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JANUARY, 1918.

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Publishing, Editorial, Advertisement and Registered Offices:—

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# OUR DECEMBER NUMBER.

## Secure a Copy while you can.

**CHIEF CONTENTS:** The Press and Spiritualism, Striking Proof by Table Phenomena, Remarkable Experiences in the Home of a King's Counsel, My Latest Message from Maria, Life after Death as viewed in the Religion of Humanity, Animal Survival, Two Stories of Haunted Bedrooms, The Chimes of Eternity, Our Psychic Collaboration, The Welcome of the Hero, The Case of Mrs. Mary Davies, Christmas Legends, Important Interview with Sir William Crookes, The Phrenology of Jesus, The State's Need of Phrenology, The Significance of Numbers, etc., etc.

### OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

Our December number was no sooner issued than the kindest possible letters and cards came in regarding it from all quarters, for which we heartily thank our correspondents. The following are a few excerpts:—

*Ludlow*:—"Very interesting issue."

*Elstree*:—"I think this number is splendid."

*Yarmouth*:—"We really enjoy your *Gazette*."

*Chelmsford*:—"Quite up to usual standard."

*The Trenches*:—"Your very, very welcome and excellent monthly."

*A London Editor*:—"I enjoy reading your *Gazette* immensely."

*Newcastle*:—"Please send me two dozen more of December *Gazette*."

*Bath*:—"The *Gazette* grows more beautiful and comforting each month."

*Kensington*:—"It's a splendid number, and all good luck to it!"

*Upton-on-Severn*:—"I congratulate you on producing such an interesting paper."

*Cheltenham*:—"Congratulations on delightful number just received; it is a perfect treasure-house."

*Darwen*:—"I find with a little pushing the *I.P.G.* goes wonderfully. It is well worth the money for matters psychical."

*North Shields*:—"I have got another customer for your excellent paper, and hope to get more soon, as I am trying hard to advertise it."

*Highgate*:—"It is a splendid number. The poem of Mother to Flying Son is one of the most beautiful I have ever read. The articles are more than ever interesting and valuable. I should say you have made a record in your December issue which you will not easily break, or even maintain. I am sending copies as Christmas Remembrances to friends instead of the usual cards."

*South-West London*:—"The whole paper is arresting and the articles about Sir William Crookes and the King's Counsel ought to carry conviction. There is one small article some kind spirit must have impressed you to insert for my benefit—"Animal Survival." Many who know me and read it will think of me. This summer I had my dear old dog 'Jack' put to sleep. He was thirteen years old and for nine years had been my constant companion. He was called 'The Gentleman of Fulham.' Parting from him was one of the greatest griefs of my life—he was all devotion. He is *still here*, for my cat often plays with him, and I often stroke his head while I'm reading. That article pleased and comforted me very much."

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THE PSYCHIC SOCIAL CENTRE OF LONDON.

### Programme of Drawing Room Meetings for January, 1918.

MEMBERS ONLY.

**Wednesday, January 2nd.**

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture, entitled "Brains," plus Character, plus Experience," by Mr. Alfred Hubert.

**Afternoon, 4 p.m.**

**Wednesday, January 16th.**

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Materialisations," by Dr. Abraham Wallace.

**Afternoon, 4 p.m.**

**Friday, January 4th.**

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Demonstrations of Psychometry, by Mr. Alfred Vout Peters.

**Afternoon, 4 p.m.**

**Friday, January 18th.**

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Demonstrations of Psychometry by Mrs. Mary Gordon.

**Afternoon, 4 p.m.**

**Wednesday, January 9th.**

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "The Training of the Occultist," by Mr. Robert King.

**Afternoon, 4 p.m.**

**Wednesday, January 23rd.**

Inspirational Address by Madame A. de Beaurepaire.

**Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.**

**Friday, January 11th.**

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Genius and Insanity," by Mr. Thurkill Cooke. Miss Scatcherd will take the Chair.

**Afternoon, 4 p.m.**

**Friday, January 25th.**

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Prophecies Verified," by Mrs. Graham Harvey.

**Afternoon, 4 p.m.**

**Tuesday, January 15th.**

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture, entitled "Folk Lore and Song," by F. Gilbert Webb, Esq. ("Lancelot" of the *Reveries*). Singer, Madame Nina Field. At the Piano, F. Gilbert Webb, Esq. Chairman: Mr. J. Pugh Evans.

**Afternoon, 4 p.m.**

**Wednesday, January 30th.**

Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "The Psychology of the War," by Mr. St. George Lane Fox Pitt. Lady Muir Mackenzie will take the Chair.

**Afternoon, 4 p.m.**

### 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 Tuesday 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.

## Our Outlook Tower.

## THE CRY OF "NECROMANCY!"

IN the City Temple long years ago we heard Dr. Joseph Parker preach a sermon on the words, "Solomon sinned, yet God loved him." He emphasised the divinity of that "yet." Solomon had sinned heinously but God, viewing him even at his worst, loved him notwithstanding. The great Preacher contrasted this divine "yet" with the essentially human "but." Viewing some great and good man at his best, it was, he said, human indeed to find a "but"—"but didn't he once do so and so," "but I have heard it whispered"—and with this "but" human detractors effaced the picture of all that was beautiful and noble in that person's character. And as with the character of a man so with the character of a Movement. There are always persons who, looking on at our great Movement, even though its sole aim is to bless and comfort mankind, are willing to defame it, to distort it, and to damn it. "It may be all you claim," they would say, "but—" and then follows a catalogue of its imagined enormities. These are usually sheer vapourings of ignorance and prejudice, but some times they are bred of malice aforethought by persons who, knowing the certainty of its truth, and the honesty of its advocates, are eager to becloud the one and to disparage the other. It is perhaps not greatly to be wondered at. Death has swept over our present-day world like a deluge, mankind is crying for the light in its darkness, and the Church has maintained its mediaeval gloom. Hungry souls have asked for bread, and their spiritual fathers have offered them stones. Spiritualism, however, has not mocked them; it has satisfied their most urgent needs. "My boy, where is my boy?" the anguished mother has cried. Spiritualism has re-linked mother and son, and they have both learned that in death they are not divided, that even across the gulf they can still commune in joy and love. But this blessed work is interrupted by a shrill cry, as of some ancient prophet, some voice crying in the wilderness. And his utterance is almost uncanny in its weirdness. "Beware of. Necromancy!" he shouts, and we draw our cloaks more closely around us. It is a mad cry, as if some crazy priest, slumbering since the Middle Ages, had like Rip-Van-Winkle, waked up in different times. His cry is as appropriate to-day as if he ran through London streets shrieking "Wolf, wolf! beware of the wolf!" Wolves and necromancy are equally unknown to-day. This man is either mad and knows not what he says, or is sane and has wittingly conjured up a vile word from the past to fling at a blessed Movement which many thousands of men and women have embraced with gladness and devotion. We inquire whose voice this is, and are told he is one who till recently was a Nonconformist Prophet and now functions as an Anglican Priest. We seem to remember him. Yes, he is indeed the same who, not so long ago, loudly proclaimed certain progressive phases of theological doctrine, and then suddenly and ignominiously recanted. He displays a temporary courage as an explorer of forbidden realms, surveys them, finds them

good — not evil, as his stay-at home contemporaries supposed, and then returns to Egypt with its comforts and attractions, and cries—"Beware!" In his cry of "Necromancy" he is simply repeating this process and acting as an egregiously false prophet, as an eager apostate, seeking to do his new Church a service at Truth's expense. We call upon him peremptorily to make good his odious calumny upon our Movement or to retract it, and for the moment we may leave him to be answered by a humble and sincere believer:—

## WHAT THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL CALLS "NECROMANCY."

Cordova, 20 Brockley Rise, S.E., 23.

SIR,—So much in our Press lately has pointed out the supposed dangers of Spiritualism, and even the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who ought to know better, speaks of "the dangers of Necromancy," that perhaps a few of my experiences would not be out of place.

Some years ago Miss McCreadie lived with me, and during that period I had so many tests given that out of gratitude and love to the dear spirit-friends and their medium I pen these lines. My daughter Violette at that time was an infant, and was suffering with whooping-cough. So emaciated was she that none on this side thought she would ever recover, but a kind and loving spirit-friend, a Dr. Carruthers, came, and through Miss McCreadie magnetised my little one, and prescribed remedies. He told me that she would live and become a healthy girl. On two occasions when convulsions seized her, the doctor controlled the medium and told me she would come out of them all right. On one occasion Miss McCreadie was due at a meeting, but the doctor detained her until all danger was over. When chatting with him one evening he told me where he had lived in Scotland, and said he had passed away twenty years before. Not long after I verified the truth of this. A young man called on business, and in course of conversation he told me he had lived in the same place the doctor had; he was his mother's doctor, but had passed away twenty years before. A dear little girl used to control the medium and speak to us. She said she would look after baby, and true enough she did. She played with her, and to my astonishment one day I saw baby turning head over heels! She also said Violette would sing and play well, and I may say that without any tuition on this side, she does play very well indeed, and sings very nicely.

And "Sunshine" Miss McCreadie's medium—her sunshine was so real that we named our sweet house "Sunshine Cottage"—gave us so many tests that the whole of the *Psychic Gazette* could not contain them. On one occasion, at Oldham, a young man laughed at the idea of spirit-return. He was asked by "Sunshine" for his keys, and he said if you can see anything with these I'll believe you! "Sunshine" described a lady whom she said was his mother, gave him a message from her, told him he was not living the life she would desire, and that his time was taken up with gambling. "I love you so much that I want you to change your life, so that I may come near to you and guide and help you," said the mother. The young man was sobbing all the time, and answered that he would. Another time, at Oldham, "Sunshine" said to a man—"There is a spirit with you of a young woman, who says she is your wife, and she wishes to tell you something about your life. May I do so?" He said—"Yes, if you like." "Well then," said "Sunshine," "this lady wishes me to say she is grieved that you are neglecting the children by drinking and wasting money, and to-morrow you must be very careful. You work at a crane which appears quite sound, but underneath there is a screw which will give way if not attended to, and you will be killed by the iron falling upon you." He said—"Thank you, I will go to the gaffer to-morrow morning." He did so and they examined the crane, and found it faulty as described. I cannot tell you how pleased and grateful this man was. He came over the following week from Oldham to tell us the news, and that he had given up drink and gambling, and now only cared for his home and children. This man would most certainly have been killed had he not been warned. A year afterwards we saw him, and he was a changed man.

If this be "Necromancy" then let us thank God for it. The only desire of these spirit-friends is to elevate, comfort, and bless those who are still on this side.—I am yours faithfully.

M. BASAN.

## The Advent Message.

By L. A. A.

THE season of Advent is one of deep joy to followers of Truth who have been faithful to the light revealed. The orthodox teaching of preparation for the return from afar of the World-Saviour, a time of judgment and heart-searching to prepare the way, obscures a glorious and eternal truth. The word "Advent" is an imperfect rendering of a Greek word which implies a sudden unveiling of that which is—a revealing. "Awake! thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." "Arise, shine, for thy light has come." This thrilling startling message fell year after year like a knell on the sensitive shrinking spirits burdened by orthodoxy, but it becomes a trumpet-call of hope and joy unspeakable to students of Truth. It calls man to awake to the knowledge of his divine origin—his true being in God.

In the search-light of that knowledge all things appear as they *are*, not as they seem. The world of appearance and shadows gives place to the world of reality, and man sees how great is his destiny, to what sublime heights he may rise, when he has trampled underfoot the lower self, with its carnal beliefs, and overcome the last enemy death.

The four notes reiterated in Advent-teaching, death, judgment, hell, heaven, become illuminated in the light of man's spiritual being. Death is no longer interpreted as the death of the physical body, the putting off of "the human form divine," which should be transmuted into the spiritual, even as the Master's glorified body, which He bore into the sphere of light, withdrawing from physical sight until men came to a knowledge of the truth. Strange that man has not interpreted the significance of this, as of much in the pattern life of our Exemplar, who taught that we should in all things be made like unto Him, and overcome the last enemy—death, transmuting the body so that it can function on any plane at will, instead of abandoning it. Death, as the poet said, is a blunder.

Let us arise then from carnal beliefs which lead to death, from inability to *live* in any true sense, from stagnation and despair.

We speak of being "dead" to things which we are no longer in touch with, or with, which we feel we have no relationship. In this sense man is dead. He is out of touch with his true element, and has no conscious relationship with his divine nature. He is bidden to arise and bring to judgment his false material beliefs, discerning the spiritual, the real, and rising out of the shadow-land of the soul, out of the hell of darkness, ignorance, grief, and despair, into the heavenly light of spiritual consciousness, where all shadows flee away. In this light he is bidden to shine, even as the Master did, who was and is the way-shower, ever before us, as the one and only Son who expressed the perfection of the Father.

Strange that man should choose to grope in shadow-land, groaning and travailing in a world of pain and death, when redemption is at hand for him to avail himself of. Stranger still that he should in one breath exalt the beauty and perfection of the "human form divine," and in the next yearn to throw it off, to become the prey of unclean things, or to be consumed to ashes, ignoring the Master's plain teaching—"He that

believeth in Me shall never die;" "He that keepeth My sayings shall not see death;" "This is the bread from heaven that a man may eat thereof and never die;" "He that taketh of this bread shall live for ever;" "Be of good cheer, I have overcome death." And in the great Apocalypse, in which St. John sees man's true destiny, "death and hell are cast into a lake of fire," and thus purified from all carnal associations.

It is notable that after the suppression of this great lie comes the triumphant outburst—"Now is come salvation and strength, and the Kingdom of God, and the power of His Christ, for the accuser is cast down." Take away this soul-destroying belief in the necessity of death, which hangs like a pall over every heart and home, oppressing the whole race, and hindering its upward progress, and man will become the thing he is meant to be. For "to him that overcometh," and rises above this belief, piercing the density of material sense, while the air is full of lamentation and woe, it is promised that he shall share in the triumph of Christ.

The Advent message then is a call to man to lead the regenerate life, and so redeem, transmute, and spiritualise his body, made in the image and likeness of God, that the *whole* man—spirit, soul and body—may be saved alive, complete, and no longer lose consciousness of life in the body—the mistake into which he has been led by the Great Deceiver.

The Kingdom of Heaven is here and now, in the degree in which this great truth is grasped and realised. But in order to attain to it we must daily, hourly, die to the false, limited, personal self. Physical death is *not* progress, but a breach of the great eternal Law of Life, and so a gigantic blunder. But the Christ-consciousness is surely dawning upon a distracted world, perplexed and bewildered by what seems the triumph of the Deceiver, but is in reality the breaking up of the old, the transition to a new dispensation, in which man shall come to the knowledge of his true nature.

In the great sacrament lies hidden the secret of man's nature. It is the mystery alluded to in the wonderful words of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Corinthians, wrongly interpreted as applying to the death of the body and a future resurrection. We see the signs of that great awakening appearing in man's effort to master the air by aviation and levitation—a kindergarten attempt to become at home in his natural element, from which hereafter he is destined to obtain all that he needs for sustenance, yet of the deepest import to those who have the vision.

