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MARCH, 1918.

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MARCH, 1918.

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Our Outlook Tower.

"THE QUESTION*" AND THE ANSWER.

MR. EDWARD CLODD has added one more to the considerable array of books that stand to his name. Late in life he has addressed himself to that great question—*The Question of questions*—"If a man die, shall he live again?" As Mr. Clodd belongs to the rapidly diminishing coterie of thinkers called "Materialists," who believe that a man has no surviving soul to save, and that even if he had there is no God in the whole wide universe to save it, he has absolutely no answer to give to mankind's cry for light on this problem. His book contains over three hundred pages of matter, but the conclusion of it all is—I don't know; I cannot tell. He presents us with nothing better than a foolish man's hopeless negation—(Psalm xiv. 1). He says:—

To Job's question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Science can answer neither "yes" nor "no;" all that can be said is that the evidence supplied by comparative psychology does not support the belief in a future life. It leaves it unsolved.

No fault could be found with Mr. Clodd's avowal that he personally remains sitting in gross darkness and perplexity. Open confession is good for the soul. But when he attempts—as he strenuously does throughout this volume—to maintain that there is no light anywhere to solve the puzzle of human destiny, that all the evidence of human survival hitherto obtained is either false or inconclusive, it is apparent that he has overreached himself. He is entitled to speak for himself alone: he is not entitled to speak for the whole race of men. He is at liberty to say, I have sat comfortably at home in my study among my books, and have pondered this question without result; he is not in a position to affirm that other men, more intellectually adventurous, more truly anxious for the real truth of the matter, have not succeeded in finding a positive and scientifically-authenticated answer—an answer in confirmation of the glimmerings of light which mankind has caught in all ages of the world's history. He is free to say, I have wrapped my head in a shawl and have refused to look at certain facts that have convinced such eminent men—incomparably my superiors in intellect and scientific research—as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and Sir Oliver Lodge, and therefore, knowing nothing at first hand of these facts, I can offer no opinion of any value upon them; but he is not free to declare that these great savants of science—along with multitudes of sane, educated, civilised men and women of two hemispheres—have not found proof positive, and assurance as comforting as incontrovertible, that our dead still live, and are able to give us infallible proofs that while they have left behind them their mortal bodies, they themselves—their minds, their spirits, their memories, their affections, their personal identities—still survive after passing through "The Valley of The Shadow." But this is just what Mr.

Clodd does or tries to do in "The Question," and a partisan of his own in the *Liverpool Daily Post* appears to think he has done it with *éclat*, and delivered "undoubtedly the heaviest blow which has been administered to the Spiritualists!" We venture to assure this writer that Spiritualists have not been staggered in any degree by the blow! A careful examination of this terrible-looking mailed fist of Mr. Clodd's has revealed it as only a tawdry, fragile glove, stuffed with a composite sawdust of pitiable ignorance, bitter prejudice, and personal rancour—with no arm of strength or conviction behind it, to harm anyone who knows the truth. Now that we have this compound lying open "on the table" before our eyes, let us examine it and see what sort of sorry stuff it is. To begin with, the ignorance is basic, like a permeating dampness that makes the whole mass adhere in a sodden and heavy Clodd. For if only the bright light of knowledge and the gentle breeze of sweet reason were allowed to play upon the heap, its noxious atoms would soon be scattered and be seen no more. A word, then, as to Mr. Clodd's ignorance. In his whole three hundred pages we can find no single trace of his ever having put himself in the way of examining a solitary psychic fact! He has no personal knowledge whatever of psychical phenomena or of psychical science! And yet these are the things he is here pretending to be able to pronounce upon as a scholar, a scientist, and an author! Imagine him, similarly unversed on the subject of chemistry, walking into a laboratory and confidently assuring the expert chemist that all chemicals are a mere delusion, and that chemical science is based on nothing more substantial than a dream. The chemist would rightly tell him to go away, and return when he knew something about what he was talking of. And so those who know the reality of psychical phenomena, and something of the science that has been built up from observation by men of recognised scientific experience and authority, will tell Mr. Clodd to first become acquainted with the facts, and then perhaps he may be able to say something rational and instructive concerning them. Everyone knows that wilful ignorance of any special phase of knowledge is poor equipment for criticising it. Mr. Clodd's prejudice against anything that cannot be studied in terms of tangible physical matter is an opaque film over his eyes through which all psychical phenomena are either wholly invisible or appear unreal. In his blindness he is nevertheless as dogmatic as some crabbed old theologian in declaring that "the trail of the serpent is over all," that "given a healthy condition of mind there is no room for phantasms of either the living or the dead," that spirit-writing is "a trick," and cross-correspondence a "jumble of incoherence;" that cases of telepathy have usually "some flaw fatal to the proof," and crystal-gazing needs "more than heaven-sent moments for this skill!" And so on, with negation, negation, negation, through the whole catalogue of psychical phenomena. The only approach to anything like a psychic fact he admits of, in his experience, is the vision of "a row of leering ugly faces" as he is dropping off to sleep! Pleasant dreams to him in such august company! Mr. Andrew Lang hit the nail on the head when he wrote to him—"Dear

* THE QUESTION: "If a man die shall he live again?"
By Edward Clodd. London: Grant Richards, Ltd.
Price 10s. 6d. net.

Clodd, . . . you are rather too old a bird to learn a new tune!" And that's a fact! He is old and dry and musty as any Casaubon, burrowing industriously amongst old books and building up a scholarly reputation by culling quotations from other men's translations. But as for that vision without which people perish he seems to be destitute of even a glimpse—if we except the leering ugly faces! Yet knowing so little, he is amply furnished with that species of vanity which denies that anyone else can possibly know more. If anyone should dare to make a claim so monstrous, he must be a rogue or a fool or a liar!—no matter how eminent he may be. Just listen to his lurid "swearing at large" about a few of the personalities in the psychic world! He calls the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, O.M., F.R.S., "that ardent and most credulous dupe of mediums," and says his "capacious oesophagus swallowed all the stories of saints and butlers into 'the central blue.'" He tells Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., that his "maleficent influence gives impetus to the recrudescence of superstition," and accuses him of publishing "spurious communications, a large portion of which is mischievous drivel." Swedenborg was merely a victim of "overeating and overdrinking." Stainton Moses' university degree "M.A., Oxon," was a "disguise"; "he died in 1892 of a lingering disease, perhaps self-aggravated." (Mr. Clodd, according to "Who's Who," does not appear ever to have earned an academic distinction to disguise himself with!) D. D. Home was an expert conjurer and a humbug. The Fox Sisters were "cunning hussies" and therefore appropriately named—(an awfully good original joke Mr. Clodd has already made use of in the public press, which he will probably go on repeating until his feeble inventive power will furnish him with another). Of Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, he says—"Candour must add that Davis himself had a somewhat shady record—the badge of all his tribe." (This is a fine example of the Clodd variety of "candour;" we should rather call it rancour.) Slade and Eglinton were "sorry rascals." Mediums, he says, are either born charlatans and rascals or degenerates; "the Artful Dodger is a 'prentice hand compared with the skilful medium." "Savages and Spiritualists" he classifies together. Spiritualistic circles are "a variety show." Séances opened with prayers and hymns are suspicious, for "these pietistic preliminaries . . . have often been coverings of fraud." And so he goes on, emulating the rude insolence to his betters of the "ragged urchin at a street corner"—George Eliot's picturesque type for abusive persons of his particular calibre. Mr. Clodd, in short, cannot be regarded as a fair-minded, serious, or respectable critic, but only as an arrogant and venomous opponent, and we must just leave him sticking in his appropriate muddy Materialistic trench. Here he will usefully mark the final disruption and passing of the middle Nineteenth Century Materialism he represents, for he is seen to be not only out of touch with Psychical Science and the spirit of fearless investigation, but also with the finer issues towards which Twentieth Century Science is now turning, in Chemistry, Physics and Biology.

J. L.

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THE HUSK FUND.—Mrs. Etta Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, gratefully acknowledges receipt of 5/6 from Mrs. Corbet, for this fund.

The Haunted Gallery at Hampton Court.

By WALTER FIRMINER.

THE announcement made recently that the so-called haunted gallery at Hampton Court Palace, associated with the ill-fated wife of Henry VIII, Queen Katharine Howard, was to be opened to the public, is very interesting, both to lovers of Tudor history, in which the tragedy of Katharine Howard is one of the most touching incidents, and to believers in the occult.

Henry was without doubt genuinely fond of Katharine, but after hearing reports of her depravity in early life, he ordered an inquiry, the Queen meanwhile remaining in her apartment in Hampton Court Palace. It is said that while her royal husband was at service in the chapel of the Palace, the Queen, who was frantic with terror at the disgrace and punishment threatening her, broke out of her room, and tried to reach her husband. The royal guards dragged her back to her apartment, the King meanwhile continuing his devotions, apparently unmoved, while the shrieks of the Queen rang through the Palace.

Since that time it has been said that the ghost of Katharine Howard wanders at times along the corridor outside her room. The corridor is on this account called the "haunted gallery." On more than one occasion reliable witnesses, whose names are on record, have told of shrieks coming from the direction of this gallery. There seems to be only one instance on record, however, of Katharine's ghost having spoken. It has been told that a psychic, named Mrs. Russell Davies, visited Hampton Court Palace on the night of All Souls' Day, and invoked the spirit of the unfortunate Queen. Katharine is said to have appeared, and speaking of her life on earth, said—"In less than three years after the King's marriage my head fell on the block, not a victim to Henry, but to the war between the Pope and the Protestants. So long as a single Howard remains a Roman Catholic, my spirit on All Souls' Day will return to the scene of its earthly sufferings, until by fire Hampton Court shall become a ruin." According to the psychic, the apparition is said to have been small in stature, and fair, with blue eyes, a tip-tilted nose, and a mouth shaped like a Cupid's bow.

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SUNRISE WITH A RAINBOW—Jan. 26, 1918.

I watched through the dark and silence of night,
Alone with my grief; and sought to unfold
The mystery of pain. The dawn with its gold
Gleamed up through the mists, while clouds in their
flight

Shimmered with opal and rose, and the light
Was a glory from God. I heard "Behold!
The dawning of peace, which angels foretold,
And the ultimate triumph of right."
I cried, "Yea, Lord, in the days that shall come,
When nations have bowed 'neath Thy chast'ning rod!"
And turned from the glory to weep, unblest,
For what of my heart, and my empty home—
When lo! a rainbow encircled the west,
And my soul was illumined by God.

F. HESLOP.

Thirty-six Years a Professional Medium.

