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NOVEMBER, 1917.

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THE PSYCHIC SOCIAL CENTRE OF LONDON.

### Programme of Drawing Room Meetings for November, 1917.

## MEMBERS ONLY.

<b>Friday, November 2nd.</b> Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "The Conditions of After-Life," by Mrs. Mary Gordon.	<b>Afternoon 4 p.m.</b>	<b>Wednesday, November 21st.</b> Club Drawing Room Tea, after which Mrs. Graham Harvey will relate some of her Psychic Experiences.	<b>Afternoon, 4 p.m.</b>
<b>Wednesday, November 7th.</b> Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Demonstrations of "Psychometry," by Mrs. Boddington.	<b>Afternoon, 4 p.m.</b>	<b>Friday, November 23rd.</b> Lecture entitled "Man, the Thinker," by Mr. D. N. Dunlop. NOTE.—Teas will not be served in the Drawing Room but can be obtained before the Lecture in any of the other rooms. Lecture commences at 4.30 p.m.	<b>Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.</b>
<b>Friday, November 9th.</b> Lecture on "The Relations of Spiritualism and Theosophy," by Mr. A. P. Sinnett. Chairman: Dr. Abraham Wallace. NOTE.—Tea will not be served in the Drawing Room this day, but will be served in any of the other rooms.	<b>Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.</b>	<b>Wednesday, November 28th.</b> Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture by Mrs. Wesley Adams on "Dreams." Mrs. Wesley Adams will give some of her own experiences of dreams and travelling during sleep.	<b>Afternoon, 4 p.m.</b>
<b>Wednesday, November 14th.</b> Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by an Inspirational Address by Madame A. de Beaurepaire.	<b>Afternoon, 4 p.m.</b>	<b>Friday, November 30th.</b> Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture, entitled "World Power—a Sane and Justifiable Policy," by Miss B. Pullen-Burry, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I. Lady Lumb will take the Chair.	<b>Afternoon 4 p.m.</b>
<b>Friday, November 16th.</b> Club Drawing Room Tea.	<b>Afternoon, 4 p.m.</b>		
<b>Tuesday, November 20th.</b> Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture entitled "Composers as Husbands," by F. Gilbert Webb, Esq. ("Lancelot" of the Referee). Chairman: Alderman D. S. Ward. Songs by Madame Nina Field. Accompanist: Miss Adela Hamaton.	<b>Afternoon, 4 p.m.</b>		

### NOTICE.

The W. T. Stead Bureau hold a Meeting at the Club every Tuesday Evening at 6.30, to which Club Members are invited.

"Your Better Self Class," held by Miss Violet Burton, every Thursday Afternoon, at 3.30 p.m., to which Members are cordially invited.

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

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

# PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

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## Our Outlook Tower.

### THE STAGE AND SPIRITUALISM

#### "THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR."

MR. ALBERT DE COURVILLE, on a recent visit to the United States, found that no fewer than eleven psychic and Spiritualistic plays were being staged in New York theatres. It was a significant discovery, indicating that in America at least the investigation of the Unseen has ceased to be merely a thing to sneer at or to jeer at. The psychic vogue he tells us, is not confined to New York city but is spreading all over the States. The majority of these plays are serious, and the American public are taking them not only with an open mind, but are being convinced by them. Apart from their instructive value, the plays are found to grip and hold the minds of the audience, and people are, he says, wanting that sort of thing at present even more than the light stuff they get in the music halls. His transportation of "The Thirteenth Chair" from New York to a London Theatre was something of an experiment, but Mr. De Courville has already found that people here are taking it more earnestly than previous plays of the same kind.

"The Thirteenth Chair" is a mystery play by the author of "Within the Law." The opening scene is a seance conducted by Madame la Grange. Before Madame arrives, the fashionable sitters discuss the possibilities of communicating with the dead, and one of the gentlemen says he means to try to find out who was the murderer of his best friend, who had been stabbed in the back in his own rooms, where no knife had been found and nothing was missing. Madame was carefully searched by the ladies of the party to see that she had no accessories for the seance secreted on her person. The windows were closed, the doors were locked, and the keys were given into the charge of a man-servant, who stood on guard outside the room. The company took their seats and it was discovered that the last gentleman to sit down was to occupy the thirteenth chair. He was not superstitious, and did not mind, but of course some terrible tragedy is thus foreshadowed. Madame is pleasantly rallied on the subject of trickery at seances, and she frankly admits that though there are wonderful unseen powers genuinely manifested on occasions, these could not be commanded at every place and time. The medium, she said, sometimes resorted to tricks, with a view to give clients value for their money. What would you have? She must live!

The lights are now put out, the sitters join hands, and in a few moments there is an alarmed cry from one of the ladies. The lights are switched up, and Madame instead of being found in her chair, with a gentleman on either side each holding her hand, is seen outside the circle behind the lady who has been alarmed. The two gentlemen are seen holding each others hands, instead of Madame's. Madame explains how this trick (one that is associated with the name of Eusapia Paladino, a famous Italian medium) has been performed, and then insists on being securely tied in her chair, so that the seance may proceed without any nonsense.

The lights are again put out, and in a few minutes a voice which is recognised by his friend as that of the murdered man, is heard. This friend, who is sitting in the thirteenth chair, is questioning the spirit as to who had murdered him, and all but gets the answer, when there is an agonised cry. The lights are again put up, and to the consternation of all it is found that the man in the thirteenth chair has been stabbed in the back, just like his friend, and is lying dead on the floor. Without unlocking the doors the police are sent for, and an inspector (who is played to perfection by Mr. James Carew, the husband of Miss Ellen Terry) arrives to investigate the case. No knife can be found in the room, though every sitter is searched by a policeman and a police-matron, and everything in the apartment is ransacked. This is truly most mysterious. It seems that the murderer of the first victim is probably one of the sitters, and that the man in the thirteenth chair was got rid of before the voice of the spirit had revealed the criminal's identity. Suspicion falls upon two of the ladies, and certain circumstances are brought out by the inspector which seem to compromise them. They make tearful denials, and every occupant of the room is put under formal arrest.

Before they are removed to prison cells Madame la Grange asks for a single hour's delay so that she may find the murderer. The inspector curtly gives her ten minutes. Then comes the startling final scene. The medium, brought face to face with a life-and-death charge, discards all fakery and comes down to reality. She implores the discarnate persons in the room to assist her, and the voice of one of the murdered men is heard speaking. It is recognised by the murderer, who makes a confession and explains the motives which led to the crimes. This denouement it would not be fair for us to reveal in detail, for then "The Thirteenth Chair" would be no longer a mystery play to puzzle and entertain those of our readers who intend to see it. It is sufficient to say that the smart detective found his theory of the case had been all at sea, and that the real solution of the problem was brought about by a voice from the unseen.

This play admits, as frankly as "The Invisible Foe," the reality of Spiritualistic phenomena. In the latter case these are unsullied by association with any professional mediumship or trickery, and from the point of view of Spiritualism pure and undefiled that play has been most gratefully received. In "The Thirteenth Chair," however, the true phenomena come rather as a surprise, for Madame la Grange is a foreign professional psychic whose gifts are admittedly eked out by fakery for the sordid purpose of making money. She is a sort of feminine version of "Beverley," in "The Barton Mystery," and may fairly be classed as an excellent companion picture to that clever but not too scrupulous character. She is played to the life by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who may be congratulated on having successfully created a distinctly new rôle which may take rank in the appreciation of old play-goers with her unforgettable "Magda" and her historic "Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

J. L.

## Subconscious Activity.

### OUR OWN SUBLIMINAL WORK-MATES.

MISS CHARLOTTE E. WOODS, in a lecture on "Subconscious Activity" at the International Club, 22a Regent Street, S.W., on October 17th, said that the subliminal part of human consciousness might be regarded as a great storage of experience garnered in previous incarnations, or during the long line of one's ancestry, for ancestral tendencies made up a very large part of what was known as the subliminal. This storage might be regarded as (1) a charnel-house, (2) a lumber-room, and (3) a store. The Freud School of psycho-analysis adopted the charnel-house view, and held that what was stored in the subliminal was of a vestigial nature—things that came up from the lower savage stratum of being, but which were still active below the threshold, and caused sometimes a great deal of trouble to conscious men. That part of the subliminal withered if it were discovered and dragged into the light, for it could only exist in a charnel-house. The lumber-room aspect of the subliminal was most largely touched in hypnotic states and in mediumistic experiments. The memory of every face anyone had ever seen was stored in this lumber-house and could be got at. The lecturer once in a dream got back the faces of a number of people she had only seen incidentally in the coffee-room of a London hotel thirty years before. Nothing was more evanescent than a face one had only once seen, but the memory was preserved in the lumber-room. In the store-room aspect of the subliminal they came to something useful, for they only kept in their store-rooms things they wanted to use, and these included memories, tendencies, and potentialities, which were the product of their experience in the world. These things had been built into their character, were part and parcel of themselves, and were their valuable stock-in-trade. Their storehouses were accessible to their memories and they could not do better than constantly draw upon them. Certain people were peculiarly in touch with the submerged part of their consciousness; the subliminal was always open to them; they were impressional, intuitive and capable of great things along certain lines. They were not very stable because they were not ruled by their reason; they were impulsive and open to suggestions from within and without. Nevertheless this subjective class of people did useful work in the world, inspiration coming mostly through them. The objective class of persons walked by rule and reason, never obeying an uncontrolled impulse, and never accepting suggestions from within or without, without first reasoning about them. Such persons might be safe guides but they would never inspire them. What was required was that these two types should be combined, and then they would have what Lord Roseberry had called "the practical mystic," who was the most potent force in the world. In some persons the subjective and objective phases were merged, and in others they alternated, and then the two natures were perpetually at war. Again they got a mixed type, the genius who surprised them by his matter-of-factness, who was utterly incalculable, for one never could tell which side was going to be uppermost. If they considered the laws governing these two kinds of mind they would

find that the subjective person was one who did not make an effort. He was of an absolutist type. Jesus said—"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every man that is born of the spirit." The spirit is nevertheless working according to its own laws, though these laws are not known to normal consciousness. When they sought to control the things of the spirit they often failed, because of their ignorance of the laws. The highly subliminal person was an effortless person. Some effort seemed to be necessary, yet in order to attain the extreme height of genius they must be effortless. That was one of the paradoxes of life. Some one had said that a genius was a person who took the greatest amount of pains, but the lecturer thought the genius was one who did not need to take any trouble at all. He was just a thoroughfare through whom the higher things came. The objective mind could not make true poetry, and no true poet was ever made by deliberate effort. The evolutions of the subliminal were like the wind which blew where it listed. Inspiration was flashed, God spoke, and then there was silence. Often the manifestation was so high that the brain mind was not sufficiently attuned to receive it. In the seer fortunate enough to get an inspiration, the clouds would come afterwards and seek to obscure the light of the supraliminal, but he would set himself to work out, in the gloom of his lower marginal nature, that which he had seen in his vision. It was quite wonderful how the taking of too much pains tended to check the expression of one's higher and better part. By trying too much to do a thing they often failed to do it at all. But if they summoned the power within them, and only did their best, letting something else do the work, it was wonderful how things got themselves done. They must cultivate the higher indifference, let things go, don't care, renounce effort, and by this deliberate kind of *laissez-faire* give the control to the deeper side of themselves; then they would find, by this standing aside, or working automatically, not distressing themselves, how the difficulties and tangles of life would straighten themselves out. Something within took hold of the knotty task and did it. To try too hard, to put too much personal effort into things was the way to frustrate one's efforts. They must never be over-anxious, but let the things of to-morrow take care for themselves. In some depth of their nature things were done much more thoroughly or accurately than their brain could do them. The supraliminal within them, the unexplored heights above, the true higher self, the God-nature, was the ultimate source of all genius, the source of wisdom and power. It was a divine storehouse of light and knowledge which they inherited by right of their being actual sparks of God himself. It was the submerged God-consciousness within them. Right up in the heights of their personalities there were magnificent aspects ready and waiting to be realised. Human experience would help them to realise them, but they must put their will into it. If the study of the subliminal taught them nothing else than that, it would teach them something the value of which was incalculable.

## Stackpool E. O'Dell, Phrenologist, Philosopher, and Author—An Appreciation.

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

PHRENOLOGY has lost its G. O. M. Mr. Stackpool E. O'Dell, who was a Fellow of the British Phrenological Society, passed away at his residence, 77 Palewell Park, East Sheen, London, on October 3. He died as he wished in the midst of his work. He was actually giving a lecture—the first of the season—and after speaking only a little while he complained of his breathing, and left the room. Before a doctor could arrive he had passed to the higher life, in no pain whatever. What a serenely beautiful passing out of his body! and what a fitting compensation for so long a life of service for humanity! He was the oldest phrenological practitioner in this country. His physical remains were interred at East Sheen Cemetery. The portrait on this page was the last he had taken.

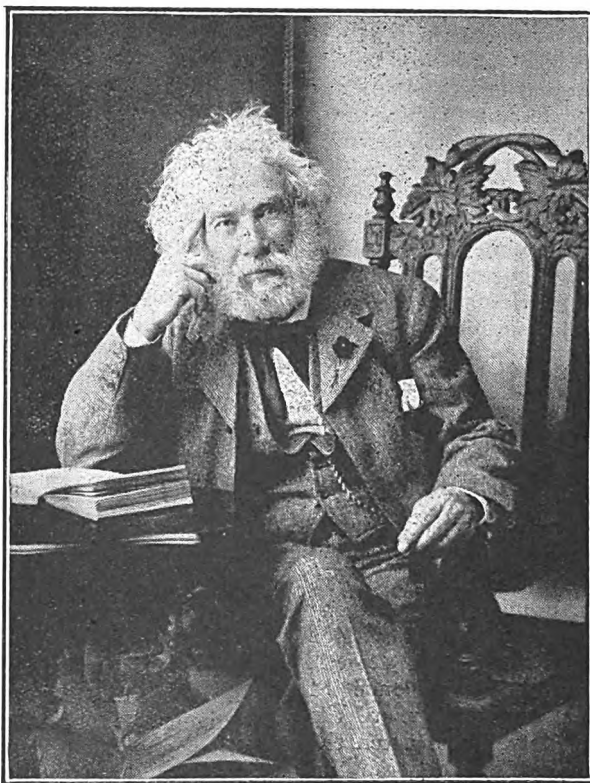
Phrenologists have reason to be justly proud of their leading advocates, of whom Mr. O'Dell was in the very front rank. His services to the science and art have been invaluable, and have been exceeded by those of no living person. Born in 1841, Mr. O'Dell had attained a fairly ripe age, though he did not account himself old. I have known him perhaps longer than any other co-worker. It was in 1883, when I first consulted him, and obtained his opinion as to my own qualifications to be a professional phrenologist. After attending his lectures for several years I became one of his first private pupils for professional practice. The last time I visited his home, about a year ago, we chatted a good deal on our ever favourite theme, and he was planning to live and work in the phrenological cause for another quarter of a century! Such is the enthusiasm of many phrenologists, and there could have been no more zealous apostle than Mr. O'Dell.