The great conflict between carnal and spiritual ideas is typified by the "war in heaven"—Michael, the great Archangel, fighting the Arch-deceiver with his false message of death, and finally casting him out. "The great dragon was cast out (*i.e.*, ignorance and carnal beliefs), that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceived the whole world." He was cast into the earth—the material—with his angel messengers, he whose lie to man was the necessity of physical death, as the way back to his spiritual estate.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camp and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts."

## The Beloved President of Marylebone S.A.

By THE EDITOR.

THE oldest Spiritualist Society in London—the Marylebone Spiritualist Association—began its humble missionary effort to enlighten the metropolis as to human survival and the reality of communication between the Two Worlds, in a Carpenter's Shop. In this respect it recalls the origin of Christianity itself, and the similarity is not confined to that one point. Both these world-civilising movements—Christianity and Spiritualism—not only began in humble surroundings, being adhered to principally, in their early days, by ignorant and unlettered men, who were fiercely persecuted for what they believed to be God's Truth, but they both presented a great New Light to the world, revealing the ways of God to men in aspects less austere and forbidding, less distant and unapproachable, more benign and paternal, more loving and ever-ready to hear the human cry, than had been believed by the masses of mankind before their tenets were inaugurated.

We wished to hear of the birth of organised Spiritualism in London, so that the tale might be re-told to readers of this *Gazette*. Accordingly we sought out one of its Fathers, Mr. William T. Cooper, now in his eightieth year, who is still in active service as President of the Marylebone Association. He is one of those tall stalwart gentlemen whom it gives everyone pleasure to look up to and respect as being, like Saul, "head and shoulders above the people." He combines great strength of character with a fine friendly geniality, and his influence as a pioneer and guide has ever been along the lines of essential sanity and sweet reasonableness, rather than along those aggressive and extravagant routes by which less-balanced advocates have sought to spread the truth, and oftimes hindered it. He was born in Poplar in 1838. His father was engaged in the business of shipbuilding, and when young William had finished with school he was apprenticed to the same trade with Messrs. R. & H. Green, Blackwall, a firm who sailed a fleet of between fifty and sixty vessels to the East Indies. He remained there for eighteen years, then became Assistant Relieving Officer under the Poplar Board of Guardians. Later he was a Relieving Officer in the parishes of Stepney and Marylebone for nearly forty years, until he retired on account of illness. During that long period of public service he was brought into association with all sorts and conditions of men and women, rich and poor, and acquired great

insight into the character and disposition of all classes of people.

Up till the time when he became interested in Spiritualism he was a member of the Wesleyan Connexion, whose leaders at that time were, he says, a splendid lot of men. He was a Sunday School teacher, a tract distributor, and a zealous worker in all departments of the chapel's affairs. He was also a Trustee of Hinde Street Chapel, Marylebone, until his beloved son died, when his religious views became enriched by the knowledge and comfort of Spiritualistic truth. Before this heart-breaking family event he had casually heard of Spiritualism, but rather thought it was "a lot of nonsense." There was much more opposition to Spiritualism then, he says, than there is now, when the Movement is constantly being recruited from all shades of thought. We shall let Mr. Cooper tell the story of how he

became a Spiritualist in his own words:—

"I first began to take a keen interest in Spiritualism at the death of my son when he was twenty-one years of age. He was a nice lad. When I read Sir Oliver Lodge's 'Raymond' it put me very much in mind of him. He was more my companion than anything else, was very fond of music, and full of life and fun. I considered him a good boy, though he had no very deep religious views, as understood then, but he always went to the Wesleyan Chapel with me. He was unable to grasp the religious teaching that was held forth at that time. His death set me thinking and I weighed up most anxiously the ideas and teaching of

the Wesleyans and other religious bodies. None of them afforded me the consolation I felt I ought to have got from them.

"That made me think very hard on the subjects of heaven and hell, justification by faith, and the necessity of a belief in Christ's atonement without which, however good one might be, he would be condemned to everlasting damnation. As a Sunday School teacher these questions had troubled me, for I could never fit in the thought that all persons who had not believed in the atonement of Christ were eternally lost. I argued thus with myself—'There are millions of people who have never heard the name of Jesus, and unless they have this saving belief in Him they must go to hell. And as for this boy of mine who never professed to have that saving belief, what a shocking thing for me to think that his fate must be just the same' I said to myself—'I know my boy was a good lad, but



WILLIAM T. COOPER.

because he could not believe what the churches teach on this subject of salvation it seems he must be consigned to the lower regions.' All my love and sense of justice revolted at such an idea. I said—'It is not true, and I won't believe it.'

"After that I remained among the Wesleyans as long as I could. To leave them was one of the hardest things I have ever had to get over, because I liked being with them, they were a nice lot of people, and I was at work with them always, one way or another. Before I broke away we had begun to have seances at home. I went one day to an anniversary meeting at the City Road Wesleyan Chapel, but I did not tell my family that I had been there. At our seance that evening someone in the spirit came through and addressed himself to me. I said—'I have not the pleasure of knowing you.' He said—'I know you, and I will tell you where you were to-day; you were at the City Road Chapel. I too was there, and as I have had an opportunity of coming through to this circle I thought I would like to speak to you. I see you are honest in this matter, and want to get at the truth.' I put various questions to this visitor, and he proved to me that when in the body he was a very eminent Wesleyan Minister who used to hold the people spell-bound at Exeter Hall. I said to him—'When you were in earth-life you preached a certain doctrine; I ask, do you now find that that is true?' He said—'No, I don't, but I want you to understand this—that I and many other preachers are trying all we know, by getting amongst the people and trying to influence them, to alter that teaching.' He said further that it would not be detrimental to his own future life that he had preached that doctrine because he had done it in ignorance. I believe he was the sort of man who will be able to inspire preachers still in the body.

"About this time I had several conversations with my son-in-law's (Mr. Leigh Hunt) father. He was one of my colleagues and an old Spiritualist, but I was hard to convince. I needed some experience that would come closer to me than conversation. I must tell you that on the morning of the day my son died I went to his room after breakfast. I said to him—'I am going out; I will be back as soon as I can.' He sprang up in bed and putting his arms around me begged me not to leave him. I told him I must go, but I would be back soon. When I returned he was a bit weaker, and he asked me to hold him to look out of the window for the last time. He said somebody (not anyone in the flesh) had told him in the morning that would be his last day on this side. Later he went into some sort of paroxysm, from which he never rallied, and died about five o'clock in the evening.

"Not long thereafter I was induced to go to a seance at Harcourt Street, where Mrs. Treadwell was the medium. I was ignorant of the routine of a public seance, and when the medium went off into a deep trance, and I saw her fall back in her chair, I believed she was dead. I thought—'Here is a fine fix I am in; I am a public officer, and I shall be brought up in the morning as an accessory to this woman's death!' But all at once the medium sprang up and went through the whole painful scene that had been enacted in my boy's bedroom on the morning of his death. And, using the medium's voice, my son himself spoke to me. He said—'Father, I am not dead; I am all right.' This would be about a fortnight after he passed away. I knew Mrs. Treadwell could know nothing about the

incident she had reconstructed, for I had never told anybody about what had happened in my boy's room. I said to myself—'This can only have come straight from him.' I thought the whole matter very carefully over and could come to no other conclusion. From that time, all through my life up to now, I have been in constant communication with him, just as if he were still a member of the family. Mr. Leigh Hunt, who is clairvoyant, often sees him. If my lad wants to say anything to any of us he just comes and says it. I can always tell when he is near me."

(To be continued.)

☸ ☸ ☸

### WHISPERING ANGELS.

Do you ever hear a whisper in the silence of the night,  
A throbbing breath, or tremor in the air,  
Light as thistledown, when wafted on the balmy zephyr breeze,

Soft as bloom on peach or fragrant blossom rare?  
The echo of a voice one used to know, as music sweet,  
So falls it on the dull and drowsy ear,  
Oh, heart, dear heart, awaken to this wondrous, joyous treat,

For the footsteps of an angel hover near.

Do you sometimes hear a whisper at the breaking of the dawn,

As the shadows part and melt into the grey,  
When the first pale rosy flushes, from the golden orb of light

Tint the opal blue and chase the mists away,  
Just a whisper in the dawning, a blessing tender, low,  
The message peace and solace ever bring.  
Oh, heart, dear heart, awaken, listen, thou canst surely hear

The flutter of a gentle angel's wing.

Do you ever hear a whisper in the noontide 'mong the trees,

When the leaves are all aquiver in the heat,  
When the days seem long and dreary, and the heart is sick and weary,

Longing, longing for the tread of silent feet?  
Comes a strange and curious stillness in the air, a sudden calm,

A swift vibration, something like a sigh—  
Oh, heart, dear heart, awaken, cast aside the clouds of gloom,  
A dear, loved angel form is passing by.

Do you sometimes hear a whisper in the twilight, still, serene,

Musing by the wintry fire, sad and low,  
While the yellow flames leap upward, and imagination builds

Forms and faces in the embers' vivid glow?  
A tranquil note, insistent, probes the heart, the memory stirs,

Dear treasured names are murmured, tokens sure—  
O heart, dear heart, awaken, learn the glorious truth that heals,  
God's angels guard His children evermore.

ANNIE M. MARCH.

☸ ☸ ☸

THE HUSK FUND.—Miss Etta Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, gratefully acknowledges the following kind subscriptions to this benevolent fund:—Mr. T. J. Barker, 10/-, C. M. B., 5/-. She will be pleased to receive similar marks of grateful remembrance from admirers of the aged medium, to help make the New Year for him one of real happiness and comfort.

## Boys from the Battlefields in the Beyond.

BY ONE WHO HAS WITNESSED THEM.

The following is the second letter of the "New Tales of a Grandfather," transmitted from across the vale to a grandson, fighting in France, by the mediumship of his mother. The first appeared in our December issue.

MY DEAR BOY COLIN,—

Here comes another story, something quite different from the one you have already had. It deals with two soldier boys who came over some little time ago. They were great friends: had been at school together, joined up together, trained together, and fell together. Their names are Harry and Tom, and my tale begins at the moment they left your world and entered ours.

Both came to consciousness about the same time, and almost simultaneously exclaimed: "Tom, are you hurt?" and "Harry, boy, I am glad to see you, safe and sound." They clasped hands and looked around them. Everywhere were traces of the battle, comrades lying prostrate on the ground, and kneeling over them figures of angels, they thought. Presently, one after another the prostrate boys rose up, helped by those wonderful beings. Then the earth seemed to get hazy and indistinct, and all that seemed real to them was their comrades and themselves. As they watched, one whom they had not noticed before came forward and spoke to them. "Boys from the battle," he said, "you have crossed the line, and are now on what people call the Other Side, not the enemy's side, but in the lands beyond the grave. You have died as heroes, fighting for freedom. Come and I will take you to your home in this new world."

Full of wonderment and curiosity, they followed, and found themselves in a procession formed by comrades who had also crossed the line. Escorted by their new friends, they marched off. The march was different from those they had taken of late, when they became so tired and hungry. As they went on they became lively and buoyant; they felt as if treading on air, and sang in chorus all the songs they knew, and then for very joy sang them all over again.

"Are we marching to heaven?" asked one, in a half-joking way. "Yes," answered one of the guides, "to the heaven prepared for you by your devotion to duty and by giving your lives for others." At first the scenery had seemed shrouded in mist, like the early morning that gives promise of a perfect summer's day. But the haze lifted and the new-comers gazed in speechless admiration at the scene around them. They were marching through a lovely valley, by the side of a river that sparkled as none other they had ever seen. There were grassy hills on either side, which merged into purple and blue as they rose to meet the sky. They came to a pool in the river overshadowed by flowering trees which dipped their branches into the sparkling waters. With one accord the boys halted and looked longingly towards the pool, then turned to their guides, who told them: "Yes, undress, and in you go. This is the pool of Life, and after you have bathed in it you can never feel tired again." So with a joyful shout in they went, laughing and splashing, and behaving as all boys do when they are happy.

As they scrambled out again their wonderment increased, for the sparkling beauty of their bodies, their vitality and abundant life, and their purified spirit, gave them a feeling almost of awe. Then, in place of the uniform they had

been wearing, there lay in neat little piles garments of silvery material that still had a touch of the khaki shade in it. These new uniforms bore a distinct resemblance to the old ones, but were more easy and light.

By the time the boys had dressed they had settled into a more thoughtful frame of mind, and Tom suggested they should sit down and question their "officers" as to the meaning of these wonders. So they formed a ring around their guides, who willingly complied, and explained thus:—

"It is very simple. You boys have come to the life after death, and this is your first little march of the journey. You have just arrived across the borderland between the two worlds; have bathed, changed, and are now resting and learning a little of the conditions of the new life. What could be more natural and commonsense? What did you expect was in store for you if you were killed in action?"

"Heaven!" whispered Harry, and the guides smiled.

"Well, you are going there some day; but there are many experiences in front of you before that, and here comes the first of them."

As the guide spoke he turned and looked along the road, and there the boys beheld a troop of children taking their places and lining the path on either side under the trees. There were hundreds of little ones, and their arms were full of flowers. The boys could not resist the sight, so they rose, instinctively dropped into marching formation, and swung off. The little ones greeted them with shouts of welcome, and showered the flower upon them as they passed. Then, when all the boys were through, the children fell in behind.

The guides led, and on they went, the scenery ever growing more beautiful, and their hearts more joyful, till they came to a large, lofty mansion, standing on a hillside, almost hidden from view by massive rose trees in full bloom. Dotted over the green sward were little arbours containing moss-covered couches that invited them to rest and meditation.

"This is to be your home for a little while, boys from the battlefields of life. This the real starting point of your lives in the spirit-realms—lives which will go onward and upward from height to height. Come now, enter the house with us, and see what is in store for you." Thus spoke the leading guide, and the boys trooped into a beautiful room, already more than half-filled with people. They were greeted with shouts of joy and delight, and the boys felt they had come home indeed, for those were their own friends and comrades, whom they had known and loved on earth.

Harry and Tom were lost in wonderment at the scene. Tom felt a little hand creep confidently into his, and on looking down beheld a lovely young girl laughing up at him. "Why, don't you know me, brother Tom? I am your baby sister who came to this world when one year old. Look, I have grown almost as tall as you are, and am as like you as can be, only of course prettier!" She was, and Tom gave a great laugh. This little sister was a "find" indeed, and worth coming to heaven to see. He turned to Harry, only to see him enfolded in the embrace of a man who seemed as if he would never let

him go again. "My father," gasped Harry, "who left us years ago!" "Yes, lad, and who has been with you ever since, unseen and unheard, but still present all the time." The re-united friends went outside, sat down on the grass, and talked, and the boys were told many things about the beautiful land they had come to, and the spirit-people there.

"But why," they asked, "are you called spirit-people?"

