-shaped hole about 12 inches by 6. The Committee were now asked to pass their sticks or umbrellas to and fro under the cabinet, to prove that there were no wires, strings, or other connections with the interior, and,

generally one of the Committee was placed as sentry at the door of the cabinet, after it was closed, while the others walked round the cabinet or stood at such a short distance as gave them an uninterrupted view of it. Before closing the cabinet, handbells, musical instruments, and other things had been placed on the floor of the cabinet, out of reach of the tied-up mediums. The sentry took up his position with his back close to the door. The lights were lowered, and the bells began to ring immediately. They were often thrown through the diamond-shaped opening on to the platform. Hands were waived through the opening, and on one occasion I have in mind, at the Hanover Square rooms, the committee man was slapped on the face! Instantly, he opened the door. The Brothers were in their places, the knots of the ropes had not been disturbed, and astonishment reigned! The sentry smiled complacently, as much as to say, "I'll catch them if they try that again." He closed the door, and returning to face the audience was again slapped on the face. Again, he instantly opened the door, and there were the Brothers, as calm and undisturbed as before, and the knots had not been tampered with. There was more excitement. It was then suggested that the hands of the Brothers should be filled with flour, so that any movement on their part would certainly be disclosed. This was done, and bits of thread were also laid loosely across the knots of the ropes, and at other points. The sentry again closed the door, and instantly received another slapping caress on the face! He as instantly pulled the door open, only to find the threads and the flour intact! He did not smile now, he solemnly shook his head, and walked quietly off the platform amid jeers and laughter.

Mr. Fay's "coat-trick" was the next event. In this no cabinet was used. Mr. Fay, who wore a dress-suit, was lashed to an ordinary cane-seated chair by the committee, and the rope was purposely carried round his arms two or three times, and across his chest, and through the back of the chair, in the most secure way the committee could devise. Before the light was turned out, an attendant was placed ready with matches, to re-light when signalled to do so. Then the light was turned out. *Instantly* a "swishing" noise was heard, and "Light up" was called. Mr. Fay's coat was off and lying undamaged at the further end of the room, 15 to 18 yards away, but the ropes had not been disturbed, and were still round the medium's arms (on his shirt sleeves) and across his chest, just as left by the committee. How the coat was removed in *two seconds*, and the ropes left intact, was never explained. The coat was critically examined, but afforded no clue.

There can, however, be no question that these remarkable exhibitions, so opportunely coming at that period, had the excellent result of setting people a-thinking. Poor Mr. Fergusson's task was not a very pleasant one. In most cases the audience were very "rough and ready," and when he was introducing the mediums he was often requested to "shut up," and "get on with the show!"

Since the foregoing was written, Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, the famous conjurer, has passed to another sphere, and I should like to rectify some slipshod assertions which have appeared in his obituary notices. Mr. Maskelyne is said to have



"exposed" the Davenport Brothers. This he never did. He tried to imitate their phenomena by mechanical means, but his imitations were

miserable failures, for the simple reason that the Davenport phenomena were genuine, and Mr. Maskelyne's imitations were conjuring tricks.

## The Subliminal Self and the Astral Body.

By FRED. W. LAST.

**T**HE subconscious region and subconscious activity are now established facts.

First conceived by Sir John Herschell, this conception was developed by the late Frederick W. H. Myers, who conceived a region outside that of the ordinary conscious region, which he termed "the subliminal field." This conception has been amplified by recent advances in psychology. Psychologists have discovered a method by which they can probe the subconscious part of our personality, and find out a great deal about this mysterious region. By the application of this method, it is now known that the subliminal part of ourselves *can* reveal itself and function perceptibly while we are on this physical plane.

The functioning of the subconscious self is perceived through the use of certain instruments called autoscopes. These are of two kinds, (1) muscular, and (2) sensory. The first class reveals the functioning of the subconscious-self through the muscles, the second, through the senses. An example of the muscular autoscope is the planchette, and that of the sensory, the crystal.

The method of mind-exploration, mentioned above, technically known as "psycho-analysis," teaches us also that *nothing* is really forgotten, and that, just as Professor Bergson's conception is, that the mind is not the only seat of memory, so "psycho-analysis" establishes the truth of Prof. Bergson's conception by showing definitely that the subconscious part of ourselves is the *real* and far more extensive seat of memory.

Modern psychology also tells us that this subconscious part of ourselves is most sensitive under certain specified conditions. These conditions are, the state the mind is in just before sleep, or just before waking, under hypnotism or suggestion, and in the state immediately before death. In any one of these states it is possible to get a direct connection with the subconscious mind, either personally, or through the agency of another individual. The states induced by personal means, include auto-suggestion, auto-hypnosis, the condition existing just before sleep or just before waking. Those induced by outside agency include suggestion and hypnotic-influence.

We will now consider the different manifestations of the subconscious part of our minds under the influence of the various states mentioned above. The conditions prevailing just before sleep or just before waking is most favourable to addressing certain commands to ourselves, expecting that they will be carried out; this is known as auto-suggestion. That condition existing in the auto-hypnotic or hypnotic state is most favourable to the retrieving of past memories, hidden thoughts, and the subconscious carrying out of commands. The state existing before death is the most favourable condition for enabling the subconscious-mind to reveal all the hidden earth memories.

The part played by the subconscious self in psychic phenomena on this plane, is very considerable. We have seen that the subconscious self can reveal its presence and activity through certain instruments known as autoscopes. A certain proportion of psychic phenomena on this plane can be explained by the functioning of the subconscious

part of our minds, for instance a fair number of the cases of automatic-writing and clairvoyant visions, but a great proportion of these manifestations cannot be explained in this way.

Now the conception that I want to bring before the notice of my readers, is this: that the psychic phenomena not to be explained by the functioning of the subconscious alone, are to be explained by the hypothesis that a connection is found between the subconscious mind and the astral-body of an individual; and the astral senses which are directly responsible for clairvoyant, clairaudient, and astro-telepathic phenomena, are thus brought into close relation with the subconscious mind.

Moreover, at the change we call death, the subconscious mind passes into the astral-body, and functions actively in the astral-body, and just as it is the seat of memory on this plane, so it is the seat of memory on the next plane, and retains earthly memories and impressions.

To sum up then:—

(1) A subconscious part of ourselves is an established fact.

(2) Through advances made in psychology, we learn that this subconscious part of ourselves is the seat of memory.

(3) There is evidence from psychical investigations that an intelligence survives the change called death, and as the subconscious-mind is the seat of memory on this plane, there is no reason against its being the centre of memory on the next plane.

(4) The subconscious mind being the seat of memory on the next plane, and at death being subject to the conditions existing on the super-physical plane, it obtains a glimpse of the conditions to be experienced in this next state by forming a connection (under certain circumstances) between itself and the astral-body of the individual, thus experiencing the perceptions of the astral-senses in the form of clairvoyance, clairaudience, and astro-telepathy.

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### THE LIGHT DIVINE.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

No gold in the sunset sky,  
No light in the drifting cloud,  
Only a mass of deepening gloom  
To weave the day's dark shroud.

No gleam of a poppy tall  
Amid the ungarnered sheaves,  
No waxen light of a lily fair,  
Only the dank, dark leaves.

No light where the alders sway  
Down by the murky stream,  
No gleam on the sodden earth,  
No light where the stars should beam.

No light, oh thou brooding Dove;  
Chaos and darkness reign  
In this weary soul of mine,  
Burdened with deepest pain.

Yet there is light beyond,  
Not the tints of a sunset sky,  
But the flash of a perfect face,  
In the heart of Eternity.

E. P. PRENTICE.

## A Summer Evening Reverie.

By AGNES E. HANDS.

I STOOD on the crest of a hill in a beautiful lane, a lane such as can be found only in this dear little island of ours, the future of which we are now fighting for so determinedly on land and sea. The lane led down into a tiny valley, the sides of which were flanked on the one hand by pleasant pasture land, and on the other by a cool, green coppice. Through the valley bubbled and sparkled a tiny brooklet. The scene was fair and peaceful, and away in the distance the aeroplanes were flying, looking like lazy dragon flies. The sound of their engines was softened by distance to a gentle hum, such as one hears in the garden on a drowsy summer afternoon, when the bees seem to be the only living things with energy enough to follow the path of duty. Those graceful "Flies" looked so peaceful and calm that it was hard to believe that they were being trained for warfare, and were in fact part of war.

I turned to look at the sun, which was setting in a beautiful orange glow, and again the tranquility of the scene impressed me. I wondered whether there *was* a War! Surely, I thought, it is only an evil dream, and I shall awake presently to find that our boys are not being killed or maimed, that homes in lands less favourably placed than ours have not been ruined, nor women and children mutilated. Then, I thought of the sorrow which had crept into my own family through the war, and of the shadow over other homes, and felt no more that it was a dream, but a hideous reality. I comforted myself with the hope that perhaps the future generations would benefit by our sacrifice in the present.

Just then, my attention was caught by the magnificent effect of the sunset glow on the clouds. A beautiful sunset is no unusual sight, but I do not think I have ever seen such a wondrous picture inland, though many times I have seen wonders on the coast, where the blue of the sea and the colours of the coast-line are a picturesque setting to the beauty of the sky. Away in the East, the clouds looked blue-black and angry, while directly above my head they were dainty and fleecy, like graceful maidens dancing before His Majesty, the Sun. These fleecy beauties caught the glow from His Radiant Majesty, and passed it on to the angry billows in the East, the crimson and orange splashes on the black making them look more wrathful than ever. Here and there one could perceive glimpses of brilliant blue sky behind the clouds, and it looked so near that I felt tempted to try to leap into space and see what lay behind all the beauty.