An Irishman by birth and temperament, our friend possessed a unique and fascinating personality, and a vigorous and noble manhood, which he inherited from an honourable ancestry, his grandfather having been "First Lord of the Treasury" in the Irish Parliament. This famous ancestor was elected in opposition to the great Daniel O'Connell, and afterwards sat in the British House of Commons. In 1868, our Mr. O'Dell, his grandson, was requested to become a Parliamentary candidate for Cork or Limerick, but the influential deputation who waited upon

him were regretfully obliged to depart with his refusal. He would allow nothing to turn him from his life's purpose to preach and forward the interests of Phrenology.

In his early youth he read a book by Dr. Combe which set him thinking and soon he became an ardent student. At the age of eighteen he gave his first lecture on phrenology, and from that time he steadfastly continued its advocacy. From Ireland to the Australian Colonies and New Zealand he travelled as an apostle of our philosophy, winning golden opinions wherever he went, and eventually he returned to Europe and settled in London. For over thirty-six

years he and his family and professional assistants have been standing as sponsors for the science at Ludgate Circus, London, where they have been interviewed by many thousands of clients annually, and from whom they hold no fewer than twenty-seven thousand written testimonials. That is visible evidence, and mostly enthusiastic in its terms, of the great work he accomplished. Mr. O'Dell possessed a powerful mentality. The circumference of his head, when I measured it in 1902, was  $23\frac{3}{4}$  inches, and it was high in the moral region. He had a broad, massive forehead, and was endowed with great originality. He had lofty ideal conceptions, great expansiveness of mind, and creative capacity, with poetic, reasoning, and



STACKPOOL E. O'DELL.

intuitive power. He was highly refined, sensitive, impressionable, powerful, vigorous, warm-hearted, hopeful, and enthusiastic. He was a prolific writer, and on phrenological subjects, in relation to social matters and ethical science, Mr. O'Dell was incomparable. He was much engaged in literary work, and was a constant contributor to numerous papers and magazines, including the *Christian Commonwealth*, *Protestant Standard*, *Science Siftings*, *The Family Doctor*, *Hearth and Home*, and *Home Notes*, his articles possibly numbering thousands. His books on the science are well-known and exceedingly popular, and include "Phrenology, its Truthfulness and Usefulness," "Phrenology, Essays and Studies," "Ideas and Ideals," and "Heads and How to Read Them." He was likewise gifted as a novelist and poet, and the variety and fine shadings of character depicted in two of his famous novels "Merciful or Merciless," and "Old St. Margaret's," are a literary treat to students of human nature. In addition to being an accomplished writer, he

was a most eloquent, powerful, and convincing speaker and lecturer. Whilst at Brompton Road in 1883, Mr. O'Dell founded a politico-ethical society, called "The Pioneer Reform Association," in connection with which three meetings weekly were held for many years, when Mr. O'Dell was the principal speaker. These lectures were continued at "Gall-Spurz-Combe," Cambrian Road, Richmond Hill, and afterwards at his home at East Sheen. I am proud to have been a member of this association from its inaugural meeting.

A visit to Mr. O'Dell's home impressed one with the feeling that it was the residence of a literary, scientific, poetic, and musical genius. Phrenology was greatly in evidence. Every conceivable space appeared occupied with something pertaining to the subject—rare manuscripts, skulls, casts, portraits, etc.; many of exceptional value, including manuscripts of Dr. Spurzheim. Mrs. O'Dell, his gifted wife, and each member of the family, possess musical and literary accomplishments, and contribute to various journals. Many of the best-known literary men and women, journalists, scientists, politicians, social reformers, ministers and others, have participated in the meetings and lectured for the Association at Mr. O'Dell's rooms. It is impossible to give in the limits of a brief sketch anything like an adequate idea either of the man or his work. But few men have earned the enviable reputation, of being at once a philosopher, a poet, a phrenologist, a novelist, a lecturer, a teacher, and a reformer.



## A Dream Angel.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"Spirits are not finely touch'd but to fine issues."—  
*Shakespeare.*

NIGHT had fallen, night with the glory of a full moon irradiating a sleeping world. The nightingale had forgotten her rhapsody, and the heavy aroma of flowers, peacefully slumbering, haunted the silence. I dreamt I stood alone in a cemetery where the mortal remains of our soldier-heroes, after the struggle and conflict of battle, rest quietly. There were numerous white crosses marking their resting-places. As I gazed, wrapped in a mournful reverie, my attention was directed to a grass-grown mound, minus a head-stone. Suddenly, I saw distinctly, at the foot of the grave, a figure of dazzling brightness, clad in white robes, and the face was

"Like the milky way in the sky,  
A meeting of gentie lights without a name."

As I approached nearer I saw in the grass that covered the mound a purple pansy of wondrous size and beauty. This I was impressed to gather, and as I did so I glanced upward, fearing that while doing so this radiant vision of the night might vanish; but it remained in all its loveliness. Then to my surprise the angel stretched out one fair white hand for the flower I had gathered. As I moved nearer, in order to comply with this mute request, with bowed head and hand withdrawn, the angel began slowly to recede. Eagerly I grasped my flower and raised it to my lips. As I did so the most sublime music broke the stillness of the night. It was as the sound of many "harpers harping on the crystal sea." Then a voice low, melodious,

and tender stole to my awakened senses with these words—

"'Tis not good-bye, but just good-night,  
We shall meet again in the morning light."

I looked at my pansy and the light upon it was as if it were the concentrated brightness of a thousand stars. Then I awoke, and both flower and dream had vanished.



## Miracles and Healing.

By HILARY SEVERN.

IT has been thoroughly impressed on us from childhood that "miracles" came to an end with Biblical times, and that any such inexplicable happening since then was only imagined. Before we can accept that view it is necessary to agree on the definition of the word "miracle." The literal meaning is something strange, that excites wonder, a happening for which we cannot ordinarily account. To some of us life and growth in every form are miracles, and so too are our earth, sun, moon, and stars, floating in space, and maintaining their assigned positions and motions. The laws which control them are known, but we cannot apply these to a cricket ball, and cause it to be suspended in the air without support. Does a miracle cease to be a miracle because it conforms to a known law? If so there are not and never were "miracles" in the ordinary meaning of the term, because nothing can or ever did happen without or contrary to the natural law which rendered it possible, although the law may be unknown to us. The power of the mind over the body, telepathy, clairvoyance, and clair-audience, are miraculous, until we know the laws which govern them, and especially so is psychic healing. Dr. Mercier and the gentleman who writes in the *Morning Post* over the initials "E. B. O." are possibly authorities on psychic phenomena, and yet they do not agree on their origin. The former tells us that the spiritual home of all psychics is a lunatic asylum, the latter the Egyptian Hall with "a bag of tricks," as he gracefully expresses it. In both cases the intelligence of their criticism is only equalled by their good taste and assurance. The spiritual healing of disease is of two kinds—first by the intervention of one or more other persons, the second without visible assistance. Of both kinds there are many known instances, though doctors assert that only nervous cases are benefited. I should like to give an instance of the cure of a surgical case in the latter class. A patient suffering from almost complete loss of voice consulted a surgeon who told him that there was a growth on the vocal cord of a kind with which he was not familiar, and therefore he declined to operate, and asked the patient to see a specialist in London. On the same evening the patient was conscious of the presence of a man standing by him in the room who asked for details of the illness. These he noted in a pocket book, then disappeared and was seen no more. On the following morning the patient felt much easier. He asked the doctor to make a second examination. The doctor, with a look of surprise told him that the growth had disappeared without leaving a trace. A cautious investigator may say—"I should like such an account as this at first hand; will you give me the name of the patient?" Certainly, it was the writer.

## Phrenology a Psychic Study.—X.

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

### EDUCATION AND ENVIRONMENT.

**T**HERE are a number of philosophers who, from their writings, appear to be of the opinion that the brains, and consequently the souls, of all children, are alike at birth, and are capable of the same possibilities; that is, they consider that if all children were subject to the same influences, and educational processes, similar results would follow in all cases. Of course every practical teacher is aware of the fallacy of such a statement, and could easily demonstrate its untruth. While education cannot make a genius of a lad or a girl with a small badly-formed brain, or create a capacity the basis of which does not already exist in it, it must be recognised that it can work marvels if it be adapted to the special requirements of each child, and is so applied as to effectively utilise the powers inherited by the child. Education does not create faculty; it develops it.

In dealing with education I do not limit the term to the usually recognised meaning, that of school training, but I treat of it in its widest possible application. Ordinary school teaching simply aims at training the intellectual faculties, and as a rule only a few of those; whilst, in the larger sense, every faculty—physical, animal, social, egoistic, moral and emotional—as well as all the intellectual faculties, need careful and wise training. The school teacher and the lesson book provide but a very small proportion of the necessary guidance. The process of education is going on, with or without their assistance, perpetually and insistently.

Every faculty of the mind has (proportionately to the size of its organ in the brain) not only an innate desire to express itself, but has also the natural want, or mind-hunger—the reaching out for the kind of aliment which alone can satisfy its needs. "Ideality" craves for scenes of beauty, "Tune" asks for harmonious sounds, and so on. Each seeks for its own nutriment; even as the eye has a desire to see, and the ear to hear, to the fullness of their capacities. Metaphorically, each faculty has its eyes and ears open to see and hear everything which concerns its especial functions, and having seen and heard appropriates all such information to its own edification or detriment.

During the entire period of consciousness we are learning, appropriating, and storing the lessons good or bad which we are receiving from all the sources, animate and inanimate, by which we are surrounded. This widest of all education we call the influence of environment; and from these ever-flowing springs of influence we drink in copious draughts, either of refreshing nectar or of paralysing poison. There is a saying which runs—"We grow by what we feed upon," and this is especially true of our psychical faculties. Their nature and power is determined by that which has been absorbed by them, and which has administered to their development.

Exercise means growth. By the exercise of our muscles our limbs increase in size and in solidity of texture, and this means increased power. So it is with the use of our mental faculties, the more they are used the faster they develop. Even their instinctive use, though spontaneous, and without conscious intention,

is a form of exercise which develops their power, and is in consequence a process of education.

Environment includes all the forces, static or dynamic, mental or physical, which surround the individual, and which by their very presence as well as by the operations of those that are active, appeal to the ever-receptive faculties, satisfying their demands, and in doing so influencing their powers and methods of expression. Scholastic education is only one, and frequently the least, of the forces which are building the human mind. It takes its place by the side of the streets, lanes, rivers, oceans, landscapes, seascapes, starscapes, the home, companionships, recreations, food, clothing, institutions, climate, race, religion, government, occupations, parental training, science, laws, literature, night, day, darkness, light, and everything else which, whether living or dead, induces or influences thought. These, and a host of other things, great and small, constitute our environment, and are the sources from which we are deriving the powers which develop the inherited faculties, and which determine the nature and quality of the matured psyche.

There is one point to which attention should be drawn, and it is this, that all persons are not equally subject to the influences of environment. The receptive powers of persons may be compared to the absorbent qualities of sponge and wood. The sponge if plunged into liquid will drink in all of the liquid it is possible for it to hold, as soon as it is immersed; whilst a block of wood absorbs the liquid slowly, and in but very small quantities at most, as compared with the sponge. The human sponge is the person with a prominent front-and narrow side-head, with a low crown, and a preponderance of the nerval or sensitive temperament. Such an one has eyes, ears, and every avenue of access to the mind always open; and being ever mentally alert and active, takes in all that it can absorb. The human wood block, built of coarser tissue, and of a grosser temperament, with broad head, high crown, and lesser frontal brain, remains largely the block he was known to be at the start of his career, and the whole forces of environment may seek to penetrate his hardness almost in vain.

There are differences too in environments. Retaining the liquid illustration, there are some liquids that are perfectly fluid, and capable of easy penetration into the substance of sponge or block; whereas other liquids being thick and viscous, are slower to act, and have much less penetrative effect. And so the varieties of human beings, and of environments, are almost endless, and it would be an impossible task to describe them; yet to the phrenologist it is easy, with the man before him, to decide as to his fitness to benefit or the reverse from being placed in any particular environment, and to advise as to the nature of the conditions he should seek, to enable him to so live as to become an honourable man, and a worthy citizen.



We are born for action: I would have a man act and go on with the duties of life so long as he is able; and then, let death find me planting my cabbages, but not concerned at his approach, and still less that I am leaving my garden unfinished.—*Montaigne*.

## Margaret of Anjou Appears at a Seance.

By EVA HARRISON, Author of "Wireless Messages," etc.

FOR some weeks past, the spirit-form of Margaret of Anjou has been with one and another of the sensitives of our "Sunlongta Circle;" also she has been seen at our meetings listening to the teachings of our ministrants. She seems always to be in deep distress, so much so that we have named her "The Sad Lady." Mrs. R—d and Mrs. Rhodes first became aware of her presence, when they were together in Sutton Park, and Mrs. R—d first got her name. At our circle, held on July 31st, Margaret spoke to us. Mr. and Mrs. R—d were away for holidays in Devon, but Mrs. Rhodes as well as "Beacon Light," our seer, saw a number of scenes clairvoyantly in connection with the sad lady. Both saw an old castle in beautiful wooded country. Mrs. Rhodes saw a lovely lady at one of the windows, a knight in armour rode up, and the lady and knight embraced. Then the scene was changed, and there came into view a battle-field. Two armies all in armour were facing each other. The knight rode between the lines, the lady and a youth appeared on horse-back, and the soldiers were seen to salute. "Beacon Light" then saw an attack upon a castle, after which iron rails and great blocks of stone were removed as if to liberate someone from a dungeon. Crowds of spirit people of the Middle Ages were seen by both seer and sensitive. Margaret of Anjou then controlled Mrs. Rhodes, who became entranced, and spoke as follows:—

"Good even, sweet friends! I am emboldened to speak a few words—an it please you—and to ask your gracious acceptance of my heart's thanks for the much hope and comfort derived from my various visitations here. An I am tardy in expressing these thanks, of a truth 'twas not the desire that was lacking, but the opportunity. Many times and oft have I wended my way hither, and have ta'en some pains to watch your procedure, and have questioned what it is you do. Say friends, is't not your aim to help such weary ones as I? I am but a woman, though once I did wield the sceptre and ruled a nation. But now, I ween, 'tis better to be lowly born, and to live a life of sweet content. Better never to have known the pomp and power, for when, by ill-hap, fortune doth divorce them from us, then must the pangs of severance and discontent be borne, for those we have esteemed our friends and given our hearts to fall away like water, tumbling in billows to escape.