Harry's father laughed and said, "Why, you are spirit-people too! You have left your bodies lying on the battlefields, and are now in your spirit-bodies. You will get accustomed to that, although at first it puzzles you. In a short time you will feel the change is so much for the better that you would not like to return to the old conditions again."

"We would not care to do so now," declared both boys; "but what of our mothers?" And with the thought of what they would be suffering they became sad. "We must go to them at once," they declared, "can we get back?"

"Yes, certainly, and we will go with you, but be prepared for a disappointment, for they will not be able to see you nor hear you speak. But you may be able to comfort them, so we will go at once. Now 'will' strongly to go back to earth and to your mothers."

Obedying this injunction, they felt themselves moving rapidly through space, and in what seemed a few moments they stood beside their dear ones. The poor mothers had got the news, and had come together to give and receive what comfort they could from one another. They were sitting holding each other's hands, with a look of hopelessness on their faces pitiful to see.

"This will not do," said Harry's father; "we must lift them out of their despair." He went and stood behind his wife, and motioned Harry to take his place right in front of her. Then he whispered, "Look straight ahead; there is the boy, not dead, but with you, alive and well and happy, as he deserves to be." Tom and his sister made the same arrangement to announce their presence.

The mothers stopped weeping, and looked at one another with a feeling of awe and comfort creeping over them. "Did you hear anything?" they asked together, and answered breathlessly. "Yes, the boys are here telling us they are not dead, but alive and well. 'Do not grieve,' they say, 'it hurts us. It is the only thing that hurts us now, for this is a wonderful world we have come to.'"

The boys watched the effect they had produced. The mothers looked at each other with smiles through their tears, and vowed, "We shall do nothing to hurt our boys, so we must grieve no more, but go bravely on through life, knowing that they are with us to the end, which will be but the beginning of life eternal together."

And so we may leave them, happy in the knowledge that Death has no power over Love. As God is Love, so we all in this world and the next live *together* in Him. While Love lasts, there can be no real separation of those who love one another. The veil between the two worlds He made thin, very thin, and He gave His children the knowledge and power by love to sweep it aside, and stand face to face, those on the one side who have "Gone West," and those on the other who are still journeying towards the Setting Sun.

## A Twilight Reverie.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

IT was twilight, mellow and holy—the cool of the day, in which God walks in the garden of the soul, beautifying it with His pure lilies of eternal peace. The roses had breathed their lingering good-nights, and the nightingale with full-throated sweetness was wooing a distant star, while the moon, emerging from a bank of dark clouds, touched the sleepy earth with her silver benediction. It was a hallowed hour, for the bells of memory chimed softly in the deepening gloom, and the "tides of music's golden sea seemed setting towards eternity."

As I stood, lost in reverie, I sensed the overshadowing of a mighty presence, and a voice of penetrating sweetness reached me. Then I heard these words: "I am Phanes Protagonos, the First Logos, the First-born Light, a reflection of the Supreme who ruleth all things. I come from my abode of brightness to your sin-stricken earth (writhing in the throes of self-dom), drawn thither by the cries of the wounded and the agony of the dying. My message is one of love and entreaty. I seek to reclaim the soul, to draw it Godwards, to bring it out of bondage into the glorious liberty of a recognised sonship. I earnestly desire its return to the golden age when the Gods were universally revered and loved. Dream ye of the gods and goddesses—a glittering procession—passing down the vestibule of time, heralding the dawn of a new era, when Love shall reign supreme and wisdom sway the hearts of people, glorified by heroism? For in heroism man may attain to his highest and best, his righteousness exceeding that of the Scribes and Pharisees. Learn that in self-abnegation and in the crucifixion of carnal desire you may attain to the things of the spirit, and, ascending the mount of spiritual exaltation, enter into fellowship with the Divine. The Kingdom of God is within you, and the King is coming quickly to His Own.

The power, the Kingdom, is thine own;  
Arise, O royal heart!  
Press onward past the doubting zone.  
And prove the God thou art!"



### GREAT MOMENTS.

There come great moments, in the lives of men,  
Like truant sunbeams to a prison cell,  
When earthly things are for a little time  
Laid by; and the enraptured soul can climb  
To those celestial spheres where angels dwell:

Time merges soft into eternity,  
A grand effulgent tide sweeps o'er the soul  
Of holy peace—a joy unknown before—  
Love's ocean waves breaking upon earth's shore,  
And bringing heaven with them as they roll.

Soul feels the close proximity of God,  
A vivifying glow—heaven's fragrant kiss;  
Glories upon each other seem to roll  
In ceaseless splendour, till the wondering soul  
Seems floating on a very soul of bliss:

Words cannot picture, or the pen portray  
The ecstasy that thrills the swelling breast:  
He has not lived who never once has known  
The joy of keeping holy tryst alone,  
And sharing all the raptures of the blest.

BEATRICE CHILCOTT.



## The Chimes of Eternity.—IX.

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

### XVIII.—MEMORY.

WITH the passing of the years life lengthens out, and we leave behind us the trail of our efforts. Our successes and failures are the milestones we erect on life's highway. We are all busy erecting monuments of some kind; and in reverie we often go back to gaze at our handiwork. Men are builders, "architects of fate"; and none can pass along this "valley of wondrous dreams and pleasing fancies" without leaving behind some memento of his presence. The world is an art gallery; a museum of relics is strewn around us; and we measure the intellectual and spiritual development of man by the marks he leaves upon the world. And so intimate are we, so closely inter-related, so responsive are our sympathies and antipathies, that we leave not only the visible effect of our presence on life's road, but what is far more important, something of our actual selves. The self has the power to make impressions, dents in the psychic atmosphere, small and minute air-pockets in it, which contain some distillation of our spirits, for all who have the power to sense and to interpret.

The oneness of the universe is complete in all its aspects. There are no gaps, no breaks, no barrier— even. And all is reducible to one Substance. You may sense this in a hundred ways, although you may not be able to demonstrate it scientifically. That is because the intellectual lags behind the spiritual. It must always be so. One day the intellect may devise instruments whereby it will be able to detect the spiritual and moral standard of a man. The intellect delights in this work; it is pleased to invent instruments, and to pigeon-hole its discoveries. It pieces together its facts, and with infinite labour works up to its great generalisations, and at last proclaims the operation of some law. It works from the objective to the subjective. Philosophic religion works from the inner to the outer. In the union of the two methods we shall get surer results.

There are conditions of mind, states of consciousness, moods, or whatever name you like to give them, in which we become aware of certain subtle influences and relationships. There is a whole world of powers just under the surface of life; and a dip into these waters often surprises and delights him who dares it. Thus we see with clearer vision the monuments that men have reared during their passage through life. We note the subtle relationships by which we are linked up with each other, and perceive that no life is really separate, that the divisions between us are more apparent than real, and that the substantial life of man is one in essence as well as in fact.

When Jesus was asked to stay the multitude from voicing their joy, he replied, "The very stones will cry out." There is here a hint of the plasticity of matter, of its receptivity and retention of impressions. Our very solid world is but a bubble after all. We are, to a great extent, deceived by its appearance of solidity. There are faculties whereby we might see this; whereby we might become aware of the dance of atoms, ions and electrons, and see the seat of these subtle sympathies and antipathies. If the stones can cry out, there must be some way

whereby they are related to the power of articulation. We are deceived by the word "cry." We interpret this as the distinct articulation of a voice. There we go astray. The articulation is clear and distinct enough, if we had the faculty of hearing it. But it is not an objective voice, it is more in the nature of an emanation, and in this there is a great wonder. For the radio-activity of matter is a fact of science, and carries with it the radiation of certain influences which have the power to affect us. And there is also something remarkable in the fact that these finer radiations will continue as long as the article exists.

Thus, providing that they still exist, the stones that Jesus affirmed would cry out, will give up their impressions to those who are attuned to receive and interpret them. All ancient monuments are rich with memories, if we can only contact them. This shows that all life is my life. That I exist in all men. "I am the true vine, ye are the branches." That is, there is but one life, and the many and varied forms of its manifestation are but its obedience to a law of separateness, whereby in its more highly evolved state it becomes aware of its unity. For there must be a sense of separateness before there can be a sense of union. This touches a profound truth, and again shows how close are our relationships to each other. The error we make is that we put too much emphasis upon the separateness of life, instead of upon its unity. Hence our divisions and strifes.

In the higher sense we shall see that our highest development lies in becoming conscious of all life. Is there not here a hint that we shall not become lost upon merger with the Divine life? That when the mystic speaks of absorption he does not mean a loss of individuality, but a strengthening and a firmer integration of it? I think so. I do not become less because I am conscious of the whole, I become greater. And that which is spoken of as absorption can only take place by my own effort to attain it.

Now effort means the growth of individuality, and if absorption meant a return to unconsciousness we should expect that as we neared it there would be a decrease instead of an increase of individuality. My becoming conscious of at-one-ment with nature—in fact being absorbed in her—does but increase the arch of my conscious being, and I am not less, but greater thereby. It is in this direction that we must look for a fuller understanding of our relationships. To be one with God simply means to be consciously one with life. And that has been attained by men here without any loss such as some seem to imply.

If I go back subjectively over the road of life and note the mementoes of my own and others, activities with which it is strewn, and also sense our at-one-ment it does not mean that I am lost in others, it simply means that they and I are of one life. The life of the universe is a flowing stream. It is apparently thin and weak at its source, trickling down as it were to those objective realms, but as it flows onward to the sea it grows in volume and power, until the stream which babbled between narrow banks becomes deep and wide, so that the ships of the world may sail on its bosom. And as the stream of life becomes

a river, and that again a sea, and that an ocean, so I feel that the human race is being borne onward, and gradually losing its narrowness, and shallowness too; becoming broader and deeper. And with the passing of old limitations

there comes a consciousness of a deeper meaning, a clearer vision, a broader understanding, and all the varied systems of thought tend to coalesce and their lines of demarcation to slowly disappear. The greater man is coming.

## Our Dual Nature.

By HANSON G. HEY (continued from page 68).

The doyen of Belgian literate s, Maurice Maeterlinck, gave us a glimpse of the mystical side of this question in his masterly picture of the Cavern of the Unborn, in his well-known work, "The Bluebird." All readers of that charming book, and all those who have had the pleasure of seeing it dramatised, will bear me out that there is a power in the depiction of this particular phase which grips. Here, where the two toddlers in their quest for the bird have strayed, they find the entities who wait the coming of their turn to be born into flesh congregated, each occupied with the things by which his passage through the mundane sphere will be marked. Here is the budding aviator, playing with his kites, and the will-be mathematician busy with his lines and circles, his squares and curves. And here, too, the inevitable pair of lovers—no book complete without them, for all the world loves the lover—and these two walk round and round for ever in deep converse, arms intertwined, and the burden of their conversation is "what will become of the one who is left if the call of Father Time is for the other." And then, when the doors of the Cavern are withdrawn and Father Time glides up to the aperture and shouts out the names of those whose turn has come, lo! the boy is taken and the girl is left. The weeping and wailing that follows is better imagined than described; but the words that follow are the girl's impassioned appeal, "How shall I know you, dear, when my time to be born comes round?" His reply, "You will know me, dear, because of all sad men who tread God's earth I shall be the saddest," have a strangely familiar ring in them. We have all heard similar brave words in other partings, have we not? Then with his cargo Father Time pushes off, the great doors clang to, and through the interstices steal strains of sweetest music, which is, the mystic tells us, the song of the mothers' hearts going out to greet their babes that are to be. What a fine conception, how it colours with living light the beautiful Magnificat, and one can feel in the highest, noblest sense that each mother is a virgin and that the song of the angels is for each of them. When will the mind of man turn from the earthy ideas of the day we live in, to contemplate the divine mystery in which each birth is shrouded? When will we rise to the sacredness of Maternity?

We are all familiar with earthly losses such as the one which Maeterlinck depicts, but how few of us have realised that they are symptomatic of other losses on other spheres? For death is but the ante-chamber of life, and we who, like Tennyson's children, with feeble cry for language are struggling toward the light, must realise that death to one state of conscious existence is but the doorstep up which we mount to birth into another.

The trinity again is made apparent in the fact that both birth and death have a threefold influence. Normally viewed, each is a personal happening only; some few realise in them a

family aspect; and the mystic who has grasped the true and inner meaning of St. Paul's spiritual dictum, "We are all members of one another," can see they have a national aspect too; so the personal, the family, and the national aspects are all interlocked in the birth or death of the least amongst us. The growth of this idea, the community of feeling for the one called higher, has been made patent to all whose walk in life takes them to many cities during the speeding of the year. During the past decade the number of those who stay the feet and bow the head, even in the busy haunts of commerce, while the funeral cortege wendeth by, has grown enormously. Truly the seed fallen has not all struck stony ground. Some few can realise that when Time is swallowed up in Eternity, when the ice-cold fingers loose their hold on earthy things, and the released one sails out on the flow of the river of Being, to that bourne from which he sailed into Form (let us hope purer, stronger, and more capable, than when upon the shores of Time he was cast up for a temporary sojourn in the maze of matter) it is meet that the prayers of his fellows accompany him.

Think less, I pray you, of birth and death; at most they are but two outstanding incidents of mortality. Materially we are every moment dying, each moment being born; but *we* do not die, we are always the same, no other than if after a long and tiring journey, say from King's Cross to Aberdeen, we arrive worn-out, and speedily seek our chamber, there to fall into a deep sleep. In the morn, in that No-man's Land betwixt sleeping and waking, we look round and, noting the strange furniture and its unusual conformation, wonder where we are, perhaps what we are doing there, but we never wonder *who* we are. So, though each seven years which pass witness a complete change in our physical make-up, yet the personality is abiding, the individuality remaineth ever the same. *We* are ourselves, no matter how the sheath in which we are encased, or the environment in which we may be placed, may change their appearance.

If but we live so that the Greater Birth, the true name of miscalled Death, shall find us ready for the wider life, the added scope, of the sphere to which it opens the gateway, we shall be capable builders of the city which is being built, now as ever, without hands. The many houses in our Father's mansions are each the reflex of our present lives, our thoughts; we make here and now the home we shall inhabit in the Great Beyond by the thoughts we think, the life we lead. And the robes we shall wear are the lasting product of the dreams we have dreamed and the good we have tried to do in our short span of earth-life.

Let us, then, live each day that passeth as though it were our last on earth, striving to make rosy the path we shall pass by but once in our career, that our memory of the passage through matter may be to ourselves a happy one, in that we can truly say—"I did that which I could."

## “The Great Gulf:” Can it be Bridged?

A PARABLE JESUS PROBABLY NEVER UTTERED.