I watched the objects of His Majesty's pleasure until my attention was once more turned to the aeroplanes in the distance, which gleamed like silver in the evening glow. I thought that perchance the clouds in the East were angry because the planes had dared to intrude into what had hitherto been their domain, and I felt that I wanted to plead with the angry clouds to spare them, for in very truth they looked as though they would burst and flood the earth, leaving no trace of the graceful "Flies."

Then again, I became interested in space, and the sunset glow, clouds, and aeroplanes sank into oblivion in the interest of trying to conjecture what one might find in space—could one go over the boundary whenever one wished to do so? I thought of the vast throng of spirits whose home is

apparently now in space, and it seemed to me that I could see this planet ringed around with a vapour of such density that it is difficult for the inhabitants to realise the thinness of the veil between the two worlds, though in places the density was brightened by souls reaching forth towards the Light. I tried to throw my mind into space, as it were, and see what was beyond my vision, but eventually I came back to the earth-planes, and the spirits who have not broken away from the influence of the earth. I felt so sorry to think that many spirits are earth-bound and unaware of the glories which await them Beyond, that I sent them all the sympathy I was capable of, in the hope that my thoughts would help to release them. I said to them—"I think this earth is beautiful, but if I were passed into spirit-life, as you are, I should want to travel over all the Universe, and see it in all its glory. Whatever holds you still to earth, wrong-doing, tragedy, or crime, try to leave it behind you, and you will find help in doing so. And when you have gained spiritual strength and knowledge, come back sometimes to help to release others still in bondage."

I thought, too, of our brave lads in the Spirit World, hurried there by War, with no preparation in many cases other than an heroic sacrifice, and to them I said—"Be at rest, brave hearts! The Hand of Divine Love rules o'er all, and you shall find work in the future, far grander than earth's battles, and a Peace which passeth all understanding."

Just then the low rumble of distant thunder warned me that it was time to turn homeward. Evidently the angry, jealous clouds were determined to try to damage those silver "Flies." So I made my way home, thinking of the souls in the Glorious Beyond, and of the shadowed lives and aching hearts here. I hoped they could feel, as I do, that Love is guiding Destiny, and that the shadows will flee before the Light of Love, though we must needs pass through the fire of tribulation ere we can reach the state of a true and lasting Peace.



THE SPIRITUALIST EDUCATION COUNCIL.—On June 20 the Spiritualist Education Council held its final lecture and developing classes of the second session, and adjourned until the first Wednesday in October, when the third course will commence. The phenomenal success that attended the early efforts of the Council continued without break to the end. The Council was fortunate in procuring the services of such capable and well-known lecturers as Dr. Ellis Powell, Mr. W. J. Vanstone, D. Ph., Mr. Robert King, and Mr. Horace Leaf. Psychical Research and Spiritualism in relation to philosophy, religion, sociology, and science comprised the main themes of the lectures, and it was clearly shown that Spiritualism is intimately related to all these great departments of thought and enquiry. There were large attendances at the Healer's Class, ably conducted by Mr. C. J. Sander, who gave theoretical and practical instruction in Psycho-therapeutics. On Saturday, June 23, a large number of students and friends spent a pleasant afternoon together at Kew Gardens.

MRS. ETTA DUFFUS, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts., gratefully acknowledges receipt of £5 5s. from M. Nissen, Esq., Copenhagen, for the Husk Fund. Anyone of our readers who have not yet secured a copy of the beautiful song written and composed by Mr. Husk, entitled: "A Rift in the Veil," can have one by sending a postal order for 2s. to Mrs. Duffus. In this way they will help the fund to brighten the latter days of the aged and famous medium.

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## Science, Religion, and Spiritualism.

**S**URELY the time has fully come when Science and Religion ought to be revised, in respect of some of their basic tenets and doctrines, in view of the Light of Spiritualism. Science a generation ago was exceedingly dogmatic in asserting that there was no such thing as spirit. Mind and so-called spirit were, it said, merely manifestations of brain-functioning. The necessary corollary of that well-worn tenet was that when a man's brain ceased to think, and his physical senses ceased to correspond with their environment, all we knew of that man became finally dissolved into a few simple elementary chemical substances. Death ended all. Science professed to know only one world—the physical. It denied that there could be any other, or any reality beyond what could be ascertained by the five physical senses. No such thing as soul or spirit was discoverable by any process known to science. And therefore neither soul nor spirit existed. It declared this quite positively as scientific truth, and it became known to the world under the high-sounding title of Scientific Materialism. All claims that the spirit of man could exist apart from a physical body, Science in its pride and confidence regarded as mere vestiges of primitive superstition—as “old wives’ fables.” Apparitions did not exist; they were only delusions of disordered imaginations—when they were not the tricks of Spring-heeled Jacks! In this way Science became an aggressive and formidable enemy of Religion. It claimed that its materialistic hypothesis ruled the whole realm of intelligence. It covered all known facts. God and spirit were not known facts. If anyone supposed they were let him produce them and lay them upon the laboratory tables, where they might be examined. If no one could fulfil this demand, then let the world for ever hold its peace. Science pressed this view, and it had its day, for many and eminent were the men who held it. As Materialism became widespread Religion decayed. Scepticism, Agnosticism, Positivism, Atheism, Infidelity, Rationalism became the habit of the times. And Religion with its appeals to ancient Scriptures and traditional beliefs had no suitable weapon with which to repel their assaults. To say “I believe” in God and spirit was not to know them or to demonstrate them. “Of course you believe,” said Science, “and you are quite sincere, but your belief is intangible; you cannot prove it; it is merely something you have inherited from your unscientific progenitors.” It was little use in such a conflict for Religionists to assert that the facts of spirit could only be spiritually discerned. Science could not acknowledge either the facts or the discernment. Neither was it helpful to refer to such incidents recorded in Scripture as the prophet Samuel returning after his death to converse with Saul, or the *post mortem* appearances of Jesus to his disciples, because Science claimed that Nature acted invariably in a consistent and uniform

manner, and if such things had really happened in the long distant past, how was it that they did not happen now? And here Religion was touched upon the raw, because itself it claimed that these mysterious events belonged only to Biblical times and the age of miracles. It banned the very idea that any manifestations of spirit presences could possibly happen or be divinely sanctioned after the last chapter of Revelations was written. That book was closed; the Almighty had not one jot or tittle to add to it; His revelation was complete. Therefore if it were alleged that in these latter days strange and wonderful psychical phenomena had occurred, which suggested the possibility of a human personality persisting after the death of the body, and returning to manifest as a spirit on this mortal plane, then Religion was confident that such happenings were undoubtedly the work of the Devil!

That briefly was the condition of our knowledge—among wise and learned, simple and unlettered alike—when the light of Modern Spiritualism dawned upon the world. Then, beginning with the knockings at Rochester, a great variety of wonderful psychical facts came into view which indicated that the veil between the living and the dead, supposed to be impenetrable, was being rent. By means of raps, tiltings, signals, writings, voices, levitations, etherealizations, and materializations, persons supposed to be dead and done with, and whose bodies were under the green turf, gave many infallible proofs that they were alive, conscious, and able to communicate intelligently with those whom they had left behind. These revelations from the unseen world were of such a nature that even physical scientists could, if they desired, examine them and test their value. But they were not welcomed by official Science, for the simple reason that they knocked the bottom out of its much vaunted materialistic view of life and the universe. Professor Huxley said—“Supposing the phenomena to be genuine, they do not interest me.” Sir David Brewster said—“Spirit is the last thing I will give in to.” Mr. Herbert Spencer said—“I have settled the question in my own mind on a *a priori* grounds” (that is, without considering the facts). And Dr. W. B. Carpenter declared that the Spiritualistic phenomena were “a most mischievous epidemic delusion.” Religion also ignored and condemned the phenomena instead of realising their power to re-establish it on a firm basis of incontrovertible present-day fact. The new revelation appeared to it to interfere with the old, which it held was alone sacred. But in course of time the facts have asserted themselves as true, and their significance is quickly colouring the thought of the world. Materialism is already dead, and dogmatic irrational Religion has no longer authority among men. Science and Religion must therefore adjust themselves to the truth that Spiritualism has revealed and established, if they wish to stand firm upon ascertained facts. There is a spiritual world as well as a physical world. Science cannot longer ignore the former if it is to escape the reproach of being blind, lop-sided, and incomplete. And Religion cannot afford to despise Spiritualism if it has any proper ambition to “furnish that *proof* of a future life which so many crave, and for want of which so many live and die in anxious doubts—so many in positive disbelief.” Let Science, Religion, and Spiritualism then join hands and we shall have a philosophy that will cover all the facts of Life—and Death.

J. L.



# The Application of Spiritualism to the Teaching of the New Testament.

By ERNEST MEADS.

I HAVE been told from the Spirit-world, and sincerely believe, that—

"Whenever a man rises above the ordinary level of mundane thought, he is invariably inspired.

Let him make himself fitted for the Holy to inspire him, that his words may be of truth.

For the Holy can come only to that which is Holy.

Faith is Holy, and to those who have faith the Holy ones can come."

That I associate the teaching of the New Testament and Spiritualism as though they were inseparably united, is natural to me, since I find the New Testament the finest exposition of Spiritualism as I know it, and have proved it. Both are to me vital and real.

St. Paul gives a description of "gifts of the spirit" which exactly describes the phases of mediumship with which we are familiar, and while advising all to "covet earnestly the best gifts," the Apostle notes that each man has that phase bestowed on him which suits his natural mediumistic qualification. Thus, "No man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed, and no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, to another faith, to another the gifts of healing, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another the discerning of spirits, to another divers kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues."