MR. J. J. VANGO, of whom Mr. W. T. Stead said there was "no medium in London who is so trustworthy and so accurate," celebrated the thirty-sixth anniversary of the start of his professional career in London, by a simple friendly festival at his home in Talbot Road, Bayswater, on February 22. It was an occasion highly worthy of being celebrated, for Mr. Vango has long kept the Spiritualist flag flying unsullied, and though he has at times received the attentions of women spies and plainclothes detectives and sensation-mongering reporters, his uprightness and honesty have never been seriously impugned. He is an excellent living answer to the slurs cast upon mediumship by the ignorant and the prejudiced. His friends gathered around him on this occasion to congratulate him on his successful work for humanity and the Spiritualist cause, and to wish him God-speed in his mediatorial services in further years to come.

Mr. J. J. MORSE, the editor of the *Two Worlds*, himself a splendid example of the medium who is respected and honoured by all who know him—he has been a trance-medium for nearly fifty years, and his work is known all over the world—occupied the chair. He said he had responded to the invitation to preside over this meeting with the very greatest alacrity. He read telegrams and letters regretting unavoidable absence from Count Mijatovich, Miss Lindaf-Hageby, Miss Estelle W. Stead, Miss M'Creddie, Mr. and Mrs. A. Vout Peters, Mr. and Mrs. F. Spriggs, Parma, Miss Florence Morse, Mrs. Ada F. Atkinson, Mr. Ernest Beard, the Rev. Walter Wynn, and Corporal E. Wood, R.E. Count Mijatovich telegraphed—"Accept my best wishes for your long life and further services to the great truth for which you have already done so much." Miss Lindaf-Hageby wrote—"My best wishes for your future happiness and prosperity. By your integrity and high sense of honour, as well as by your great psychic gifts, you have rendered invaluable service to the cause of Spiritualism." The other messages were couched in similar terms.

The CHAIRMAN said they were met that night to congratulate the living, not to commemorate the dead. They had met to congratulate their good friend and brother on thirty-six years of public work in the cause of Spiritualism. During that time a great deal of water had run under the

Thames bridges, and Mr. Vango had had many strange experiences, had noted the growth and development of public interest in the practice of mediumship, and had done a large amount of successful and valuable work in furthering the cause they were associated with. He (the speaker) had known pretty well all the mediums in London during fifty years. He had been on familiar terms with each, but he had been in closest association with Mr. Vango. They had known each other all the time of his public career, and they had grown closer in the bonds of brotherly sympathy and interest as the years had

rolled by. He thought he could honestly say that he knew of few people in the Movement whom he respected more, or even as much, as he did his friend Mr. Vango, because, first of all, Mr. Vango had always been a man! He might be peculiar in this matter, but he valued a man even more than he did a medium; he honoured the man who lived a manly life and kept straight and true in all the departments of his daily career. That was the man for him, and when such a man was a medium also, and a professional medium too, all he had to say was that he took that man's side, no matter who said otherwise. (Applause.) Mr. Vango was not only manly, but he had been an exceedingly good husband and an exceedingly good father, and these were attributes and characteristics that every other man could value and admire. As a medium he had probably had as wide an experi-

ence as any medium who ever practised in London. All sorts and conditions of people had flocked to his chambers and listened to his controls. He had administered comfort and consolation literally to thousands of people. The satisfactory results of personal interviews with him had been reported in the press of the United Kingdom and many foreign countries, and his reputation had thus become widespread, but he had never lost his head or become spoiled. He had served the Spiritualists well, and to all who had come to him, whether they believed in Spiritualism or not, he had given the best service at his command. After these thirty-six years of intimate acquaintance, he esteemed him and honoured him and congratulated him, and from the bottom of his heart he wished him every success, prosperity, and happiness during the remaining years of his mortal career. (Applause.) If, Mr. Morse added, I am not here in a frock coat



J. J. VANGO.

when he celebrates his jubilee, I shall come in a ghostly garment and endeavour to tickle his ear, and let him know I am here and that the old friendship still persists ! (Laughter and applause.) A tribute to Mr. Vango's control "Sunflower" as a charming spirit who was most tactful in the way she brought forward proofs of the existence of departed friends, closed a fine congratulatory address.

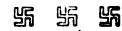
Mr. VANGO, in reply, said he wished first of all, on behalf of his daughter and himself, to bid one and all welcome ; they felt greatly honoured by their friends' presence. Continuing, he said he could honestly say that from the time of his first taking up mediumship he had tried faithfully to serve God and the Angel-world. He had tried to do the work honestly and well. It had not always been an easy or pleasant task to be a professional medium, but from the beginning he had felt that he had been called to the work and that a mission had been given him to fulfil. There had been times when representatives of the public press, of the Harold Ashton type, had said bitter things about himself and other mediums, but they lived these attacks down. If they lived and worked faithfully for the good cause they represented, why should they fear ? He personally had no fear. To-day he felt himself a very proud man, because he was a medium. He was prouder after thirty-six years of continuous work than he had ever been, because during this great war many hearts and homes had been saddened and many sorrowful people had sought himself and other mediums for comfort. If his audience had only seen some of the scenes of grief he had witnessed in that room they would understand how valuable a gift mediumship was at the present time. He felt that though his age forbade his taking up arms and fighting on the battlefield, he was "doing his bit" at home by giving comfort to those who had been bereaved of their beloved. That was work mediums were entitled to be proud of doing. Mr. W. T. Stead had told him some years ago that the time was coming when mediums would be greatly honoured. He said—"Man made parsons, but God made mediums !" He (Mr. Vango) thought that was true, for mediumship was not a gift that could be acquired ; and if it were not born in a person, it could never be gained in any other way. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN said he was pleased to hear Mr. Vango make reference to Miss Vango, as during the past few years especially she had played a very important part in her father's career, and deserved their gratitude and appreciation for the help she had been to him in the home.

Then followed several short speeches, Mr. Charles Bramley, Mrs. Annie Brittain, Mr. John Warren, Miss Winter, voicing their congratulations in complimentary terms. Mrs. Wood, the young wife of a British warrior, who lives with Mr. and Miss Vango during her husband's absence on active service, said she would like to testify that Mr. Vango had been to her not only a good friend but a jolly good father, and nothing made her husband more happy and contented when he went off to fight than knowing he had left her with such good people. Miss Vango, on being asked for a speech, said—"I can only say how proud I am of my father, and how gladly I welcome all his friends here this evening."

The official programme having been completed, the Chairman said the editor of the *International Psychic Gazette* was present, and though his modesty was well known (!), would he not say something to them ?

Mr. JOHN LEWIS, in reply, said he was not a speaker, and he felt that the most useful thing he could do at such a function was to preserve silence, for he could do that rather well. Since he had been dragged to his feet, however, he would just like to say that he had known Mr. Vango for twenty-two years, and had always found him an honest and straightforward man, and that was something to be able to say of any man, whether he was a medium or belonged to any other profession. He was glad to be able to testify to the fact that though Mr. Vango was a medium he was not a physical, mental, and nervous wreck, nor a drunkard, nor a trickster, a liar, a cheat, a rogue, a charlatan, a quack, or any other of the long catalogue of uncomplimentary things mediums were said to be by persons totally unacquainted with them. Mr. Vango was simply a good and God-fearing man, with fine psychic gifts, which he used conscientiously for the good of his fellows, and especially for the comfort of the sorrowing, and the enlightenment of inquirers seeking for the truth as to immortality. He was proud to reckon Mr. Vango among his most valued friends, and wished him many more years of useful work.



SPIRITUALISM AND THE STAGE.

The subject occupying the attention of the Playgoers' Club on Sunday evening last, "Spiritualism and the Stage," arose out of the discussion which followed the recent lecture on "The Thirteenth Chair." Mr. Ernest Meads having aroused a good deal of interest on that occasion by several speeches, was invited to give a fuller expression of his views and knowledge of the subject. An interested audience, with Mr. Harry Hart, an excellent chairman, listened with rapt attention to the finely delivered lecture.

Mr. Meads is at present a member of the valiant band of enthusiasts which is keeping the light of Shakespearian drama burning at the Old Vic. He is besides a convinced Spiritualist, and is naturally particularly interested in the subject from the point of view of his work. In his lecture he attempted to deduce from the history of the evolution of art the artist's dependence upon something outside himself. Ideas come in a flash of inspiration, not when they are expected, but after the mind has been trained and made receptive. Nor is the inspiring influence confined to serious work. Mr. Meads told of a striking personal experience at a series of seances, when the spirit of Joey Grimaldi appeared, through a medium, and cracked the late Dan Leno's jokes and quips in the famous comedian's manner. At the time Leno was seriously ill, and Grimaldi foretold the time and manner of his death exactly.

After emphasising the danger of complete obsession in a part, using the case of Charles Warner as "Coupeau" in "Drink," the lecturer told of a number of personal interviews, through mediums, usually in the open air, with the spirits of departed actors, and particularly referred to William Wycherley who died two hundred years ago. The spirit of Wycherley, he maintained, had been his guide and inspiration for many years, helping him in his work and exhorting him to use his gift for the highest possible value to mankind.—*The Era*.



READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A London Lady : "Each number of the *Gazette* seems better than the last."

A Lady Contributor : "The *Gazette* is going on upwards steadily towards the goal of high purpose."

A Liverpool Lady : "I find the *Gazette* full of interest, and so do those to whom I have given it."

A Lyndhurst Lady sends "thanks for the constant help and inspiration your paper gives, and all earnest wishes for its future success."

An Advertiser : "I get so very many replies from the I.P.G., and from such nice and interesting people, I would not give up the advertisement there for anything ; my first advertisement it was, too."

Travelling in the Astral.

By GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD.

The following is a real and thrilling experience narrated to us the other evening by Mrs. Osborne Leonard, who is also known to our readers as "Raymond's First Intermediary." It is an excellent bit of testimony to the fact that we have a spiritual as well as a physical body, and that even while here the spiritual body—sometimes known as the astral or psychic body—is able to function apart, when the physical body is lying dormant, temporarily bereft of its owner. Mrs. Leonard's story is given in her own vivid words. We took a shorthand note while she spoke, and are glad thus to be able to record her *ipsissima verba*, from which some idea of her frank and scrupulous truthfulness and accuracy may be gathered.—ED. I.P.G.

I GENERALLY rest in my room in the afternoons when I have given a sitting in the morning and expect to give another later in the day. One afternoon last summer I was resting on the bed in my partly darkened room, when I felt a strange sensation of being lifted above the bed. I could not feel the bed with my physical body at all. I thought I must be going out of my physical body, and became alert and interested and a little excited, but immediately the feeling of floating in the air left me. I know now that I ought to have remained placid, and not thought about what was going to happen next, but this being my first experience of the kind I began to wonder whether I might be going somewhere in my astral body—somewhere on the earth-plane or somewhere in the spirit-world. Through getting excited I became at once normal and found myself resting on the bed. I thought—"I could not feel the bed two minutes ago. I don't think I was imagining. I wonder if that will come again." For some weeks after that I always lay down in a state of expectancy and mental alertness, hoping for a repetition of the experience, but was disappointed, and I gave up hope at last of having any similar manifestation.