MISS C. E. WOODS, the author of “Archdeacon Wilberforce: His Ideals and Teaching,” lectured on this subject on December 12th, at the International Club for Psychical Research, 22a Regent Street, S.W. The title of the lecture, Miss Woods said, was taken from the parable of Dives and Lazarus, a story which many persons regarded as the most authoritative revelation they had concerning the after-death state. If the parable were authoritative, it was in many respects a very terrible utterance, and the first question they had to consider was whether the parable ever fell from the lips of Jesus. Judging from internal evidence, she thought the probability was very high that Jesus never uttered it. Primarily it was not after his manner, and secondarily they had no record of his saying anything of the mysteries of the after-life, or of mysteries of any kind. His teaching was never dogmatic with regard to such matters, as they were in this parable. Moreover, his teaching, even when it was sternest, was always touched in upon a background of love, and there was not much love in this parable. It was a terrible picture of a man who because he was rich here was suffering in his after-life in a condition he literally could not escape from. No one could possibly pass from that place of torment to that place of happiness known as “Abraham’s bosom.” Miss Woods said she did not like to think that the Great Master of Love ever uttered such a saying: How then had it become incorporated in the canon of Scripture? What was its origin from a critical and historical point of view? She thought two possible hypotheses might be offered. First, there was a striking similarity between this parable and a certain Egyptian demotic tale of the third century before Christ. In that story a great teacher was looking out of the window of his house and saw a dead man being carried to burial, and his remarks were very similar to those in this parable with regard to those who had their good things in this life. This demotic story contained, she thought the kernel around which the great dramatisation of this parable had been elaborated. The teaching of Egypt, as they knew, was in close contact with the teaching of Greece, and the background of Christianity was distinctly tinged with Hellenistic thought. The parable was a direct development from the teaching of the Egyptians. Then there was another explanation, almost equally plausible, namely, that the tendency of this parable was in the direction of a glorification of poverty. There was a Jewish sect at the time of Jesus called the Ebionites, or the Poor Men. They were a mystical people who glorified the ascetic condition. To them any kind of spirituality was utterly impossible that was associated even with the comforts of life. Poverty was its keynote, and traces were found of its teaching in the Scriptures, where they had “Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven.” In St. Matthew’s gospel this was given as “poor in spirit,” which was much more after the manner of Jesus. The Ebionites taught that poor souls who had no kingdom on this earth could look forward to having a good time hereafter. Was that not the keynote of this parable of Dives? They had no authoritative statement that he was in hell because he was selfish or evil, but simply because he had lived sumptuously. Well, a large number of people lived sumptuously nowadays and they

did not feel they ought to live for ever in hell on that account. (Laughter.) The fate of Dives was one of inevitability and hopeless despair, for none in his position could cross over. Again, this parable was inserted quite haphazard, without any context, among some completely independent parables, not one of which could they be at all sure came from the lips of Jesus. Miss Woods said she remembered how Archdeacon Wilberforce had been fond of expatiating on the “damned selfishness” of Lazarus, for he hated selfishness of every kind. He had said that Lazarus in the after-life was in a far worse condition than Dives, for the pain had begun to tell on Dives, and he at least thought of his five brethren and pleaded that someone might be sent to warn them. The champions of orthodoxy claimed that there was no possibility of a link between the two worlds, because according to this parable the great gulf was fixed, but Miss Woods pointed out that even there the gulf was only between Dives and Lazarus, and not between them and this world. Dives asked for someone to cross to the other shore and reach the earth, and Abraham did not say that could not be done because of an essential difference between the two planes: he merely said, No, it’s no use, they won’t be persuaded, even if one rose from the dead. And that would be true of very many people even to-day. Proceeding to the questions—Is there a gulf? and, if so, can it be bridged? Miss Woods asked whether there was an essential difference in nature between the two worlds, so that they could no more pass between them than they could pass from here to the moon? The doctrine of subtle matter which had been formulated by Lord Kelvin and Sir Oliver Lodge, and which was believed in by the highest authorities in science, helped them to an answer. Matter had been proved to be electrical and etheric in its ultimate nature, and a rudimentary knowledge of the new physics taught them that it was possible to analyse solid matter and to show that its solidity consisted merely in a stress or strain in the ether. The two worlds were really allied, because they were of the same substance and could not be entirely separated. In that respect therefore there was no gulf. There was, however, a gulf, but that existed only in people’s thoughts. If the human race had been brought up in the view that the two worlds were one and the same world from different aspects, communication between them would long ago have been an established fact, but this gulf had been fixed in human consciousness as an essential reality in nature. That barrier in consciousness had only to be removed to open up the bridge of communication. The barriers could be broken down by the same power that raised them—namely, their own thought. There was also in the human soul a power than which there was no greater in heaven or earth, that Omnipotence itself could not withstand—and that was love. Love could bridge the widest gulf that ever was formed and enable hands to be clasped across the imaginary space. Miss Woods said the gulf had not only been bridged, but it was now as easy to speak to those on the other side as it was to telephone to persons in distant parts of this physical globe. The gulf was being daily bridged by those who knew how to do it. It was being bridged by persons in their ordinary normal waking state and by many more during their

hours of sleep. The champions of orthodoxy told them that attempts to bridge the gulf were not only perilous but immoral because of this unauthenticated parable; but why, asked Miss Woods, should they not talk with their beloved who had passed on, and who were just as human as they were before? If they believed in evolution why should they consider it applied only to this plane, and that to pass from it meant

reaching a final consummation. There were no leaps and bounds in nature. The planes of life were continuous. The world in which those lived who had passed through death was only the inner aspect of this present world. There was only one world, one universe, but many aspects. Once they grasped that fact all the difficulties with which champions of orthodoxy confronted them vanished like mists before the rising sun.

## The Church of Silence : A Vision.

By FATHER ANTONY.

One of our contributors sends us the following interesting vision, which he says he recorded inspirationally as it was received from one of his guides, whom he knows as "Father Antony."

**V**ISIONS leave behind them something akin to the perfume of flowers, the influence of children, or of good, virtuous men and women. It was during Lenten period, at morning Matins, that I saw with the inner eye of the Spirit.

A magnificent structure loomed above the highest buildings. It was surrounded by beds of multi-coloured flowers, interspersed with fountains throwing up streams of water in fantastic shapes, as if to vie with the diversity of life everywhere around. It dominated, like a strong personality, the city life. It combined the colossal strength of Egyptian architecture with the symmetry of Grecian and the beauty of Gothic. But within was unmistakably the Soul of the East. You ascended tiers of steps and passed between Corinthian pillars into a spacious outer court. Everyone who entered must leave their sandals or shoes as a symbol of renunciation for a time of all worldly things. You entered through exquisitely carved wooden doors into an enormous, perfectly rounded hall. The building was lighted by a multi-coloured glass dome, arranged in accordance with mystical insight into colour effects. In the centre was the most beautiful altar I had ever seen. Composed of translucent marbles, inlaid with precious stones and burnished gold, it aroused within one a feeling of awe, reverence, and devotion. It had been so arranged that from early morn to sunset the light of the sun streamed down upon it through the dome. All who entered to worship were affected by a diversity of colour influences which I was permitted to clearly discern and comprehend. Adorning the inside walls were sculptures illustrating the evolution of humanity from savagery and self-preservation to enlightenment and preservation of all. No organ, choir, priests or acolytes were present. All communicants were their own priests, baring their souls before the altar to Him who is worshipped in diverse ways. I perceived amongst the worshippers different nationalities. No apparent notice were taken of their manner or method, for the form is a mere accident of geographical position. The spirit, the motive, alone counts in the presence of real religion. I perceived several old people counting their beads, whilst others sat or stood in silent adoration or in prayerful meditation. An Eastern in coloured garb attracted my attention. He appeared to be rivetted to the spot. His eyes were fixed upon a globe that stood in the centre of the altar. It was an emblem of the oneness of all life. It symbolised the universe, each planet being a part of the sun, each sun a portion of a sidereal system, each system a grain of matter in the vast unthinkable universe. I stood by his

side unseen, following the emotional states which reflected his innermost thoughts. He was wrapt in deep meditation while contemplating the globe before him. But anon the stream of his thought was inhibited. He argued from effects to causes. He was familiar with substances finer than sense-perception revealed. Within the crystal, plant, animal, man, the earth, sun, and stars of every magnitude, was the soul of each. If the earth were shattered to-morrow the finer form would still remain. Every antecedent cause of time phenomena, of planets, sun, or man, would persist by reason of its causative background of pre-existent life. He awoke from his reverie, offered up a silent prayer to the Life of all Life, and left the temple filled with new life. It was a revelation to me. I was familiar with visions of this character, but never before had I been able to enter into the innerness of the vision or the thoughts of ghostly visitants who often entered my cell. From that moment onwards, through all the struggles for freedom within my soul, the revelation was a focal centre, a circle at first microscopic, but daily enlarging its boundaries as the load of ignorance and make-believe fell away and the obstacles to progress were removed. As a mendicant belonging to a monastic order I was daily brought into association with suffering humanity. My mission, in part, was to heal the sick, console the bereaved, and to administer extreme unction at the bedside of the dying. But this Temple of Silence was a new thought to me. It was unlike my private sanctuary, or the church within the monastery, where silence was enjoined as an act of worship. Here was a temple where all nationalities, all conditions of men might enter into the silence and worship, each in accord with the particular bent of his mind. No rites, creeds, forms or ceremonial magic could be performed as an act of worship imposed by any state. It was true religion divorced from state or priestly control. This Temple of Silence exists in reality in the astral world. Its erection and public recognition as a monument of religion in terrestrial life will be determined by spiritual growth and not by time.



### DIED OF WOUNDS.

Hush ! Yes, I know  
He was young, and strong, and fair i' the face,  
And you loved him so.

Hush ! Yes, tis true  
He died, that life may grow i' the race,  
Let it comfort you.

Hush ! Yes, he hears,  
For the veil is thin, and desire is fain,  
Let it dry your tears :

He is in Light,  
All the dark and thirst and fiery pain,  
Are gone—with the night.

ANON, in a *Parish Magazine*.

## The Discovery of the Phrenological Organs.

**M**R. J. MILLOTT SEVERN, F.B.P.S., of Brighton, lectured to the British Phrenological Society on this subject, to which he has devoted thirty years of research and study, at Furnival Hall, Holborn, on December 11th. The lecture dealt exhaustively with the theme, sketching not only the discovery of the various organs, but also giving an interesting sketch of the incidents and methods leading to the discovery of each. Our space only permits us to give a summary of a few, but the whole treatise is worthy of being put into book form for permanent use in phrenologists' libraries.

*Amativeness* was discovered by Dr. Gall, who lived in the latter half of the 18th century, in the course of his medical practice. It is situated in the cerebellum, and is the only organ in that part of the brain.

*Conjugal* was chiefly discovered by Dr. Vimont, of Paris, who collected a large number of skulls with a view to overthrow the claims of phrenology, but afterwards became an earnest advocate. Before this organ was located its functions were attributed to *Adhesiveness* and *Friendship*.

*Philoprogenitiveness* was discovered by Dr. Gall in a flash of insight while he was delivering a lecture. He immediately asked his audience to go away and leave him so that he might put his illumination to the test by comparison of an extensive collection of skulls. He was satisfied that his discovery was correct, and named the organ *Susceptibility* because he observed that it gave softness of manner and sympathy for whatever was weak and helpless in those who had it prominent. Dr. Spurzheim afterwards gave it its present name.

*Adhesiveness* or *Friendship* was also located by Dr. Gall as a result of studying the head of a lady in Vienna who was regarded as a model of friendship. It is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of *Amativeness* and *Philoprogenitiveness*, but had not previously been observed or understood.

*Inhabitiveness* and *Concentrativeness*.—Dr. Spurzheim noted the first and Mr. George Combe and the Edinburgh phrenologists noted the second on the same part of the brain, but Dr. Vimont placed the situation of the latter above the former. American phrenologists reversed this placing, and that location was now recognised as the correct one.

*Vitativeness* was first observed by Dr. Andrew Combe during his study of the skulls of rabbits, and his conclusions were confirmed by the study of the skull of a lady whose love of life was so great that she was constantly in fear of losing it through some dangerous malady attacking her. Dr. Vimont independently and almost simultaneously discovered the same organ.

*Combativeness*.—While engaged in discovering this organ, Dr. Gall called a number of boys from the street and made them fight. The pugnacious ones had the bump in full evidence. The peaceable and timid ones had little trace of it. He confirmed his observation by gathering a group of quarrelsome grown-ups and placing them in a row against a group of the peaceably-disposed, whose fighting bumps he then examined and found large in the one class and small in the other.

*Destructiveness*.—Dr. Gall first guessed this organ by observing the difference in skulls of animals that were carnivorous from those of

animals that were herbivorous. He confirmed his guess by finding a marked protuberance immediately above the opening of the ears in two murderers' skulls, which corresponded with the excessive breadth between the ears of the carnivorous animals. He called the organ "The propensity to kill," and Dr. Spurzheim gave it its present name.

*Alimentiveness*, the organ governing appetite, hunger, and thirst, was generally credited to the discovery of Dr. Hoppe, of Copenhagen, who noted its prominence in the face of a friend who indulged too freely in the good things of the table. He called it *Gustativeness*. Dr. Crook, of London, and Sir George Mackenzie were sometimes claimed as earlier discoverers, but Dr. Hoppe was the first to publish it. Mr. L. N. Fowler named the lower part of this organ *Bibativeness* ruling the appetite for liquids.

*Acquisitiveness*.—Dr. Gall discovered this faculty chiefly from examining the heads of thieves and those who shared their plunder. He called it "Sense of Property," Dr. Spurzheim called it "Organ of Covetousness," and Sir George Mackenzie gave it its present name.

*Secretiveness* was an early discovery of Dr. Gall's by his observation of the different shaped heads of his school-companions. He confirmed it by finding it large in the skull of one who had passed as an honest man but who after his death had been found to be an all-round cheat. Dr. Spurzheim gave it its name.

Dr. Gall also discovered *Cautiousness*, *Self-Esteem*, *Approbativeness*, *Firmness*, *Hope*, *Spirituality*, *Veneration*, *Benevolence*, *Constructiveness*, *Ideality*, *Imitation*, *Mirthfulness* and *Agreeableness*, *Form*, *Colour*, *Order*, *Number* or *Calculation*, *Locality*, *Tune*, *Causality*, *Comparison*, and *Language*. With Dr. Spurzheim he is given joint credit for the discovery of *Weight* and *Time*, and Dr. Spurzheim is credited with *Conscientiousness* and *Size*, Mr. L. N. Fowler, with *Human Nature*, and Mr. George Combe with *Sublimity*.

Mr. Severn in concluding his address claimed that phrenology was essentially a science of observation, founded on facts, and in evidence quoted Dr. Gall as follows:—

"I had innumerable difficulties to overcome. As long as a quality or faculty, or even its organ, was not discovered I was in the deepest ignorance. I never had the slightest idea of what I should at length discover, nor where I should find the organ. A large number of facts was requisite to put me in their way. How often have I not been obliged to reject, after years, what had appeared to me well-established! Often I was tempted to give up all inquiries of this nature, and to declare with my predecessors that it is impossible to discover the traces of the operations of the soul."