And Tertullian, writing at the end of the second century, says—"We had a right to expect prophecies and the continuance of spiritual gifts, and we are now permitted to enjoy the gift of a prophetess. There is a sister among us who possesses the faculty of revelation. Commonly, during the religious services she falls into a trance, holding then communion with angels, beholding Jesus himself, hearing Divine mysteries explained, reading the hearts of some persons, and ministering to such as require it." Here is an interesting picture of the early Christian church, which shows Spiritualism, in the very form known to many of us, practised in the Church, before that Church became contaminated by the lust of temporal power.

A person may be psychic without being spiritual, and it is necessary at all times to remember that the psychic faculty is or should be but a means to an end—the spiritual. To rest satisfied with a lower ideal is to imitate the example of Esau—to sell one's birthright.

Love, sympathy, affinity, the attraction of like to like: these are the key-notes, the all-powerful factors in Spirit-communication which determine the quality and value of the messages, for the psychic faculty is shared alike by persons good, bad, and indifferent; indeed, so complex are our characters that according to our moods, we may each at different periods be mediumistic to spirits good, bad, or indifferent, according to the governing passion of the hour, whether it be love or hate, generosity or greed, self-control or self-indulgence.

Prejudice is illogical, and never more so than when it states that all spirit-communications are "from the world of darkness and spirits of wickedness." So to postulate is to state that evil is more

powerful than good, and that the Lord of Life is unwilling or unable to avail himself of laws freely used by the forces of evil. The Bible stories, lives of the Saints, and our noblest experiences, contradict so improbable an assertion. Has not each of us, when trying to attain the noble heights, found that only when we are at our highest, when our sincere desires are purely spiritual, earth-loves and ambitions laid aside, and our hearts filled with love for God and man, do we get communications from spirits of real spiritual exaltation—"soft rebukes with blessings ended," exhortations to be up and doing better, and such sweet messages on divine mysteries and love, which fill the eyes with tears and cause the heart to overflow with love?

Can we in such hours be the victims of deception? I think, assuredly not. Is it possible that those noble souls on earth who were devoted to the service of love, have ceased to respond to that call? That those who fought the great fight, who know the strange mingling of weakness with the strength even of the strongest mortal, will not help, while less developed spirits freely do so. Our ideas of love are outraged by such a suggestion.

As the body has evolved from the grosser type of primeval man which more resembled that of an ape, and the intellect, from the production of rude monoliths to the glorious form of the Apollo Belvedere, so the spirit, the gem, to contain which casket after casket of increasing beauty and suitability has been formed, has itself evolved in its expression, if not in its essence.

Is it unreasonable that Spiritualism, the modern expression of the everlasting truth of spirit-help and inspiration in the lives of mortals, should itself begin in material form, so expressed as to arouse attention, and to incite thought and effort to push it to its logical issue—which many prefer to call Religious Mysticism. For if an undeveloped or ordinary spirit can move a table, or greet in familiar language a mortal, by what law of common-sense can the door be closed to higher, nay, to the highest intelligences, if thereby the human struggler may be helped and inspired upwards.

The earliest leaders of the Church founded upon the life and teaching of Jesus were Jews, in whose scriptures God appears but mistily as the loving Father, more clearly as the jealous tribal God, delighting in the blood-offerings of His chosen people, and swift to avenge any insult offered to His Majesty. Consequently to them vicarious suffering, the offering of the pure and holy for the sins of others, seemed not only reasonable but essential.

To these leaders were soon added others trained in pagan lore and the neo-Platonic philosophy of Greece. Owing to the inability of the times to grasp the idea of the necessarily perfect nature of the God-man, the cult of Mary crept in, for the Son having ascended the throne of judgment, and partaking of the nature of the Judge, the gentle, loving, compassionate female element had to be introduced in the form of another person. Thus contaminated almost at its source, we see how it too has evolved in its idea of its Trinity.

Is it unreasonable to expect that with the advance of Science and nearly two thousand years of the influence of the Holy Spirit, we should have a clearer conception of God and His unutterable



love for His children? Lamp-bearer after lamp-bearer has been sent to every country, and to every faith, to stem the tide of darkness which crept over the world as man's intellect expanded. But in spite of their efforts the world grew darker and the glorious faiths of old Egypt, Persia, India, and Israel degenerated into idolatry and formalism. Love, the link which binds men to God, the very essence of the divine nature, which is the Light of the World, had almost vanished; the light flickered almost to extinction, when that Great Spirit, controller of our Sun and its planets, the Father's true Son, and viceroy to us, came Himself to rekindle the glowing spark, and thus saved the humanity of our planet from disintegration. Think what we will of His personality, the light of His teaching of Love has permeated the earth, galvanising into life the best that was buried in the old faiths and creeds. Thus, in a grand and noble sense, His life, which necessarily included His crucifixion, since it was part of it, has redeemed the world from destruction.

The rock upon which the teaching of the New Testament is considered by the Christian Church to rest, as undoubtedly the disciples and early fathers also believed, is the divine personality of Jesus; and the attitude of the Church towards Spiritualism is vitally affected by that of the latter towards that doctrine.

In my own case, my favourite hero for many years has been Francis of Assisi, whose story I regard as the most delightful idyll of the Middle Ages. I cannot say, I do not know, how much I owe to this Spirit, who told me that the cord which bound me to him was mutual love for our Master. He said to me—"O brother, I have sat at the feet of my Master through what to you may be years, and have been so absorbed and wrapped by His wondrous presence that I have been as one dead and insensible to aught else but His lovely and most loveable self. He has been guide and Master to me here in actual presence as He was by faith on earth, and to serve Him here is perfect happiness. He is a great Spirit from everlasting, I believe. His perfect nature unfolds itself more and more as the soul advances towards His perfection."

St. Jerome thus put it to us—"Jesus Christ is the expression of God's love. Regard Him as you regard the purity of God—the highest we can possibly attribute to Him. Anything that detracts from His perfection is not true, but is the effort of the writer to express what he understood. He was born of a Virgin—the highest and purest was not too good for Him. What God then sent into the world was sufficient for all time, and there could never arise need for anything further. He, the revelation of God, was complete."

The legends of Osiris and Krishna, we are told are built up in the following manner. In the remote past prophets and seers foresaw the coming of the God-man. These prophets of Egypt and India fastened upon those unique incidents in His life by which He could be recognised when He came—the destruction of his body by evil, and His resurrection and ascension, which prophecies were in the course of time mistaken for history. There has been but one God-man upon the earth. His history is unique. In this essential point, at any rate, many Spiritualists are in heart-whole sympathy with the Church.

"I am the Vine, ye are the branches," says the Master, and it is noticeable that while the influence of Jesus upon his disciples was from without—during his earth-life—it only produced men too timid to acknowledge him in the hour of trial, but

from the hour of His Ascension the action of His Spirit, the Holy Spirit which He promised to bestow upon them,—that is to say His influence working upon them from within—made of these same men, for the most part fishermen, all of the humbler class—heroes, able and anxious to face persecution even unto death, orators of the first order able to speak in a flow of passionate fervour, sometimes in languages to them unknown, and healers able even to raise the dead. Nor have these gifts of the Spirit ceased to be bestowed, witness the long line of saints and the justly famous Curé d'Ars, who passed over as lately as 1859.

What outward and visible sign can we of to-day demand more convincing than the case of Dorothy Kerin, whose lovely little book, exquisite in its simplicity, "The Living Touch," tells the story of her complete and instantaneous recovery even at the apparent moment of dissolution, after a slow lingering of ten years—a little wayside flower plucked by the Master's hand, and set on high as a sign that His love and influence are as vital, vivid, and real to-day as at any period of the world's history, if only child-like faith and love make its reception possible.

Jesus, undisturbed, for His serenity was ever unmoved, was walking along a country-road with His disciples, who in knots of two's and three's were gloomily whispering their anxieties and disappointment. They had expected their Master to declare Himself a king, to ascend the throne of David, and to free their country from the Roman yoke. Instead they had been roughly handled, threatened, and ill-treated. Had they made a mistake? Was He after all the true Messiah? Jesus, walking in advance, knowing well their thoughts turned to them, "whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" In some confusion one of the disciples after a pause blurted out, "Some say that thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets." Jesus smiled and said, "But whom say ye that I am?" A mighty force swept over Peter, and flinging him upon his knees, uttered through his lips—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." All saw and recognised that Peter was under the control of a Spirit-intelligence, and understood the Masters' answer, "Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood have not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." The disciples clearly understood that the foundation of the Church was what they had just witnessed—Faith and Love—for they all knew Peter's devotion to his Master—guided by Inspiration, acting through a human medium, and these principles constituted the key which alone can pass a soul into the higher spheres of heaven.

This is the teaching of Spiritualism or of Religious Mysticism, which I regard as the higher expression of the same laws. The teaching of the New Testament reveals God as Love in its highest form—the Divine Father, altogether lovely and loveable. "Why callest thou Me good? There is none good but one, that is, God," said Jesus, himself the most lovely and loveable being ever seen on earth. We do not teach a child to fear his father, but to love him. How can men love what they fear? The idea of God as a Judge is unknown in any sphere above



the earth. Only here where we talk of justice, but know not the meaning of the word, is He so regarded. His attribute is perfect love, ever bestowing itself on all, as does the glorious sunshine, only obscured by man-created clouds. The limitless forgiving love of God, and the certainty of life beyond death, is definitely taught by Jesus in His words to the thief on the cross: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

I can admire and delight in the abstract principles of perfect purity, light, holiness, but my human heart craves love and the response of a heart that I can understand as human also. I find happiness in the assurance gained through Spiritualism of the reality of the perfect God-man—poor, despised, rejected, suffering a most cruel death for His principles, so that none can say "He was not tempted and tried as harshly as I." And the glorious glowing last chapter of His earth-life—His triumphant resurrection and ascension—show to poor blind mortals the immortality of Spirit, and its mastery over the material. His mission was to reveal the Father—the Divine Heart of love, and to demonstrate the nearness of the spirit-world.