'Twas in the meridian of my glory that my sun did hasten to its setting, and yet methinks I was happier—though unquenched—than when surrounded by false courtiers, who did come like buzzing bees, with honeyed words and suave manners, yet with thoughts of devils. They did foster our vanity, all to crawl into favour to serve their own ends. Methought they did advise for our sole good, but 'twas but the accomplishment of their own plots and plans they did seek. Of a truth 'tis not for me to judge, who have sins enow of my own to account.

Well now I wot the real power for good which lies in the hands of all kings and rulers. An I could wear my diadem again, instead of deadly quarrel, ruthless hatred, and bloody reprisals for every fancied wrong, beloved and loving and gentle should be my mien. Ah me! methinks *The White Swan*\* must have been dyed in the blood of our foes, till it was the colour of the emblem rose we wore. But sith justice reigns, methinks the blame should not rest all on mine own shoulders, and perchance the ill which did cause the wrong may be remembered as well as the wrong. And haply too, I will plead a mother's love, which ill could brook the thought of usurpers on the throne mine own should grace, though his hapless father did see fit to sell the birthright

\* We none of us understood the allusion to the *White Swan*, and after spending a good deal of time in hunting up history, found that it was the badge of the young Prince, and that to his supporters were given collars of *White Swan*. This adds to the interest of the communication, and points to its genuineness.

of his son. 'Twas ambition for my sweet prince was my besetting sin—that sin which did cause even the angels to fall, and which did woo our own destruction. And now me sees 'twas not the greatest blessing I did desire for my child. An I could repair the ill, how gladly would I do it. When the last hours of my weary earth-life did come upon me, I fain would have lived it o'er again, that I might mend it.

And sith death did call me hence I have wandered remorseful for my lost opportunities, and regretful for my lost power, thinking I might repair the ill. But now methinks I see a better way. An I may crave permission to come again and warm my heart in your sweet sympathy, perchance I too may obtain some of that inward peace which is your possession and which now I ween to be far above earthly dignities and far above the tawdry vanities even of a queen."

Then followed the following conversation between a Sitter and Margaret:—

SITTER—"You are Margaret of Anjou, are you not?"

MARGARET—"No title would I now lay claim to. Call me Margaret, an you will."

SITTER—"We will call you anything you like."

MARGARET—"Sweeter than sweetest music in my ear 'twould be, could I hear you say *Sister Margaret*."

SITTER—"Then *Sister Margaret* you shall be to this circle."

MARGARET—"I will now wish you good hour o' the night, and may the dews of heaven (if Heaven doth deign to list to prayers of such as I) fall thick in blessings upon you and upon your work! Adieu, sweet friends."

SITTER—"Will you come again? There are other of the circle who are interested in your welfare."

MARGARET: "'Twas through the sweet sympathy of an absent one that I was first drawn hither. Then was I brought in contact with the one through whom I am speaking, who did give sweet consent and did obtain help for me to do so."

Margaret of Anjou spoke very gently and sweetly in this quaint old-world style, yet with all the graceful dignity which might well become a queen. Whatever may have been the sins of this Queen of Henry VI, surely she must have expiated them in sorrow and regret during the passing centuries; for her manner bore no trace of loftiness or vindictiveness, only gentleness and humility, so much so that we all quite fell in love with her. The sensitive, Mrs. Rhodes, did not know a word that had been spoken through her. She asked, upon becoming normal—"Has my sad lady spoken?" because she knew that while she was free from her entranced body she had given Margaret permission to speak through her organism to us, as Margaret herself had said. Our sensitive meanwhile went away with our ministrants as usual, to work among the poor spirits in prison.



### OF LITTLE FAITH.

Never despair : God reigns, not man,  
And He who gives to thirsty grass  
The silver rain, and gentle dew,  
Shall give thee soft refreshing showers ;  
He who dispensed angels' food  
To hungry souls is living bread ;  
Arise then, eat and live.  
Seekest thou lovely raiment ?  
He who clothed the earth  
In such fair beauty, hath for thee  
A garb of sweeter loveliness ;  
Then wherefore doubt ? Throw off despair,  
Live joyfully, thv Father heeds  
The sparrow's fall, and knowest  
That thou art doubting, frail, and weak.

E. P. PRENTICE,



## Our Psychic Collaboration—A Human Document.—II.

By HESPERIS. (Continued from page 4).

I.

### PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

MY first visit to a professional medium, though extremely interesting, did not make me feel that I was any nearer personal intercourse. She was a very good clairvoyante, and she had very good and clear sight of a group of spirits around me, some of them my relations many years "dead." But most of her vision was of symbolical pictures relating to my own future. This medium saw in me the gift of healing. I had had reason to suspect that I might have some such faculty. She had a vision which she interpreted as meaning that I should take up spiritual healing as a profession. This forecast has not been fulfilled, partly perhaps because, at such times as I have been able to make use of the gift, I have done so voluntarily and for love.

My next experience was more evidential. I had had the good fortune to meet an eminent man of science who was interested in Psychical Research, and from him I got the name of a Scottish medium, well known among Spiritualists. I had a series of sittings with her, and obtained a number of direct messages. Many of these could not be called evidential. They were not out of character, but as they came with a Scotch accent, and even phraseology, they were often curiously unlike the supposed speaker. This was quite as true of the trance messages as of those that came when the medium was normal. One thing I was able to prove to my own satisfaction: that my own *conscious* thought was not conveyed to the medium. Very often things within my conscious knowledge were evidently unknown to the communicating intelligence. A few things that came seemed good as evidence. One of these was an actual sensation conveyed to the medium of a symptom that had occurred in my husband's case before his death. It was not the cause of his death, nor was it a very important symptom. It had not rested in my mind because there were so many other much graver aspects of his illness. But it had been, and it was given to the medium professedly as a proof of identity.

At one of my sittings with this medium a name was given which I will call X.

"Do you know any one of the name?" asked the medium.

"Yes, I know someone of that name."

"Well, your husband is giving me that name. He is saying 'Tell X. Tell X.' Do you know what it refers to?"

"No, I can't think of anything I should tell X."

"He does not tell me anything more. I think he expects you to understand."

"X." was a friend we had not seen for many years, and with whom we very rarely corresponded. I did not think anything more about the message, but a few days later a letter came from X., referring to a matter we had corresponded about nearly a year ago. In replying I mentioned the incident of "Tell X." I got no answer, and the matter went out of my mind.

Three weeks later, I was alone in my flat one day. I had a very curious persistent sensation that there was a message for me from the other side. I got out planchette, but I had never had

any controlled movement with that instrument when alone, and nothing happened. At length I made up my mind I would try a sitting with my Scottish friend, and I went to her house only to find that she was engaged. I went back home, still with the feeling that I ought to get a message, and I tried to occupy myself with my work without much success. At about three o'clock a ring came at the door, and on opening it there stood X.

The long and the short of it was that "Tell X." had been a perfectly intelligible message to my friend. X. understood that I needed proof and evidence that it was possible to have communication with the other world, and had come to give me a very personal and intimate experience of intercourse with a very near and dear relation. I was to "Tell X." about my own groping, in order that I might hear a first-hand experience from one whose testimony would be beyond dispute. My friend could only stay a few minutes, between trains from one end of England to the other, but in that short time I had heard what gave me heart and courage to go on with my quest.

About this time I met a woman who had undoubted mediumistic powers, though they were undeveloped. We found that together we could get very good writing through planchette, and we had a long series of very interesting messages. Unfortunately I found, after nearly two years, that this woman was not a reliable person in ordinary life, that she was an habitual liar and romancer, and that some of the messages had referred to matters which were purely her own invention. This discovery, of course, made it necessary to wipe out the whole of these records as being of no value evidentially, but there were some among them which could not have been invented by any living person, and which may be allowed to stand. On one occasion I was urged to go and visit an old friend if I desired to see him alive. It was not at all convenient for me to go, and I wrote to friends who knew him, making enquiries as to whether there was any special cause for anxiety. The answer was quite reassuring, and there seemed every prospect that our friend might live several years still. The requests became more urgent, however, and I went. It seemed to me that it had been a false alarm. The old man was glad to see me, and we talked of old times, but there was nothing to make me feel there had been any justification for the urgency. When I got back home I asked what had been the reason for the wish that I should go, and the answer came "Just to give happiness." Four days after my return the old man died.

One other warning of this kind I had through the same medium. This time it was clearly told me that if I did not go and see an old friend before Christmas I should miss my only chance of doing so. I went and found her very much enfeebled, but able to enjoy my visit. She lived six months after that, but though I called twice during that time she was too ill to see me. In this last case I had been in the habit of spending a day with her every few weeks, and there had been a longer gap than usual in 1915 owing to war work.

It is difficult in a mass of material to pick out the best examples. Many of the most evidential

phenomena are better suited for the scientific investigator than for the amateur enquirer. Sometimes a very trivial fact remembered and recorded is of more value in establishing identity than long messages of a more general kind. The best evidence that has come to me, apart from my own sense of personal conviction, is the physical sensation, conveyed to a medium, of a very characteristic, unique gesture of the hands belonging to my husband. That seems to me more remarkable than the giving of names, because she actually felt the hands, and the peculiar, swift play of them, and she had never known my husband, nor was there any way in which she could have learnt about this gesture. I myself had not thought about it for some years, though of course I recognised it as soon as it was mentioned.

For some months after I gave up using planchette with the medium mentioned above, I had no means at all of getting direct messages through a medium. I was in the country, very much alone, and very much occupied in unaccustomed work. Yet I had the sensation all the time that I was getting nearer to spiritual things. I tried each day for a short time to get something through planchette, but though there was always some slight response there was never anything that could be called spontaneous writing or definite messages. What I did get, increasingly, was an impression urging me to do some special thing. I did not get things very clear, and I could not always be sure when I carried out the impulse that it had really led to anything. All this time I was groping very much in the dark. I tried by reading and study to become better acquainted with the conditions, and when I was once more in town I made a determined effort to find out in what way I could best develop my powers.

The impulses and impressions of which I have spoken were most often towards doing something helpful for other people. This was so characteristic of my husband that it seemed quite natural he should expect me always to respond to such a call, even when it meant neglecting my own interests. And it is at last through obeying those promptings that it has seemed to me I may have come near to the answer to all my prayers. I have been brought into touch with a group of earnest enquirers, and among them are several who have undoubted gifts of mediumship. Messages are coming very clearly, indicating what we shall do, and what we may hope for. There is a corresponding group on the other side, brought together by my husband, and formed for the most part of young spirits who have passed over in fighting. The work to which he is dedicated at present is that of helping those who want to get into touch with their dear ones on earth. He is writing no messages that are personal to himself and me. He expects that I shall acquiesce in this altruism now, just as he would have expected in life that we should see eye to eye on any point of conduct or ethics. The impression given to the mediums is a very clear one, and comes over and over again from different young spirits, who are slowly learning to make use of an unaccustomed form of expression, namely—"He is our helper; he is good; he will not write himself while he is helping."

And here comes the reason of my having attempted this record. It seems to me that I, on this side, am required to do something to help. I must try to show the way to the many mourners who are longing to pierce through the

veil, and to get some word or sign from the other side.

To most of us in the past, death has seemed the natural inevitable close to a completed life, whether we believed in personal survival or not. The end of this phase had to be accepted, and those that were left behind had to piece together the broken threads, and to go on weaving the fabric we call living. It was only now and then when some specially close tie was severed that an effort would be made, both here and in the beyond, to bridge the gulf. The war, which has swept away already thousands of young lives, has changed all that. Almost every household has its empty chair. There is a great army of mourners sending out thoughts to the spirit land. And in that land there is a great army of young, ardent spirits filled with the desire to bring hope and comfort to those they love. Each day that army is recruited, and more and more brave young lives are laid down. And each day the circle is widening of those who are ready to receive the truth. The world is on the eve of a great spiritual revival, which will come through the knowledge that death is but an empty name. Our dear ones do not leave us when they quit the earthly garment that we call the body. They remain near us, they live in our love and our memory. They share in our joys, they sympathise in our sorrows, they grieve over our failings. Every time we aspire to achieve the highest of which we are capable our desire has an echo and response on the spirit side, which multiplies the power we have for good. Those we love are not dead. They live on in our own lives when those lives are worthy of them and of ourselves.

(To be continued).



## BE STILL AND KNOW!

Be still, my soul: tho' tempests surge and swell,  
And strife broods o'er the land, the sea, the air;  
Thy God is near, within His world doth dwell,  
And even for the sparrow has a care.

Be still my soul: within the rock He sleeps,  
And in the wayside flow'rlet He doth dream;  
By His command the seas their limit keep,  
He wakes the murm'ring music of the stream.

Be still my soul: nor dream that ought is lost,  
They loved much, our Boys with laughing eyes;  
Behold them now, a dauntless radiant host,  
Who from earth's plane to higher service rise.

Be still my soul: know that love ever lives,  
And love is God, and He is by thy side;  
Back to Himself, He takes that which He gives,  
So we, and they, in Him always abide.

Edinburgh.

MARGT. NICOLSON.



"Seeing God," consciousness of the immeasurable Spirit, personal recognition of the "allness" of Divine Love, is no difficulty to those who have discovered that the Originating Mind which brought the world into existence is also the root of their individuality. The intuitive perception through which we "see God" is infinitely more convincing and more reliable than the senses through which we become conscious of external objects.—*Archdeacon Wilberforce.*

## The Chimes of Eternity.—VII.

By W. H. EVANS, Author of "Constructive Spiritualism," etc.  
XVI.—DREAMS.

OF the curious phenomena with which we are more or less familiar, dreams seem the most peculiar. They appeal to our love of the wonderful. The most matter-of-fact person will shrink from some dark prognostication given in a dream. He may laugh, but there is an inward shrinking that it may come true, a feeling that he has wandered into an unfamiliar and forbidden realm. "It is only a dream," he will say. But what is a dream? How comes it that such cinematograph shows take place nightly within our craniums? True, there are strange jumbles, grotesque situations, absurd doings, but nevertheless mingled with them are remarkable flashes of insight. No playwright has ever yet succeeded in producing dramas surpassing in realism and power those that take place nightly within the dullest minds. What is this power which, refusing to act in our waking moments, yet, as soon as the curtains of night fall, comes forth from its den and straightway does things which the waking self often envies? Why cannot we do in our waking moments those wonderful things which we do in our sleep? The wonderful doings we enact, the sublime poetry we compose, the strange and weird music that we hear—to what realm do these things belong? How little do we know of that one uncharted third of our life which we call "the sleep state."