When all else fails, Truth does not fail. When the heart is desolate, and the world affords no shelter, Truth provides a peaceful refuge and a quiet rest. The cares of life are many, and its path is beset with difficulties; but Truth is greater than care, and is superior to all difficulties. Truth lightens our burdens; it lights up our pathway with the radiance of joy. Loved ones pass away, friends fail, and possessions disappear. Where, then, is the voice of comfort? Where is the whisper of consolation? Truth is the comforter of the comfortless, and the consoler of them that are deserted. Truth does not pass away, nor fail, nor disappear. Truth bestows the consolation of abiding peace. Be alert, and listen, that ye may hear the call of Truth, even the voice of the Great Awakener.

James Allen.

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## The Great Exploration.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL have kindly sent us an early copy of the remarkable book by a King's Counsel referred to in our interview in the December number. It is entitled "I heard a Voice: or The Great Exploration," and is dedicated "To all who grieve the loss of Loved Ones—The Dead, who are not dead but living—To all who fear or doubt The Hereafter." An introductory poem, received for the occasion by automatic-writing from a seventeenth-century poet, forms the Preface, and from this we may quote three specimen verses quaintly spelt, as their unseen author inspired them:—

O men hoo groane beneath the Hande of War,  
 O wyves and mothers weepyng harde to-day!  
 You count them dedde within some lonelie grayve,  
 And curse the God thatte beckon'd them awaye.  
 Theyre ertylie forms are crumblyng into duste—  
 Dedde things thatte once enwrapp'd the human "I,"  
 The Soule lyves on, the Soule believ'd by yu,  
 God gave Itte Lyfe: God sayd, "Yu shalle notte die."  
 Yette more than thys, the Veil thatte hangs betweene  
 Theyre world and youre is lifting to the viewe,  
 Halfe way they com, theyre arms with luv outstretch'd,  
 And ling'ryng thus, expectant wayte for yu.

The circumstances under which this book has been written have already been set forth. A King's Counsel purchased a planchette for his wife and his children's governess, years ago, that they might amuse themselves with it. They got no satisfactory results, and laid it aside. By and bye the children—two daughters of eleven and thirteen—began to play with it, and were surprised when serious messages, in several languages including Greek and Latin, began to come through. In time planchette itself was discarded as the girls were able, in their normal state, to receive from "the dead who are not dead" verbally-inspired writings on matters entirely beyond the range of their own knowledge or consciousness. These form the substance of this book which has been compiled by their distinguished father as a labour of love, yea more, as a duty "to those seeking after the truth." He says (in Chapter I.) :—

I am a member of the legal profession, and neither by nature nor by training am I unduly credulous. I had a prejudice against Spiritualism, rather than a leaning in its favour, being disposed to doubt both the genuineness and the utility of Spirit-communication. But the evidence which has been thrust upon me from my personal experiences, since April 1916, has been so overwhelming that I find it impossible to doubt the power of Spirit-intercourse, or its immense utility, in the highest sense of that term.

Spiritualism is repudiated by large numbers of people upon the ground that in some way or other it is in conflict with Religion. . . . But this attitude is adopted without real investigation, the subject being approached with the settled conviction that Spirit-intercourse is impossible, and that those who purport to practise it are either fools or knaves.

All this prejudice will disappear at no distant date, the accumulated evidences . . . being too strong to be brushed aside, and the idea that any conflict exists between Religion and Spiritualism being without foundation. In fact, the study of Spirit-intercourse strongly

confirms the essential doctrines of religion in general, and of the Christian faith in particular.

In the limits of a page it would be impossible to convey an idea of the intensely human stories told in this book by those who are now in the next phase of life. It is better that we should occupy the space by giving short extracts from some messages. They present vivid pictures to hang in our inner galleries, whose possession will be sweet and comforting to those of us who are willing to receive them. The author's mother, for example, writes :—

We come every night to kiss and bless your pillow. Be always of good courage. Trust to God: be sure His ways are best. Hope on. Travel through life as if you were on a journey, for you approach a better land. Pray well: work well: live well.

Personal presence, warm affection, maternal blessing, living inspiration, and wise counsel are conveyed in these brief sentences to her son. To his children she says—(by the hand of one of them):—

Persevere, Lilian; do not, as you love me, be stubborn. Ellen, be strong, be resolute, be sure of yourself. Be painstaking, work well when you work; play well when you play. God will watch over you. Grand-dad and I bless and pray for you. . . . Be strong: be good children: be good Christians. Hope, trust, pray. Bless you, my sweet darlings.—GRANNY.

Now, is not that a beautiful scene! Grand-dad and granny having a peep (through the thin veil) at their young grandchildren, and helping them with their loving solicitude. It would have been worthy the brush of Sir John Mordaunt. Such blessedness may be every day our own experience—if we only knew! We have eyes but see not, and our ears are filled with wax, so that we miss the sense of that other life that lies all around us. The boy with the hoop, referred to last month, says :—

I love to communicate with you all. I have stood beside you as you slept, and prayed. I often work to put good thoughts in your hearts and it pains me when you do not listen.

How many who love us still, though they have gone on, would say the same to each one of us, if only we would listen! There is a fine vein of seriousness throughout this book that gives an eloquent answer to those persons who disparage Spirit-communications as being invariably frivolous. If foolish persons seek for amusing trivialities they will probably be answered according to their folly, for as "Jack" one of the communicators here says :—

You see, the Spirit-world is like yours in some ways. There is a mixed population—good, evil, and ordinary. Pray, that's the great thing—PRAY!

Some highly enlightened Spirit-people send through messages in this book which are worthy to be read and pondered over by the most devout, but we must refer our readers for these to the book itself. Just one may be given from Granny, which might well serve us as a New Year's Motto :—

EVEN AS THE DEW OF EVENING-TIDE DROPPETH UPON THE FAINTING FLOWER, EVEN SO COMETH THE WORD OF THE LORD UNTO EVERY SOUL THAT HUNGERETH AFTER HIM.

J. L.



There are two great rival conceptions of the universe. One is materialistic, the other is spiritual. All through human history these conceptions have been opposed. Every man and every woman is, in relation to Nature and Human Nature, either a Materialist or a Spiritualist.—  
*The Right Rev. Bishop Weldon.*

## Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

By J. ARTHUR HILL, Author of "Psychical Investigations," etc.

### I.—DEMOCRACY.

THE principle of democracy is no new thing. It is laid down in one of the oldest books of the Old Testament. In Leviticus xix, 18, there occurs the command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It has been repeated all down the ages, in the best forms of religion. Why has it not been carried out in practice? Calvinism would answer: Because of human depravity. Perhaps a truer answer would be: Because it was put in the imperative mood.

Whitman translates the old command into sweeter form. Knowing that Love is the deepest reality, and that if once seen it must be recognised as divine, he contents himself with showing his own heart and the love therein. This is what a greater One meant when he said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." (John xiv, 9.)

Love and comradeship—this is the burden of Whitman's Psalm-like chantings. He flies in thought around the wide world, noting trapper, cotton-planter, clerk, sailor, bricklayer—Greenlander, African, Mongol, European, American—all people of all races and occupations—and he feels overmastering love to all these human souls. All are his brothers. He will sing the song of companionship. "Who but I should be the poet of comrades?" And deep indignation fills him as he contemplates the inequalities and injustices of human life:—

"Many sweating, ploughing, thrashing,  
and then the chaff for payment receiving,  
A few idly owning, and they the wheat  
continually claiming."

Whitman stood for the people. He was the poet of the average man and indeed of the "bottom dog":—

"By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have  
their counterpart of on the same terms."

He has no kid gloves on, like Tennyson; has no fastidiousness, no namby-pambyism; likes to think of the sweaty muscles at honest labour, and the common people in all circumstances, down to the leper and the sot and the eczematous drab of the streets. All people alike were wonderful and worshipful and lovable to him. He wanted to break down class distinctions and reveal man as Man—a real, live, suffering and enjoying human being, related deep down to all other human beings, and only separated from them by those baleful superficial distinctions:—

"Americanos! conquerors! marches humanitarian!  
Foremost! century marches! Libertad! Masses!  
.....  
Omnes! omnes!"

In these "Paumanok" and other ejaculations there is something hysterical-seeming. British taste dislikes too many exclamation points. Yet the ejaculations are remarkably expressive, and, after all, expression is the main thing. They give us the man himself. They make us realise his immense enthusiasm for his country and the race. He cannot stop to build up his sentences into balanced systems, but fires off his white-hot stars, the essential words, as fast as he can spin them out of his nebulous fire-mist. Each word is a picture, and the attention is focussed on the thing presented, instead of being scattered over subsidiary prepositions and conjunctions and ineffective supernumeraries—the walking gentle-

men of the grammatical stage. The method is admirably adapted to the purpose. It seizes the reader, and will not be denied. If he has any sympathy at all with the poet's aims and thought, he inevitably feels a responsive heat. Does not our heart burn within us?

### II.—MYSTICISM.

Whitman invites his comrades to share with him two great things, and "a third one rising inclusive and more resplendent, the greatness of Love and Democracy, and the greatness of Religion." The good gray poet was essentially a religious man, and, all inner religion being mystical, he was through and through a mystic of the tribe of St. Francis, St. John of the Cross, and St. Teresa, however different in his verbalisation of his experience.

Subjectively, the mystic has a serenity and joy beyond the common lot of men. "The mere fact of consciousness," says Whitman, "is enough to make him stop and loiter all the time to sing it in ecstatic songs." Objectively he sees through the phenomenal to the noumenal: sees objects as passing shadows on the cave-wall, as in Book vii of Plato's "Republic"; a drift of forms, dimly indicating some unknown but grand and joyous Reality. He feels, but does not reflect; is not troubled by intellectualism and argumentation; he confronts "nights, storm, hunger, ridicule, accidents, rebuffs, as the trees and animals do," imperturbably, as one preoccupied with other things. "While they discuss I am silent, and go bathe and admire myself." "I have no mockings or arguments, I witness and wait:—"

"There is that in me—I do not know what it is—  
but I know it is in me.  
.....

I do not know it—it is without name—  
it is a word unsaid,  
It is not in any dictionary, utterance, symbol.  
.....

It is not chaos or death—it is form, union, plan—  
it is eternal life—it is Happiness.  
.....

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,  
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,  
And filter and fibre your blood."

There is no satisfactory philosophy of mysticism, Carl du Prel's massive and excellent tomes notwithstanding. It cannot be put into words or estimated by intellectual judgments. It is tested by guess and trial. Nature produces a mystic, and seems to say to others: "Here is an exceptional sort—a sort I like—what do you make of him?" Sometimes the world jeers and ignores, and the poor mystic gets no following, and hardly a hearing. He vanishes and leaves little trace; perhaps dies in an asylum. Another has things to say which strike a few hearers as suggestive, attractively peculiar, stimulating, or revealing kin experiences in greater intensity—Joanna Southcott, Jacob Boehme, William Blake—and disciples appear, increasing or decreasing as time goes on. No one can tell, at the period of his emergence, what verdict posterity will pass upon the mystic; and his contemporaries are usually more or less puzzled with him. He is different from the others, but whether he is better or worse—genius or lunatic—the gaping contemporary is hard put to it to say. Whitman was the chief poetic mystic of the nineteenth century in America, and readers were at a loss

to explain him. But the working man, though finding much incomprehensible stuff, at least saw that here was a man who was on his side, and he accepted him accordingly. And, rather curiously as it seems at first sight, though it is comprehensible enough, Whitman had a circle of immediate admirers among what may be called the aristocracy. His sweaty democracy appealed to Symonds, Browning, Tennyson, precisely by its coarseness, reality, and strength, so different from their own traditionally-moulded, over-educated, bookish minds and delicate artistry. And these could to some extent appreciate his mysticism. Tennyson sometimes had trance-experiences (described in "The Ancient Sage" and the "Life" by his son) in which his personality seemed dissolved, yet in which utter certainty regarding transcendental things was attained, and the idea of death became "ridiculous." It was inspiration rather than rational thinking. Whitman had similar experiences. There spreads around him "the peace and knowledge that pass all the arguments of the earth." All is well, infinite progress, infinite conservation of values, well being:—

"All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,  
And to die is different from what anyone supposed,  
and luckier."

He often tries to express the mystical inexpressible, when chanting the greatness of Religion and shadowing forth his deepest vision. No one has ever yet been devout enough, worshipped enough. No one has begun to think how divine he himself is. Everything is wonderful. A mouse is enough to stagger sextillions of infidels. A curl of smoke or a hair on the back of his hand is just as curious as any revelation. A blade of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars. (He called his book "Leaves of Grass," because grass is common, world-wide, and his message applicable universally.) Religion then is no affair of man-made creeds: it is an attitude of wonder, awe, and love, towards all God's creation. Indeed there is a sense in which the lower orders are more admirable than man, for man has developed morbid systems like Calvinism, which is a disease of the soul:—

"I think I could turn and live with  
animals, they are so placid and  
self-contain'd.

.....  
They do not sweat and whine about  
their condition,  
They do not lie awake in the dark and  
weep for their sins,  
They do not make me sick discussing  
their duty to God."

And, contemplating life in natural conditions, he asks in pithy question:—

"The friendly and flowing savage, who  
is he?  
Is he waiting for civilisation, or past  
it and mastering it?"

(To be continued.)



**THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NUMBERS.**—A psychic correspondent writes that she has been much interested in Hinemoa's articles on "Numbers," and noting that the number 7 means "sacrifice," draws attention to the fact both "England" and "Germany" spell 7 letters, indicating their present sacrificial trials. "War" itself, she says, spells the number 3, which means "harmony," for there can be no Peace without the final balance of War. When this great War is at an end may the lasting harmony of nations be established!

## A CZAR OF LONG AGO.

BY S. E. HAGGARD.

UNARMED and unattended walked the Czar through Moscow's busy streets one winter day. The crowd uncovered as his face they saw. "God greet thee, Czar," they said. Along his path there moved a funeral—grave spectacle of poverty and woe—a wretched sledge dragged by one weary man slowly across the snow, and on the sledge, blown by the wintry wind, lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare, and he who drew it bent before his load with dull and sullen air. The Emperor stopped and beckoned to the man. "Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he asked. "Only a soldier, sire;"—a short reply—"only a soldier—dead." "Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar, "only a Russian who was poor and brave; move on, I follow; such an one goes not unhallowed to his grave." He bent his head, and silent raised his cap. The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow, followed the coffin, as again it went slowly across the snow. The passers of the street, all wondering, looked on that sight, then followed silently—peasant, and prince, and artisan, and clerk, all in one company. Still as they went the crowd grew evermore, till thousands stood around the friendless grave, led by that princely heart who, royal, true, honoured the poor and brave.