Spiritualism is an important adjunct and instrument to be used to the same end. The insistent teaching of both the New Testament and of Spiritualism is that all progress consists of laying aside the material, for Spiritualism also demands renunciation of material ambitions on the part of those desiring to tread the higher path. There are many roads that lead to God: I have tried to indicate the one shown to me. I conclude with Tennyson's noble words:—

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove:

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,  
Thou madest Life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot  
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And Thou hast made him, Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:  
Our wills are ours, we know not how:  
Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

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## Additional Tribute to W. J. Colville.

By E. M. WALTER.

AS representing the Cosmos Society, I cannot refrain from adding my quota to the memory of our friend, W. J. Colville. Mrs. Severn's pen pictures recall vividly the pronounced characteristics and mannerisms of this many-sided, little, big man. I was intensely interested in his series of lectures given a few years ago at the Spiritualist Alliance rooms, when I was a member of the Council, but this interest was more pronounced when he gave a series at Chandos Street to the members and friends of the Cosmos Society in 1914. A series, full of force, educational, intellectual, inspirational and spiritual. At the close of the series he generously offered to give an

extra one, as a recognition of the enjoyment he had experienced in meeting us, and his appreciation of the interest shown by the audience. His offer was gladly accepted, and he opened the proceedings by unexpectedly going to the piano, and, accompanying himself, singing sweetly his favourite hymn.

Previous to his first lecture, I had persuaded a lady to come and hear him. She did so, and when I joined her after our friends were seated, and all was in readiness, she said, "are you not disappointed?" "What for?" I asked. "That your lecturer has not come." "Not come," I exclaimed, "he has been on the platform the last half-an-hour." Searching the platform she at last saw, coiled up on a chair at the extreme end, a slight figure. "What! that little wasp?" said she; but no one more enjoyed and revered "that little wasp" ever after.

On many points I can corroborate Mrs. Severn's details—the peculiar writing on any conceivable scrap of paper, the love of whimsically bestowing titles—I still have a receipt written by him, in which he wrote "received of Lady Cosmos, for hair-splitting," etc. In addition to his dislike of veils, he had a similar aversion to gloves. He was most impatient once when a lady fainted during his lecture, but was most tender afterwards in his inquiries. Yes, clocks always received his attention; also, plenty of seating accommodation, and re-arrangement of articles in the room while he was speaking, yet nothing broke his train of thought. His powers were almost beyond description. Regarding his impromptu poems—at his invitation unconnected words were suggested by members of the audience. Our friends named those of most opposite character, but, unhesitatingly, he would accept them, and each word was promptly woven into one harmonious poem, whose recital covered, on the average, quarter-of-an-hour. His memory still remains with us as a little body, a great soul; and he still lives in our hearts and lives.

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## AS THE ANGELS SEE.

Afar, in the Golden City,  
Great Guardian Angels stand,  
But their eyes go past the jewels unpriced,  
Yea, past the Ineffable Face of Christ,  
To the souls of this lower land.

And all the sights of the world,  
The sorrows and sins of men,  
The sordid, trivial, soul-dulling cares,  
The secrets of self scarcely named in prayers,  
Are open to their ken.

And their eyes return to Heaven,  
Past joys of the Perfect Place,  
Past prayers that rise to the Light like mist,  
Yea, past the Unspeakable Eyes of Christ,  
To rest on the Father's Face.

On It, the Face Omniscient,  
Eyes steady with trust they bend:  
They are sorely perplexed by sins and cares,  
Bewildered by mists of contending prayers,  
But the Father knoweth the End.

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON.

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All the light the Bible sheds on immortality was the result of Spirit intercourse.—*Professor Mapes.*



## Some Further Messages and Meditations.

By S. E. HAGGARD.

**M**R. W. J. COLVILLE in a recent message to myself says—"If those on the earth-plane only knew it, folks here, in spirit realms, have far greater reason to be afraid of those in the flesh than folks in the flesh have to fear those in spirit realms."

I quite agree with him—quite, for, think of it, a clergyman who had fulfilled a two years chaplaincy in Germany before the war, horrified me upon his return to England by saying that "the law of the land came far before the moral law!" Such were evidently Germany's tenets with which Mr. ——— had there become embued. So, Mr. Colville is right, for even a clergyman upon the earth-plane is not quite to be relied upon to hold his own in an evil atmosphere. Another clergyman once said to me, "If I were to see one of your spirit-friends, as you call them, I should be frightened to death." Now what do such signs of Materialism in the churches mean? As a child of not more than seven years of age, I felt antagonistic to its teaching, and as an adult, I withstood the clergy to the face with regard to the doctrine of "Substitution;" for could anything be more calculated to encourage licentiousness, and discount the law of righteousness, than that doctrine? I felt delighted to hear some Sunday School children singing the other day that old, nearly forgotten hymn—

"A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky."

How different to that impossible hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath its flood  
Lose all their guilty stains."

But O, it is pitiful! "Churches full, chapels full, and truths they have few"—to paraphrase some lines of one of Hood's poems.

Dr. John Pulsford has just said—"I want to tell you, friends, that the vexed question of Predestination need not be a question at all. You parents ought to be able to understand and exonerate the All-Parent from such a travesty of truth, as Calvinists affix to Paul's affirmations in the 8th chapter of Romans. Spiritualists at all events know that there is nothing arbitrary in foreknowledge, and parents and school teachers oftentimes predestine events according to their foreknowledge. Indeed, it would be unwise on their part not to do so. So where does the reproach towards The God-head with regard to Paul's assertion in the matter come in? Through the new Education Act it is to be hoped there will be many an example of foreknowledge shown, and many a promising youth and maiden predestined to receive every facility for achieving a desirable and honourable position in life. And suchlike predestination was meant by Paul to be understood by his pronouncements in the 29th and 30th verses of the 8th chapter of Romans.

I see by your June issue that Miss Katherine Bates mentions Lord Kitchener. She will perhaps be interested to know that he, Lord Kitchener, is in constant communication with the earth-plane, and is a far more potent factor against Germany's

militarism than before he was released from earth-life. Why not? For surely he has not ceased to be a soldier in the cause of right against might, through his removal to a spirit sphere.

I am not aware who gives the following—"The Christ came into the earth-plane to do His bit, and He did it. For this cause came He into the world." But it has taken a huge war to make others realise that there is a "bit" for them to do as well—man, woman and child. Will they cease to do their "bit," in some form or other when the war is over? It is to be hoped not, for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of others.

The Rev. John Armitage says—"This world-wide warfare is the second great tragedy in the cause of redemption—redemption from sin and animalism—the world has seen, the first being when the Christ hung upon the Cross, and the day of Pentecost followed. We cannot tell how many Pentecosts may not follow this second great tragedy. It is to be hoped, very many. Mr. W. T. Stead says—"Grief is too valuable an asset in the cause of redemption to be lightly assuaged."

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### THE LORD: MY STRENGTH AND MY SONG.—A PSALM.

Lord, I go forth alone,  
My Spirit leans on Thee,  
And, in quiet undertone  
I hear Thee speak to me:  
"Be not afraid  
In dark, or shade,  
On Me be all thy weakness stayed."  
Lord, I set out to walk;  
The narrow way to Heaven,  
And may no hindrance balk  
The help unto me given;  
Thy rod and stave  
Can make me brave.  
Lord, who so strong as Thou to save!  
Lord, till I reach the mount,  
Seat of Thy Holy Hill  
In Zion, where Thy fount  
Of living water will  
My thirst appease,  
As it shall please  
My God to grant me grateful ease.  
When I that City gain,  
The glorious Capital,  
My happy soul will fain  
In Thy dear presence fall.  
Fall to adore,  
Not to deplore  
Such weakness as I felt before.  
Because Thou art my Strength,  
Because Thou art my Song,  
I'm sure to reach at length  
My journey's end ere long.  
No hurt, no harm,  
Nor death's alarm,  
Can compass me at Thy right arm.

H. HALLETT B.

## The Principle of Unity.

By HANSON G. HEY.

**I** ONCE heard a suggestion made during a discussion on occult study to the effect that each should try to construct a philosophy for himself. Such a thing is not done in a hurry. Indeed it is a work of many years, unless the student has, consciously or otherwise, been steadily laying the foundations for one.

The importance of such an individual construction is evident, the philosophy must be his philosophy, not another's which he has thought himself into agreement with. It is the individual work that counts every-time; and his progress depends entirely upon it.

In endeavouring to construct a philosophy it is well to lay down for our own purpose a few principles which may be said to limit the field of enquiry and of reason, as well as to act as guide to us during the process.

(May I say here that however dogmatic this paper may appear to some it is only intended to convey a few suggestions and thus suggest thought. Thought-provokers are a need of the hour.)

The first principle, and the one which includes all the rest, is The Principle of Unity—the oneness of the universe in a philosophical sense.

This universe is not to be conceived by us, but it may be treated philosophically as one, the All, the Boundless; than which there can be no other, neither can anything be added to, or taken from it. It may be conceived by Totality.

Now let us see where this premiss leads us.

1st. All substance is contained within the universe. If the universal substance cannot be added to or taken from, that substance must be of eternal duration. There can be no new substance. It is Always the same, manifesting under different aspects.

2nd. All the possibilities of form are contained in the universe (and always have been). Even if we assume form to be merely our notions or conceptions of form, it will be seen to be impossible to conceive an entirely new form. All the possibilities of conception are, have been, and always will be contained in the universe; the line, the circle, the triangle, etc., have always been there, and 'tis of these all so-called new designs are made.