There are some who tell us that we are never unconscious, that in those moments of profound sleep of which we have no memory the real self goes on a journey, perhaps to some far country, and communes with those akin to itself; that we enjoy in those hours wonderful contact with kindred souls. And not only that, but that we bring back from these fair lands of dreams, strange knowledge, and what is perhaps, to some at least, even more helpful, great reserves of power. Our waking self is after all but a small fraction of us. We have within our being such reserves of power, such capacity for knowledge, such a sense of greatness, buried under the accretions of the work-a-day self, that in an ordinary way we can hardly be said to live, we only exist. We do not enjoy the fullness of life, the exuberance of creative power, that we do in dreamland. There we have perfect health, strength, and power. There we revel in our capacity for work, we rejoice in our ability to create. We build strange and wonderful castles with a thought. At a word we call into existence whole forests of trees, gardens of superb loveliness, and animals and birds of surpassing beauty. In dreamland, to wish is to have; to desire is to create. Out of our mysterious plastic dream-stuff, we produce all that we ever need. Riches do "fall upon us." Nay, we produce them from our very selves, and in that state the most poverty-stricken wretch that sleeps under hedge o' nights is a millionaire. There is more in this than we have supposed. Physiologists have rudely told us that our dreams are regulated by our stomachs, and that the seat of disturbance is there. But that only accounts for some dreams. There are others, and it is those others that suggest so much. So many realms are hidden from us in the day time; the sun shuts off as much as it reveals.

We each possess what the psychologists call a subliminal region. What it is we do not know. We have discovered, however, that in this region there exist strange and wonderful potencies, powers of renewal, that we have hitherto deemed impossible. Do we enter that region at night? or is it rather that we only then become aware of its existence within us? At any rate our dreams may be of great use to us, if we are intelligent enough to take the hints and suggestions which the dream consciousness tries to convey to our waking self. The fact is, I think, that there are so many planes of life all intermingled, yet separated by the thinnest of veils, that in our present state of evolution we are not able to cognise them. The curtain of sleep rolls down upon our waking life, and then it rises on our dream life. It ushers us into a new plane, or at least into a consciousness of it. Now if we could enlarge the sphere of our waking consciousness, so as to take into it the contents of this dream state, we should, in a certain degree, become able to use many of the powers we exercise in the night hours. The power for education which exists here is so great that we cannot set bounds to it. After all, why should our intellectual powers be limited by mere brain measurement? I don't think there is any need at all, though phrenologists would contradict me. Nay, is not modern psychology already more than hinting at this? If the sub-conscious self is able, when an intelligent appeal is made to it, to set right some needed readjustment in the bodily machine, does that not carry with it the certainty that it has a close and intimate knowledge of that machine? Does it not indicate that our other self has access to realms of knowledge and power of which in our waking moments we are unaware? And if this be so may we not endeavour by intelligent action to co-operate with this other side of ourselves, and so enlarge the sphere of our power? Why not? I am sure it is possible.

The reason of my convictions on many things is because I have in some measure entered into this hidden realm. I know, for instance, that there is a spirit life—I mean, now, apart from those necessary phenomena of the seance room. I do not want anyone to give me clairvoyant descriptions of arisen friends or relatives to convince me they still live. I know it. I do not require the laboured reasonings of philosophers to convince me that there is a power we call God. I know it. How? I cannot tell any more than the psychologists can tell me what happens when a man thinks. But an entry into the dream state has brought to me many convictions that are solid and real. Hence, I have ceased to argue on these matters. I do not bother with what the mere intellectualist says; he no longer disturbs me. I smile. That is my answer—complete enough too, I think.

There is one kind of dream which I think suggests more than any other the existence of the spiritual powers in man. It is the prophetic dream. It also opens up strange problems relative to time and eternity; of predestination, and the like. The other night I dreamed I was having an interesting conversation with someone on this very subject. I only brought back a fragment of it. I said that "the very postulate of purpose in the universe carried with it pre-

destination; that you could not have purpose without it." My waking self is unable to refute that statement. There arises out of it this, that we are (as I stated in the beginning of these papers) not children of a day. We are children of eternity. And in one sense we are eternity. Not only is the past within us, but the future also. Our status of development, however, is such that we are only conscious of two aspects, the past and present. Enlarge our consciousness, as it so often is in dreamland, and the future becomes ours. When we awake we say so-and-so is going to happen. And when it does happen we express surprise, and say that we dreamed true. And there, for the most of us, the matter ends. If we begin to reason upon it, however, we find ourselves led into all sorts of realms, fantastical and otherwise. But if we only go far enough we shall probably gain glimpses of those powers already mentioned. And if we are true to ourselves we shall find that life itself can never again be just the same for us.

The conviction forces itself upon me more and more that what we call "life" is not the real and true life. We take the outer shell and pronounce it to be the kernel. That is where we err. If we look deeper we shall see behind all the great events of men and nations, a line of progressive development. Life then appears to us as a flowing stream. We note that everything that seems to hinder the free flow of life but increases its power. If you dam back the waters of a river, they gradually accumulate in mass and power. Then one day the dam bursts, and for a time there is ruin and desolation; but anon the parched valleys blossom as the rose. That is like life. We see the growing power of a people dammed back by a few strong individuals. By and by the power of that people grows in volume, pressing daily against the barriers. Then there is a break. Such a break we call a revolution. It is only retarded evolution suddenly speeded up. For a time all seems chaos and ruin. Then slowly arises out of it a new order, more beautiful, containing greater freedom, justice, and love.

If you look back at the historical development of the race, you will see this is a true picture. Purpose is revealed at every epoch of human development. Man cannot stay it. The power of the universe is ever onward, because it is a spiritual power. And therein lies much of the explanation of the creative power of the dream self. As we climb upwards we slowly win to ourselves those hidden tracks of marshland, desert, and garden that we call the subconscious. Out of it slowly emerges more and more of the real self, radiant with power, strength, and beauty. It is good too, like God, and wishful of the good of others. We shall arrive; we shall arrive. No power can stay the majesty and might of the developing consciousness of the universe to which we belong. And if our dreams but help us to this, let us dream even more wisely, and see more clearly the way before us.

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

That we instinctively trust our dream-self is shown by the fact that, in periods of doubt, we say we will sleep on it. And how often do we find that the thing that perplexed us so sadly when we laid our heads on the pillow is quite clear when we awake. And this too when we have no recollection of all that has happened. The thing that bothered, the problem that

perplexed, is solved. We see clearly. However proud we may be of our waking judgment, that other is superior. It hides its doings behind the curtains of sleep. It is more modest than the waking self, more modest because greater. It is content to work in silence unobserved, and just sends up to the waking self the results of its labour. Very suggestive is this, as in fact all the phenomena connected with sleep are. Perhaps we shall never really know the why of these things until we have finally explored the sleep realm. I wonder what surprises await us then? Shall we find that we have never had any disconnected existence, but have simply laid our bodies down at night to enter our own native land to gather the necessary refreshment for carrying on our waking existence? Shall we find—and I think that this will be true—that death has never made any real parting? That as night has come, so we have entered into companionship with our beloved arisen ones? When the "wheels of being" slow in sleep, does not the spirit emerge into its own native element, and revel in the delights of that finer realm? Who was it that I conversed with on the question of predestination, of which I brought back just a tiny fragment? Who are those audiences I sometimes recollect, on awaking, that I have been earnestly addressing? They are real people to me. I remember their upturned faces, the look of tense interest, the eager expectancy with which they greeted the thoughts I expressed. Of one thing I am sure, I speak with greater power and eloquence in those dream lectures, than I ever do in my waking addresses. I am so conscious of inspiration, and realm upon realm of thought opens up to me. Even now when I awake my mind is filled with a diffused light of surpassing softness and beauty, which is all that I succeed in bringing back. But I am sure I shall one day remember it all, and talk the experiences over with those whom I have addressed. In speaking of solving problems, I must explain how much of this series of papers has been written. I have upon retiring told my inner self very positively what I desired to write upon. And there I have left it. In the morning I take my pen and just let the words run off it, as it were. That is, I am not conscious of thinking as I write. I am simply conscious of a stream of thought which passes through my brain. Hence there is no conscious labour attached to it. But my inner self is generally very obedient, and although I have no memory of what it has been doing, it yet serves up the result of its labour very faithfully. I am conscious of one thing however, that I do not get the full measure of that labour. I doubt whether the waking self could stand the full revelation. I feel sometimes as though the joy of it would be so intense that my "wheels of being" would stop. Of one thing I am sure, we are immensely richer than we suppose.

There is allied to this what we call the waking dream, or the reverie. All are conscious of this. We call the pictures of this state "castles in the air." How much does the race owe to these castles? I wonder if the total were known how much we really owe to the processes of subconscious mentation, and how little to those of conscious effort? I should not be surprised to find that we owe more to the former than to the latter. Progress is only our self pushing out into the objective realm its own interior discoveries. All realms are plastic. We can mould them as we will, and if we wish to we can create

the conditions we need to make heaven on earth. In reverie we have done this. It only needs the wedding of thought to action. In our dream state we find that thought and action are one. To think is to realise. It is not so here. We may carry our castles around with us, and never be conscious of them.

There is something exceedingly suggestive about the spontaneous creation of thought in the dream state. It helps us to realise somewhat the operation of thought upon the spiritual planes of life. It accounts too for many of those strange messages that we get from "over the way." Living, in an environment that is infinitely more plastic than is this, where it is responsive to the slightest impulsion of our thought, must be such that in very truth it may be said that each spirit lives in a world of his own. That is of course equally true more or less of all planes. We each carry around with us our own particular world, distinct and separate from its outer environment. And this inner

world is often more real to us than is the outer. And yet we speak slightly of the dream, and consider that to be called a dreamer is a term of reproach! How little we understand ourselves! And what surprises await us when we shuffle off this mortal coil! To see the visible representation of our thought will be astonishing, and also educative. It will be the discovery of our real self, the self that has been buried under the accretions of life's conventionalisms. There will be such a shock to many of us at looking upon our actual everyday self after being familiar with the conventional mode of regarding things. But the wonderful adaptability of the spirit will soon help us to re-adjust our outlook, and we shall then see the marvellous justice that has run through our lives.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one unceasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the progress of the suns.

(To be continued).

## All Souls' Day—November 2nd.

By DORIS SEVERN.

ALL Souls' Day follows the festival of All Saints, held on November 1st. It is said to have been introduced by Odilon, Abbot of Cluny, in the ninth century, though its use did not become general till towards the close of the tenth century. It was supposed that the souls of the departed, who were in process of purification, were released from purgatory for that one night, and that in many cases, they were permitted to re-visit the scenes of their earthly life. In Salerno, up to the fifteenth century, a strange custom prevailed. On this night of All Souls', when the living-room had been swept, and the candles lighted, a little feast was spread of everything that could be afforded. The family then left the house and spent the night in the church, as no mortal eye might rest on the returned spirits. In the morning they always found that the provisions had vanished, though here modern scepticism steps in and suggests that vagrants were well aware of the custom, and seized the opportunity to make a good meal undisturbed, and gratis! At Naples it was customary to throw open the charnel houses, deck them with flowers and evergreens, and light them up with candles. Then the poor relics of humanity were dressed in festival clothes, and ranged around the walls. From this ghastly picture, we turn with relief to the noble and tender practice of remembering before God those who have been associated with us, and have passed on before us, into the other life. Some years ago, a very dear friend of mine, who is both highly psychic and deeply religious, came to spend two days with us in the mountain resort where I had already been given many experiences. We were at that time occupying a small ground-floor flat, only just sufficient for our needs, so my husband gave up his room to my friend, and took a room at the top of the house. The first day of her visit was All Souls', and I had said to her before retiring—"I wonder if you will have any experiences to-night." But neither of us had any definite expectation. The next morning she told me the following—She fell asleep rather quickly, considering she was in a strange house, and she dreamed that my husband and I came into her room, and up to her bed, saying—"Get up and come to the window." She obeyed, and on

reaching the window found to her surprise that there was no glass, only the opening. She looked straight through this window into a great church filled with people, dressed in white, and holding palm branches. There was a beautiful mellow golden light illuminating the scene, but she did not see the source of it. Then she awoke. I was disappointed that I had no remembrance of my share in so interesting an experience, but was glad to know that we had both been with her. In the current number of *Bibby's Annual*, there is a most interesting article on the colour, light, and shape of thought forms. May it not well be that the holy and ardent thoughts of this great congregation of happy people, in some measure supplied that golden light, that had no visible source? I remember once, years ago, in a dream-vision entering the outer edge of such a golden glory, and just as I seemed drawn closer and closer towards its centre, the experience became too beautiful and terrible to endure, and with an effort I drew back and awoke.



FIFTY WOUNDED SOLDIERS ENTERTAINED AT GROVEDALE HALL.—No livelier gathering ever took place in connection with the Highgate Spiritualists than that of the 18th of October. It was the outcome of an invitation sent to the local hospital for fifty wounded soldiers to be the guests of the members. They came and appeared to enjoy themselves immensely. In a brief address of welcome Mr. T. O. Todd said the text for the evening was "Keep Smiling." There was to be no sermon, but there was to be a five-hours' "application." Hosts and guests vied with each other in providing music and mirth in the upper hall until tea was ready in the lower hall. Here the indefatigable secretary, Mr. R. R. Ellis, with Mrs. Ellis and a band of lady helpers, had plentifully provided the "short cut to the land of merriment." After tea, three hours were occupied with song, story, and dancing. A number of small prizes were competed for, and the soldier-winners received such ovations as might have been justified had each prize been a V.C. Before parting, "Rule Britannia" and the National Anthem were sung with enthusiasm. The funds for this happy meeting were provided by the proceeds of a lecture by Mr. Todd on Andrew Jackson Davis's "Magic Staff," supplemented by donations of money and home-made dainties and fruit sent in abundance by kind-hearted members and friends of the Society. The word "Spiritualism" was purposely not mentioned during the whole evening. The sole thought of everyone was to make the brave fellows happy—and they were, God bless 'em!

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## The Phenomena of Materialisation.