## THE SONG OF THE WHEELS.

"He's gone away, gone away, gone away, gone,"  
Is ever the song of the wheels as they fly;  
"He's gone away, gone away, gone away, gone,"  
And ever sad hearts to their throbbing reply,  
Sad hearts that are fearing the news of the strife,  
Pale faces aqiver with longing and pain  
The streets of the city with sorrow are rife,  
And evermore rings through the grief-haunted brain  
The song of the wheels, with a tear in its tone,  
"He's gone away, gone away, gone away, gone."  
"She'll pray for me, pray for me, pray for me, pray,"  
She'll pray without ceasing to Heaven above;  
"She'll pray for me, pray for me, pray for me, pray,"  
And water her prayers with the dew drops of love.  
Oh, that is the tale that the wheels have to tell,  
The men who are leaving their homeland afar,  
And its message of hope, when the battle wind's swell,  
Shall burn like a beacon and shine like a star.  
In the mirk of war's midnight, it rings thro' the fray,  
"She'll pray for me, pray for me, pray for me, pray."  
"He'll come again, come again, come again, come;"  
Is that what the wheels beat the quicker they fly?  
"He'll come again, come again, come again, come."  
He'll come to the homeland. But what if he die?  
Ah, then, in the glory of life newly born,  
Triumphant o'er earth, with its sorrow and pain,  
From the first verdant flush of Eternity's morn,  
The yearning of love will recall him again.  
For ever the wheels utter the truth as they thrum,  
"He'll come again, come again, come again, come."

JEAN COWAN PATERSON.

Possilpark, Glasgow.



A MELBOURNE correspondent writes: "I note that Miss Katherine Bates offers the suggestion, in her new book, that Lord Kitchener was possibly a reincarnation of Brigadier-General Nicholson, who died in 1857, after Lord Kitchener was born! My Theosophical friends here think Lord Kitchener was a reincarnation of Hannibal, who lived 250 years before Christ! Can any of your readers settle this interesting point?"



## The Magic Staff.

AT an important stage in the career of Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer and inspirational writer, he was led by an Unseen Power up into the Catskill Mountains, where in an old graveyard he held counsel with the spirits of Swedenborg and Galen. The latter there gave him what he called ever after his "Magic Staff." It was not a material walking-stick to help him over the rough places in life's pilgrimage, but a spiritual injunction which he found served him well as a support in every time of stress and trial. It was—"Under all circumstances keep an even mind." Davis made full use of it, and passed it on wherever he had opportunity to help fellow-pilgrims. One of his autobiographical works was issued under the title of "The Magic Staff," and that work is regarded by all Spiritualists who know it as intensely fascinating. Mr. T. O. Todd lectured recently to the Highgate Spiritualists at Grovedale Hall on this book, and he distributed to each member of his audience a copy of the now famous motto in an artistic form, specially designed for the occasion, which he has kindly lent us to reproduce on this page. Mr. Todd briefly sketched Davis's career as a "physician to soul and body" and then proceeded to give a summary of the practical philosophy in the book, interspersed with his own didactic and humorous comments. The following are some pointed paragraphs from the lecture, which took over an hour to deliver and was heartily appreciated:—

Worries arise from an apprehension that the immediate future will not be as peaceful and harmonious as one could wish. This is because of a misinterpretation of the facts of life, as well as from an inordinate impatience because progress is not quickly achieved. Worry and impatience are twin evils. A temperament of this nature creates a clouded state of surroundings, through which the mental vision cannot penetrate. Even the sunshine of Spirit Guidance cannot penetrate this. Those who keep their heads above the petty worries of life create for themselves a refined atmosphere through which Angel Guidance comes as an additional illumination, even though the recipient is not fully conscious of that Spirit assistance.

The desire for progress makes its appearance as soon as the child realises its own separateness from all exterior people and things. The Land of Freedom is always ahead, but the distance grows longer as years increase. The little boy wants to grow up and have a suit, because he discovers that halfpennies gather in clothes which have pockets, and his ambition tempts his

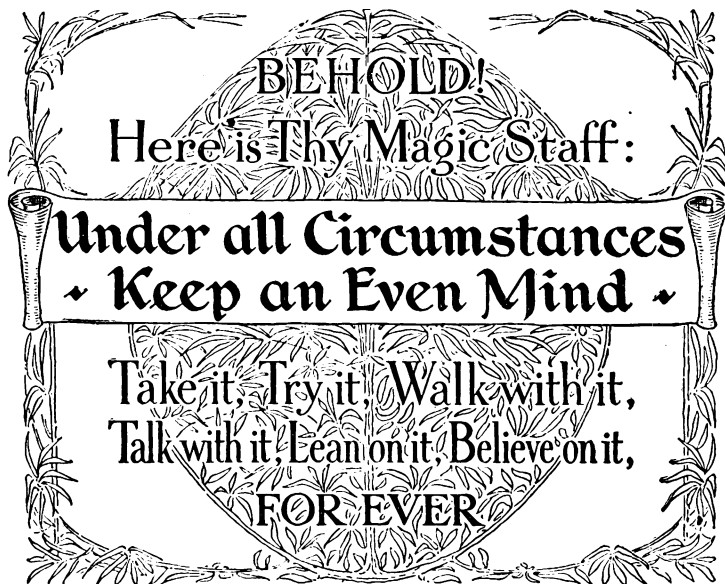
desires. The boy wants to leave school and enter the freedom of the working world. The man wants to be his own "boss." If he has a shop he wants a larger one; wants assistants, and then wants branch establishments. The girl, prompted by divine longings, wants to express her desires on new planes of thought and feeling. She desires a sweetheart; a home of her own. The love that was satisfied with the doll wants the deep expression of true motherhood, and pictures of the Child of Bethlehem fascinate her soul. To enable her to further exercise her abilities she wants servants. All these are praiseworthy attainments; but every step of progress demands a personal capacity equal to the new emergencies. Worry is the outcome of overstepping our capacity, and to show signs of worry and impatience is to give tacit evidence of inability to cope with our own affairs.

Our own worries seem always greater than those of other people, hence sympathy and advice is not readily acceptable. The costermonger who, in his greatest worry, was advised by his wife to "remember Job" replied that Job was not a costermonger and therefore could not understand. Half the worries in this life are about things that never happen.

Some people are never happy except when they are miserable. In the estimation of such, everybody does everything wrong just for

the sake of causing worry and annoyance. These people cannot enjoy life. It is one continuous tragedy. A prospective holiday gives them a week of gloomy forebodings about the weather, and the brightest day only reminds them of what might happen before the return home. The happiest occasions are made the opportunity of relating all the petty details of every funeral they have attended since their earliest recollections, and the gloomier they can make the narratives the sweeter the flavour to themselves. Everything goes wrong with them. If they sit at a sewing machine it only needs two stitches to break both needle and thread, through the wheel going backward instead of forward. If a piece of bread falls off the table it is bound to fall with the buttered side down. If they would just consider for a while they would find how useless it is to be always on the worry; they would discover the falsity of their position, and learn that the fault was in themselves. This life is what we make it!

They worry over this thing and they worry over that,  
But I notice when the atmosphere has cleared  
That the bad luck they had looked for didn't come and  
knock them flat,  
And they did not have the trouble that they feared.



They like to start the morning with an apprehensive sigh,  
For they find a bit of worry to their taste,  
But I cannot help a-thinking, as the years go speeding by,  
That an awful lot of worry goes to waste.

Misery—condensed worry—is a state of mind. Happiness, on the other hand, is a mental condition also. Those who do not understand the fundamental principles of life cannot possibly be happy. All may be summed up in the term "Ignorance."

What does it matter if rain be falling?  
If skies be cloudy instead of fair?  
Behind the clouds are the Angels calling,  
And God and Heaven are always there.

The speaker proceeded to deal with the cause of worries in the general affairs of life. Treading on delicate ground, he analysed those met with in married life. The lack of definite understanding as to the part each must play in all matters—domestic, commercial, political, social, religious, and especially financial concerns. Children, he said, should never be partakers of domestic troubles. They should be protected. Every member of a family should help in fostering the special proclivities of each other instead of obstructing them. The father sometimes worries about his children "going to the dogs" and takes no steps to worry the dogs! No man who votes for the maintenance of the liquor traffic has any just cause of complaint for what happens to his sons. The mother perhaps worries because the father is harsh and interferes with her guidance by love. A false home-life is the cause of many of the saddest failures in life, and of the incessant worries created thereby, many of which worries fall upon those who are not directly responsible. The home life is the foundation of nearly all that follows. The education of the young should be a gentle drawing out of the faculties, not a forcing in of a dead-level code to be applied to all alike. Find out what are the child's best faculties and latent possibilities, and have them cultivated. If the child cannot master the multiplication table but shows talent as a singer, teach him to sing the multiplication table!

Don't worry because children are slow in development. It is said that Sir Walter Scott was the dunce of his school; but we know that he could have shown remarkable brilliance had they discovered early enough that he had a passion for history. Fathers should remember—especially in business affairs—that their sons were not sent into the world to be their cheap servants. Mothers should be an example, and not force their wishes by insistence. There should be freedom from restraint where no obligation is broken.

Mr. Todd then touched upon the worries of business life, most of which he said arose from the desire to get rich quickly. Emulation is right, but the price is sometimes too high. Overdoing re-acts and causes worry. Right doing needs no caution. Health may be spent to get wealth, but the wealth may have to be released to get back health.

Worries in sickness and in death were also touched upon and some exceedingly appropriate comments offered.

Life is mostly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand like stone:  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own.

A lady who was present on the occasion has sent us the following verses inspired by the lecture:—

## THE MAGIC STAFF.

Behold! Here is thy Magic Staff—  
In trials of ev'ry kind;  
In ev'ry place and circumstance,  
**KEEP THOU AN EVEN MIND.**

Take hold and try it, walk with it,  
Talk with it day by day;  
Lean hard upon it, trust in it,  
For ever and for aye.

A mind so poised nor fears nor quails,  
Let come what may to fright;  
Serene and calm 'mid earthly strife  
In all-resisting might.

For, deep within the Soul of Man,  
As bud is to the flower,  
Is folded close for glorious bloom  
Divine and God-like Power.

MILLY GAUNTLETT.

35, Bickerton Road, Highgate, N.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CHARLES II. TO WILLIAM III.

Queen Charlotte's House,  
Sydney Place, Bath.

SIR,—Being deeply interested in the study of the 17th century (1660-1699), I should be very grateful if any readers of the *Psychic Gazette* would kindly tell me if they have ever communicated with or heard of any spirits of the period of Charles II.—William III.—Believe me, yours very truly,

N. G. LANGLEN.

AN R.F.C. MAN'S FIRST SEANCE.

Retford, Notts.

Dec. 7, 1917.

DEAR SIR,—I should very much like to let you know what I thought of the materialising seance I visited at Mr. Craddock's, which you described in the November *Gazette*. I am prompted to write this upon reading your interview with Sir William Crookes in this month's *Gazette*. Now in the first place, I can say I have been knocking about the world for the past seventeen years from Costa Rica, in the West, to Central Africa. In fact, I came over from Uganda to do my bit. I have seen strange things in my time, especially in Africa, where the natives seem to know more than we do. Take for instance the mystery of their speedy transmitting news of any description.

Anyhow when I was invited by Mrs. Duffus to the sitting at Mr. Craddock's I was quite prepared to keep my eyes open. Fancy coming to a small room like that and having never seen Mr. Craddock before, and he not me, and being told what had actually happened. By the way I am at present in the R.F.C., and about last April or May I had the misfortune to come down in the sea between Folkestone and Dover. Anyhow the control, "Joey," told me all about this, and even estimated the speed the machine must have come down at. As for myself I woke up in hospital, and I never did gather the details of how I was picked up. Anyhow this control told me, and since then I have verified it by the records.

Another thing, I was told that a "William" was asking for me from the Other Side. I only knew one William who had passed over and that was my father, and the advice I received through this Spirit-Voice has confirmed my belief that someone has often given me the thought how to act when in tight corners, as I can recall from past experience.

This was my first visit to anything appertaining to Spiritualism and it is not going to be the last. I am quite willing for you to give my name and address to anybody who doubts what I have written. In fact what I saw in that small room has changed my views on many things.—

Believe me, yours, etc.,

J. A. P.

## The Next Life : Its Gardens and Homes.

### ANOTHER LETTER FROM AN EX-SOLDIER.

The following letters are from the ex-soldier who "died" on the Somme, who now writes through the hand of his mother. His description of "The Child Sphere," in our November number, will be remembered.

**M**Y DEAR MOTHER.—When last we met how little we thought that ere long I should be here. It shows how good a thing it is that the future can never be seen, or we should never go through all we have to. I daresay, if I had foreseen my being killed, I should have been pretty miserable; but when you come face to face with Death, as I did, one gets to feel how near the next life is, and everything appears in a different light.

I can truly say that I feel no regret in having given my life for the Great Cause. I would not take it back, if I could. I am so perfectly happy, with the right work to do, friends all about me, and you in reality nearer than if I were on Earth!

I only wish, that every one on Earth could think more about this life, and not put it away as an event never likely to happen. Here we know how very near the Earth-life is to this one. We know, too, that the time is close at hand when the gulf of division will be crossed, and there will be constant intercourse between us and you. It is only a question of time, and this war has done more to break down the barrier than anything else could have done.

There is so much for me to tell you, for I have been to many places and been sent on much mission work. These are almost impossible to explain, but I can tell you something of my journeys and impressions which will interest you.

I have seen some very beautiful work just now which is being done in our work shops. It is just like printing, though not like what you are accustomed to see on Earth. This is all done through some wonderful process on material resembling parchment, and is beautifully illuminated. The colours, so unlike any you have ever seen, are all worked in some marvellous fashion into these scrolls. They are used in the temples, and the schools, and wherever teaching is given, and represent all kinds of knowledge.

I have finished the piece of work I told you of. It is lovely, and has been placed in one of the corners of those beautiful temples I have tried to describe. I wish you could see it and all the other lovely things here. Description is very difficult; Earth conditions are necessarily so limited, and anything I say must fall so flat. I can only give you bare outlines, but it may help you to have some little idea of what our lives are like here and our employments.

We are never idle, and our minds are continually filled with new truths opening out to us. I don't know why people on Earth ever pity those who have crossed over. If they only knew more concerning this life they would pity themselves, because here all are in such absolute happiness, and not one could possibly want to return to Earth.

I was sent with a message to a place some way from here, and passing along I came to a very beautiful garden. Running through its midst was a river, clear and sparkling, and the banks on each side were filled with the largest and most

gorgeous flowers. I cannot tell you the names of these; they have not the same names as on Earth. The only flower that bears an Earth name is the rose, only it does not sound quite like that when one is speaking of it.

I walked through this garden, meeting many whom I knew, all busy and intent upon their several errands, like myself. I should have liked to stop and explore, but I had to go on and leave its wonders for another time.

A great open space lay beyond, covered with shrubs and flowers. Proceeding still further, I came to a broad road. There were lovely buildings, some very magnificent, such as you might call palaces on Earth. No description of mine could possibly convey any idea of their wonders. All appeared built upon the same plan, only some had more adornment, whilst others were much plainer.