3rd. All ideas are merely rays from the universal idea. It has been said of old that "there is nothing new under the sun." Since nothing can be added to or taken from the universe it is manifestly impossible for either God or man to produce in it something which was not previously contained within it. How true the expression that we are building for all time. We build up civilisations (and alas destroy them, as little wanton boys their sand castles); we go from strength to strength, but the material is there ere we begin to build; it is but the application of the geometrising Deity within which fashions (not creates) the structure we erect, therefore we should take more heed of Holmes' majestic call,

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!  
As the swift seasons roll.  
Leave thy low vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at last art FREE,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

Ever working upwards, ever constructing finer and still finer edifices for the indwelling soul, but always with the same material working, we learn by experience that naught is useless, that naught is

perfectly evil, that all is good if but we work it rightly. It may be somewhat humiliating to learn that the brilliant ideas on which we plume ourselves are not strictly "ours," but there it is; we have to learn that not alone our ideas, but our every action (which of course follows from our train of thought) is not by us determined, that we are as pawns in the hands of a skilful chess-player, that we are but the instruments in the hands of higher forces whose will (not our's) is everytime being done. It may be a shock to know that all those well-matured plans we pride ourselves upon are simply that portion of the Absolute Idea, which by our living according to the laws of life we have been able to imbibe within our being. The thought which thrills us with its glowing warmth, has been there all the time, awaiting the recognition of man. Therefore, speak less often of inventors, and more often of discoverers, for so-called inventors arise, are forgotten, buried 'neath the debris of a ruined civilisation, to be re-discovered thousands of years afterwards, to be hailed as an invention of the present age. The fountain pen, I have heard it stated, was known to the ancient Egyptians, and many other of the boons of to-day, were enjoyed by our ancestors in the remote past.

4th. Life is a universal principle. Through all forms of matter the life principle pulsates; there is no such thing as dead matter. Were it not for the correspondence between man and gross matter, the latter would be a poor, if not an impossible, instrument for him to work with. Consciousness is one. Even as we live by reason of the life-principle in nature, so are we conscious because of universal consciousness. Later we will notice that in man is no double consciousness. That in him illustrates the principle of unity. Of course it may be argued that double consciousness is a known fact, but I maintain that because a man can see a portion of the outside of a house, and a part of the inside through a window at one glance, he of necessity does not possess a double consciousness. And likewise, if a clairvoyant, awake upon the physical plane, sees something transpire on the astral, it does not argue double consciousness; it is merely an extension, up to which the majority have not as yet ascended.

Now we come to deal with that portion of the universe with which we are most familiar—I mean Nature around us. The same principle of unity must obtain here. We are bound by the closest imaginable ties to our fellowman, be he saint or sinner, Pharisee or Publican, king or peasant, be she a model of feminine virtue or the poor shameless outcast. All must, where this principle is considered, stand on common ground, and remain (even while they do not recognise the fact) fragments of universal substance, drops in the great ocean of the universal Soul, rays from the central all-pervading spirit. Truly the Brotherhood of Man is builded on a firm foundation. The animals too, what are they? Maybe, the germ of individual immortality does not linger in them, but, whatever may be the nature of their composition, they hold it in common with us. Some day we all shall recognise their true position in nature, and their right to live. And, may be, when we have ceased to prey upon them, they will cease to prey upon each other. We are the elder brethren, and can hardly blame them for following our example. One of the greatest marks

of the advancement of the race is the prevention of cruelty to animals movement. Is its foundation less sure than that of the Brotherhood of Man?

And in the realm of gross matter, too, we have to recognise a substance we possess in common. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is literal truth so far as our bodies are concerned. Whatever substance we employ as the vehicle for soul-expression it is part of the universal store, which cannot be added to nor taken from. In this principle, good and evil are drowned. We lose them, and in their stead find motion and compensating law. That which we recognise as good or evil exists—but exists as good or evil to our sense preceptions only. The cloak will fall from the Pharisee directly he sees how firmly good and evil are wedded together, and the Publican will not feel it necessary to be so very humble after all.

Science, Religion, and Philosophy will cease to be antagonistic when once this principle is recognised. Each is founded upon ideas obtained from the all-containing universe. They are of the same essence, and that sense of separateness in man which causes him to consider himself apart from his fellows—apart from the animal, or even apart from the earth, save the recognised necessity of dwelling upon it in the absence of a better place—causes him to draw a line, an ever varying line, between good and evil, and to think of Science, Religion, and Philosophy as being always, and of necessity opposed to each other. This is not so

marked as it was some years ago. Lately a great step has been taken in the right direction. As we proceed with our study we shall see how the lines are converging to a common centre. I believe the Millennium is somewhere about there.

If within us is the Divine Essence—the essence of nature—then we should have great difficulty in thinking otherwise than that man is in perfect correspondence with the universe. In the perfect comprehension of this lies all knowledge. Occult law is that order of being which is hidden from us. As we perceive the perfect correspondence before mentioned the occult vanishes and gives place to knowledge. True Occultism is no mere curious experimenting, or seeking after powers not to be exercised by others, but lies rather in the seeking to unite outwardly Religion, Science, and Philosophy, so that all may work together to establish that harmony, the need of which must first be recognised. "Am I my brother's keeper?" asked Cain. Perhaps he was not; perhaps we are not; but we must be *just that* before we can make any real progress on Occult lines. "Thou must love the Lord thy God"—which is the essence of righteousness—"with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." This is the golden key of the door of Occultism, and when we have applied the principles to each branch of the study, there is still a great work to do, viz.; to establish our principles of right conduct upon a scientific basis.

## The Majesty of Law.

**T**O the surface thinker the apparent chaos which reigns on this distracted planet—the contradictions, illusions, disappointments, and failures which seems to meet one at every turn—implies a world without a ruler, governed by blind chance or one which has got out of hand, and is heading for destruction. "It is a mad world, my masters," he is ready to exclaim, and accepts the inevitable.

But, look deeper, and it will become clear that the reverse is true, and that all that we see is the orderly working-out of perfectly just and fixed laws. The disorder and suffering is the result of ignorance or of wilful disobedience to the great laws which govern the universe and human life. When man learns to come into harmonious relations with these laws, peace and tranquillity will follow.

The student of science knows that certain fixed laws obtain in the field of knowledge which, if adhered to, will ever open up in orderly sequence new fields to explore, but if rejected or set aside no progress can be made. Again, the mathematician knows that if he wishes to solve any problems he must make use of the principle or law governing the symbols in use in order to obtain the solution he seeks. If the chemist in his experiments runs counter to the laws which govern all glasses and explosives disasters will follow. The science of astronomy shews us the orderly procession of the heavenly bodies, and we know that not one of them could forsake its orbit without catastrophe following; while the mysterious comets rushing through space with incredible speed, if diverging from their course would cause conflagration and destruction undreamed of. When we come to the consideration of the moral law, our asylums, prisons, and hospitals shew us the dire results of ignoring the great law of love on which it is based.

How then can man on the sense-plane escape disaster? Only by seeking to know and understand the laws by which he lives, and coming into harmony with them. They are written for his learning on every hand, and he who runs may read. In the great scriptures of the world, in history, in nature, we are shown the necessity of conforming to the law of love, of reciprocity, of justice and mercy, of use and abuse, of activity, of brotherhood; and the penalty of neglect is put clearly before us. One of our great poets made the breaking of the great law of love the subject of his finest work. In the "Palace of Art" he shows the soul wrapped in selfish egoism, surrounded with the pleasures of intellect and the beauty of art, content to live at ease, and despising the common herd as ignorant swine. Then, upon it fell the doom of isolation, until the cry was wrung from it of human need, and redemption came with awakening to love of humanity, and recognition that the "hollow orb of moving circumstances" "is rolled round by one fixed law."

Guinevere, the guilty queen, found her salvation from selfish love in service for others in the cloister, and "for the power of ministration in her, was chosen Abbess." And the lover of Maud, obsessed by his own sorrows, was set free from the thrall of self by patriotism and sacrifice.

"I have felt with my native land;  
I am one with my kind."

The great Hooker was so uplifted by the thought of all-encompassing law that on his death-bed he cried, "Oh! the Majesty of Law! I look forward to seeing law and order reigning supreme in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Humanity, like an ignorant child, torments itself in vain, beating against the granite rock of law, when by coming into harmony with this universal principle it would find rest, and the golden age would dawn.

L. A. A.



## The Goajira Indians as I Saw Them.

By T. J. THOMAS.

SOME three years ago I visited South America on an expedition of exploration. Our pursuit was primarily coal, though copper and other metals received attention. Having read of the horrors perpetrated by Indians in South America, I decided to keep them at long range, and I made no preparations by way of arms and ammunition for self-defence, having been drinking of the milk of persuasive power for some years. Every other member of the party thought me unwise, and they were all armed. Thus it was I went from Santa Marta to Rio Hacha, thence into the Goajira country.

This Indian colony is a sort of buffer between the republics of Venezuela and Columbia, and is interwoven in the frontier politics of these republics.

At Rio Hacha I got in contact with the tribe, and my mind was devising the ways and means of making them understand that my mission was of a peaceful character. When first I saw them they appeared to bear out the description given me by some friends who had seen them at intervals, when in charge of patrolling gunboats off the Columbian coast. The male's dress was very scanty, a narrow loincloth sufficed him, which was woven in various colours. Females wore a loose over-all of cotton fabric, and for decoration wore anklets and wristlets of beads or tiny sea-shells. Sometimes a male had a feather in his head, which announced his rank as a camp leader or father. The children were mostly nude, but the females generally wore loose skirts. Of swarthy build, the Goajiran is a picture to look upon, with beady eyes and black hair, and skin of almost chocolate colour, a striking contrast to the Spanish Columbian. The people are quiet and very reserved, and have only reached the agricultural or pastoral stage. I sought traces of possible arts and craftsmanship, but I found nothing except skill in archery and weaving nets and hammocks. Whether they practice archery, for warlike purposes I cannot say, but their strength and skill with the bow is remarkable. They are adepts at poison-making, and their arrow-heads, steeped in poison, must be deadly weapons. I have seen arrows taking a flight of four hundred yards, attaining the height of a hundred feet. So skilled are they, that a bird on the wing is often brought down by using the shadow as a sight. Fishing in shallow rivers is also done by bow and arrow, and once seen a fish seldom escapes.