### MATERIALISING SEANCE AT MR. CRADDOCK'S.

THAT class of Spiritualistic phenomena known as Materialisations is now very rarely seen in this country. Indeed

since Mr. Cecil Husk has been laid aside by illness, we know of no other medium besides Mr. Frederick F. Craddock through whom the spirits of the departed are able to manifest themselves "in solid form." This seems a pity, for these were the phenomena which so deeply interested Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace and Sir William Crookes, and converted these great figures in the British scientific world from scepticism to a whole-hearted belief in Spiritualism. Florence Maryatt's famous book "There is no Death," which started off so many persons in their psychic investigation, was full of her experiences in this

interesting department of research. The reasons given for the decline of materialisations in this country are various:—(1) that climatic conditions are not so favourable here as in Australia and the United States, where they are still common; (2) that the development of this form of mediumship is usually a long process, requiring the patient regular attendance of a circle of sitters probably for years, and it is only in very few cases that people are willing to devote so much time to the purpose; and (3) that born materialising mediums are rare at the best, and the reward for devoting their peculiarly sensitive organisations to the instruction of mankind is usually disrepute, persecution, and even danger to life itself. They have ever been at the mercy of ignorant "fraud hunters" who while a materialisation was in progress would switch on a light or seize a materialised form, absolutely reckless of the serious effects of their conduct on the entranced medium. It was through the folly of such people that Mr. Cecil Husk was deprived of his sight and had his life

endangered. Yet surely these people might have known that if psychic materialising manifestations were within the scope of conjurers, as has been alleged, they would have been produced on every music-hall stage throughout the country, as a startling and drawing show. The late Mr. Maskelyne recognised this and made several imitative efforts and many boasts as to his success, but as Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace said in regard to Maskelyne's ludicrous "reproduction" of the Monck phenomena they were no more like the genuine materialisations than chalk is like cheese. The progress of the Spiritualistic movement has perhaps rendered this semi-materialistic phase of the proof of life beyond death as no longer necessary, just as it has been unnecessary to keep emphasising the truth of the Christian resurrection by repeating the phenomena of the Upper Room where Thomas's doubts were removed by tactual contact with

the nail-prints of the Master. That incident, by the way, is a classic example of the materialising seance, for the previously crucified Jesus appeared suddenly in the midst of his disciples, though the doors were shut, and gave Thomas just the kind of material proofs he insisted upon having that He had truly "arisen." On October 10, Mrs. Etta Duffus, the philanthropic Chairman of our little *International Psychic Gazette* Company, invited her co-directors and a number of friends, including a military officer and an airman, to a materialising seance at Mr. Craddock's. An eminent novelist



MRS. ETTA DUFFUS.

who is investigating Spiritualism had also been invited but he failed to turn up. It seemed that he feared there might be fraud and deemed it better to stay away! Mrs. Duffus has long made a study of this branch of Spiritualism, and has described in an interview her remarkable seances with Mr. Husk and Mrs. Tomson, as recorded in our issue for March, 1916. The company after waiting some time for the missing guest repaired to Mr. Craddock's little upper-room which was illumined by a subdued red light. The seats were arranged in the form of a horse-shoe, at the open end of which was the cabinet in which the medium sits entranced during the manifestations. This is no elaborate contrivance fitted with theatrical properties and machinery to deceive the unwary, as the uninitiated are led to suppose, but consists of a solitary chair, a curtain pole, and a curtain which can be drawn across a small corner of the room. The only mechanical contrivances in the room were a megaphone used by the spirit-friends to intensify the sound of their voices, and a musical box which was wound

up and started playing its tinkling music while the sitters including the medium joined hands to gather up the psychic force necessary for a successful seance.

The single light was then put out, and total darkness enveloped the little company, who softly sang some well-known hymns. Soon amid the singing were heard the whisperings of other voices than those of the sitters, and as soon as there was a pause in the singing "Joey," who is one of the medium's "controls," and claims to have been the famous circus clown, Joe Grimaldi, when in the flesh, spoke through the megaphone, greeting the members of the circle individually. Joey has not yet discarded his famous drolleries and where he can get in a pun or a joke he does not fail to do so, even though the joke is sometimes of the thinnest kind as when he said—"I say, Mr. Payne, you are suffering from a little pain, aren't you?" A sitter laughingly said—"Oh, that is a rotten one, Joey!"

But there was method in this old clown's light buffoonery, for he soon had the circle, some of whom were strangers to each other, harmonised by their general laughter, and this is one of the essentials to a successful sitting. Mr. Craddock, who was still in his normal condition, described some of the unseen members of the audience, whom he saw clairvoyantly. He said—"I can see the spirit of an elderly lady, who passed away very suddenly when she would be about sixty years of age. She is pointing to Miss R." Miss R.—"She is my mother." Mr. Craddock—"She is awfully delighted to see you. You have never been to anything of this kind

before, have you?" Miss R.—"No." There was silence for a moment, but for the gentle tinkling of the musical box, and then there was some whispered conversation between this mother and her son and daughter, which we failed to hear as we were sitting outside the circle for the purpose of taking notes. Mr. Craddock—"I see two or three other spirits. There is one behind you, Mrs. Duffus, a stoutish gentleman, with a short moustache." Mrs. Duffus—"Yes, I felt him touching my head. I knew it was you, dear. God bless you, darling!" Joey said—"Mr. C., there is a John here for you; he is very pleased to see you. This is your first offence here too, I think. He says you require some treatment for your ears!" Mr. C.—"My hearing is all-right!" Joey—"Well, he says he has spoken to you many times, and many times you have not heard him." (Joey was apparently suggesting that clairaudience required to be cultivated in order to hear the spirit-voices). Addressing the flying-officer, Joey said—"Your father is here and says they have been trying to guard

and protect you, for there is a special work for you to do after the war. They don't want you to go over yet. You must be extra sharp and cautious and not go practising any more nose-dives! How did you like your trip to Dover?" The airman—"I haven't had a trip to Dover!" Joey—"Well, it was rather a rapid one, don't you know, on your way to Folkestone! You were doing 194 miles to the hour I should think when you got to the bottom! It was lucky for you the box of the machine went into the water first, with you on the top of it, or you would have been drowned." "The airman—"I don't know. I was picked up." Joey—"My word, you must have wanted a wash then! But don't try sea-water again like that; it is rather salt. It wants something to mix with it!" The company laughed and Mrs. Duffus said—"Oh Joey, these are poor jokes." Joey—"That just sounds like my old managers. They never would say I was funny; they said

I was rotten—until I got better known. Then I told them, I will take my jokes elsewhere, and the audience will follow me!—Miss R., I have a terrible reputation! Do you know I was once done in oils—like a sardine—and I was hung—on a clothes-line? no, nor on the Chatham and Dover line either!" Joey now said something that sounded like Anglified French. Mrs. Duffus—"Oh what awful French!" Joey—"Well, you see, I never was very good at languages, excepting when I missed a train!" Mrs. Duffus—"How is poor Mr. Husk, Joey?" Joey—"Oh, he is keeping on. He has been very near death's door lots of times. He should see a good doctor;

he would pull him through! Old Mrs. Husk is here and she sends her very kind love to you and thanks you very much indeed. She says you have been so kind to Cecil. Cecil will linger a little while yet, but I think the winter will carry him off."

The sitters now began to see lights of a rather ethereal and evanescent kind in various parts of the room. Mr. C. said—"I see two tiny lights." Another sitter said—"I can see four." And another—"I have noticed them for some time." Mrs. Duffus—"I can see quite a bank of light right in front of us." The "conditions" were now ready for the serious purposes of the sitting. The gas was lit, the curtain was drawn aside at the corner of the room, Mr. Craddock sat down on the chair, and the curtain was again drawn. In a few minutes there was a shuffling sound from the interior of the cabinet, and a noise as if the medium were rubbing his hands. The curtain was drawn aside, and the medium was seen sitting there sunk in deep trance. Immediately however, he stood up, came forth from the



MR. F. F. CRADDOCK.

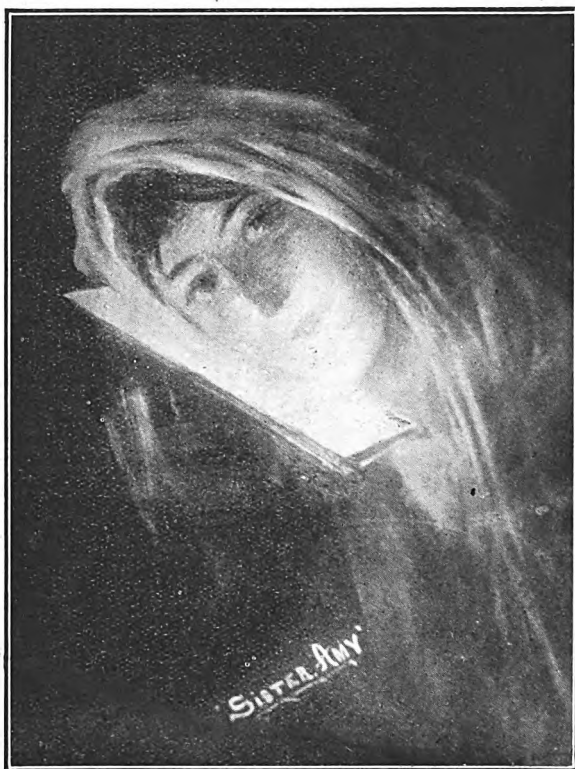
cabinet, and spoke, but it was not Mr. Craddock who spoke. He had retired from his bodily organism for the time being and a new personality was in possession. He is known as the French doctor, and greeted the circle with "Bon soir, messieurs." He continued to converse with members of his audience in French, a language most of them appeared to know familiarly. His tones and gestures were altogether distinct from those of his medium. He gave a little demonstration to the circle to show that the psychic force which is utilised for the seance is a real thing, and to indicate how important it is that the sitters should not lose grip of each others hands while the medium is entranced. He took a hand of each of the sitters at the ends of the horse-shoe, and thus made the circle complete. Then he asked Mrs. Duffus who was at one end to stretch out her left hand. As an ethereal substance

appeared to stream from her hand like a thin filmy cloud, and this psycho-plastic material the doctor gathered up in his hands as it came issuing forth, and wound it like fleecy silk round a piece of cardboard which he turned over and over to receive it. Next he asked Mrs. Duffus to place her hand flat on a small table and he did the same with his to complete the circuit. Without any effort on their part the table rose under their hands two or three feet in the air and remained there. "Now will one of you loose your hand?" asked the Doctor. One of the sitters did so and instantly the table fell with a loud bang on the floor. This psychoplasm is the material which the spirits make use of to build up

replicas of their former hands, faces, partial forms, and full forms for identification by their friends. It has been proved by Sir William Crookes and other scientific investigators that its weight in any materialisation corresponds almost precisely with the loss of weight for the time being in the medium, the small margin of difference being drawn in infinitesimal portions from the other members of the circle. The medium, still possessed by the doctor, now retired to the cabinet and sat down. The curtains were drawn, and the gas was put out. Presently Joey spoke again. The medium was heard breathing heavily, and Joey explained that "Big Jimmy," a Crimean soldier, was looking after him, and holding him in his chair. "Jimmy's a nice boy, good and kind and big-hearted," was Joey's tribute to his coadjutor. Joey continued giving messages from spirit-friends present to individual sitters. "Mr.—," he said, "there's a William here for you and sends you his kind regards." "I know many Williams" said the

sitter. "Yes," answered Joey, "but this William says he has come instead of another man!" There was no mistaking who was intended, especially when his encouraging counsel referred to certain personages and occurrences! "Mr.—, your father is here. He is happy to see you, and he sends his kind love to Mrs.—" "Mrs. Duffus, there is someone here named Black, and he wants to be kindly remembered to you, because he says you are White all the way through! And Mrs. Black is here too." Mrs. Duffus—"My father and mother!—God bless them!" An etherialisation—which is something less solid and more evanescent than a materialisation—came up in front of Mrs. Duffus, and she recognised in it the face of her husband, just as he was in a photograph she was wearing, and then husband and wife, who were supposed to be divided by death, conversed quietly together for a little while. The officer and his sister had a similar pleasure

of seeing the face of their mother and conversing with her. Then there was an extraordinarily beautiful materialisation of Sister Aimée, one of Mr. Craddock's "familiar." She showed her delicate and refined features to every member of the circle by means of a luminous slate she carried in her hand, for the room was still in darkness. Every one remarked on the beauty of her spirituelle face, which was closely draped with the head-gear of some French Sisterhood. She also wore a long white veil, which she waved in front of the slate so that all could see it. The face was smaller and unlike that of any one in the room, and she moved her eyes and lips as she spoke in whispers, to give assurance to all that she was really a



SISTER AIMÉE  
(Photographed by flashlight some years ago.)

living person. She appeared to be delighted with her reception. After she had gone, Joey said "She can only come when the conditions are nice. Did you hear Mrs. Duffus say she had never seen so beautiful a face. That's because she has never seen mine!" The laughter that followed released the tension to some members of the circle who had never before seen a long deceased spirit temporarily rehabilitated in bodily form. During the sitting another spirit-friend named "Cerise" conversed in French with some of the sitters. Her voice was somewhat husky but not unpleasant, and her personality was gracious. Each manifesting spirit had a distinct individuality and all seemed desirous to cheer and comfort those who had lost friends or relatives. The irrepressible mirth of Joey seemed to teach us that our droll laughter-provoking friends in "this vale of tears" do not on passing hence become like sober saints in stained-glass windows. And surely that is well.



## Children in Spirit Life.

### THE CONTINUITY OF THEIR GROWTH.

By G. E. OWEN.

**T**HAT a large number of persons die when children everybody knows. What is not so well known is their condition in the next life. The discovered facts of psychical science tell us that they live on after death—even though they die in infancy. This must be of special interest to parents, for infantile mortality is so heavy that there are few families in which at least one member has not passed early into the beyond. Longfellow truly sang—

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside howsœ'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

Parents, when they lose a little one, are wont to ask themselves various questions. They wonder that one so young has been taken from them, and they ask why should the agonies and anxieties of motherhood have been borne, and immediately the fruit thereof be taken away. The death of a little child so often means that the light and joy of a household has gone out, leaving behind everything gloomy and everybody dismal. Of course they seek comfort in the hope that the child's light and joy will brighten its new abode. Often such an event means too the disturbance of the harmonies of the home. One of its musical notes has ceased, and the family is like a harp with a broken string. Will the child give out its sweet music elsewhere? the parents ask. If so, then they long to know where, and under what conditions.

The very birth of a child shows that it is not according to Nature's design for him to die young. Nature gives the child a marvellous organisation, which, as embryology shows, calls into operation in its formation wonderfully complex laws and forces. Charles Lamb in the following lines, composed on the occasion of the death of an infant, presents the thoughts and queries which run through the minds of many when they have lost a child:—

I saw wherein the shroud did lurk  
A curious frame of Nature's work;  
A flow'ret crushed in the bud,  
A nameless piece of Babyhood,  
Was in her cradle-coffin lying,  
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying:  
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb  
For darker closets of the tomb!  
She did but ope an eye, and put  
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut,  
For the long dark—ne'er more to see  
Through glasses of mortality.  
Riddle of destiny, who can show  
What thy short visit meant, or know  
What was thy errand here below?  
Shall we say, that Nature blind  
Checked her hand, and changed her mind,  
Just when she had exactly wrought  
A finish'd pattern without fault?