I spoke to one who walked with me, asking him for an explanation. He told me these houses had been built by those who had come from Earth long since, and represented the life-work of the soul upon Earth. All work done in the service of Christ—kind actions, loving thoughts, and sorrows patiently borne—are so many stones in the building of these habitations. Those who have passed on are permitted to prepare a home for those left behind, stone by stone being accumulated through love and prayer.

I said I could not understand how anybody on Earth could help one here in making a home. He answered, it was quite easy to understand. If I had loved anybody on Earth very dearly, and had passed over first, I would be allowed to make a place ready for her, and through her co-operation with me here in work for Christ she would be helping me in the preparation of such a building. Each stone would represent something done for Christ, the slightest act of love counting as precious in His sight; little things one could scarcely count as a kindly action. Yet here such things shine as bright jewels in the building.

I asked why some houses were much plainer and looked insignificant by the side of others. He said that these had been commenced, but through lack of help from the soul on Earth had not gained so many precious stones. The Earth-life had allowed itself to become dull and spiritless, so that the building had suffered, and, instead of being full of light, was plain and unadorned. I understood his meaning, and went on my way.

I came presently to the one to whom I had been sent. He was living in one of the very simple houses, and had been waiting a long time for a message from a child whom he had left behind on Earth. He had begun building for her, hoping for her co-operation, and so for a time she had helped; but afterwards she forgot. And so he had had to wait, hoping she might remember and help in the completion of their home. I told him that she had passed over, but she could not come to him yet. She was in another sphere, learning many things she had neglected upon Earth. By and bye she would come to him, and together they would finish the home when she had learnt those lessons Christ would have her learn.

E. A. L.

## The Significance of Numbers.—IV.

By HINEMOA.

THE MIND NUMBER—6.

**T**HIS number is placed on the mental and spiritual plane. It deals with the intellect, the reason, all the mental capacity of the thinker, and the brain which is the organ of the mind. Six is the number of Man, the thinker and reasoner, and you will notice all the personality numbers 1, 2, 3, amalgamate into 6. This number deals with thoughts and ideas of the mind, and the brain works them out. It has a beautiful psychic vibration of yellow, which comes from the inspiration of the higher self, the "I am," which purifies and illumines these ideas. When the mind is opened to receive this light, it uplifts and upholds the consciousness to a marked degree. It is only in the silence of prayer, meditation, and concentration that the mind can be inspired and instructed in higher things, and when this illumination comes, the whole body is bathed in light—purified and uplifted to a new world where all is transcendently beautiful. We have no words in our language to describe it. This is an experience that all developed souls go through. The Disciples had it, and all the old prophets of the Bible experienced this flood of light which is called the baptism of the Spirit.

This is a realm of visions that is much higher and of a different quality from the Soul plane. It is inspired by the Spirit, which is the only guide and teacher. The mind is a deep and subtle thing, and contains within it a field of treasure, but you have to dig deep before you find the gold, and when you do all else on the other planes of consciousness pales into insignificance. The mind has many faculties and powers to help in this work but I shall only speak of one, the imagination. This is the power to image the ideas of the mind, to draw, to paint them, just as an artist paints his ideas on canvas. When you develop this imaging faculty and visualise your plans and see them constructed in your mind, then you create them, and nothing can hinder the success of your plans because you have become a co-creator with Spirit, and have all the resources of the universe at the back of you, to bring forth your ideals.

The 6th verse of the first chapter of Genesis tells of the separation of the waters; and man was set on the earth by God on the 6th day to perform His will. Six then, is regarded as the perfection of numbers, and so thought the Pythagoreans. Nicomachus calls it Venus, to which goddess it was sacred, and thus it is the ideal love number. Some old writers assert that the manna which fell in the desert for 6 days was marked by the Hebrew letter *Vau*, the equivalent of the number. The path of number 6 is the mediating influence, through which the mind infuses the higher vibrations. The first verse of the book of Genesis is interpreted as "In the beginning, the substance of the heavens, and the substance of the earth, were produced by the *Elohim*"—the name of God used by the Hebrews, and always by Moses in the Tabernacle.

In the Highest Sphere 6 is indicative of the 6 letters in the name of God. In the Sphere of Intellect, 6 indicates the 6 orders of the Angels (Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Powers, Virtues). In the Heavenly Sphere 6 indicates the moon and the 5 planets. In the Lower Sphere 6 indicates the 6 degrees of the mind. The six-pointed star (the hex-alpha) or

interlaced triangles, one pointing upwards, as the triangle of fire, the other pointing downwards as the triangle of water, is the true seal of David and Solomon, the "Mogan David," or Shield of David. The symbol is also an emblem of Sherkun or union of the gods in India. Six is a number of entanglement and binding, of union and seduction, of vice and virtue, and uncertainties in marriage, of love of attraction of the sexes, and of beauty. It signifies all kinds of trouble and strife, but is capable of purification by knowledge and a good life. It is related that the Prince of Orange who died in Paris in 1879, was a sporting man and fond of horse racing, but he always withdrew his horses from a race if they were classed under Number 6, and it seems that this number is considered unlucky in racing circles, possibly because some examples happened to fall on horses that had been tampered with by the men riding them or others. Then the idea of the 6th house in Astrology—servants, etc.—would be well carried out under this number.

The Occult Symbols of the 6 number are—The Lovers, the Two Paths, a Man between Virtue and Vice, Cupid with bow and arrow, the Goddess Venus. The man between Virtue and Vice is shown as a handsome long-haired youth, with his arms crossed on his breast, and a look of indecision on his face. On his left hand is Vice in light attire, urging him to travel her way; on his right hand is the angel Virtue, crowned and beautiful, with hair flowing gracefully over her shoulders. She is touching the youth on the shoulder, and urging him to the paths of true beauty, true love, and true majesty, for the way of right is rocky, and very uninviting at the entrance. Therefore had Christian Rosy Cross to pass the allurements of the unworthy passions before illumination. Vice is delusive: she maddens her followers with a blaze of apparent beauty which is ever in corruption and decay. Above the youth is the Spirit of Justice with shaft in bow, naked and winged and blindfolded issuing from the Sun. In this symbol lies the true understanding of the Number 6 which has the love vibration from Venus. If you have not got 6 on your chart then you have not cultivated your mind or brain and are not fond of study. On the other hand if you have two sixes, then you are inclined to think and ponder too much on one subject and become stale, over balanced, and lose your poise and judgment, because the brain becomes clogged and won't work. It is best then to leave your work and take up something else in order to clarify the vision and get rest and order and method to begin over again.

The next number I shall deal with is 7—the number of sacrifice, which is so prevalent at this trying time.

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O glorious day! when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assembly of departed spirits: and not with those only whom I just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, that best of sons and most valuable of men! It was my sad fate to lay his body on the funeral pile, when by the course of nature I had reason to hope he would have performed the same last office to mine. His soul, however, did not desert me, but still looked back on me in its flight to those happy mansions, to which he was assured I should one day follow him. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained: it was because I supported myself with the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated.—*Cicero*.

## Our Psychic Collaboration: A Human Document—IV.

By HESPERIS (continued from page 58).

### (2) SITTING FOR DEVELOPMENT.

A few experienced mediums, and some of the Spiritualistic societies, have classes for development. It is an accepted theory among some investigators that psychic power grows by being used and it is well for anyone who has undeveloped psychic gifts to learn how to bring them into play. Development of mediumistic gifts should always be controlled by an experienced medium. It is true that the spirit guides will always take care of the sensitive, but harm may be done by ignorant or inexperienced sitters when the medium is beginning to go under control.

The plan usually adopted is for a group of people, perhaps six to ten in number, to meet together once a week at a fixed time. The sitting usually begins with a short prayer, followed by a silence of from five to ten minutes during which the circle gets into harmony. Sometimes the sitters clasp hands forming a circle, sometimes they sit with hands resting palm downwards on a table. In an advanced circle some among the students will have clairvoyant vision or clairaudient messages. The leader, or teacher, if a medium, will probably describe the groups of spirits that have come to help. There may be table manifestations and knocks. But the important point for the beginner is this: At any sitting where there are earnest sitters and a good medium, there is a flow of psychic force or energy, a current circulating through the members of the group. To be in this current is in itself a help towards development. It is very likely that no actual psychic sight or hearing will come within the first dozen sittings, but there will be increased perception, and there may be such an enlargement of the receptive power that the whole outlook on life will gradually undergo a change. The steady emerging out of gloom into cheerfulness is one of the most marked features to be observed among the learners in a good developing class.

### (3) PRIVATE SITTINGS AT HOME.

Perhaps the best results of all can be obtained in private sittings in the family circle. Sir Oliver Lodge in "Raymond" suggests that it is so, and it would be worth while for any of those who believe that those they have lost are trying to communicate to try this method. The circle should be carefully formed among friends and sympathisers. The time should be evening or late afternoon, and the day and time, once fixed, should be adhered to.

The sitters should wear clean fresh clothes, rather light than dark, or at any rate nothing should be worn that brings a strong smell or a very recent impression of strenuous or dirty work. This is to say no more than that the same courtesy should be paid to visitors from the other side as to any other guests we might entertain. The chairs should, if possible, be plain wooden, or rush-seated, or cane-seated ones, and sitters should mark their chairs and always occupy the same ones, and in the same relative position in the circle. A small unpolished wooden table should be provided.

One person must be accepted as the leader of the circle. At the first sitting there should be a short address setting forth the reason for the meetings, and the hopes that are held of communication being set up between those who have

passed over and those dear to them on earth. The sitters should have one ideal and one object, and the aim should be to keep the whole séance on the highest possible plane. If the family and friends are accustomed to meeting together in prayer there can be no better way than to begin by a short prayer, but if the group is formed of sympathisers who hold different religious views it is better to ask that each one should offer up a silent prayer. When this has been done hands may be joined in a circle, or the table may be used instead.

In table phenomena, after a short interval the table will begin to "come to life." Usually a swaying motion is felt, a light rhythmic movement. Next there may be a definite tap of one leg upon the floor. The leader should ask if there is someone wishing to give a message, and should say "Please tap three times for 'yes' and once for 'no'."

If the answer is 'yes' the leader should then explain clearly about the table code. The alphabet is gone through, and the table taps at the right letter. One member of the group should have pencil and paper and take down the letters. The questions to be asked should be arranged beforehand. At first they should be those that can be answered by "yes" and "no." It is useful as soon as communication is firmly established to ask if the group is satisfactory, and if it is arranged as it should be.

The communicating spirits will soon be able to direct the management of the circle themselves. They may suggest some other means of giving messages, or they may indicate a medium in the group who can be taught to see and hear. Some times very clear directions come about the light, for example. A rather dim, artificial light is best usually, but for written answers to questions a stronger light is wanted. Automatic writing may be developed by one of the group. The point to bear in mind is that all the sitters, if they are in harmony, contribute streams of psychic energy, varying in strength, towards a common fund. It is this gathered pool of force that enables the spirits to move the table, or the planchette, or the pointer of the ouija board. If the circle is rightly formed this force will grow in volume as the sittings go on, and the spirits who have the circle in their care will be able to use it more and more easily, and to better and better advantage. There must be intelligent direction and co-operation on both sides. The sitters should decide clearly what they want before the sittings begin. If they want the direction to come entirely from the spirit side they will probably get some very valuable ethical teaching, as there are always spirits on a very high plane ready to act the part of preachers to a circle. But if they want direct communication with those belonging to them who have passed over, and evidence of identity, then a firm lead must be given on this side.

In conclusion, I must appeal again to everyone who starts upon this investigation to bring to the work imagination and sympathy as well as zeal. One has only to go a very short way to discover that the young spirits that are cut off in the midst of their promise are not immediately transformed into beings endowed with wisdom and knowledge and power beyond our dreams. They are very much like what they were on

earth except that they are out of the body, and therefore are not hampered by restrictions of time and place. They need patient help from us on this side, as well as the help of older spirits, if they are to learn how to tell us what they want to say. They have something to say. There is increasing evidence that these young things that have "died too soon" are very anxious we should understand how they are related to us on earth, and what we can do to help them. They do not want to be forgotten, but they do want that we should learn to think of them without sorrow. They often want to be able still to take part in our lives, and they want us to learn so to attune our minds that we may be sensitive to the thought waves they can send to us. They want to feel that they are not cut off from all that interests us.

One of the most touching things about the messages that come from these young spirits is the impression of boyish, almost boisterous, vitality that is conveyed. And on that I base my plea for sympathy and understanding. Sometimes the messages will be about trivial things, things that a boy who was recovering from an illness might think of in his wayward days of convalescence. Sometimes there will be actually a joke, or a bit of mischievous fun, though this is more rare, and, indeed a sense of humour is often quite lacking. But in table manifestations it often seems as if the directing intelligence were playing practical jokes on the sitters.

In these informal family gatherings, with no professional medium, and none of the stereotyped procedure of the ordinary public séance, the sitters are likely to get messages that are much more satisfactory as evidence of personality and character than by any other means. They will probably not get what is called "evidential matter," because that must be given under very strict conditions. But the very nature of those conditions imposes constraint upon the communicating spirits, and sometimes, as one may learn by studying the Proceedings of the S.P.R., actually irritates and annoys them. Test conditions are essential for the doubter, but as soon as doubt is at rest let us make communication as easy and pleasant as possible.



DEATH MERELY AN INCIDENT IN THE PROGRESS OF LIFE. At a special Memorial Service for those fallen in the war, at Bromley Parish Church, the Lord Bishop of Rochester said the commemoration of the Festival of All Saints was calculated to enlarge their spiritual horizon. Since the war they had all of them learned to think imperially, as distinct from locally. It was easy and natural for them now to think of a Communion of the Saints of all the world, and to look to that as an ideal that would some day be realised. How was it, then, so difficult for them to extend the thought so as to embrace those who had entered into the rest of God? The answer was manifold. Partly it was due to the Englishman's lack of imagination, which prevented him from realising the life and brotherhood beyond the grave. Partly, too, it was through the fact of death having in the eyes of many an undue importance. The snapping of the young life they loved, with all its possibilities, was such a tremendous disappointment that they were unable to look upon death for what it was—merely an incident in the progress of life. They should think of death more reasonably, more in the spirit of the words that bade them "dread the grave as little as their bed," and in the spirit of St. Paul, who thought that to be with Christ was "far better." Death must be put in its proper position. They must remember that in Christ's day the doctrine of immortality was accepted by all except a small body of the Sadducees. There was no need for our Lord to accentuate the truth of life beyond the grave. It was accepted generally. When, however, He did have occasion to mention it, He always dwelt on the fact of the continuance of life, and of memory and of activity.

## The Star Rephan and the Sorrowful Star.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By DORIS SEVERN.

"THE Sorrowful Star" is one of the names given to our earth, though it may be said that as we are not possessed of information as to the conditions on other planets the title has no immediate likelihood of being comparatively confirmed. There is a legend that man was first placed in the star Rephan, where everything was exactly suited to the comfort of the inhabitants. There was nothing to strive for, nothing to be accomplished, and, as a consequence, no progress. Browning deals with the subject in his usual masterly way, showing clearly that the noblest of man's faculties are exercised, strengthened and perfected by just these struggles which we lament so bitterly. "Oh, for quiet!" we sigh; "to be able to lay down our oars and drift with the tide, instead of rowing against it—heart labouring, muscles straining, brow wet with the dews of anguished exertion." But in Rephan, what do we find?