Unlike other uncivilised tribes they show no emotion of any kind when confronted with strange situations. Being nomads, they pack up their camps unceremoniously, never making the least fuss or noise. Whilst journeying inland several camps were seen on the move, and one was reminded of Persian caravanserai in the process of pilgrimage. Sometimes the camp numbered a dozen or fourteen people, but in most cases, the numbers were strictly limited to the immediate family group of four or five, who drove before them a small under-fed donkey, laden with the family possessions, consisting of hammocks, nets of fruits, maize, and in some cases water-bottles.

Mayhap some of the families had been in contact with Spanish families, and when passing they would say "A dios," or some other greeting in the Spanish language. There are some Indians who speak Spanish fluently, and one of their number has

qualified as a "father" in the Roman Catholic bishopric at Santa Marta. Later, the influence of this particular personage may play an important part in the development of his tribe. Their language is of great importance, and I understand that a Spanish priest has compiled a dictionary and correlated the sounds of the Indian tongue in Spanish. The language is extremely guttural, resembling a grunt.

I had thought to find a system of worship among them, either of idols or some manner of sun worship. Seemingly there is neither, and certainly no idolatry. There is, however, a trace of some thoughts of a future life, as was made manifest by an incident which came under our notice. Whatever may be the primal cause, death has the power to provoke their thought upon continuity of life, and their pent-up emotions to a remarkable degree, sometimes causing hysteria. We had been told that an Indian death-scene was an ideal place for sport, and one day at a village called Chancleté, one of our Spanish friends had news of a death, and told us to prepare for a visit to the death chamber. That evening when dusk fell, sounds of groans and wailing stole on our ears from the direction of the Indian camp, and speedily we proceeded thither. Arrived in camp, we observed fully a dozen women from neighbouring camps, kneeling in a circle round the hammock containing the body of a dead man, apparently about eighty years of age. We waited and watched for some signs of witchcraft or other wild orgies or dances, so common among primitive tribes, but only wailing and groaning could be heard. For the first time I heard cadence in the Indian voice, arising from the deep moan, as of great agony, until it reached a more plaintive sound. Evidently those poor women were in great distress, for the unison could be produced only by sincerest motive. The males were silent watchers, unmoved by aught around them, and in the glow of a log-fire, presented a spectacle stamped indelibly upon my memory. We had gone to witness what our guides called sport, but I left that death-scene with heavy heart, having been deeply impressed by the solemnity of the occasion. The women wailed all through the night into the dawn, never ceasing to rest themselves, whilst their men-folk remained in a passive condition the whole time. Next morning a small band of men took away the corpse and buried it under a large tree near the roots, then set fire to the brushwood around. In the course of time, the tree was burned, the idea of the burning being obscure to me, unless some form of cremation was the motive. Two young Indians, who could speak a little Spanish, told me there is no established system of worship, but in the case of death, they believe in the "spirit" retaining earthly form long after it leaves the body. And it may be of interest to Spiritualists to note that they believe a child in the spirit-world really grows into maturity, finally leaving the earthly sphere for some region above. Upon being asked the reason for such outward grief at the death of one of their number, we were told that the amount of grief expressed was an appeal for the soul's safe passage into the great bosom of nature.

These people have no central law-making machinery, such as a convention of chiefs, or a select gathering, but their laws and customs, though unwritten, are a standard of honour which

few of them will break. Ethically, they exceed our vaunted civilisation. They are not covetous, so will not stoop to plunder; they live for themselves, and are undisturbed by outside influences. They have matrimonial laws, to which they very rigidly adhere, and though unwritten, are understood by them, though perhaps we should require acts and statutes galore, in order to achieve their object. Divorce is unknown, for the bond of union is so strong that the necessity for separation never arises. There is, however, a system of free-love, where a woman who tires of her lot, may dissolve partnership and return to her father, who pays a kind of ransom, upon the jilted husband proving his innocence. They are monogamists in practice and precept.

As a wife, the Indian woman has no peeress in honour and faithfulness, whilst she is the hard worker of the tribe, doing all or nearly all the heavy work of water-carrying. Their habits are cleanly, for they take a daily bath in the nearest river or brook. The women are grave, and prudery is unknown among them. As servants, treated properly, the Indian boy or girl is almost ideal. Their devotion is splendid, and not knowing any but moral law, they are very trustworthy. One boy, in particular, I was very fond of, for besides the fact that he saved my life on one occasion, when I was lost in the bush, he seemed to anticipate my every want, and his attention so impressed me, that my affection for him grew by leaps and bounds until, when it came to our parting, I was distressed. From him we gained much knowledge of his tribe.

I have said that the Columbian government has assumed responsibility for the Goajiran legislation, and if what is in its early stages proves successful, the Indian may yet in our day join the ranks of civilised people. There is already a scheme of education in operation at Rio Hacha. A school has been built, capable of holding one hundred children, with sleeping and feeding accommodation. The children were being taught by Spanish teachers, under the guidance of the Bishop of Rio Hacha, and the Indian, who has become a "padre," will figure advantageously in the scheme, as he understands his own people, and must be more influential than a host of Spanish teachers. Those little ones are the first of their race to learn anything of the teacher's art.



## An Automatic Script on Spirit Return.

**A** YORKSHIRE lady who has contributed some beautiful poems to the *Psychic Gazette*, writes to us—"The earth-telepathy, and the various workings of the human mind, are being put forward so much as an explanation of my own personal experience of spiritism, that I was moved to take pencil and paper with the following result. I was rather surprised when I began to write in the first person singular, my hand being apparently guided by someone on the other side:—

The most subtle opponent of the idea of Spirit Return, or Spiritism, is the man who proves to himself and to an admiring public, that all *prima facie* proofs of the aforesaid can be easily explained on a basis of subconscious thought, or by telepathy, on the earth-plane. In his eagerness to impress these "facts" on his hearers he forgets a most important factor in the case for spirit return, and that is the spirit himself.

We leave this plane, having learnt the enormous power

of the human will, the strange and unexplained force of human telepathy, and some of us, with the profound belief in the possibility of spirit return. And then—those we leave behind us are advised to leave us alone, and to disbelieve in the possibility and advisability of encouraging telepathy between ourselves and those we love on the earth-plane.

Surely telepathy, being a spiritual gift, will be much more easily used when the mortal shall have put on immortality? If we spirits on the other side of space have no intercourse with the human side of life, what are we doing? "Praising God without end," quotes the religious man. Certainly, but you earth people ought to be doing that *now*—and you needn't stop work to do it. A mother engaged in prolonged prayer and praise, while a neglected baby cries for food, would not meet with the approval of Our Father. And a spirit who did not unite with Christ in the travail of the world would not serve God so completely.

True, there are other spheres, and in the fourth dimension many to be helped. But the earth to many of us holds our dearest, bound to us by ties no earthly hand can sever. Is it likely we shall forsake them? Is it not more than likely that we want them to know that we still love them, and still further to help prove to them that the last enemy to be destroyed, is Death?



## SEEING ANGELS.

(Letter to the Editor).

38, Carmichael Street,  
Dundee.

DEAR SIR,—While reading Nada's article on "The Force that is Compelling," in the May number of the *Psychic Gazette*, especially the part where she refers to the assumption that angels did save our army at Mons, the thought struck me that you might be interested in an experience of my own. I had been reading an article on the same subject pointing out that different people could see according to their different development, and I went to bed pondering over it. The next thing I was conscious of was of myself standing on the shell-torn fields of France, with here and there the scattered ruins of buildings. The sun was shining brilliantly, and great masses of white clouds appeared in the sky. Out of the clouds materialised two female figures, one very distinctly, one had dark hair with a white band round it, and a white flower just above the ear. She was dressed in flowing white robes drawn in at the waist with a girdle. I said—"Was that how the angels appeared at Mons?" and a voice answered—"Yes, that is how the angels appeared at Mons."

I know that I am taken away while my body is asleep, and sometimes I remember where I have been, but I shall always treasure the memory of that experience in France, as I feel confident that angels did help our army, and are still helping them. Some people would say it was merely a dream, consequent on my thoughts before retiring, but I am inclined to regard it as a real experience.

I have great faith in the help of our unseen friends if we will but give them the chance. I have been trying to develop clairvoyance, but present conditions do not seem favourable.

The reading of the *Psychic Gazette* is one of the pleasures of my life.

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

JANE DICKS.



TO THE SORROWING.—A very kind proposal to write letters of comfort to mourners has been made to us by a lady reader of the *Psychic Gazette* who has herself passed through much sorrow, and would be glad of the opportunity to help and cheer those who have been bereaved. If you need sympathy or light in your time of darkness and perplexity, write to "Comforter," *Psychic Gazette* Office, 24a, Regent Street, S.W.1., enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. We trust no one will write from motives of frivolity or idle curiosity, as this is a sacred and blessed work our friend can do well for those who are sincerely seeking for light and comfort.

If the inspiration of the present age be rejected by the Churches, how can they believe in the inspiration of the past.—*Dr. J. H. Robinson.*

## Phrenology : A Psychic Study.—VII.

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

### HEREDITY.

ONE of the most difficult problems we have to solve is that known as heredity—how far its power and influence control our personalities, and consequently how great is its effect upon our origin and destiny.