One afternoon, after I had stopped thinking about it, I was expecting a lady and gentleman. They had been coming regularly once a week to communicate with their son, who had been giving them wonderful evidences as to his identity and his continued acquaintance with the earthly affairs of his own people. I knew practically nothing of the father and mother beyond the fact that they came to talk with their son. They live many miles out of London and they always came alone. To prepare myself for my sitting I lay down on the top of the bed on my right side. I felt a little sleepy, but suddenly the sleepiness vanished, and gave place to a very calm feeling without any sleepiness. Then I felt a tingling sort of thrill as if a slight current of electricity were passing through my body, and I again had a sensation of not resting on the bed. I could think quite clearly, but taking a lesson from my previous disappointment I held my mind under quiet control, saying to myself that I would notice anything that happened but would not anticipate or wonder.

What happened I shall never forget; it was wonderful. I did not move consciously in any way, either limb or muscle, and my eyes were closed. I wondered how far my body might be above the bed, and by a little mental effort I opened my eyes and looked down and saw my physical body resting on the bed, and I in my astral body seemed to be resting above my physical body. To show you how clear my

thoughts were, I noticed that the head of my physical body was lying on a particular night-dress case with an embroidered corner. I was surprised at seeing it there, because I was not aware of its having been changed that morning for the one I had been using. I thought, too, how funny it was that my head was resting on it, because I don't usually do that. I was pleased at myself for noticing these things.

The next thing I felt was that my astral body was getting further away from my physical body, and I seemed to be hovering over the edge of the bed for a few seconds. Then I began to feel just a little nervous, and the thought flashed across my mind—"Shall I be able to get back easily?" That question and slight fear drew me back about a foot towards my physical body. But my interest got the better of my fear, and I thought—"Whatever happens, let me go through with it!"

The moment I so determined I became aware of my husband opening our flat door, which makes a slight noise on being opened, and speaking to someone in the hall outside. He was speaking in a low voice so as not to disturb me. I thought—"I should like to go and see who he is speaking to," and I don't know how it happened, but I found myself at once standing at my husband's elbow at the flat door. I was not aware of passing through the bedroom door, which is kept closed, but here I was. I looked through the open door, and saw that the man he was speaking to was from the Gas Company. What they were speaking about I did not notice, because just after I joined them (in my astral body) a maid from one of the upstairs flats passed them, and I saw my husband, without speaking to her, take a coin from his pocket and hand it to her. I thought—"That's funny! Why did he give that servant a coin?" I thought also—"I will remember that and ask him." I arranged all this methodically thus—Two things to remember: (1) the gasman, and (2) the upstairs servant.

Then I found myself again back in the bedroom without knowing how. I noticed my clarity of thinking was leaving me, making me less conscious, and I thought that was possibly because I was about to return into my physical body. So I gave myself up to it, and ceased thinking, so as to make the return easier. In a moment or two I was surprised to find my mind begin to work again, but on looking around I saw at once that I was not on my bed, nor even in my bedroom, but in some other room I had never seen before. What interested me most was, I saw that the lady and gentleman I was expecting that afternoon were in this room, talking to a gentleman I had never seen before. I heard my own name mentioned by the lady. There was quite a conversation which I could not wholly catch, but I gathered that my sitters were inviting the stranger to share their sitting that afternoon. I pulled myself up at this and thought—"I must be dreaming, because these two people would never allow anyone to join them in what they regard as a very private and sacred matter." I looked at the stranger and saw he was a man of striking personality, not of an ordinary type at all. I got the impression of his appearance well in my mind, to carry it back with me into my physical body. I thought—"I will hurry back

and tell my husband at once, for it will be a good test if this gentleman should after all come with them."

I expected then I would be immediately back in my body, but instead of that I next found myself half way down a staircase, which I at first thought was the staircase leading down to the lower floor of our flat. Before I could get time to put my thoughts in order, I became aware of singing and music that seemed to be coming from my bedroom. I was naturally very much surprised, for of course there is no piano in my bedroom. That gave me the first indication that this could not be my bedroom; neither could it be our stairs. I looked up and saw the son of the visitors I was expecting that afternoon, standing at the top of the stairs. I knew it was their son, because at one of our sittings I had seen him clairvoyantly and described him to them.

When I looked up at him he seemed to know me too, and smiled. I said—"Hullo, Philip, who is that playing and singing in my bedroom?" I was not perfectly sure even then it was not my bedroom. He said—"It isn't your bedroom, Mrs. Leonard." I said—"Well, who is that playing and singing?" He replied—"It's Gertrude." "Gertrude," I said, "who is Gertrude?" for I knew he had no sisters. He answered—"When she was on the earth-plane she used to come every week to play and sing to us, but now she comes and does it for me."

I then went up the stairs, past Philip, into the room. The door was ajar, and I saw at once it was not my bedroom. There was a grand piano in a very dark frame, and seated at it was a young lady. I took note of her appearance exactly as I had done in the case of the strange gentleman a few moments before. But I could feel, rather than see, that both she and Philip were somehow different from the people I had seen earlier, who, I knew, were on the earth-plane. They were not less tangible; they were just as real in appearance in every way; yet I felt instinctively that they were people of the spirit-world. The young lady took no notice of me. I said to Philip—"Is that Gertrude?" He said—"Yes." I went further into the room, which was furnished as a drawing-room, and looked out of the wide window into a large garden. On the lawn were a good many chairs and a table. I mildly wondered why I was there, and why I had thought it was my bedroom.

Then I seemed again to lose my power of thinking connectedly and consciously. I cannot say how long I lost it, but probably, from the duration of the whole experience, it was only a few minutes. When I resumed consciousness I found I was back in my bedroom, lying in my astral body just over the physical body. I did not know how I got there. I began to be afraid I might not be able to get back into my physical body. My astral felt quivery, and the feeling came to me, There is going to be difficulty about it. Then I told myself—"There won't be any difficulty if you keep calm about it; you will slip back." I thought that, or made myself think it. I seemed then to slip lower and lower, yet not thinking again so connectedly as before, when suddenly I found I was resting on the bed again.

I dug my elbow into the bed and felt it solid, which made me realise I was back in the physical. I was immediately quite alert, and keen in mind and body too. I remembered everything that had happened in detail. I jumped off the bed and went downstairs. My husband had just

prepared tea, and I found it was three o'clock, my usual time for getting up. I started at once to tell him of my experiences.

When I told him I had heard him speaking to someone at the door he said—"Oh, yes, but you may have been half asleep, and heard me even though I lowered my voice." My husband and I like to be very precise and accurate in considering any experience, and each of us tries to check the other from imagining anything which is not. I said—"Yes, I thought of that too at the time, but I want to tell you it was the gasman you were speaking to, for I saw his uniform."

Next, I told him about seeing the servant from upstairs and his giving her a coin. Then he had to give in, and admit that I must have seen him, although he certainly had not seen me. He said it *was* the gasman, and that while speaking to him he had given the girl a sixpence for some trifling service she had done two or three days before, when he did not happen to have change. He had not mentioned the matter to me. In fact, he had himself forgotten it until he suddenly remembered on seeing the maid passing.

Then I told him of the strange gentleman I had seen with my sitters and said I heard him invited to come with them that afternoon. My husband said—"Well, that is bound to be wrong; for you know they would never let anyone else come to their sitting; they never do." I said—"Yes, I suppose it is bound to be wrong, but I saw him so clearly." I gave my husband a detailed description of the man, and told him all about my experience with Philip and the unknown lady called Gertrude.

By this time it was 3.30, and a ring at the door-bell announced the arrival of my sitters. My husband went upstairs to let them in as usual, and a minute or two afterwards he came down looking quite excited and said—"By Jove, you were right; they have brought that gentleman you described to me!" I was amazed, and exclaimed—"They have brought a gentleman with them?" He said—"Yes, as you described him." I said—"You don't simply think it is like him, do you? Anyhow, I shall see him for myself when I go up."

When I went into the room and saw the stranger he was so identically the same man as I had seen when in my astral body that I scarcely knew how to pull myself together and speak in an ordinary way to my sitters. I could not even collect myself before our sitting to tell them anything about my experience. The lady explained that this was her brother, that she had been telling him about me that afternoon, and had invited him to come with them; so she could not let me know beforehand that she was bringing him. I gave them the sitting, but immediately it was over the brother had to leave in a great hurry to catch a train.

Thereupon I told the lady and gentleman about my experiences. When I came to the part about Gertrude the lady said—"That is very wonderful, for Philip had a cousin called Gertrude who always came over once a week to play and sing to us." I went on to describe her, and the lady said—"That is an excellent description." Gertrude she said had passed over some six years previously, and Philip about one.

That was the best evidence for me that my experience had been a real thing and not merely a dream, because I had never known even of the existence of Gertrude, though I had known of Philip.

I next described the room I had seen Philip

and Gertrude in, and the lady said it was exactly like their drawing-room at home, sixty miles away. It had a wide window looking straight on to the lawn, where they used often to have tea, with the chairs and a table, when Gertrude visited them. I have since been to their home and found that the room and garden were exactly as I had seen them.

This puzzled me at the time not a little, for I thought—"I undoubtedly saw Philip and Gertrude in spirit; and how was it I had seen them in this room, which was apparently on the earth-plane." This difficulty was cleared up for me by Philip at a later sitting, when he informed me that his home in the spirit-world was simply a duplicate of the one he had left behind on the earth-plane, that he had been so fond of, but of course it was composed of astral material. He told me that Gertrude still came and played and sang to him, just as she used to do, not only the old songs but new songs too.

A week or two later I again went out of my body, but this time I was not in the least nervous. I saw Philip standing close to my bed as if he were waiting to take me somewhere. I lost again the power for a few moments of conscious thinking, until I suddenly found myself standing in a most beautiful garden at the edge of a small wood. Philip and I walked along together, and he pointed out various beautiful places to me, in particular a wide stream running under a charming rustic bridge. He said to me—"This is like my home on the earth-plane. (That was before I went to see it.) This as you see it is my spirit-home, where I am waiting for my father and mother. Only these grounds are on a larger scale and more beautiful."

That was all I saw that day. A day or two afterwards I asked Philip's father and mother if what I had seen was a correct description of their home, only larger, and they said it was most decidedly so—a perfectly accurate picture. Since then I have been down to their home and stood on the rustic bridge, and I found it was exactly as I had seen it—or rather its duplicate—in the astral world, excepting that the stream did not seem quite so wide.

Perhaps I should add that Gertrude is a young married lady, and has her own home in the spirit-world. Philip has told me that he is seldom alone in his home, as his relations in the spirit-world often come to stay with him, and when they meet together they look forward to the time when his father and mother will come to join them.