Planned, then, to unfold latent powers, the child, although provided with a suitable form, is unable to do so when death too soon takes him from this world. Man has been termed the blossom of the tree of organic life. The child is an unblossomed bud on that tree. Wrapped up in the little body are all those qualities and powers, still undeveloped, that go to make up the normal man or woman. Limitless possibilities are there—latent, slumbering, and inactive. All that is noblest and sublimest in human

nature is potentially there. All the abilities of mankind expressed in many triumphant accomplishments in various walks of life are there. These would have been unfolded and given expression to during the child's growth to maturity. That is what growth means. When death steps in and removes one of these little ones from this world we ask what has become of so vast a reservoir of power which was naturally seeking liberation from a dormant into an active state? Is growth confined to the physical world alone? It is hardly reasonable to think so. Our intuitions, and our glimpses of the powers latent in the deeper strata of sub-consciousness, indicate that these faculties do not belong to, and cannot, except occasionally in a limited degree, be exercised in this world. Therefore, we are surely entitled to assume that they are to be fully unfolded and suitably used in the next world. If that is true, then it must be obvious to any thinker that the growth interrupted here will be continued there. No one would be so foolish as to assert that flowers can grow only in his own little conservatory, and likewise no one who knows anything of the matter would suppose that the growth of children is confined to this plane and is not continued in the spirit-world.

But in what manner, it may be asked, does a child grow in spirit life? In a very similar manner to what we see here, only under infinitely more congenial conditions. When a child passes at death into the next life the only growing that stops is that of the physical body. His organs, limbs, etc., cease to grow, owing to the life-principle not using them. It is different, however, with the surviving spiritual part of the child, which is not its physical body. His intellectual faculties and his moral and spiritual nature, which do not depend for their existence upon, but are only resident in, the earthly body, never cease to grow and expand because of physical death. Why, to suppose so is as unreasonable as to suppose that all the inner properties and qualities of any seed will grow no more when once the outer husk has broken up and decayed. But the contrary, as we know, is the truth. It is the same with those who die as children. What a funny and unnatural world the next world would be if the children that pass into it never grew up! Why, growth and change, unfoldment and expansion, go on there even in the case of those who die when they are grown up. To suppose an infant, passing into the spirit-world, remaining an infant always, is unthinkable. There is no standing still anywhere in the workings of Nature; and the tendency is ever forward. Nature's forces, as they incessantly toil, toil, toil, are ever directed to some far off goal, towards which the whole realm of organic life is marching. The mere incident of bodily death does not cause the diversion of a single life-form from its natural progression onwards and upward. Apart from a momentary suspension of activity at its transition, just as happens to a plant when transplanted from one soil to another, the growth of a child continues in the next world from the point it had reached during its physical existence here. This seeming momentary suspension is over as soon as the child has properly adjusted himself to his new conditions, just as in the case of the plant. Then his existence is continued

in spirit life under appropriate spiritual influences which bring about his complete and harmonious growth. All the child's inherent powers and undeveloped faculties are awakened and developed under the supervision of those who understand child psychology.

It may be asked if there are in the next life educational arrangements akin to what we have here? Decidedly there are. Necessity requires them there as much as here. Personal intelligence has to be developed, understanding has to be gained, human feelings awakened, and the senses of duty and responsibility arrived at, for when children pass on hence, they begin there just where they left off here. Their new needs are met by a wonderful system of natural and methodical education, administered by those naturally qualified to direct their unfoldment, and who possess a strong and real affection for childhood. Beautiful institutions are dedicated to the work, and these are equipped with every appliance intelligence and ingenuity can contrive. The conditions for facilitating and fostering the unfoldment of childhood, and dealing with its complexities are in the spirit-world vastly superior to the educational systems of earth. Children are there under the care of those who truly love and understand them. There is no standardisation of intellectual faculties and mental powers, no general classification of temperaments, dispositions, and tendencies, no urging of the child to do what he is not disposed to, and forbidding him to do what he longs to. Each child is encouraged and afforded opportunities to spontaneously respond by outward activity to the inward promptings and urgings which his awakening powers and unfolding faculties cause or produce. Children in spirit life unfold and express just what abilities they possess, and this ensures the blossoming into fine specimens of perfect manhood of all those unbloomed buds which have untimely passed there from here.

It is often asked at what age does a child become capable of surviving after death. There should be no difficulty about this. Survival is not an acquired quality. Children who pass away immediately they are born live on in that other and better world. Even those who cease to live before they are born, when in the introductory stage of their mortal existence, live on as well. Everyone who is conversant with the deeper aspects of the philosophy of survival and spirit intercourse know this. Florence Maryatt confesses her surprise in her book "There is no death" on having obtained evidence that those of her children who were still-born, and who she thought were no more, lived on in the great beyond a life of growth and progress. Parents, then, who have lost little ones need have no anxiety about their welfare. They have departed for a better world—a world where intelligence has risen to a higher level than here, and where knowledge is fuller and more extended. There "your loved ones are living in a summer vale, and blooming in its radiance and warmth," being cared for and comforted, guided and instructed under the beneficent care of noble-souled and angelic-natured men and women. There love and sunshine, music and harmony unfold the children, only much more perfectly than if they had lived on here. They grow there into stately men and women.

Mrs. Browning in her poem "Isobel's Child," contains a valuable lesson for all who have lost a child or have one seriously ill. Parents are,

naturally, reluctant to part with their children, for they do not know what happens to them after death. They dread the idea of the little ones voyaging alone across the dark waters of death, and so even when there is no hope they pray earnestly for their recovery. Mrs. Browning here relates how the mother passionately pined for her child to get better. The child lapsed into a reverie and had a dream of the beauties of the beyond. He understood too that the forces his mother had set in motion by her prayers had prevented his passing. The child awakens, and describes his dream, and pleads with his mother to release him from the grip of her desires. The whole burden of his exhortation is: "Loose thy prayer, and let me go."

Those who have children in the next world should surely have a deep interest in it. They have someone belonging to them there. In their meditative moods they must often think the thoughts the following lines embody, entitled "My Baby," which expresses those of a mother whose little girl had only sojourned with her for a short time:—

What shall I call her when we meet?  
She knew no other name on earth  
Than that which mothers find so sweet;  
Though words be cold and little worth  
"Our Baby" seemed a name complete.

But now, so many years have flown  
Since from my tearful gaze she passed,  
How shall I in the Great Unknown,  
Where all is new, and strange, and vast—

How shall I then reclaim my own?  
What sweet rare title does she bear?  
For when I meet her on that shore,  
Grown wise and great as she is fair,  
"My Baby" I can say no more,  
For I shall be the infant there.



### SORROW.

We hear of sorrow, as a little child  
Would hold a shell to hear the ocean roar,  
Then list again and turn it o'er and o'er,  
Half wond'ring, half afraid. But when the wild,  
Mad tempest rides the sea, and canvas fill'd  
With hurricane and foam, then far from shore,  
On mighty waves, we understand the power  
That echoed in the shell, when summer smil'd.  
True, Lord! we know not sorrow till it break  
In storm and tempest on our own frail bark,  
And we are driven rudderless to sea,  
But Love Divine, that whispered once, now wakes,  
To glorious anthems, through the gathered dark,  
And our frail vessel guided home by Thee.

F. HESLOP.



Again that Voice, that on my listening ears  
Falls like star-music filtering through the spheres.  
Know this, O man, sole root of sin in thee  
Is not to know thine own divinity.

James Rhoades.

There can be no question but that the spiritual man has powers that are far beyond our present knowledge. Dr. Corson has finely said of Jesus that His great mission here was not to infuse an absolutely new element into humanity, but to exhibit and realise to the fullest extent in Himself humanity's spiritual potentialities. The other world, is not, as Kant has declared, another place, but another view. The continuity of life is unbroken by the change called death, and the expansion of religion includes this growing recognition of relations of spirit which persist beyond the material separation.—Lilian Whiting.

## The Child Sphere.

### AN EX-SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT.

The following description of The Child Sphere was received automatically by the mother of one of our heroic soldiers who died in action on the Somme. He now writes by his mother's hand accounts of his spiritual progress, his mission in the grey world, and he also communicates audibly.

**W**E travelled through great spaces, void, and it seemed as though we passed from one unto another. There was very little light, all was very still, and the silence was very great. Presently, the light grew stronger; it was as if we emerged from a tunnel into the full day-light; and we saw a large city set in the midst of a plain, surrounded on all sides by walls of immense height. A Messenger approached, saying that he had been sent out to meet us, and we must follow him into the city. The walls were built of bright stones, reflecting beautiful colours, sparkling in the light. A high gate gave entrance to the city, and the Messenger told us there were others like this, giving access to other parts of the city. Each gate bore a particular name, and if we looked up we might see the letters overhead. These letters were cut in the stone, and each one was filled with a particular jewel, the effect being both dazzling and beautiful. The words were like this:—

Enter in and seek, the Lord will give  
Knowledge to him who seeks through Love.

We passed through the wonderful gateway, and came to a street paved, in what appeared to be pure gold, so smooth and dazzling was it. The street led upwards to a solitary building. Down below were other streets with innumerable buildings all shining in the light, and glistening as if made of gold and precious stones. Such a wonderful sight, and the flowers, dear mother, are everywhere, they seem to grow in anything, and the wonder of them passes everything!

The great building which faced us as we approached up the incline was built of some wonderful marble, pure as snow, and looked as if a cloud of glory hung all about it. I cannot describe all the wonder of it! There were many steps, and the pillars, supporting the entrance were made of pure gold. Passing up the steps, the Guide led us within, and we saw that the interior was larger than we had supposed. It was lofty, and the roof was transparent, the light being reflected through it in exquisite colourings. Everywhere was whiteness and purity. It looked like a vast cathedral, only nothing you have ever seen could compare with it—it was so vast, so grand, so solemn and still!

Presently, the whole place seemed to fill with a large company. The gates were thrown wide open, as by unseen hands, and beyond them we saw the space filled by a large number of women and little children. The same wonderful light was all about them. They seemed to wait as if in obedience to one whom they expected. Then a wave of music rose, soft and clear, with the voices of little children joining in, until the place was full of melody. The company was not near enough to be seen distinctly. We could only see through the soft veil of colouring which enveloped them, and suddenly that veil hid everything, and we saw only the glory surrounding them. The singing continued for a while, then ceased, and we heard a voice speak,

as though it came from amongst the children. So distinct was the voice that we could hear each word though we were afar off. It spoke of His love for the little ones, those who were planted in His gardens, fostered through care and love, gathered by His gardeners when they reached perfection, and re-planted in the upper courts of His Father's home. In innocence and purity they lived within the light of Him who loved all little children and needed no veil to hide them from His face. Happy were those who, transplanted early, had blossomed in the glory and light of His gardens. They had never known the blight of earth-life, nor its sins and sorrows. Taken away whilst yet in their state of innocency, they were growing up unto all perfection, and ever seeing the Face of the Lord who loved them. He would have all know that only purity could behold Him, and not until we had purged ourselves from all earth-stains could we see Him. We must learn as little children, and tread in the blessed footsteps of our Lord and Master. He assured us of His love, and told us how He was drawing us ever onwards to that light wherein we should behold Him face to face.

As the voice ceased, the thick veil which had hidden everything lifted, and we saw the little children still there, but the women were in the outer court. Now they went away, taking the little ones with them. The great gates closed, and there was nothing left but the silence and glory of the changing light. Our Guide took us up to the door through which the women and children had passed, and we saw them in the distance wending their way to another part of the city. He said this place was set apart for seekers after light in its various aspects. We had witnessed the light of Christ's love for His children. Another time we should witness it in some other form.

I said I should much like to see where these children passed their time, and the Guide remarked that I could do so now. We passed through another portion of the city, laid out like very beautiful gardens, far more beautiful than you have ever seen or heard of. Large gates faced us, each one being of mother-of-pearl, and the arch was composed of bright gold. An inscription read thus:—"I am the Keeper of these blossoms, no man shall pluck them out of my hand, for they are Mine." We entered; lovely flowers bloomed, trees and shrubs grew abundantly, and rare birds flew about, their song being the most beautiful you have ever heard. We came to a long low building, built of snow-white alabaster, flowers entwined all about it, and from the interior came the laughter and voices of merry children. As we drew nearer we saw many children playing, whilst a number of women seemed to be helping others in teaching them little occupations. The women came towards us, and we told them how we had wished to see where the children lived. They answered that they were glad to have been given the great task of tending these flowers; it was so precious a work, and Our Lord gave it to those who had a special love for little children. I asked whether any of the children knew their earth mothers? The women answered that each child always prayed for the mother who had given it birth,

and they were vouchsafed a vision of the mother from time to time, so that remembrance should never be obliterated. As the child grew in knowledge, it understood the limitations of earth-conditions, and would pray and help the mother, until the time came for that mother to come over, and then their meeting would not be as strangers, but, as true mother and child, joined together through Eternal Love. Here, these little ones were taught many lessons necessary for their spiritual growth, and becoming fit to pass on further. It was a lovely sight when the Saviour came amongst them, they always knew when He was coming, for they would lay aside their work and play, and stand listening. Then the women would see the great Light of His glory, and the children would run shouting and crying joyfully to meet the dear Lord they loved. Even the least of the little

ones could see Him, and He would sit there in the garden and talk with them. Some would sit in His arms, others would crowd about Him, and He would tell them of the glories that were coming for them by and bye. He would have them ever remember how great a love was that of a mother. He revered it above all others, for it gave so freely of all that it possessed, asking for nothing in return. The children would listen, and come and tell us all that Our Lord had told them, and sometimes He would come in His glory to where we stood, and although we could not see His face, He would speak with us. Then as we knelt to receive His blessing we knew the Light and Glory were departing, and lo! our Lord had gone away from His garden for a while.

E. A. L.

## Interesting Phenomena at a Birmingham Circle.

By BERTRAM P. MEMBERY.