The information available on the subject is sufficiently convincing to leave no shadow of doubt as to its having been a primordial principle operating in the genesis of man. The main facts are to-day as potent as ever, mysteries of human personality.

Before entering upon the psychic phase of this subject, it may be well to deal with it in a general sense as ordinarily accepted and try to find out what it is we inherit, and what steps may be taken (if any) to improve the inheritance of those still unborn.

Whilst there is no question as to the possibility of transmission of inherited or ingenerate qualities to our children, there is considerable doubt as to the possibility of transmitting acquired features. In favour of so doing it has been argued that the giraffe's neck has acquired its great length from the fact that it fed from leaves of trees which were normally above its reach, and that constant stretching ultimately made the long neck a characteristic of the animal which it transmitted to its young. This hypothesis bristles with difficulties with which one cannot stop to deal. One or two queries, however, suggest themselves. If the giraffe, why not other long-necked animals? Why the growth of the neck and not the legs? How were the early short-necked giraffes fed, if their fodder was out of their reach? If they secured sufficient food to survive, what need for the extra length of neck? These with other questions, though not suggesting disproof of the hypothesis, at any rate calls for further consideration of the question.

Experiments in other directions seem to discount the theory of transmission of acquired characteristics. It has been the practice for thousands of years to cut off the tails of lambs, and though practically every parent sheep is tailless, yet every lamb is still gifted with a long tail. Some tribes of men flatten the foreheads of their infants by applying constant pressure with flat boards, with the result that all adults of the tribes have flat heads; but yet, after countless generations of flattening, all the children are born with convex foreheads, and the process of flattening has again to be repeated.

The facts seem to suggest that nature cannot be altered from without, and any desired change must spring from within. The need for good parentage, therefore, to render this possible, is startlingly apparent. In this connection, how valuable a knowledge of Eugenics would be. All potential parents should be taught the laws pertaining to parenthood, with special reference to lineage and heredity. Then, natural law may be evoked; men and women would seek for worthy co-partners, selecting each other, not because of some fancied personal charm, but because of their fitness for the chief duties of life—the evolution of a nobler race. Selection of the best, by the best; remembering that the best for A would not necessarily be the best for B; but with due regard to the whole of the conditions, the

great majority of mankind would be happily mated, and the standard of both physical and spiritual life would be definitely raised in their progeny.

What do we inherit from our parents? We read in an old and valued book that grapes do not grow upon thorns, nor figs upon thistles. Every schoolboy knows that the tree which will grow as the result of planting an acorn will be neither an elm nor a beach. The seed of a plant will produce a plant of the same nature as that which produced the seed, and none other. "Every creature after his kind" is a natural law which has no exceptions. Tigers are the product of tiger parentage, elephants of elephant parentage, and human beings of human parentage. This is an incontrovertible fact, and is the first great law in heredity.

But along with the tiger body is included the tiger brain, which is an integral and essential part of that body; and in that tiger brain you have all the tiger's capacities and potentialities. Hence you have the tiger spirit, the tiger propensities, the tiger blood-lust, in addition to each tiger's individual and personal characteristics, which differentiate tigers from each other. I refer to their perceptions, their affections to their mates and their offspring, and also their specific abilities in their methods of attack, defence, defiance, and other features.

Like tigers, all children, with their bodies, inherit their brains. The brain is a bodily organ; but it is the home of the psyche or soul, and the operations of the soul are entirely dependent upon, and strictly limited to, the brain's capacity. Though it is recognised that each individual has to build up his own personality by his actions during life, it must be equally well recognised that all his powers are subject to his brain's capacity; the individual being absolutely powerless to think, or do, anything beyond the limits of that capacity.

At what line therefore, is the border of his responsibility to be drawn? Not only on physical formations are the results of heredity traceable, but in intellectual and moral matters likewise. The man inherits from his parents all the characteristics of manhood—human sentiments, propensities, emotions and desires; as well as its capacities for action and expression—animal, intellectual, moral and spiritual.

In my next article I propose to show that the influence of heredity began in generations long ago, and that each succeeding stage in the building of a man has had its moulding and modifying influence; yet, here, I desire to assert that the last or immediate parental conditions are the most potent. The strain or breed, as it may be termed, from the earliest times is still ingrained deep in the nature of the individual, and doubtless adds its quota to the formation of the character and the maturing of the soul. It may, however, be accepted as a truism that the faculties which, in the parents, are the most active and predominant at the time the organic existence of the child begins, determines to a great extent its future disposition. That these conditions are constantly changing in the parents, largely accounts for the many differences which exist between children of the same family.

## Letters to the Editor.

### SPIRITUALISM AND THE REV. CHAS. TWEEDALE.

SIR,—As one of the many who have read the life of Anne Catherine of Emmerich, and been much impressed by it, may I ask on what grounds the Rev. Chas. Tweedale places his own experiences on a level with this holy woman's—thereby manifesting a strange lack of the Christian humility which it is his part to set forth? Will he kindly detail to his readers the circumstances under which he, himself, heard "voices from invisible throats?" For his bare statement is hardly sufficient to convince anyone that his "voices," if real, are to be placed in the same category as those of the Sister Anne Catherine, whose visions and experiences were of a singularly high order.

Mr. Tweedale tells us that "when Spiritualistic experiences occur in the fold of the Roman Catholic Church, they are regarded as angel visits" always. I think even a non-Catholic may be allowed to protest against a statement so untrue and unfair! The various Lives of the Saints bear witness to the fact that priests and confessors of Catholic Mystics have been wont to advise them over and over again against placing too much trust in visions and voices and subjective experiences, generally; these bring considered a form of temptation very often the result of human imperfections. The case of Mde. Guyon is a notable example of a Roman Catholic Mystic being forcibly restrained by priestly influence from bringing discredit upon the Church in the eyes of a frivolous and sceptical world. And, surely, it is right to be over-cautious in matters dangerous and uncertain, rather than to adopt the attitude of the Rev. Chas. Tweedale, who seems to embrace most things, as Spiritualism, good, bad, or indifferent!

The fragment of history he quotes in relation to the Bishop of Beauvais and Joan of Arc is hardly sufficient to allow of any sweeping inferences. It reads too much like a morsel culled from some preparatory summing-up of one of the greatest and most complex cases the world has ever known. We all know that in semi-political, semi-religious trials of this kind there is much that never appears, by reason of the psychological or psychic element involved. The Bishop of Beauvais saw his part in its proper light eventually, made open reparation, which argues a better side to his character than Mr. Tweedale's view expresses. History places much of the responsibility, as a matter of fact, on our side, a thing Mr. Tweedale's fragment does not allow for.

We are asked: "In view of the above facts what value is the judgment of any Roman Catholic bishop, priest, or dignitary, against Spiritualism?" The Bishop of Beauvais made a mistake in respect to Joan of Arc. He was a Roman Catholic priest. Therefore, all Roman Catholic bishops, priests and dignitaries must be regarded as devoid of judgment concerning all those things Mr. Tweedale chooses to class as Spiritualism! After such a specimen of reasoning as this, what value is to be placed on Mr. Tweedale's own opinions, considered as propaganda! "To the free man who can think clearly . . . there is only one answer!"

Yours truly,  
M. A. F. SHEPHERD.

N.B.—I hardly imagine Father Vaughan or a Church dignitary will think it worth while to reply to Mr. Tweedale's letter; so I hope what I have written will not be considered out of place as coming from one who is a reader of the *Psychic Gazette*, though opposed to Spiritualism itself.—M.A.F.S.



### MR. TWEEDALE'S REPLY.

Mrs. M. A. F. Shepherd's letter, like most of the Anti-Spiritualist stuff that appears from time to time, has no substance in it. She lacks the larger view, born of an accurate knowledge of the subject, and suffers from the narrow bigotry and bitterness of a renegade, who has turned against what she once used to profess. Her criticisms too, are shallow and superficial, invariably missing the point under argument and examination.

My experiences and those of St. Anne Catherine can be placed in the same category, by reason of their similarity. Mrs. Shepherd does not understand, and probably never will, that we are dealing in these matters with definite phenomena of the universe, and similarity of

manifestation argues similarity of cause, as well in psychic matters as in physical ones. Many of these experiences of mine have been detailed in various publications during the past few years, and are supported not by my "bare statement" alone, as Mrs. Shepherd says, but by the testimony of many other witnesses. If my experiences are of the devil, then neither Mrs. Shepherd nor anyone else can prove that St. Anne Catherine's were not of the devil likewise.

It is a mere matter of every day reading, and the most ordinary acquaintance with Roman Catholic literature, to know that the Roman Church supports the Spiritualism within its own pale and condemns that of an exactly similar nature which is outside. A volume of testimony to this attitude could easily be produced, and to attempt to deny it argues either ignorance or the blindness of bigotry and fanaticism.

Mrs. Shepherd defends the Bishop of Beauvais, saying that he made a mistake, and she apparently wishes us to infer that it was the mistake of one man, and that this "mistake," being a personal one, did not represent the policy of the Roman Catholic Church. Unfortunately for her, the facts are dead against her. The Bishop of Beauvais was associated with a number of other Roman Catholic officials, who together examined, threatened, and bullied Joan of Arc, charging her with being "a sorceress, a liar, a blasphemer of God and His angels, a lover of blood, cruel, wicked, commissioned by Satan," etc., etc. After all kinds of lying and trickery, they brought this poor girl to the stake, in 1431, and had the heartless effrontery to taunt her as they watched her writhing in the flames! This was the act, not of one Roman Catholic dignitary, but of many.