To feel that a whispered cry will bring to our aid a goodly company of those invisible beings who "walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep," is to have our lives so changed by what seems magic . . . that our outlook is brighter, our ambition is higher, and even our afflictions are radiant with unwonted hopefulness.—*Rev. George H. Hepworth.*

There has been one period in human history when for a time death was practically abolished. I refer to the first few years of the history of Christianity. I do not know anything like it anywhere else in all the world. Paul, you remember, says from his point of view, "To die is gain" that "to depart and be with Christ is far better;" and he cries out, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" He had, as he believed, a knowledge—not a faith merely—a knowledge that abolished death and put a meaning and a victory into human life such as it had not known from the beginning of the world until then. This was a victory which was shared by thousands of early Christian believers.—*Rev. Minot J. Savage.*

Epiphany.

THE great feast of the Epiphany, or Manifestation of the World-Saviour to the Gentiles, with its symbolism of the star—the three wise men with their mystical gifts coming from afar to bow before a lowly shrine—is beautiful alike in its imagery and significance. By the Gentiles are typified the materially-minded, to whom spiritual truth is veiled and hidden; consequently they are in darkness. Nevertheless, some are seekers after light and wisdom, and "he that seeketh shall most surely find." So we have the mystic three setting forth on a journey—the soul's pilgrimage towards Reality—having seen the guiding star in the East, the perception of spiritual truth dawning, which draws the soul on its quest. And since the greatest truths are always the most obvious to the true seeker, to these souls, enlightened by divine wisdom, the true ideas and thoughts of "the within" were brought into the realm of visibility, *i.e.* made manifest—"God in man made manifest." Man's divine origin and nature was made clear, lowly and poor though his house of life appeared. His high destiny as King and Priest is typified by the proffered gifts of gold and frankincense, and his descent into the limitations of time and sense, and its consequent suffering, by myrrh. The awakening to spiritual consciousness takes place amongst the beasts of the stall, *i.e.* the attributes of the lower nature. Herod represents the sense-consciousness, the enemy of the newly-awakened spiritual life, which he ever seeks to slay; hence the massacre of the innocents. L. A. A.



THE WATCHER.

A moaning sea and a sky of grey,
With the white gulls flying low,
And ever the stealthy cruisers pass
Like watch-dogs to and fro;
And ever the waves leap up to grasp
The lives of friend and foe.

With rav'ning jaws they leap and seize
The lives so quickly sped—
The fair young lives whose valiant blood
By War's fierce hand is shed;
They howl and leap, as tho' the God
Who gave them form were dead.

But He who holds the earth and sea,
He dieth not, nor sleeps;
His voice can bid their waves be still
And calm their angry deeps.
E'en 'midst the clash of storm and war
His silent watch He keeps.

Patient and still, amidst the storm,
He marks the sparrow's fall;
With pitying eyes He sees us drink
Our sorrow's bitter gall,
And yearns to bless His erring sons,
And wipe the tears of all.

A moaning sea and a sky of grey—
But the Voice that spoke of yore
Can still the seething surge that breaks
In billows on the shore;
And bid mankind, from angry strife,
To rise and sin no more.

JEAN COWAN PATERSON.

Possilpark, Glasgow.

The Resurrection in the Light of Psychic Science.

By JAMES COATES, Author of "Seeing the Invisible," etc.

(Continued from page 118.)

SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S., Principal of the University of Birmingham, who has given over forty years to the investigation of man's psychic nature, and whose works and contributions and important addresses on the subject have brought him into great prominence, says:—

I tell you with all the strength and conviction I can utter that we do persist, that people over there still take an interest in what is going on here; that they still help us and know far more about things than we do, and are able from time to time to communicate with us.

Objectors to this view should read Sir Oliver's works on "The Survival of Man" and "Raymond; or, Life and Death."

The works of Sir William F. Barrett, F.R.S., on "Psychical Research" and "On the Threshold of the Unseen," are also recommended for consideration. "Human Personality After Death," by F. W. H. Myers, is one of the ablest and most patient of all the investigations into Psychic Science. And, of Continental investigators, the writings of Lombroso, Flammarion, Moselli, and Richet will well repay digestion. In the United States, some of the leading men of science have devoted themselves to the subject, and the Leland-Stanford University has established a Fellowship in Psychical Research.

For over forty years as an investigator I have sat with the most prominent sensitives from America and in this country, and am familiar with all phases of phenomena, from raps and materialisations to etherealisations and the direct voice, as well as with all modes of psychic communication. I have not written any special work on Spiritualism, although in "Photographing the Invisible" I have dealt with some rare phases, and in "Has W. T. Stead Returned?" I have given numerous cases, dealing with every phase of phenomena. I have therefore no hesitation in affirming that none of the departed who are now in the life invisible have ever manifested in their discarded bodies.

Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, says:—

Man is the same five minutes after death as before it, with the exception that he has one more experience.

According to *The Auckland Star* (Sept. 17, 1916), the Rev. Dr. Averill, Anglican Bishop of Auckland, preaching in St. Mary's Cathedral, delivered a sermon in which he said:—

Is it right that they—the dead—care for us and pray for us? Absolutely right. Are we right in loving them and praying for them? Absolutely right, for they are not yet perfect. It would be inhuman and non-Christian not to think of them as part of God's family. Let us thank God for the blessed hope of Paradise life.

In that sermon he preached Spiritualism emphatically, and said that it was because the Church had neglected the plain teaching of the Scriptures that the people—especially those who had lost dear ones—were now turning to Spiritualism for comfort and consolation.

The Rev. Percy Dearmer, D.D., in a recent sermon said:—

The Church should throw off the fetters of worn-out creeds, with their bewildering maze of theological doctrines and dogmas, and hark back to the simple, practical Christianity of the Founder of our religion, and capture the intellect of the world by bringing herself into line with the demonstrated facts of physical science and the even more important discoveries of psychical research—discoveries that incontestably prove the continuity of life, the comparative nearness of the spiritual realms, and the literal truth underlying the belief in the Com-

munion of Saints. . . . To denounce Spiritualism without having studied the evidence is an act of folly which one would think incredible were it not common and unabashed. In the interests of religion it is our duty to press upon all the duty of humble and God-fearing inquiry, and support those who give of their best in order to try the Spirits.

I might quote similar statements from numerous clergymen, who have felt the need of external evidences to corroborate the internal, and who have been satisfied. The late Archdeacon Wilberforce, whose knowledge of Psychic Science went back some forty years, never disguised his belief and interest in Spiritualism. In his volume of "War Sermons," he said:—

Christ's word of command, spoken as the mouth piece of the Infinite Mind, sets the question to rest. He always appealed to the individual. He recognised no change of personality through the death of the body. He speaks to the individual in unmutated completeness, though the shell, the body, is cast off. "Young man, I say unto thee." "*Talitha cumi*—damsel, arise." "I say unto thee, Lazarus come forth."

The bodies of these persons were dead, without motion or sensation, but the persons were still alive, in full consciousness, and could obey the voice which, winged by divine authority and power, penetrated the sphere of being in which they were. Our loved ones, though now in a higher degree of self-recognition, are still the same persons we have known and loved. Why should we have to be reunited to our long-discarded "tabernacles," in some far-off Judgment Day, in order to be complete individuals, prior to entering the realms of the blessed or the damned? Such an idea may already be classed in the category of dying superstitions.

The Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, F.R.A.S., author of "Man's Survival After Death," says:—

The Church's doctrine of the Resurrection of the Flesh is a fundamental error, based on an imperfect understanding of the phenomena, excusable in early days, but no longer excusable in these days of advanced knowledge. Let us see how this error arose. The spiritual body, by the exercise of a wonderful constructive chemistry, can clothe itself, almost instantaneously in some cases, very quickly in most, with a covering of finer matter exactly similar in form and appearance to that which it had in mortal life. This fact is now scientifically proved. . . . The Apostles, seeing the empty tomb, and experiencing the wonderful materialisations of Christ—in the upper room and on the road to Emmaus—jumped to the conclusion that what they saw, heard, and handled was the actual risen mortal body of the Christ, the resurrection of the flesh. That it was no such thing is positively shown and proved by the fact recorded that Christ appeared and disappeared instantaneously, the doors being shut. . . . The time is coming when no well-educated man will be able to believe in the Resurrection of the Flesh. The facts will not allow them to do so. The wonderful appearances of the Christ, after His crucifixion and "death," were materialisation phenomena pure and simple. . . . It was the spiritual or spirit-body of Christ that rose from the dead, and appeared unto the disciples.

The above quotations will suffice to show the attitude of scholars whose opinions—founded on knowledge—are worth listening to. As a layman, I will draw a bow at a venture, and say it is my profound conviction, that the idea of the Resurrection of the physical body of Christ, or of that of the human race generally, must soon go, with the Churchianic traditions of a war in Heaven, the fall of man in Eden, total depravity, plenary inspiration, vicarious atonement, endless torments, and other doctrines—misnamed "religion" by the literalists of the Church—and that we must inevitably hark back to Christ, with

His simple Gospel of love to God and Man, illustrated by the power of the Spirit to produce good works and more spiritual lives for humanity. It is for us who are enlightened by psychical science to demonstrate the possibilities of more

Christ-like lives here, and hereafter, and to believe with Tennyson:—

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When He hath made the pile complete.

A Convincing Spirit Photograph.

By DORIS SEVERN.

THE REV. G. VALE OWEN, Orford Vicarage, Warrington, recently sent me the spirit-photograph reproduced on this page, and as there is an interesting story connected with it, I asked for his and Mrs. Owen's permission to send it to the *International Psychic Gazette* for publication, and they have kindly consented. The photograph is of their own little daughter, Ruby, who went over in babyhood—when about thirteen months old. Quite lately Ruby has been talking to her father and mother through the latter's hand and a planchette, giving details of her life "over there"—all in a very natural and girlish way. One of her occupations, she says, is to instruct a class of little girls in music. After these conversations had gone on for some time the parents said they should like to have a likeness of her as she now is, and she said she would try to be photographed beside her mother. Mr. and Mrs. Owen went to the now famous "Crewe Circle" for the purpose, and this picture is the result. I do not require, at this time of day, to say how perfectly the Crewe friends have vindicated the honesty and disinterestedness of their mediumship. They are humble people, who put their gifts at the disposal of sincere inquirers without fee or reward, and they have been the means of receiving very many recognised photographs of "departed friends" under strict test conditions. Sir William Crookes' recent account of how he received a satisfactory photograph of Lady Crookes will be in the minds of your readers. Mr. and Mrs. Owen have no shadow of doubt that this photograph is a faithful picture of their daughter Ruby, as she now appears in the spiritual body.

And now for my story. This little girl in one of her talks with her parents mentioned me to them by name, and said she had been to see me several times, though I had not been aware of her visits. When I was told of this I sent her a message saying that I generally rested between 2.30 and 4 in the afternoon, not attempting to sleep, but remaining absolutely quiet. I suggested that this would be the best time for her to try to make herself visible to me. I also asked her to try to get into touch with my only brother, who passed over at eleven months, I

being then eight years old. In "The Next Room," I have told how even at that age, though I knew nothing of psychic matters (and was not to know for many years) I tried to keep him in my mind, and to follow his steps, just as if he had been still here. I think myself it was rather odd I should have done so. This pretty maiden on the Other Side, however, promised she would do her best to fulfil both my wishes.