A SHORT account of several sittings I have had in the circle of Dr. T. D'Aute Hooper, Birmingham, may be of interest to readers of the *International Psychic Gazette*. The sittings are held regularly once a week, and the sitters number about 6 or 7. Various forms of phenomena regularly occur, including clairvoyance, trance speaking, levitation, and direct voice. The proceedings are opened with the singing of a hymn, which is followed by a prayer from the medium, Dr. Hooper, while entranced by a control named Ajax. An address is usually given, on any subject desired, and then the voices are heard through the trumpet. On my first visit three distinctly different voices sang the solo parts of "All we like sheep have gone astray," from Handel's "Messiah," and the singers claimed that they were members of a choir in the spirit-world. I have also listened to solos from grand opera, rendered in the Italian tongue by a powerful and well trained tenor voice, far beyond the range of that of anyone present, and of greater volume than all our seven voices. On four occasions I have conversed with the intelligence and personality of Archdeacon Colley, who still retains an active co-operative interest in the work he commenced on this side. Having been a keen investigator, I had thought all my relations had succeeded in making themselves known to me, but I had an exceedingly good test given me by an uncle who passed over when I was six years and nine months old, of whom I had never heard. I promptly disowned him feeling so sure of being right, but on inquiry I found I was wrong, and that he had lived and passed out under the conditions stated. At one of the circles I introduced two critical strangers under the pseudonym of Messrs. A and B., but their correct Christian names were given by their unseen friends who spoke to them through the trumpet. Perhaps the most striking feature of these seances has been the beautiful singing through the trumpet, in powerful voices, and in English, Irish, Scotch, and Italian patois. At my last sitting, after the singing of "Annie Laurie," and "Bonnie Dundee," "The Campbells are coming" was loudly sung through the trumpet, and before it was finished we heard many voices, which stopped the singer, shouting "Charge Them!" "Charge Them, Boys!" "At Them!" with most realistic vehemence. We were told

on inquiry that the song had aroused the fighting instincts of some of the braw Scotch laddies who had passed over in the war, but fancied they thought they were still fighting the Germans! I have put several tests to the medium (Dr. T. D'Aute Hooper) and he has always genially responded. It is needless perhaps to add that every precaution is taken to eradicate any suspicion of fraud. During the sittings we all hold hands, and both of the medium's hands are held while he is in deep trance. On one occasion I was lifted up by the levitated table from off my chair, and I consider myself fairly strong, and it is vouched for by other sitters that at a seance at which I was not present, a young lady sitter was lifted on to the table, and back again to her chair, without the slightest discomfort to herself. These sittings last from 2½ to 3½ hours, sometimes longer. I think it a pity it is not yet possible for such phenomena to be obtainable before public audiences, but I am earnestly looking forward to the day when it may be possible to do so, and to have materialisations also, for I am convinced that all that hinders is ignorance of the necessary laws, and lies with the audiences themselves, and not with the mediums.

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### A PRAYER.

If Thou art here and we cannot see Thee,  
If Thou art Love and we cannot feel Thee,  
If Thou art Joy and we cannot rejoice in Thee ;  
Then remove the blindness of our eyes that we  
may see Thee,

Open our hearts that we may feel Thee,  
Give us to taste of Thy most satisfying Joy.

BEATRICE REW.

☩ ☩ ☩

Men love their desires, for gratification seems sweet to them, but the end is pain and vacuity; they love the argumentations of the intellect, for egotism seems most desirable to them, but the fruits thereof are humiliation and sorrow. When the soul has reached the end of gratification, and reaped the bitter fruits of egotism, it is ready to receive the Divine Wisdom and to enter into the Divine Life. Only the crucified can be transfigured; only by the death of self can the Lord of the heart rise again into the Immortal Life, and stand radiant upon the Olivet of Wisdom.—James Allen.

## The Significance of Numbers.—II.

By HINEMOA.

(Continued from page 19).

### THE PERSONALITY NUMBERS.

Now let us see what we can get from the Personality Numbers 1, 2, 3.

#### PERSONALITY NUMBER 1.

This number is a most important one. It is the supreme commander and the mighty unknowable God of the universe, who can be felt by those who have entered the Silence, and into the spiritual light, but it can never be explained. It is the Divine mind, the "Fire," of the burning bush which appeared to Moses. He who, in the beginning, had by His word and desire created the universe and Whose power was simply obeyed by the rulers of the grosser substances. One then is the number of creation, for out of one come all the others. Therefore "the Lord thy God is One God." It is a very dominant number, and a ruler, showing much will-power and much determination. The outer significance of one shows the personality, and shows man standing firmly on the material plane, with his feet fixed in physical things, but erect and upright facing the world with positive and firm outlook, and making his way in spite of difficulties. But there is a much deeper significance than this, and that is the inner individuality, the working out of which is the purpose of life, to bring to the surface the best and highest in the consciousness. The development of this individuality brings into the aura the psychic vibration of pale violet or mauve. In astrology, number one has a vibration from the sun, which brings light, warmth and brightness. It is always good in life to have a sunny nature, to look on the bright side and see the silver lining in every cloud. The optimistic view carries one over many trials and shortcomings, and gives a sense of humour which is a saving grace in life's journey. If you do not find this number on your chart then it shows your disposition is too gentle, too soft, and not aggressive enough, for others will push you out of your place, and trample upon you; so you must develop more firmness and determination and don't be lax or indifferent. On the other hand, if you possess two or three "ones" then you are too aggressive, too obstinate, and too domineering. It is best in life to have only one number of each kind so that you may have balance and poise, and not be lop-sided. One is always written as a fortunate number by the ancient and modern masters. It is the "Father of Numbers," and is a number of harmony, activity, initiation, self-mastery, mental power, austerity, and subjugation of the lesser forces. The Hebrew number 1 is the letter Aleph. In the Highest Sphere 1 is the Supreme Being, from whom all virtues and powers flow. In the Sphere of Intellect 1 is the soul of the world, and the first man. In the Heavenly Sphere 1 is the star king, the Sun, and the life-giver. In the Lower Sphere 1 is the Heart—the principle of life and death. The occult symbols of the number 1 are—The Juggler, The Man Adam, Osiris, Apollo. The Juggler is presented as a beautiful youth, with curling hair, and a smile of hope on his face. In one hand he holds a wand, with which he points upwards, to call the world to the con-

templation of the majesty of God; his other hand is lowered, and with it he points downwards to call the World to the contemplation of the mystery of man, illustrated by the symbols, in the Tarot, of the Cup, the Sword, the Wand, and the Pentacles

#### PERSONALITY NUMBER 2.

The number 2 also belongs to the personality. It is a psychic number, and belongs to the soul and heart plane. It deals with the emotions, and is erratic and changeable. It is the number of intellect, and the fountain-head of mental conception. In the 2nd chapter of Genesis we read "the Spirit of God moved amongst the darkness that was on the face of the deep." Two is the number of the moulding of gross substance in response to the intellect of the Grand Architect. And God said—"It is not good that the man should be alone." Number 2 is the mother of numbers and of marriage. It has been termed the middle number, becoming good or bad by combination. It is generally held to be difficult, changeable, and unreliable. It is said to be the number of trouble, contention, enmity, and unhappiness. Its virtue lies in an understanding of the workings of occult knowledge. It seems, in the majority of cases, a most uncanny influence in the names of kings. Instance the following:—Demetrius II. assassinated, Anastasius II. assassinated, Charles II. of France (the bald) poisoned, Edmund II. of England (Ironsides) murdered, William II. of England, killed, Henry II. of England, died of grief, Boleslaus II. of Poland, dethroned, Edward II. of England, murdered, Richard II. of England, murdered, Albert II. of Austria, uncrowned Emperor, and Henry II. of France, killed in a tournament,

Number 2 has a vibration from the moon which brings depression, heaviness and dullness. This causes the person to be moody, with fits of despondency. Two being of a dual nature lacks poise and balance, and a person who has more than one number 2 in his figures will have a most erratic nature, always changing his mind, not knowing what to do next, usually relying on some one else. These people cannot be punctual or keep their promises; their memory is short. There is a psychic vibration from this number which is blue rather like indigo. It is full of emotion and most variable, and if you allow these personalities to read and impart impressions, they will be wrong because they are carried away on this sea of impulse. The mind must take command here, for this duality needs careful handling. Two years was the least term required for the silence and preparation of the initiates of Pythagoras. During this period they studied, but they did not express either the opinions of their masters or their own. Pythagoras spoke of unity as like to God, but duality as like to a devil. Wherefore the Pythagoreans say that 2 is not a number, but a certain confusion of unities. They called 2 a unity of strife and boldness. Barrett tells us:—There are 2 tables of the law, 2 cherubims in the law of Moses, 2 first people, 2 spirits—good and bad, 2 equinoctials, 2 poles—positive and negative, 2 animals of a kind sent into the ark, etc. In the *Highest Sphere* 2 are the letters of the names of God Yod-Hi and Aleph Tamed.

In the *Sphere of Intellect* 2 stands for the angel and the soul. In the *Heavenly Sphere* 2 indicates the great lights—the sun and moon. In the *Lower Sphere* 2 indicates the great working organs of the soul—the heart and brain. The occult symbols of the number 2 are the door of the Holy Temple, the High Priestess, Eve, Isis, and Juno pointing with one hand to earth and the other to heaven. The Hebrew equivalent of the number 2 is the letter Beth.

#### PERSONALITY NUMBER 3.

This number is the highest point of the personality; and the individuality, reaching up to gain inspiration from this mental and spiritual plane, expresses itself in harmony, for this is the region of music, beauty, poetry, and harmony of mind. Number 3 stands for the Light; and is a very beautiful number, because it signifies Worth and Wisdom. It stands for love and tenderness and soul force, as expressed for example through the fingers in music. It indicates action, fruitfulness and exertion. In the 3rd verse of the first chapter of Genesis, God said—"Let there be Light;" and then streamed forth the shafts of light into the intense darkness, like to the spirit entering matter. Three is the number giving the result of the moulding of substances, the product of union, and is the number of perfection. It is the path of original wisdom and the holy intelligence. The Trinity prevails in ancient and modern religions. The triangle has 3 points. With the point upwards it signifies fire and the heavenly powers, with the point downwards it signifies water and the hosts below. Hence it is used in the mystical rites, and esoteric and exoteric free-masonry. The triangle with the point upwards is the type of Mahadera or Sira, the personification of fire in the Indian rites, and with the point downwards it is the type of Vishnu, the personification of water. In old astrology we find the 3rd day after the new moon regarded as the first fortunate day of the month. When the world was created, we find land, water, and sky; and sun, moon, and stars. Noah had 3 sons. There were 3 patriarchs. St. Paul speaks of "Faith, Hope and Charity, these three." There is also the Holy Trinity. In mythology, there are 3 graces. Cerberus has 3 heads, and Neptune holds his 3 toothed staff. The oracle of Delphi cherished with great veneration a tripod. In nature we have male, female and off-spring; morning, noon and night. Trees group their leaves in threes. It is said that 30 is a special date for mankind, and that the majority die at 30. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle? and notice the power of the wedge! It is a common phrase that "three is a lucky number." Prince Bismark held to this number as lucky, because he served 3 Emperors, fought in 3 wars, signed 3 peace treaties, arranged the meeting of 3 emperors, and formed the Triple Alliance. His family arms are the trefoil leaves, and the 3 oak leaves, with the motto—"In Trinitate Robur." He had 3 children, 3 estates, and controlled 3 political parties. Regarding this number 3, there is said to be a tradition of the Norman monks that the number is stamped on the royal line of England, so that there shall not be more than 3 princes in succession without a revolution. History bears this out as follows:—William I., William II., Henry I., and then the revolution of Stephen; Henry II., Richard I., John, and

then the invasion of Louis, Dauphin of France, who claimed the throne; Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., who was dethroned and put to death; Edward III. Richard II. who was dethroned; Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., and the crown passed to the Duke of York, after an insurrection; Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., and then the crown was claimed and won by Henry Tudor. Then we have Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and then the usurpation of Lady Jane Grey.

From number 3 there is a psychic vibration which is very fine, bringing the influence of harmony and beauty. It is a deep blue like the sapphire. This influence has to do with the mind, and the inspiration of the soul of the person who expresses herself in music, poetry, and writing. Number 3 also has a vibration from Jupiter which makes it a prosperous number, and the Hebrew equivalent of the number is Ghimel. In the *Highest Sphere* 3 stands for the Divine principles, and the 3 lettered name. In the *Sphere of Intellect*, it signifies the 3 degrees of the blessed, and the 3 hierarchies of angels. In the *Heavenly Sphere*, it indicates the planetary lords of the triplicities. In the *Lower Sphere*, it signifies the head, the breast, and the region of the solar-plexus. The *Occult Symbols* of the number 3 are The Empress, The Virgin, Diana, Isis, Urania, Venus, and Horus.

This finishes the personality numbers, and next month the numbers 4, 5, 6 will be dealt with.



#### COMPANIONSHIP.

##### A VISION OF ST. GEORGE.

On the afternoon of Sunday, 30th September, 1914, the room in which the writer of the following was sitting, reading by herself, appeared to darken slowly then, out of the darkness, grew the vision as she has rendered it.

Lo! I beheld two Georges: first, our King—  
Not ermined on the throne, withdrawn, aloof;  
Nor menacing, nor shrinking; no, nor crowned;  
But kneeling on the steps, a man in prayer:

The People's King, that George, who, for their sakes,  
Came forward, as good comes, against the ill;  
His foot against the Dragon of to-day  
His bared head bent before the King of Kings.

Then, o'er him rose our England's great St. George—  
A radiant strength in warfare, high and pure.  
He of Old Dragon's death—and lifted up  
His hand in blessing o'er that suppliant head;

And, in that gesture, thus the Great One spoke—  
"Companionship, along the Splendid Way,  
Where beasts that lie in wait for men are slain,  
And Freedom, safe-assured for all the world."

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON.



THE Marylebone Spiritualist Association's Sunday Evening Meetings in the Steinway Hall will begin at 6.30 instead of 7 during the winter. (See advertisement on front cover.)

MR. ERNEST HUNT is resuming his various courses of most helpful lectures on mental training and nerve control for the winter season, and will send particulars on application to him at 30, Woodstock Road, Bedford Park, W. 4.

# Truth Though Veiled Still Burneth.

By HANSON G. HEY.

"Life may change, but it may fly not ;  
Hope may vanish, but can die not ;  
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth ;  
Love repulsed—but it returneth."—*Shelley*.

**I**N that quotation the poet gives to us in lyric beauty a living truism. Life may indeed change its mode of manifestation, as we have been taught by all our spiritual seers, from Andrew Jackson Davis onwards, but it flies not : never a point in its career where a break in continuity occurs. It is immortal, not only forwards, but backwards as well. It exists for ever, and from ever. It has a glorious eternal past, as well as an eternal glorious future. It often changes, but never dies.

"The flag of life is never furled.  
It only taketh wider range."

And when the twilight of terrestrial existence draws in upon us, as the curtains of evening close on our mortal day, our eyes will open on the rosy dawn of another day, in a wider field of activity, and we shall realise with Hugo that the tomb has simply closed one chapter, but not the book of life. It simply marks a change in the manifestation of the life principle, but not its quenching.