Nor was the burning of Joan on these charges a solitary act, for it was followed by a fearful persecution (second only in horror and iniquity to that of the Inquisition) consequent on the bull of Pope Eugene IV., in 1437, and especially on the bull "*Summis Desiderentes*" of Pope Innocent VIII. in 1484, as the result of which Roman Catholic dignitaries, armed with that infamous book the "*Malleus Maleficarum*"—(a manual put forth by the Roman Church for the examination and seeking out of sorcerers and those in league with the devil, and a monument of blasphemy, ignorance, and nonsense)—scoured Europe, burning, torturing, and hanging hundreds of thousands of unfortunate wretches on the same charges that the Roman Church burnt Joan; and this went on for two hundred of years.

Mrs. Shepherd's feeble plea that the burning of Joan of Arc was the isolated act of one poor mistaken Roman Catholic dignitary, who afterwards repented, is thus seen at its true value. Perhaps Mrs. Shepherd would like to whitewash these iniquities also? If psychic phenomena are illusions or devil's tricks to-day, then they were the same in the past. The web is all of one warp and woof, stretching down the ages, and one cannot arbitrarily cut it at any point.

Yours faithfully,  
CHAS. L. TWEEDALE.

Weston Vicarage,  
near Otley, Yorks.



### THE NAME OF SPIRITUALISM.

Edinburgh, May 25th, 1917.

DEAR SIR,—I have frequently noticed that many of your readers have troubled themselves over the name "Spiritualism," that the general public have expressed hypercritical ideas concerning the same, and that quacks and quackery have used the name as a cloak, until the word Spiritualism makes many good Church people shudder. Now, Sir, that timely letter of A. E. Jackson (in your May number) strikes a key-note for a happier change—a change which I am certain will remove the dry rot from the Churches, and the slur from Spiritualism. Let us unite the words "CHRISTIAN-SPIRITUALISM." Let the Bible have the first place on the platform and in the pews; let Jesus the Christ, Who is the greatest of all seers, the "bright and morning star," be our guide from Sunday morning to Saturday night; and let us think that the Bible is the best effort of men who in their day were guided by well-organised unseen forces—which same forces guide us in our imperfect lives in the present day. The words "CHRISTIAN-SPIRITUALISM" would, I feel sure, result in drawing all men unto it."

Yours truly,  
GEO. INNES, F.R.A.S.



## THE GORSEINON MEDIUM.

The Athenaeum,  
Pall Mall, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I have just returned from Gorseinon, where I went, by arrangement, after reading the remarkable article, by Mr. William Henry Davies, in the issue of the *I. P. Gazette* for May. That article is in no way overdrawn. The phenomena I witnessed were *amazing*; and I am very much obliged to the circle for allowing me to join it.

Although I myself tied the medium most securely up, the bands passing round him several times, both his coat and his waistcoat were taken off. One or two direct voices spoke. Bells were played, and fairy bells sounded. Little india-rubber dolls were thrown about, and the tambourine rang loudly; my face and knee were touched, not only by the cardboard funnels, but also, apparently, by materialised hands.

The second seance, which took place on the following evening, was in some ways even more wonderful still. Then direct writing was given. A paper which I had secured in a closely sealed cover was taken out of that cover, and had a name and two initials written on it, and was found near me, when the cover itself was brought and handed to me, or rather laid on my lap, with the *seals still intact*. There was also direct writing on a board. Flowers were brought to me, and one of the little dolls presented. The medium's boots were taken off *without being unlaced*, a thing I had asked to see done—all this although he himself was tightly tied to the chair. The tambourine was again manipulated, bells again sounded, and flowers were brought, while a really exquisite imitation of two larks answering each other was given—the sound of the very rapid flight of larks being admirably reproduced, and the bird being heard as seeming to approach its nest.

The second of the two seances was quite the most remarkable that I have ever attended, and I sincerely hope before long to have the opportunity of being present at others with this exceedingly gifted medium.

Yours truly,  
C. H. ST. JOHN-MILDMAY.



## Book Notices.

## ADVANCES IN PHRENOLOGY.

PHRENOLOGY FOR STUDENTS.—By J. P. Blackford. London: The British Phrenological Society, Incorporated, 65-66, Chancery Lane, W.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

The student of human nature has long required a textbook of Phrenology, and it is well for the science that so able a teacher as Mr. Blackford has filled the need. The book is well-printed, inexpensive, contains original diagrams, and is altogether the most valuable contribution to the literature of Phrenology in recent years. Mr. Blackford is a keen scientist, and possesses a charming literary style. His work will prove an inspiration to the student. The scientific aspect rather than the art of phrenology itself has been considered in greater detail in this work. There are excellent chapters on the anatomy and physiology of the brain and the skull. The locations of the organs in their particular convolutions of the brain are in all cases demonstrated, and the surface markings and the best means of estimating the degree of development of the underlying brain substance are explained. Comprehensive definitions of the mental faculties are given, together with their manifestations in a condition of excess or deficiency, and a section is devoted to Mr. Blackford's own system of temperamental classification, which is considered by practical character delineators to be the best of its kind. Psychology is discussed in an interesting chapter, and the author tells us how the "attributes" of the older metaphysicians are not fundamental faculties of the mind, but are the resultants of the actions of many elementary faculties. He shows how the phrenologists foreshadowed Johannes Müller's doctrine of specific nerve energies, in their teaching that "each faculty of the mind has its own brain organ and cannot operate through another." The concluding chapters emphasise the valuable assistance phrenology may render in the further study of the sciences of anthropology, criminology, and, particularly in psychiatrics, show how near we yet are to the borderland of knowledge, and how wide afield of research is open to the rich rewards which are for those who would fathom the intricacies of human personality. We thank Mr. Blackford for his devotion to his beneficent science, and we would commend this book to all those who wish to have a greater knowledge of mind, motives, and mankind.

A. G. M. S.

## THE VALUE OF LAUGHTER.

CHEERFULNESS AS A LIFE POWER. By Orison Swett Marden. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 1s. net.

The author of this most wholesome little book says in the preface, "what is needed is a habit of cheerfulness, to enjoy every day as we go along; not to fret and stew all the week, and then expect to make up for it on Sunday or on some holiday. It is not a question of mirth so much as cheerfulness; not alone that which accompanies laughter, but serenity—a calm sweet soul—contentment and inward peace." The seven chapters are helpful to this end. The first tells how Vanderbilt paid to the elder Coquelin £600 for twelve laughs, and quotes the testimony of many writers as to the value of laughter. "A hearty laugh," says Dr. Ray, "is more desirable for mental health than any exercise of the reasoning faculties." "Mirth is God's medicine," said Oliver Wendell Holmes. "I find nonsense singularly refreshing," said Talleyrand. And "laugh and grow fat" says everybody. The author says "laughter accelerates the respiration, and gives warmth and glow to the whole system. It brightens the eye, increases the perspiration, expands the chest, forces the poisoned air from the least-used lung cells, and tends to restore that exquisite poise or balance which we call health, which results from the harmonious action of all the functions of the body. This delicate poise, which may be destroyed by a sleepless night, a piece of bad news, by grief or anxiety, is often wholly restored by a good hearty laugh." The story is told of an American woman who was a victim of almost crushing sorrow, despondency, indigestion, insomnia, and kindred ills, who determined to throw off the gloom that burdened her life, and established a rule to laugh heartily at least three times a day. Her husband and children did not at first enter into the spirit of her plan, but laughing is infectious, and they were soon swept into the laughing cure, and the neighbours also. The woman was soon in excellent health and buoyant spirits, her home became cheerful, her ailments all vanished, and her husband became a changed man. The other chapters of the book are equally interesting.

In our notice of Mr. Herbert P. Waite's "Compendium of Natal Astrology" we said—"So far as we can observe, it contains about everything a student requires (excepting a sidereal time-table)" etc. The author has drawn our attention to the fact that a sidereal time-table *does* appear in it at page 204. This excellent astrological manual can therefore be recommended without reservation.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

From *The Two Worlds' Publishing Co., Ltd.*

CONSTRUCTIVE SPIRITUALISM. By W. H. Evans, author of "Spiritualism: a Philosophy of Life." Price 2s.

From *Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd.*

THE GOD IN YOU. A Selection from the Essays of Prentice Mulford, with an Introduction by Ralph Shirley. Price 1s. net.

From *Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd.*

DO THOUGHTS PERISH? or, The Survival after Death of Human Personalities. By Recorder. Price 2s. 6d. net.

OUT OF THE VORTEX: The True Record of a Fight for a Soul. By Laura Lindley. Illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE WEIRD ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR DELAPINE OF THE SORBONNE. By George Lindsay Johnson, M.A. M.D. Price 6s.

STARS OF DESTINY. By K. Taylor Craig. Price 7s. 6d. net.

From *Cassell & Co., Ltd.*

THE MEMOIRS OF A BALKAN DIPLOMATIST. By Count Chedomile Mijatovich. Illustrated. Price 16/- net.

## READERS' TESTIMONIES

*The Hon. Secretary* of the Coventry Progressive Spiritualistic Society writes: "Owing to the increasing interest in *I.P.G.*, I have great pleasure in asking you to send us an additional six copies until further notice, and hope to still further increase the sales as your paper becomes known and appreciated."

*An Antrim Reader*: "This month's *Gazette* is up to the usual standard, i.e., Excellent."

*Copenhagen and Surrey Readers* in sending us their annual subscriptions have included kind donations to help defray present abnormally heavy expenses. These quite voluntary signs of goodwill and helpfulness we deeply appreciate.

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W. T. STEAD.

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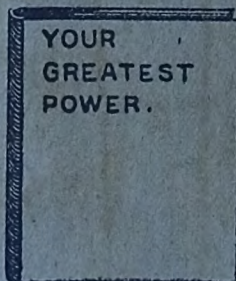
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