For many weeks nothing happened. Then one Wednesday, when I was lying quietly but not asleep, I saw distinctly, through my closed eyes, two figures in front of me. One was a girl with a kind of white veil over her head (like the photo), the other, whose dress I did not notice, seemed to be introducing her. They were perfectly distinct, but my glimpse was gone in a moment. I opened my eyes, and said, "I believe that's Ruby."

On the Friday of that week I had been in bed some time, but was not asleep, when through the locked door came someone who put a pair of strong arms round me, and warmly kissed my right cheek. I was lying on my left side, turned away from the door, and towards the window, so that cheek was uppermost. Like a flash I turned round, and

grasped the shoulders and arms, feeling them firm and strong—I knew it was a question of seconds. "Tell me," I cried out, "do you often come to see me?" "Yes," was the vigorous answer; and then I felt the firm shoulders and arms dissolving in my grasp. I am sure that it was my darling brother, and that Ruby had sent him to me.

☞ ☞ ☞

☞ A CATHEDRAL SPECTRE.—The late Canon Knox Little was a firm believer in apparitions, and declared that he not only constantly saw a ghost in the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral, but conversed with it. A friend who on one occasion played bridge in the drawing-room of the College, an old house in the precincts of the Cathedral, said to me: "We thought our host had gone to bed, but he presently appeared, clad in a red dressing-gown, and sat down to play the piano. Suddenly he stopped playing, and pointing to an empty chair, asked with that impressive voice of his, 'Who is that sitting there?' We all looked, but the chair was empty, and we told the Canon so. He replied, 'It may be now, but there was someone sitting there.' And it was obvious that he believed it."—*Evening News*.



RUBY AND HER MOTHER.

Comrades in Life and Death.

The following is the fourth letter in the series of "New Tales of a Grandfather" transmitted from Across the Vale to a grandson, fighting in France, by the mediumship of his mother. The others appeared in our last three issues.

MY DEAR BOY COLIN,—

I met a boy here a short time ago who was killed in France. He told me his experiences, and I give them to you in almost his own words. I think they will interest you. He had, previous to the war, been employed in a large mill; but when the call came for men, to fight for the freedom of his country and other countries, he joined at once, and trained and went to France. Many of the lads working with him enlisted in the army at the same time, so they kept together from the first. There was also a young son of one of their employers, who got his commission and asked to be put with his father's employees. He had been learning the business in its various branches, and knew all the boys, and was greatly liked by them. Before long they were all in the thick of the fighting. This young officer, like so many of his kind, was always ready for an adventure, and willing to take any risk to gain information about the enemy, or in some form or other to make things hot for him. The boys would do anything for him, because he was just as considerate for them as he was reckless for himself.

One dark night the C.O. came round and expressed great uneasiness over the quietness in the enemy lines facing them. As usual, this young officer volunteered to go over and find out, if possible, why they appeared all to have gone to sleep. "No! he would take no one with him," he said; "quieter and safer alone." So with much misgiving he was allowed to go. Half an hour passed, then an hour, and he did not return, and anxiety over him became unbearable. When nearly two hours had passed, and still no sign, his platoon asked permission to go and look for him. It was granted, and under their non-com. they set off. My boy friend, whose name is Albert, familiarly called "Bertie," was among them. And a weird night they had of it, falling into shell-holes, and scrambling out again only to be caught in wire entanglements, sinking in horrible mud nearly to their waists, and again having to throw themselves face downward on the ground when flares went up—anon, running the gauntlet of snipers and an occasional burst of machine-gun fire. But although they wandered about for hours, no sign of their young officer could they find.

As they were making their way back, Bertie somehow got separated from his comrades and strayed off in a wrong direction. He had not gone far when he heard a familiar noise, threw himself down, felt a fearful concussion, and knew nothing more. Waking up shortly after, he felt shaky for the moment, but to his satisfaction found himself apparently unhurt. "Well, that was a narrow squeak! That Jack Johnson must have obliterated me but for a miracle!" He looked about, and to his dismay found one of his hands lying by itself a short distance off. He knew it by the finger-ring. He raised his arms, expecting to see one of them a stump; but no, his first impression was after all the correct one—he was in possession of both hands, ring and all! "How strange," he thought, "I know! I've been shell-shocked, and have gone a little balmy for the time being. I will try to find my way

back to the battalion and report to the doctor. This may mean a holiday in Blighty for a bit—Cheero!—and I don't feel bad at all, except for this hallucination about my hand."

He started off to find his way back, when he was pulled up by the sound of a familiar voice—"Halt, old man, and wait for me! I've got lost some, and as you seem to know where you are going I will accompany you." He turned round, and there was the boy he had come out to seek, apparently alive and well too.

"I am glad to see you, sir," he said. "We waited till we could stand it no longer, then came to look for you. I have got away from the platoon somehow, but I have found you, and that's the main thing."

"Come along then," said the officer; "let us hurry, in case we are posted missing. That would mean a wire home, and distress there; so we must get back in time to prevent that. I have had such a curious experience; I must tell it to you; for I wonder if I am suffering from shock. Do I look all right?"

"Never saw you look better, sir," said Bertie; "do you see anything wrong with me?"

They stopped and faced each other, looked each other all over, then had to admit that each, instead of looking as if he had put in a strenuous, anxious night, appeared "in the pink."

"Well, in a way, that is disappointing," said the officer, "for I thought I had qualified for a short leave, hospital, V.A.D.'s pretty ones, petting, entertainments, and all the joys that await a chap who has got knocked out for a bit."

"I thought so too, sir," ruefully confessed Bertie; whereat they both laughed, for they had never in their lives felt so fit and strong.

Then the officer told why he thought he must have got the shock that suggested all the delights he had been dreaming of. He had wandered about a bit, always getting nearer and nearer to the enemy's lines, till suddenly he heard talking. He made towards it, and discovered that he was right up to the parapet of an enemy trench. The most of the wire had been quietly removed, to allow of troops getting through for a raid. Not content with that information, he drew himself up, to take a peep over, when he felt a hot sting in his head, and a sensation of falling backwards. Then he had found himself sitting on the ground just a little dazed. "This won't do much good," he thought; "I will try another peep." So he did, and this time no one seemed to see or take any notice of him. So he became bolder, clambered over right on to the top of the trench, crawled along it, saw all the preparations for an attack at daybreak, dropped hastily down again, made off—and then lost his way! He wondered what had caused his fall, for he thought a bullet had struck him, but there was no sign of it anywhere. He thought, had his brain perhaps given way? "But whether that is the case or not," he wound up, "it is our duty to get a report in at once." So they hurried on, and presently came to their company still on duty.

The other members of the patrol had returned before them, and were all looking very done up. "It is curious," thought Bertie, "how *we* are not feeling the fatigue of such a night, for neither of us could ever stand much of that sort of thing." Then aloud, as he got amongst them—"Well, boys, I found the youngster" (their pet-name for the young lieutenant). But they went on

talking, and paid no attention. "Are you chaps all blind and deaf?" demanded Bertie; "you are saying that we must both have Gone West! yet here we are, beside you, and you take no notice! Speak to them, sir; they won't play off any of their jokes on you."

So the young officer spoke to the men, but likewise received no reply, nor any sign of recognition. "They are all mad," he muttered; "Now for the C.O., and our report. We will attend to them later." They sought out the captain commanding, and found him talking to another officer. He was saying—"And he was my very best lieutenant; I somehow thought he could go anywhere with comparative safety. I was a fool to let him go. It seems that one of his platoon, who went to look for him, is missing too."

"Not a bit of it, sir," exclaimed "the youngster, stepping up; "we are both here, and have come to report an attack by the enemy at daybreak on this part of the line."

But the commander went on talking, and also took no notice. "Good heavens! what has come to them all?" cried the boy. Then getting desperate at being so persistently ignored, he shouted, "An attack by the enemy at daybreak!" As still no attention was paid, he said—"Try it together, Bertie; they must be made to hear us." And together, right into the commander's ears, they yelled with the full power of their voices—"An attack on our lines at daybreak!"

The C.O. suddenly stopped talking, and exclaimed—"I have just received an impression that there is something up, and that we had better be on the alert. Go and call up the reserve, for it may be a big thing. I like this silence less than ever."

The two boys stood back and exclaimed, "Silence! Does he call our noise 'silence' or 'an impression'? Something is badly out of gear; but our place is with the boys, so come on."

They returned to the platoon, and the young officer heard his sergeant receiving the orders that should have been given to himself, and he stood by wondering, and rather miserable. No one would take any notice of either him or Bertie, and as they seemed most distinct figures to each other, it puzzled them greatly.

However, they stood to their posts, and sure enough the attack came in strength. After a fierce fight the enemy was beaten off, with considerable loss, and our boys heard the C.O. say—"That was a lucky thought of mine, to get up the reserves: we would have had a bad time otherwise."

"Well, we have done some good, Bertie," remarked "the youngster"; "but hullo! what's this?" A curious thing was happening. Crowds of boys whom both had known in the earlier stages of the war, and who had been "killed," were pressing around them and giving them a hearty welcome to the land beyond. "So you two have Come West also! That is fine, and we are glad to see you! It is better here—far better."

"Come West," exclaimed "the youngster"; "we have done nothing of the kind. But I'll admit we have been shell-shocked, or something, for no one takes any notice of us, and you fellows too are all 'dead.'"

"If we are dead," was the laughing response, "so are you! *We* can all hear and see you, and you can hear and see us. What do you make of that?"

"Shell-shock," dismally complained Bertie, "in a new and improved form, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it. Waken up, both of you, and try to realise that you *are* dead."

"We only realise that we must be mad, for we never felt better in our lives; and as for being dead, that's too funny for words"—and they broke into peals of laughter.

"That's better; no madnes; nor anything else the matter with you, Bertie," said an old comrade coming forward and putting his hand on the lad's shoulder. "Do you remember your mother?"

"Of course I do; would know her anywhere, although she died when I was a kiddie. Why?"

"Because she is here. She has been waiting for you, and wonders if you will know her still."

The ranks of the boys opened, and a woman dressed in white robes, with a glad and shining face, ran forward holding out her hands. "Mother!" gasped Bertie, and he took her in his arms. The others stood by looking on with happy faces, while "the youngster," feeling sadly mystified, sat down and wondered what was coming next.

"Here I am," cried a happy girl's voice, in answer to his thought, and before he realised what had happened he found his little sister, whom he had lost a year before through fever, perched on his knees and hugging him tightly. Then he realised also that this was no dream, but that he had crossed the line indeed.

"It is all so natural," he remarked, when he was permitted to speak. "I thought Heaven was different somehow."