No hope, no fear: as to-day shall be  
To-morrow: advance or retreat need we  
At our standstill through eternity?  
All happy—needs must we so have been  
Since who could be otherwise? All serene,  
What dark was to banish, what light to screen?  
Why should I speak? You divine the test  
When the trouble grew in my pregnant breast,  
A voice said: "So wouldst thou strive, not rest,  
Burn and not smoulder, win by worth,  
Not rest content with a worth that's dearth,  
Thou art past Rephan, thy place be Earth."

*Asolando.*

So we are to win our place by fervent endeavour, by patient striving, never losing faith or hope; we must press on to the attainment of the mountain-top, undismayed by the roughness of the way or the clinging mists from the valley that gather round us as we climb. There is no Star of Rephan for us; we have passed through it and are making our way through the trials and griefs of the Sorrowful Star. And in our struggles along the thorny way what wonderful lessons we are learning—of courage, faith, and endurance. Now our spiritual muscles are being hardened and made strong. We are building now, not only our spiritual body, but in a sense which we must not seek to express in exact terms our residence in the Spirit World.

Every heart-wound endured with a smiling or at the least a placid face, every disappointment cheerfully submitted to, every deprivation of comfort, health, or money, shall beautify and improve our spiritual body, or add a glowing tint to the tapestries which seers have told us form the decorations of the house of which we shall some day take possession. So let us take for our watchword for the New Year—Endure and Aspire! and, if I may quote what was once said to me by a spirit friend of a lofty type: "Keep a bright face, a stout heart, and a firm faith."



The purpose of good reading is to bring sunshine into our hearts, and to drive moonshine out of our heads.

*John Morley.*

## Phrenology and Dual Personality.

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

MAN is "fearfully and wonderfully made," and notwithstanding all our efforts to follow the dictum of the old Delphic Oracle, "Man know thyself," yet how little do we really understand of our own mental and spiritual nature.

The questions I am going to propound may seem absurd to the average mind, but the readers of this journal are in psychic knowledge beyond the average, and therefore will, I trust, consider my propositions carefully before pronouncing a final decision upon them. Am I one person or two? Is my corporeal constitution capable of affording accommodation to two personalities, each distinct from, and unknown to, the other?

Of all the varied manifestations of the human psyche there is none which presents problems of greater complexity and difficulty than that known as "double consciousness," but which may be more correctly described as dual personality, or alternate consciousness. The records of cases of this nature are so numerous, and the evidences so unequivocal and absolute, as to leave no shadow of doubt with regard to their genuineness. I give the records in brief of a few of these by way of making the matter clear; and, in doing so give my authority in each case, so that I may be freed from the suspicion of exercising a lively imagination.

Dr. David Skae, in the *Northern Journal of Medicine*, gives details of the case of a gentleman in the legal profession, a sufferer from dyspepsia, which induced in him feelings of gloom and despondency and caused him to magnify the most trifling errors of his past into crimes of unpardonable magnitude. He started reading the Scriptures, psalms, and other religious books with great zeal. He sat up the greater part of the night and lay in bed by day, carefully surrounding his body in bed from head to foot with Bibles and psalm books. From an early period in the history of this case it was observed that the symptoms displayed an aggravation every other day, and had become periodic. On each alternate day the man was affected in the manner described, and would neither eat, sleep, nor walk; but continually turned the leaves of a Bible, and complained of his misery. On the intermediate days he was comparatively speaking quite well; entered into the family duties, ate, slept, etc., and went out, transacted business, assuring every one he was quite well. The remarkable fact was the sort of double existence he was living. On the days when he was well he had no memory whatever of what had taken place on the previous day when affected by his mania; and so on his affected day he knew nothing that had taken place on any of his better days. He led a twofold existence, one in the rational enjoyment of life and the other in a state of hopeless hypochondriacism. This, of course, is a medical opinion.

Dr. Dyce, of Aberdeen, in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*, mentions the case of a servant girl who, he says, had fits of somnolency during which she talked. At one time she repeated distinctly the baptismal service of the Church of England, and concluded with an extempore prayer. During these "paroxysms" she learned to perform her usual duties, such as dressing the children, laying the table, etc., her

eyes being closed the whole time. During this state she remembered what had transpired during other similar periods, though she had no idea of them in the intervals.

Dr. Abercrombie, in his *Intellectual Powers*, tells of a case of a young girl, dull and awkward in her normal state, slow to learn, and inferior in matters intellectual. From childhood, however, she had fits during her sleep, in which she manifested wonderful ability. She spoke with the utmost fluency on politics, religion, the news of the day, etc., showing marvellous discrimination, sarcasm, and mimicry. Her language was correct, and her illustrations forcible and eloquent. Her remarks excited the utmost astonishment in those who were acquainted with her limited means of acquiring information. She had no recollection in her normal state of what had transpired during these periods.

Major Elliott, Professor of Mathematics, of West Point Military Academy, records a case of a cultivated lady who on awaking from a fit of somnolency had lost all memory of her former life. She immediately began to study the first elements of education—writing, reading, etc., and was making progress when she had another fit of somnolency which restored to her all the knowledge of her previous life, but she knew nothing of the interval. A third fit left her as after the first. She suffered these alternate states for years, with the remarkable experience that during the one state she retained all her original knowledge, and during the other only what she had learned in that state. In her normal condition she was remarkable for the beauty of her penmanship, but in the other state she wrote a poor, awkward hand. Persons introduced to her in one state she only recognised when in that state, and she had to be introduced to friends while in both states, when it was desirable for her to recognise at all times.

Dr. W. A. F. Browne, writes in the *Edinburgh Phrenological Journal*, Vol. 20, that at the request, and in the presence, of Dr. McCulloch, of Dumfries, he visited the daughter, aged 18, of a respectable druggist. After describing medical symptoms, he says: "For many hours each day the patient is in what may be called her normal condition; for nearly an equal number she is in an abnormal condition. She has no recollection during the one what passes, or what she has done, or acquired, or suffered during the other. There is no tie or connection between the two periods or states." In her abnormal state "the woman is vivacious, more mirthful than when herself: knits, reads, sings, acquires songs, converses with relatives and acquaintances, and is said to display greater shrewdness than at other times. Her letters are better in composition and penmanship than she can produce when in the natural state. When aroused she has no recollection whatever, of anything that has taken place; she has forgotten, or rather has no knowledge or consciousness of, the persons she has seen, the songs she has learned, the books she has read; and if she resumes reading it is at the place at which she had stopped when in her natural condition. When she reads in her abnormal state the same thing happens."

(To be continued.)

## A Reverend Editor's Investigations.

(Continued from page 70.)

WHEN I reached home Mrs. Wynn asked me what had happened, for both of us were thinking only of our son. The thought of an old church dispute and elders of long ago had never entered my mind. It was certainly not telepathy. "What has happened?" I replied, "I am stunned, baffled. I will say nothing yet. I am turning the facts over in my mind. You must come with me to-morrow. I have a reason. I mean to bottom this business now."

The visit of Mrs. Wynn and myself was as fruitless in results as my first visit to Mr. Vango. Nothing was really satisfactory. Everything was confused, uncertain. I felt once again I had wasted my time, and Mrs. Wynn, who is intensely spiritual in her perceptions, came away feeling "the whole thing was of very doubtful origin," saying she had no desire for a further visit. Mr. Vango made the remark that often no results were obtainable when two or more were present, but wonderful things took place when only one person was sitting.

"Why is that?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Vango; "but I hope you will come again."

I made my fourth visit the next day. Mr. Vango sat in the chair just as naturally as anyone else would sit, and after a long pause suddenly remarked:—

"There is a large number of friends here to see you."

"Can they see me?" I asked.

"Certainly."

[I may say that when alone the communications were totally different from those on other occasions. This is a fact about which I can form no opinion.]

"Do they hear what I say?"

"Yes."

"Can they always do so?"

"No; conditions decide everything."

"Well—kindly proceed," I said.

"I see the two friends who came the other day when you came alone."

"Why were the communications so confusing yesterday?"

"I don't know. Did not the lady with you recognise anyone I described?"

"No."

"Well—the sister I described was here. These two friends here to-day bring with them others. One is a big man, bald, high forehead, breathes heavy when walking. He takes me to the top of the same town I described the other day and shows me a factory. He is delighted to see you. He wishes to thank you for all you tried to do for him. He sees now that you were at work all the time to help him and his wife and children, not yourself. He ought to have taken your advice. He knows all now, and wishes to thank you. Do you know him? He wishes to make sure you do."

"Kindly proceed without putting questions."

"Yes; but if you don't know him I will try to describe him further."

"Do, please," I replied. "What is his name?"

A long pause.

"I can't get it. He shows me a room in which he sits. He points to his swollen foot."

"What sort of a house is it he lived in?"

"He takes me up a road to a side door. I go up some steps. In front at the top is a door that leads to a lot of rooms. Is it an hotel? To the right is a large room, in which he says he always sat with you. A large table is in the centre. He writes on it, and shows me a big cash-book. Now he says you know. Do you?"

"Yes; perfectly."

"He shows me a church, he sits on the platform and faces a great crowd of people. Then he points at you, and leaves the impression you are an important worker at that church. What does he mean? He says you have been in two churches in the same town. I don't understand him. You are not a Vicar, are you? You are not dressed like one."

"Never mind what I am, please! I am very interested. Has he anything more to say?" I enquired.

"Yes; he is relieved to have seen you."

[The whole thing became so vivid that I said quite spontaneously: "Give him my love," hardly realising that I saw no one! The people of Chesham will know whether this remarkable report has any meaning, and whether the medium could possibly know one of my late elders, of whom I was not thinking at all.]

"He is so pleased to have seen you," the medium continued; "and now he gives place to a beautiful girl and a little boy. I get the impression she is your sister, who died at nineteen years of age, but that must have been a long time ago. She comes from the higher spheres. I see the figure five over the boy. Now he shoots up! He is a man now about twenty-six years of age. She says she is your sister. Is the boy your son? Did he die at five? Do you recognise them? They are both together. Do you recognise anyone?"

[I was so stunned I could not speak for a moment. My sister Kate died, I believe, at nineteen years of age, in the year 1886. My first-born child, Ruskin Wynn, died in his fifth year, on August 31, 1894. He was born January 1, 1890.]

"Can they give their names? Or can they tell you mine?"

A long pause.

"No; I can't get it. They know you know them. They are both excited."

"Is there anyone else with them?" I asked.

"Plenty; but I cannot describe them all," was the reply.

"Are there any soldiers present?"

"Yes—they come every day; but I let the others speak."

"Let them speak," I said.

"Oh! one comes forward now, laughing and crying at the same time. He flings his arms round you. He makes the conditions difficult. He takes me across the water to a town in France—shows me where he fell in an open space. I see him taken to a big building in a state of utter collapse, where he dies within five hours from severe abdominal pains. Is he your son? I get that impression. How he loves you!"

[I need hardly say I was moved under this absolutely perfect description of my son's death, and I swiftly, as the result of my feelings, brought the sitting to a close.]



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WERE THE ELBERFELD HORSES  
"CONTROLLED?"

DEAR SIR,—I have lately re-read the account of the wonderful Elberfeld horses, given by Maeterlinck in his "Unknown Guest." The second reading increases one's wonder at the attainments of these animals, which were able to solve mathematical problems and to spell words, giving the answers by a system of signals rapped out by their hoofs on the floor. Maeterlinck visited the owner, witnessed the exhibition, and was satisfied that there was no fraud or collusion on his part. It is incredible that these two horses, out of all the animal creation of which we have any record, could have been endowed with such rational powers. If they were, it would be a miracle—*i.e.*, a unique manifestation of an unknown law. But I venture to suggest that herein a new phase of psychic power is shewn us, and that the horses were possibly "controlled" by some discarnate person, or "possessed" for the time being as human beings are, and as the Gadarene swine were, though not by evil spirits, but by one or more experimenters interested in the subject, testing the possibility of such a power from the other side. It seems impossible that the horses could have worked out the mathematical problems any more than the "calculating prodigies" familiar to us, who admit that they cannot themselves explain how they arrive at a correct solution. Possibly the latter also are the agents of those on the other side. Perhaps some of your readers will give their views?—I am, etc.,

HILARY SEVERN.

## A LITTLE ONE'S RETURN.

DEAR SIR,—When reading of The Child's Sphere in the Spirit World in the November *Gazette*, it brought to my memory an incident which will, I think, interest your readers.

In 1906, I spent some months with my Aunt Julia, in her house in London. She was a fine psychic, having quite late in life developed clairvoyance and clairaudience. One evening, when we were sitting in her library in a subdued light, she suddenly ceased speaking, and, leaning forward in her chair, regarded intently the (to me) empty space between her and the fire. Then turning to me she said in an excited whisper—"There is the sweetest little child here, and he is playing with something on the hearth-rug. Oh! now he wants me to take him up." Then I saw her movements, as if lifting someone on to her knee, and she swayed gently to and fro, crooning tender words to the little one she held.

Then she turned to me and said—"Poor little fellow, I have just asked him why he does not go to his mother, and he said, 'Mummy c'ies; Mummy c'ies!' and cuddled up to me. I see such a beautiful angel with the child"—and then she appeared to be replacing him on the floor. "Now they have gone," she added regretfully.

This was only the first of many visits from this child and his guardian angel. I suppose the attraction was that Aunt Julia could see and hear him. On one occasion he came to her bedroom, and when she said, "Now I am going to bed so you must run away," he replied brightly "I can fly now, I can fly (fly)." Then when my Aunt knelt in prayer, this little pet knelt beside her and said "Jesus, Tender Shepherd, hear me." correctly, all through in his lisping voice.

By and bye the visits ceased, so doubtless the little one became contented and happy in the Child's Sphere.

Yours faithfully,  
F. HESLOP.

THE REV. DR NORMAN MACLEAN ON IMMORTALITY.—The Rev. Dr. Norman Maclean, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, dealt with the subject of immortality in a United War-time Service recently. The great doctrine of immortality, he said, was presented in these days in a coarse and material form as if it were a narcotic that ought to reconcile us to the horrors of war. He would shrink from presenting it in that form to any human soul. Shot and shell could destroy most things, but they could not destroy the soul. They could say that to every heart that was to-day mourning for the dead. The dead were praying for the living, and they not only prayed for the living, but they inspired them. It was the souls of the dead who were leading our soldiers to-day to victory, the souls of the men who died hopelessly in the retreat of Mons. They should never think of the dead as if they were dead. They should always realise that the dead were near them. Nothing sadder had happened in the world than the way in which people had become indifferent to the great truth of immortality.

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