Time—ever rolling Time—sweeps on in its resistless course, bringing with it, to each and all, the changes which are necessary to our development, but these like the windings of a river, though seemingly delaying do not stay the ultimate end of the course. We, like the river, are making toward our sea, that shoreless sea in which we find essential unity. And as the hopes raised in our earlier days fade from our view, like fairy fancy frostwork from our window-panes before the power of the sun in fuller day, still do we find *they* die not ; they do but take another shape. The hopes of yesterday may vanish in their original shape before the stern realities of life, but their evanishment is not absolute, for they form the seedling from which the larger hopes of to-day (more practical, if less romantic) have sprung, and as we mature in thought, our hopes mature too. Keep then the yearnings of youth alive, for from the visions of to-day the practicality of to-morrow springs, as we were told by Matthew Arnold long years ago.

And Truth is for ever burning bright and clear, though often veiled from our eyes by self-interest, either of our own or of others' creation. But though we be blinded to Reality by our too-great appreciation of the Seeming, the light still burneth, waiting patiently our satiety with the fleeting things of earth, that our poor bats' eyes may be opened to the things which do not perish, rust, or decay ; and that we by struggling may be made strong enough to bear the piercing rays of Divine Truth, may see by its light the way of truth.

Truth is many-sided, each side complementary and supplementary to the others, and our apprehension being gradually awakened we rise "by slow degrees, and more and more," to an appreciation of Truth by the appropriation of just such measure of it as we can assimilate for the nonce. Truth is veiled because our eyes could not stand the full glory of its dazzling brilliancy. We have to grow towards it, step by step ; each conquest over selfhood gained, each allurements of the flesh overcome, widens our purview, and enables us to perceive the deeper things of being

more clearly than before. As the material loosens its grip upon us, the spiritual comes into its own kingdom. Our eyes, growing accustomed to the gradually unveiled light, our inmost being becoming warmed by its absorption, we feel our kinship with the One, and draw our minds away from the ephemeral things which are so pleasing to all who live in the externalities of life, but which are distasteful to those who having tasted the joys of the spirit, love the permanent, all-abiding things, which are the stepping-stones on which we rise from animality to divinity, through differentiation to the unconditioned, from the diverse unto unity.

And lastly, that sweet truth, as to the love which though repulsed still returneth, conveys to me a more than earthly meaning. This to me applies to that love which passeth all understanding, which in its depth and intensity transcends all earthly loves, which at their best are but reflections caught from that inexhaustible fount of pure love which knows no self-hood, but is forever suffusing its objects, that is, ourselves. We may in our waywardness turn our back upon that light ; we may conceited in our own strength repulse the love which would encompass us ; but as the poet sings, "it ever returneth." We may not give back the measure of appreciation we should, but that love is still poured upon us. Selfless, it seeks no appreciation ; transcendent, it seeks no measure for itself ; but the only return we can make is to pass it on to our brothers, that the flow of love, uplifting and exhilarating, shall run through all beings like a tideless river, linking each unto the other, and binding all back again to the Father. This is the true function of religion, whatever be the particular label we adopt, whatever form of worship we use. We all do worship the self-same God ; we each are working for the coming of the same Kingdom of Heaven. Our prayers ascend to the same Almighty Principle, Fount of all being, Source of all strength. Through whichever channel of communication we pour our aspirations, He draws unto himself our adoration, for He takes into account the motive more, and the form of expression less, than we who think our blindness light, and oftentimes think more of the label on the bottle than we do of its contents. If we could but dwell more on the points of agreement, and think less of the points of disagreement, how much the happier we all should be.

Let us then pray for an increase of receptivity, that we may draw into our being more, and still more, of that Love which sufficeth. May we release the angel which dwells in us all from the bonds in which custom and convention hath enmeshed it, that we may exchange new lamps for old, and may give the spiritual interpretation to truths which are universal and age-long, so that they, stripped of the petrefaction with which the literalists have quenched the spirit in their all-absorbing worship of the letter, may shine forth in all their purity, and be a light to our path, in our progress through the labyrinthine mazes of matter, and its distractions, to that state of consciousness where self forgotten, hatred unknown, we shall melt into the sea of love, where we shall find at-one-ment with the Father.

## Brief Notices of New Books.

**A CATECHISM OF PALMISTRY.** By Ida Ellis. London: Wm. Rider & Son. Price 3s. 6d. net.

This is a most comprehensive and instructive manual on the Science of Palmistry, dealing with every phase of the subject in 637 answers to questions. The author writes from experience having delineated tens of thousands of hands. Nineteen full page plates illustrate the text. The work has already gone through two editions and this third edition has been extensively revised and enlarged. While its fourteen chapters are arranged similarly to those of other text books, the method of a catechism will help the learner to acquire a clear knowledge of the fascinating art with a minimum of trouble. The British Institute of Mental Science (Incorporated) has selected this work as its text-book for candidates who are examined for its diplomas.

**RATIONAL MEMORY TRAINING.** By B. F. Austin, A.M., B.D. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

The author of this work tells us that Kant pronounced memory to be the most wonderful of the human faculties. Cicero regarded it as a storehouse of acquired knowledge, Plato as a tablet on which that knowledge was engraved, John Locke thought memory was the power to revive ideas in the mind which had been laid out of sight. A good memory is admittedly a great boon to its possessor and ever since the time of Simonides there have been mnemonic systems to develop and improve the memory. This book deals with the laws that govern the reproduction of ideas, and lays stress on the importance of attention, arrangement, and natural association of ideas as aids to recollection. It also urges daily exercise of the memory along rational lines. Some mnemonic devices and hints on memorising are given. Interesting examples of phenomenal memories are quoted but the author claims that for practical purposes useful memories are the result of development rather than of natural endowment.

**ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE: His Ideals and Teaching.** By C. E. Woods. London: Elliot Stock. Price 3s. net.

Miss Woods dedicates this work "To Basil Wilberforce, My friend: In Love and Gratitude;" and says "On the anniversary of his passing these last words of affectionate reminiscence are penned. It is only with the flesh that we feel his loss. He is with us still, greater than we dreamed who saw him through the lovable limitations of the outer veil, ever the tender friend, the wise counsellor, the brave-hearted fighter for struggling causes; in a sense more truly ours to-day than he ever was, for, in the words he chose for his resting-place in the Abbey Cloisters, 'He lives, he wakes; 'tis Death is dead, not he!'" The author sketches the life and career of the venerable Archdeacon, and gives an able exposition of his teaching on such great topics as Immanence and The Problem of Evil, The Spiritual Nature of Man, The Christ-Universal, Mystic, Historic; Sacramentalism, The Secret of Prayer, and The Other Side of the Veil. Miss Woods says—"The Archdeacon's most useful and successful work since the outbreak of the war was to give to crushed and hopeless hearts an assurance of the continued survival of those who had laid down their lives for their country. In this special task he utilised with great success the countless evidences to this fact which have been coming, through psychics, during these tense months of war, and was able to lift from many a spirit the heaviest burden that can be borne—the weight of a supposed eternal loss." A beautiful photogravure of the Archdeacon forms the frontispiece.

**JUPITER, the Preserver.** By Alan Leo. Modern Astrology Officer. Price 1s. 6d.

This work is the last written by Mr. Alan Leo, and is intended as a companion volume to his "Mars, the War Lord," and "Saturn, the Reaper." He says that "in the human family the influence of Jupiter is mainly social, charitable, and religious. In the sign Cancer, Jupiter's influence is prolific, preservative, and harmonious; in Sagittarius, it is creative; and in Pisces, dissolving or regenerative; but presiding over the trinity of signs as a whole it is decidedly preserving and harmonising." Mr. Leo develops his theme in three lectures, with a concluding chapter on the planetary rays, which are sure of an appreciative reception from students of astrology.

THE New Cosmos Community, of which Mrs. Mary Davies is the Warden, was opened at 93, Regent Street, W., on October 3rd.

**THE BRIDGE OF DEATH.** By H. A. Dallas. Halifax: The Spiritualists National Union, Ltd. Price 2d.

This is a most useful pamphlet of 30 pages. The author says—"In the present distress of the world the fact of death is thrust upon the notice of all, even of those who are most anxious to shun it. It challenges inquiry. It is only by facing facts with resolve and enterprise that man can find light. Suffering has forced upon us this attitude of inquiry." He narrates some well-attested and convincing experiences which prove the facts of survival and the possibility of communion. The pamphlet will be a means of light to bereaved people who desire guidance on the great question of what has happened to their beloved.

**BIBBY'S ANNUAL, 1917.** Liverpool: J. Bibby & Sons. Price 1s. 8d. post free.

This annual is truly a magnificent production, and consists of 64 large pages and a handsome cover. It contains 60 illustrations, many of them being reproductions in colour and monochrome from the great works of famous masters, and the literary matter is also of a very high order. Of special interest to our readers are articles on "The Re-Marriage of Matter and Spirit," by J. Arthur Hill, "The Power of Thought," (with coloured illustrations of thought-forms), by Clara M. Codd, and "What Happens after Death" (a Theosophical view), by Lieut. G. Herbert Whyte. The photograph is printed of the editor's three sons, two of whom have made the supreme sacrifice for their country, and the third has been discharged from the Army on account of his serious wounds.

**THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY: A Compendium and Digest of the Works of Andrew Jackson Davis, The Seer of Poughkeepsie.** London: Wm. Rider & Son. Price 10s. 6d. net.

Spiritualists everywhere will be grateful for this gathering together, in one single handsome volume, of the essential portions of Andrew Jackson Davis's spiritual and philosophical teachings, originally given to the world in 27 volumes. They have been collated and edited by a Doctor of Hermetic Science, who has added a biographical sketch and valuable notes. Davis is one of the greatest names in Spiritualism. Indeed his fame as a seer and inspirational author was widespread in America and England years before the Rochester Knockings inaugurated the epoch of Modern Spiritualism. His "Principles of Nature" which expounds the Spiritualistic philosophy actually preceded the Spiritualistic movement, and it has passed through 44 American editions. In this work he taught that "the world beyond is as natural as this world of ours; that it is neither the heaven nor hell of official Christianity; that it is simply this world spiritualised, and that men and women in their psychic bodies are as men and women here in the bodies of flesh, but with better opportunities of progress and a far better environment. They are encompassed by helpers innumerable, so that those even who pass from the life of earth in a state of hardened criminality have every encouragement to amend, and ultimately never fail to do so. In a word, the gospel of Davis, in common with that of Spiritualism, cast out all fear concerning the life to come." This work is divided into eight books which deal with (1) Revelations of Divine Being, (2) The Principles of Nature, (3) Revelations of Mind and Soul, (4) Death and the After-Life, (5) Religion and Theology, (6) Revelations of Harmonial Life, (7) Health and Disease, and (8) Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. We propose to refer at greater length to this most convenient compendium of Davis's highly inspired writings, but meantime we heartily commend it to the attention of philosophical and theological students, and no Spiritualist's library will be complete without it.

MESSRS KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & Co., have just issued a translation of Dr. Pfister's (Zurich) large work entitled "The Psycho-analytical Method." The work appeared in 1913, and at once took its place in the literature of the subject as the best introduction to and survey of this department of research.

We are pleased to hear that this firm is about to issue in a popular form and at a cheap price a new edition of "Phantasms of the Living," the standard work of the late Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers. The work has been out of print for many years. They also announce for early publication "Some Revelations as to Raymond," and "How to Speak with the Dead," by a well-known scientist, who at present writes under the pseudonym of "Sciens."



**LETTER TO THE EDITOR.****AN EAGLE FLYING TOWARDS THE COAST.**

82, St. Margaret's Road.  
Lowestoft, October 18th, 1917.

DEAR SIR.—Having read of the curious cloud phenomena associated with our recent brilliant sunsets, I am taking the liberty to record a little experience of my own. Although I was alone at the time, I related it in detail shortly afterwards to my mother, grandmother, and sister, and later to my husband. It may be as well to mention that I am the least imaginative of folks, and not one given to tracing "pictures" in either clouds or fireplaces.

Standing on the cliffs here, watching one of our lovely sunsets about 7 o'clock one evening, during the last week in August, I was struck with the unusual number of grey feathery clouds, shot with gold, floating against the backgrounds of a rich blue sky. My attention was suddenly arrested by one of gigantic proportions, strongly resembling an eagle, and it had the appearance of flying towards the coast. The head, wings, and talons, were as plainly marked as on any painting I have ever seen. I do not think I was the only witness of the strange sunset effect, for, although the promenade at that part—the north end of the town—was comparatively deserted at the time, I noticed several people gazing from upper windows near the edge of the cliff, apparently absorbed by the spectacle. Although the other clouds were constantly changing shape, this particular one was the last to dissolve. It remained stationary, in the form of a flaming eagle shot with grey, for from 8 to 10 minutes, and finally joined its less significant companions, in a transformation to graceful, fairy-like phantasies, which ultimately disappeared entirely, leaving in their track a gloriously coloured sky—shaded from blue, and pale turquoise to deep sapphire, streaked with vivid rose pink—which generously threw a mild reflection of its beauty into the gleaming, rippling, mirror beneath.

The thought flashed through my mind—and has recurred since—was this possibly a sinister omen of some approaching attempt at invasion of our shores by the enemy?

Yours faithfully,  
FLORENCE E. SEAWARD.



THE HUSK FUND.—Mrs. Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, gratefully acknowledges receipt of £3 for this benevolent fund, being the proceeds of a concert given by the Woman's Guild of the Dundee Society of Spiritualists.

Mr. H. T. PEMBERTON, Summer Ville, York Road, Kingstown, Ireland, is preparing a paper to be read before the Dublin Psychical Research Society on "A comparison of experiences at and immediately after transition, as described by various clairvoyants; and communications purporting to give personal evidence." Mr. Pemberton will be grateful to any *Gazette* readers who will kindly send to him, at above address, notes of such experiences received from their discarnate friends, either through automatic writing or in any other manner.

We still receive letters from readers complaining of difficulty in getting the *Psychic Gazette* from their newsagents. There should be no such difficulty as the wholesalers receive regular supplies. A correspondent suggests that some newsagents are boycotting all psychic papers! When such trouble occurs readers should send subscription to *Psychic Gazette* Office—for 3 months 1/9, 6 months 3/6, 12 months 7/-, and they will ensure punctual delivery.

The recent references to Spiritualism in the public press will be dealt with in a special article in our December number.

**READERS' TESTIMONIES.**

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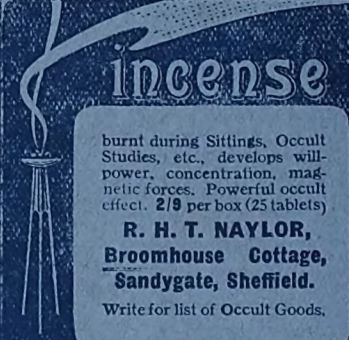
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