"So it is, but you have not got there yet. Only, this rest stage on the journey towards it is full of life and beauty and joy, and we will all journey together towards Heaven which we will reach some day. Meanwhile this is a world where there is no fighting, no tiredness or sickness or misery of any kind, except for those who have led evil lives on earth. Our spiritual bodies never go wrong, and we do not have to work to earn money to support them. But one of the greatest of all God's gifts, we think, is the power to communicate with those we have left behind, and to be able to assure them that there is no death—only a larger, fuller and more natural life." So spoke "the youngster's" little sister; and there we may leave them to proceed on their heavenward pilgrimage.



THERE AND HERE.

When we gaze on the evening-sky pinks,
We wistfully dream we might float
To regions beyond, where the sun sinks,
So Heavenly calm and remote.

For there we could fancy a meeting—
The radiant bliss of a smile—
And wonderful Voices of greeting
From those that we cherished erstwhile.

I tell you, we need not go thither,
Or struggle so sore to be free;
They dwell, not alone in the ether,
But also with you and with me.

I know that the gentle and lowly,
The strong and the pure and the bright;
The beautiful Ones and the holy
Will abide in our homes to-night.

H. M. UNDERWOOD

THE
International Psychic Gazette

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"One Thing Thou Lackest!"

OPEN LETTER TO REV. P. WILSON, M.A., LEITH.
 REVEREND SIR,

You will possibly be surprised to receive an epistle addressed to you through the medium of a London Spiritualist paper. And we confess we feel it to be somewhat of a liberty; but as our motive is entirely friendly, and our aim touches great issues, we know in advance you will not be offended. We are greatly interested in Leith. We have admired its noble, patriotic response to the nation's urgent call for the sinews of war—"hypnotised" to fervour, it is said, by that huge fire-spitting caterpillar, named after Julian the Apostate, who himself fought against German barbarians and defeated them. We have rejoiced exceedingly in making the fair haven of Leith after having been tempest-tossed for two days and a night on the North Sea. Thirty-six years ago we sat side by side with your present worthy Provost at the feet of Professor Blackie, and enjoyed with him the great Modern Athenian's sweet liting of Scottish love-songs, his humorous stories, and his rich wisdom. And coming to present times and the purpose of this letter, one of our most highly-esteemed contributors is a Lady of Leith, who veritably writes as she is "moved by the Spirit" of her own father, letters descriptive of Life in The Beyond, addressed to her soldier son, who is fighting on the battle-fields of France. These "New Tales of a Grandfather" are of entrancing interest, and are radiating a bright light from the Port of Leith, to disperse gloom and sorrow in many minds. This intimate intercourse between the grandsire gone hence, and the brave Leith lad "doing his bit" for Scotland and Freedom in a foreign land, you may not on your present information be able to credit as a real happening at your own doors, but a personal investigation of the matter might possibly convince you. We have read the report in the *Leith Observer* of your admirable sermon on "Sir Oliver Lodge and his son Raymond; or, What comes after Death?" Also, the newspaper correspondence—so excellent in tone and temper—which followed, in which you played a very worthy part. We note that you do not see eye to eye with Spiritualists, but we recognise in you a perfectly fair and courteous opponent, who treats our tenets with respect, and accompanies us in unity as far as knowledge, conscience, and consistency permit. We thank you for your gracious acknowledgment that Sir Oliver Lodge is "one of the brainiest men in our midst," and that he has handled the problem of immortality "in a spirit of tenderest affection and pervading reverence." Such generous expressions from a clerical critic of Spiritualism are in beautiful contrast to the barbaric bludgeon Mr. Edward Clodd wields to assault the most eminent Apostles of our Movement, and we thank you from our heart of hearts. You tell us frankly that after lengthened consideration of the evidence, you remain unconvinced of the reality of spirit-intercourse,

and you have stated some of your difficulties, which we beg leave to tell you are all perfectly natural from the standpoint of your present acquaintance with the subject. Perhaps every investigator has at the outset been burdened with similar misgivings. We say, however, that they are all as amenable to being speedily dissipated as the mists on your hillsides before the rising sun. But there is a price to pay, a condition to be fulfilled, before you (and others in your position) can enter into the bright Light of Knowledge. The price may be too heavy, the condition too hard. You remember the story of the young man who came to Jesus and wanted to know what he must do to inherit Eternal Life. He was a thoroughly good young man, who had kept the commandments from his youth up, and we are told the Master loved him. But, though he had anxious aspirations for the higher life of the Spirit—not for a mere endless duration of the unsatisfying life he knew—Jesus with unerring insight perceived the hindrance to his attaining it. He touched the spot at once, as we would say, and said—"Go, sell all thou hast and give it to the poor." That indicated pointedly this young man's barrier. He was hopelessly tethered to his worldly interests, for he had "great possessions." It was absolutely necessary that he should loose hold of the lower before he could rise to the higher. "One thing thou lackest," said the Master, and that thing was total Surrender of all that bound him. Now, sir, we speak the truth in love, and as through you we are speaking to a very large class, we feel you will not misunderstand, if we say that in regard to the Light of Spiritualism you are unhappily in somewhat similar case. We recognise gladly the graces and nobility of your character and attainments, but—"One thing thou lackest!" and that is First-hand Experience—personal contact with the facts. You have publicly admitted, in answer to Mr. John Duncan, the honoured President of the Edinburgh Spiritualist Society, that you have never yet been to a seance! That is the appropriate place where you could come into the true atmosphere of the inquiry; there you could receive the truth direct. But you keep at a distance, because you have "great pre-possessions." These are your barrier. You have all the strong prejudices of your inheritance, your training, your environment, your reading, your priestly office, to prevent you coming into actual contact with the phenomena of spiritual intercourse. These have formed an insuperable wall between you and progress to the truth. But if only you would put yourself in the way, take your courage in both hands, demand the truth at all costs, and let go the hawser that binds you to erroneous *a priori* conceptions, you would soon discover that with the touch of a vanished hand, and at the sound of a loved voice you thought had been stilled for ever, a great illumination would thrill you in your innermost parts—you would step from darkness into Light. Let us assure you there is nothing to fear if you seek this truth earnestly and sympathetically. It is well worth while to make the adventure. Why should you go away sorrowful, rejecting the unspeakable riches within your reach? To be convinced of the reality of spiritual intercourse, it is essential that you personally participate in it, and not be satisfied with hearsay evidence either for or against. Remove the barrier that prevents, then doubts and difficulties will disappear.

J. L.

Some Fraternal Etchings Relating to Spiritualism.

By J. M. PEEBLES, M.D., Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

Our readers will cordially welcome the following article from the pen of the beloved and venerable though ever virile Spiritualist Pilgrim, who is bravely marching on towards what he calls his "Century post." He tells us in a personal note he has been thrilled with delight by the news that the British have taken Jerusalem, whose streets he trod many years ago, when he sojourned in the Holy Land and bathed in the river Jordan. He has travelled five times around the world, has preached and lectured wherever he went, and has written books innumerable, which have been a continual inspiration to the Spiritualist cause.

THOUGH soon starting off briskly and joyously on my 97th pathway to the Century post, I feel like inditing some memories, as well as making a few timely suggestions, touching upon SPIRITUALISM—a word almost sacred to me, because it demonstrates a conscious and progressive existence beyond bodily death.

What does Spirit signify? Who can fully fathom its meaning? Thousands can give little more than their opinions. Permit us to venture a definition:—Spirit is that conscious and changeless Power, which constitutes the fundamental basis upon which this measureless Universe subsists, and which manifests itself throughout Nature's stupendous works. It is beautifully symbolised by the trinity of words—LOVE, WISDOM and WILL.

The great Palestinian Master, thinking little seemingly of matter, time, or space, exclaimed from the depths of His being—"God is Spirit." And here I call to memory the following passages that often flash like sunbeams into my presence:—

"In Him (Who is Spirit) we live, and move, and have our being."—*Paul.*

"And I heard a voice of one that spoke; and he said unto me: 'Son of man, stand upon thy feet.' And the Spirit entered into me; and I heard him that spake unto me."—*Ezekiel.*

"There came then a voice from Heaven, saying: 'I have both glorified, and will glorify it again.' The people, therefore, that stood by and heard it, said it thundered. And others said, 'An Angel spoke to him.'"—*John's Gospel.*

"The Pharisees arose and stood, saying, 'We find no evil in this man: but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him let us not fight against God.'"—*Acts of the Apostles.*

"And it came to pass when I came again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the Temple, I was in a trance."—*The Apostle Paul.*

It may be said that those Biblical records are ancient and out-of-date. The truth of this talk of "out-of-date" is denied. No record, if true, or embodied as a truth, is out-of-date. Truth, having in it a moral quality, is changeless. To be sure, men's conceptions of Truth may, and do, change. They may, in fact, become

blended with stupidity and direst bigotry. But the truth ever stands victorious, like a towering pillar of light. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," said the Christ that inspired the Nazarene, Jesus.

An old-time acquaintance pathetically asked us recently, by letter, "Why cannot I hear voices from Heaven? Why cannot I become a Medium and converse with exalted Spirits?" In answer, I reminded him of the experiences of the late George Spriggs, who was so well known in Wales, Australia, London, and other cities. Listen!—"At first the results of my sittings were small; but in response to a spirit-message I went, if I may so put it, into training for three

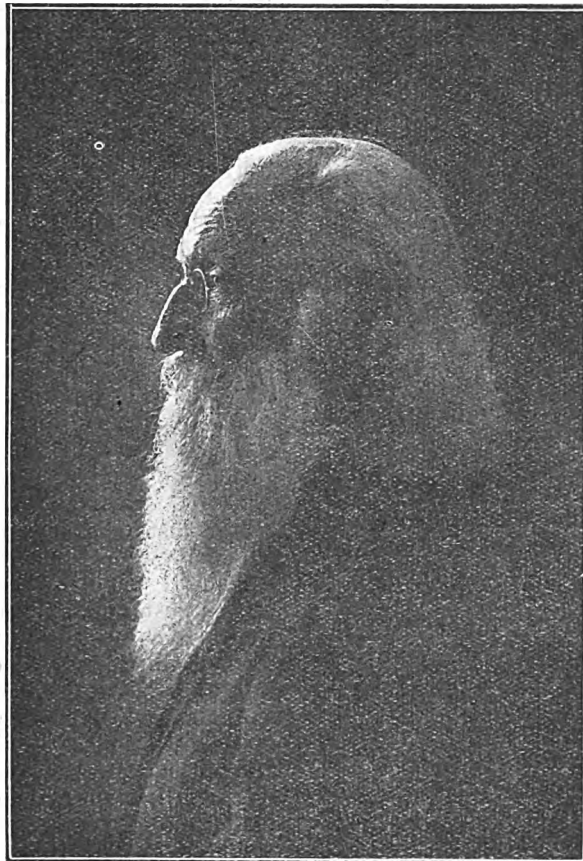
months; abjuring meat, wine, and tobacco, and generally trying to get myself into that clean and wholesome state of mind and body that is absolutely essential for good results in the materialisation of Spirits. And then some wonderful materialisations and other manifestations took place, convincing many of a life hereafter."

The history of spiritual phenomena is unitive. It has radiated, under some name, from remotest antiquity. The old Biblical prophet, Daniel, had similar experiences to those of George Spriggs. He informs us, in the Hebrew Scriptures, that "After full three weeks of abstaining from pleasant bread, with neither flesh nor wine coming into my mouth, I heard the voice and felt the touch of a hand; and there remained no strength in me. And

the man, Gabriel, came and said: 'O Daniel, I have come to give thee strength and understanding.'"

It must be remembered that all those Biblical prophets of the past were either physical or inspirational Mediums; while the ceremonial priests of that period were irritable, arrogant, and theologically dictatorial. To them, God was a personal Jehovah, and as devoid of mercy and the spirit of tenderness as are the topmost Alps to June roses. One of the most inspired prophets exclaimed: "Bring us no more the blood of lambs or bullocks; no more sacrifices or vain oblations: they are an abomination. What does the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly; to love mercy; and to walk humbly with thy God?" These teachings, moral and sublime, blend beautifully and practically with the precepts and ennobling principles of our religious Spiritualism.

Several years ago, I read with interest a stirring pamphlet from the pen of the Rev. John Lobb, of London, entitled, "The Banished



DR. J. M. PEEBLES, "THE PILGRIM."

Christ." This was a moderate phrase when compared with these words—"To hell with your Jesus Christ!" uttered by a Spiritualist platform worker here in Southern California. Mr. Lobb's pamphlet brought vividly to my mind "a banished Bible." Absolutely banished, or at least not found on nine-tenths of our Spiritualist platforms. May not this fact be one of the reasons for such piteous complaints as "our apathy," "our religious indifference," "our lack of monetary funds," "our need of organised effort," "our crying need for educated and cultured speakers," and the removal of all those obstructions such as envy and jealousy that abound among many mediumistic workers? Frequently I am asked: "Would you have Biblical passages read in our Sunday services, Doctor?" Why not? Listen to the following: "Come now, and let us reason together," "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," "Judge not, that ye be not judged." "Return good for evil." "Pray for them that despitefully use you." "Grow in Grace and the knowledge of the Truth." "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "Press forward towards the mark." "Concerning spiritual gifts I would not have you ignorant." "To one is given by the Spirit, words of wisdom, to another, the discerning of spirits," etc. I quote the above passages from memory, and if they are not exactly correct, the kindly reader is at liberty to take his Bible from the shelf, blow and wipe the dust from its cover, and correct them. Yes, read selections from the Bible in the Sunday services, and also selections from the inspired works of Andrew Jackson Davis, Judge Edmonds, William Howitt, Robert Dale Owen, and scores of the world's inspired literati. I would almost infinitely prefer hearing their inspirations read, than listening to the ungrammatical, illogical mouthings of some trance lecturers, influenced pretentiously by a personating "Socrates," "Emerson," or "Gladstone!"

It is an admitted fact in our ranks, that the incident, death, does not destroy conscious identity, nor miraculously transform, with lightning rapidity, the depraved and the ignorant into saints and sages. There is as pressing need, in my opinion, for educating spirits, as for educating mortals. Strenuously, therefore, do I long for the time when Kindergarten schools will be organised for teaching and training spirit-intelligences, for wisely (by their will-power) influencing our sensitives. Often, Spirits utterly unfitted, yet with good intentions, and perhaps over-anxious, rush into séances and give their messages. Other Spirits, upon the same subject, give different messages. Here are contradictions. Still other Spirits, in the process of entrancing, produce physical exhaustion, unbalanced nerve action, or that pitiable condition pronounced "obsession." "Is not Spirit-control then dangerous?" is the rational inquiry. Certainly it is dangerous; just as are the floods of water that drown thousands, and the fire that burns cities. Yet water is an absolute necessity, and the warmth of fire is all-important. This matter all hinges upon the right use, or abuse, of this momentous subject of spirit-control. Few can fail to see why the materialised spirits should not be educated. "Beloved," said Paul, "try the spirits."

Spiritualism is the direct antithesis of Materialism, and is the great, growing religion of this wide-awake Century. And Spiritualists, perceiving better opportunities and loftier

possibilities, should exemplify and glorify their convictions and religious aspirations with calm, self-poised lives, showing forth justice, sympathy, kindness, and the sweetest purest love, to all intelligences, visible and invisible; even to praying for the dead, as did the early Christian Fathers. When Spiritualists become more spiritualised, and Christians more Christianised, their creeds giving place to good deeds, and blood-crimsoned war-fields are transfigured into fruit fields, pleasant groves, and flowering gardens, all nations and races can live and work together in good will for this wide world's redemption.

Oh, brother man: fold to the heart thy brother,
Where kindness dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly, is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Considering, gentle reader, that over seventy years ago I was an ordained minister doing pastoral work, you will pardon my lingering taste for such old words as these—

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The swelling stream of death.

While the dreamy decades of years are not fully dead, I am really living in a new generation, and am reminded of these words—

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

It is nearly forty years since, in a paddle-wheeled vessel, I reached England—our dear, grand, old Mother Country, to tell of my experiences in the Fox family, and the seership of Andrew Jackson Davis. It required grit to state the truth in that orthodox period of iron-clad Churchianity. In memory's golden tabernacle, I am now standing among those old Spiritualist comrades in London. Those brave old heroes are deeply mirrored in my soul. Friends I never forget. They have all, save the earnest and able J. J. Morse, gone up one step higher into the Elysian realms of Immortality. Reminded of, and honouring my valiant comrades on both sides of the Atlantic waters, and temporarily lonely, I sometimes compare myself, with tears in the eyes, to a wind-swept and tornado-tossed old oak on the mountain side, with very little of value left except the underground roots. And yet, believe not for a moment that I am pessimistic. God, omnipotent and omnipresent, is good. The higher heavens illumine the darkest hells. Under the rough-ridged mountains of ice, the crystal waters flow. Above the densest darkest clouds the golden sun ever shines. Upon the surface of the muddiest pools white lilies bloom, and shed their fragrance. Evolution reaches down its warm hands of tenderness to uplift the fallen. The loving Jesus is still preaching to poor, imprisoned spirits. And earth's winter-land of frosts and tears points to a coming Summer-land of climbing roses, fadeless foliage, and smiling friends, just across Death's peaceful river. All, all, will finally ultimate in the good, the true, and the beautiful.

Lo, I see long blissful ages,
When these war-like days are done;
Stretching forward in the distance,
Towards a never-setting Sun.



ALDERMAN DAVIES, J.P., has been unanimously re-elected President of the British Phrenological Society, over whose affairs he has presided with so much vigour and inspiration during the past year.

The Chimes of Eternity.—XI.

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

XX.—EMPTY HOUSES.

A MAN desirous of making a change of residence inquired of a friend if there were any empty houses in his neighbourhood. His friend, being something of a wit, directed him to take a car, and ride to the terminus, where he would assuredly find a number of empty houses. Following the direction given, the man rode to the terminus, and found himself deposited at the gates of the local cemetery. Empty houses! How eloquent the phrase! And what a sermon did that wit unconsciously preach. A world of philosophy is contained in the phrase. The meaning of life and death peeps out of it in strangest fashion, seeming to beckon one on to higher and subtler realms. Who but a wit would send anyone to a cemetery to find empty houses? And who but a philosopher could extract the meaning of his apparently fool's errand? Spread around are tokens of frail mortality, emblems of broken shells, buried chrysalides. Truly a place to provoke reflection: a place of questioning. Upon their narrow beds our departed are said to lie, in peaceful sleep. Sleep and death, how they rub shoulders all through life! Both states are full of mystery, both are suggestive. How often do folks speak of those who have passed hence as having fallen asleep? Sleep presupposes an awakening; and it is a true instinct that links sleep and death together. But the dead do not sleep long; like the living they awake; which is after all but another way of saying that there are no dead. The cemetery merely holds the empty houses of the dead, the worn-out garments. Our beloved do not really lie upon the narrow bed of the grave. The simile is not a true one—being applicable to the body alone, and not to the man. It is only a false philosophy and religion which speaks of the dead as lying asleep upon narrow beds. We weep over the empty house, which the tenant has vacated; and if we have not learned to discriminate between house and owner, then indeed is our grief deep and our sorrow unbearable.

But is the cemetery the only place of empty houses? I think not. That phrase, commonplace as it is, is applicable to many institutions. In fact, the spirit—moving, living, aspiring—is constantly discarding forms. Half our troubles arise from the fact that we seek to keep the spirit imprisoned in some old form. What are our reformations and revolutions but the spirit vigorously discarding old forms, vacating an old house which it perhaps animated for a season? And when we wail and sorrow over old forms, and proclaim that all is ruined, and think that the sun will never more shine for us, yet all the while the spirit is engaged fashioning new forms, building new houses; and if we did but lift our heads we should see through our tear-dimmed vision the spirit laughing in its perpetual youthfulness. What are the religions of the past but empty houses which humanity has vacated on its upward march? A few persons here and there love to burrow, like moles, into the dust of the ages—but why burrow? All that is of value to us survives. The good never dies; it only changes its mode of expression. It is nice enough to glance backward occasionally, but not to

live back. No! to do so is to become petrified, like Lot's wife. It is not the looking back, but the wish to go back, which the backward glance so often implies, that is wrong. Even when we have to flee from destruction we regret the necessity, for we dearly love and cling to our old houses.

Empty houses indeed! What is the meaning of that cry which has gone forth from our churches and chapels—"Our houses are becoming empty!" How so? Why so? Do we not fail to perceive that our churches and chapels are becoming cemeteries of dead thoughts, dead formulas, dead creeds, dead rituals? Can we not see that a living spirit discards these things as soon as they have served their purpose? Can we not see that the people are more responsive to spiritual impressions than we have given them credit for, and are therefore in advance of the churches, which so often have truly become but empty houses? They have become empty of the spirit which alone giveth life. What we fail to grip is that change is the order of God. We are seeking finality where there is no finality. We seek to imprison that which no chain can hold, no cell retain. The manifestation of the Unchanging is change. How few perceive that! What a mighty truth that holds! No Isis, or Horus, or Osiris will satisfy us to-day. Jesus, Mary, what are these to our heart of hearts but symbols of ideas! And are these circumscribed symbols to hold us forever? Or shall we fare forth and be as free as the spirit would have us, seeking everywhere? While bishops and ministers quibble and complain, the spirit goes on advancing, unconcerned about their wailings, fashioning new modes of expression.

Shall we then, some may cry, have no final truth? What meaneth this phrase, final truth? Do they wish to stagnate? Then they wish for death. But what is truth? Something that you can hold in the hand, and turn over, and examine? Or is it a living spirit, one with the Eternal God? There is no final revelation of truth, for the simple reason that human consciousness, though finite, is ever progressive. Why wish for finality? Strong souls do not desire it. They delight in new ventures. Nay, they have arisen to the understanding that life itself is a great adventure. For them no form is final, no house an eternal abiding place.

Generally speaking, there are two sets of people in the world. There are those who seek to keep abreast of the spirit, and there are those who seek to put the new wine into the old bottles. Naturally these burst. The old forms cannot contain the living spirit. You thus have all sorts of upheavals. And for a season it seems as if the only spirit existing is the spirit of destruction. It is not so. But it is necessary to clear the ground, to make room for the new order. Those who are wedded to the past will struggle and fight hard to dam back the rising tide. But in vain. The stream breaks all barriers, and sweeps all away that hinders its progress. Empty civilisations, empty philosophies, empty religions, all must go; be cast aside as "rubbish to the void," mere empty houses of the progressive spirit of humanity.

YOUTH.

What care I, while the crimson tide
Of life flows through my veins?
I'll fling my strong arms open wide,
And on the wings of pleasure ride,
And care for naught in the world beside,
While love grasps firm the reins.

What care I, while the crimson tide
Its course doth gladly run?
Old age may croak of its sated joys,
But youth must have its fling, my boys,
Though pleasure oft the senses cloy,
As the sun its course doth run.

So sing of the golden days of youth,
And lift the beaker high,
And toast the radiant joys that gleam
And sparkle, on life's flowing stream,
That gives to youth its glorious dream
Of conquest by and by.

A WAKING DREAM.

Now I saw before me the walls of Time, and on them a tablet, whereon I read, "*I am all that has been; I hold all that is; all that ever will be shall be mine. I am Memory.*" And, behold! as I looked, the tablet rolled back, and before me was vista upon vista, view upon view, and I wondered. For on the palpitating air was the vision of all past things. The whole history of the earth was there unrolled, and I saw many secret things, of which I dare not speak; for the Sword of Silence has been laid upon my lips. But I lingered, for there were things that I would fain understand; and as I loitered amidst the events of past ages, and touched the stones of Recollection, I came upon two shapes. And pausing awhile, I heard them speak, and their discourse was thus—Listening, I found one was the Spirit of Change, the other the Angel of Death. And CHANGE spoke unto Death and said, "Friend, we are almighty. Behold the past with its panorama of changing scenes, with its vast and mighty forms of life laid low. See how all things are invested with our spirit. Men are born to die. They rear cities which crumble into dust, and the dust of ancient ruins mingles with the dust of the bodies of men. Ah! but man is important in his own eyes. He is great. He dreams. He has achieved much. At the foundation of all his efforts I lie. He can never overcome me. The globe itself shall wither and die. The very rocks crumble into decay. And on the cosmic highways shall whirl the dust of worlds decayed. We are almighty. Say, friend, are we not?"

And DEATH spoke with a soft, sweet voice, so that I loved him for his gentle, tender accents. And unto Change he said, "Mighty we are, but there is one we have never conquered."

"Who is that one?"

"Listen. I have long reaped the fields of life. Ages have passed, and my sickle still gleams bright and keen. The bearded grain and the seedling alike are garnered. The flowers and the forest trees fall to my reaping. I have stood by child's cot and the couch of age. I have looked into the eyes of each, as the curtains of Time were dropped over them, and for long I wondered at a hidden brightness I there discerned. I saw grief and woe at parting; and at length I saw the meaning of that inner light. At every death I found there was one other. And when I had parted friend and lover, I have found that one stronger than I—one who knows of other

realms; one who smiles upon me as a friend, even when all others fear. The name of that one is LOVE. And Love is stronger than Change or Death."

And when the Angel of Death had ceased, there came sweet music, and in the midst of a garland of flowers, a child's laughing face gazed at them. And the child's face was dimpled and bright and over its sunny curls was the glory of Love immortal. For Love is strong and childlike and wise. And Love has conquered Death and Change.



Killed in Action.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race is to have been an hero."
"Death and Love are two wings which bear men from earth to heaven."

KILLED in action, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Alas! who can fully realise the dire import of these words to a stricken woman, crouching at the side of her darling's empty couch in an agony of strong grief? It was close upon midnight, but she stirred not, though the rain beat piteously upon the window pane, and the storm raged furiously without. "Oh God," she cried, as the night grew darker, "Thou hast taken my bonny boy, my one earthly treasure, the light of my eyes; I pray Thee, give me some token that there is no death, that love and life are eternal!" And through the weird gloom this earnest passionate prayer was wafted heavenwards.

The storm abated, and the mother rose. Crossing the room she scanned the horizon. The gates of the East were open, and Aurora, with her flaming torch, swept through, to make her circuit of the heavens. The trailing radiance of her presence left the skies aglow, while amethystine and opaline lights vied for place and power in the rosy dawn. The morn had broken with exquisite fairness, and young vigorous life at the heart of creation called for fuller expansion and higher achievement. The birds awoke and twittered in the eaves, a soft breeze caressed the sleeping flowers, a brook sang gently to the rushes and water-lilies, while one tired sufferer sought her couch and slept. At least, so thought an anxious watcher, until she noted the pallor of the quiet features, and the seraphic smile of the scarlet lips. Then a cry of dismay broke the silence of the sun-lit room—"Compassionate Father, rest, oh rest, the soul of Thy child, for her heart is broken!" But a rose smiling sweetly at the open casement wafted a message of undying love and rapture, while a tiny lark, listening intently, shook the dew from his wings, and soared into the heaven of God's eternal blue, singing—

Hush! for a hero sleeps;
While o'er his empty couch
A mother bends and weeps.

Rouse thee! a hero wakes;
Through fields of amaranths
His way he takes, stalwart, triumphant,
As the morning breaks!



The Spiritualist who has plumbed the void of death as I have, and touched the solid ground of fact, has established a faith that can neither be undermined nor overthrown. He has done with the poetry of desolation and despair, the sighs of unavailing regret, and the passionate wailing of unfruitful pain. He cannot be bereaved in soul!—*Gerald Massey.*

The Significance of Numbers.—VI.

By HINEMOA.

THE NUMBER OF NEGATION—8.

THIS number 8 is a very strange and difficult one. It is full of negation and darkness, and has a vibration from Saturn, which brings sorrow, loss, disappointment, separation and death. It is placed on the soul plane, because it deals with the heart and its emotions. It has a dark, cloudy, and misty psychic vibration, which always forebodes trouble, gives presentiments of evil, and brings tears, and fills the heart with fear. This number is the symbol of the crucifixion of matter, and of the pruning knife on the heart plane. Its appearance on a person's chart indicates a most difficult path. There is no light in it, nothing but shadows and mist that is bewildering, causing the feet to stumble, and in its lurking shadows lie snares and pitfalls for the unwary pilgrim. The Spirit only can guide one here, for it is a lamp unto the feet, and shines in the darkness, and guides the child out of the pit of destruction. The 8 represents a cross between two circles, thus 8 or ∞ , which stands for the crucifixion of self. On this **X** we have to nail our sins and shortcomings, faults and errors, by denying them, throwing them behind us, and in their place affirming the good—the opposite of error—love, peace, joy, and harmony of life. Nature abhors a vacuum, and when you clear out evil from some space you must fill it with good, else evil will come again and take up its abode with you, and your later state will be worse than the former. When Paul became a follower of the Master Jesus, and lived the life of the Spirit, he said "I die daily" unto sin, and live unto righteousness. That means, he denied, or crossed out daily all his sins and shortcomings and errors, and affirmed or lived the Truth day by day. There is no time in God's world; man only makes time. God's time is now, to-day, and for ever: now is eternity.

This 8th path is dark and dismal, because while it has to do with the conscious soul, it is concerned more with the subconscious, the strange submerged self in whose depths lie all the secrets of life, and the other lives we have lived before. This realm of the soul has to be cleaned and purified, and only the Spirit can do that. This is the Garden of Gethsemane for the overcomer and fearless follower of the Truth; it is the path of progress and great development. There comes to the child who walks on the 8th path a wonderful realisation and illumination, which remains always in his consciousness and is never forgotten. A light is kept burning at the centre of his being which is truly the "Light of his World." It is also a great reservoir of strength, power, and solace at all times, where he can retire and shut the door against outside influences, and so find refreshment for mind, soul and body. From this subconscious self come most of our troubles, sickness, and disease. Old thoughts of sin, error, and mistakes come bobbing up to the surface, and bring with them a vibration of fear and menace, which upsets the nerves and the solar plexus, causing sickness and stomach troubles, also liver and kidney troubles. These can all be overcome and cured, but it is not easy. Some people say they have inherited faults and failings and diseases from their parents and ancestors. It may be so, but even these

also can be overcome. Remember, if you believe in these old race thoughts, they will manifest without doubt in your world, for "according to your faith be it unto you." Ella Wheeler Wilcox sums up the whole truth in these lines:—

There is no sin or sickness we cannot overcome;
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
And calls down punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The Great Eternal Will; that, too, is thine
Inheritance—strong, beautiful and divine:
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

The remedy lies in our own hands, to will and to do; for we have free will to make or mar our lives.

Number 8 was regarded by the ancient Greeks as of great power. They held that "all things are eight." When praying for justice from heaven, we are told that Orpheus swore by the eight deities (fire, water, earth, heaven, moon, sun, planets, night). Circumcision, according to the Jewish law, takes place on the 8th day after birth. This number is also known as the "Gate of Eternity," because it succeeds the number 7 (the overcoming number). Pythagoras and his followers called 8 the number of justice and fulness. The 8th path is the path of progress, and leads to perfection. In the Highest Sphere, 8 is the 8-lettered name of God. In the Sphere of Intellect, 8 are the rewards of the Overcomers (inheritance, purity, power, victory, holy visions, grace, rulership, happiness). In the Heavenly Sphere 8 are the visible heavens (the star-studded heaven, Saturn's heaven, Jupiter's heaven, the heaven of Mars, the Sun's heaven, the heaven of Venus, Mercury's heaven, and the heaven of the Moon). In the Lower Sphere 8 are the virtues which bring blessings to the peacemakers, to the seekers and followers of Truth, to those who are meek, those who suffer for Truth's sake, the pure in heart, the merciful; those who are not arrogant, those who are truly sorry for the ills which afflict the human race.

Eight is the number of attraction which is associated with repulsion, which begins with promise and ends with menace, strife, separation, disruption, and destruction. If you have an 8 on your chart you will find you have much trouble with your affections, friction among friends and relatives, misunderstandings with those you love, and much jealousy in your love affairs, for 8 is a most upsetting number. If you have two 8's then you will love gambling, games of chance, pleasure, company, and be inclined to lead a life of dissipation and sensual pleasures, which lead to ruin.

The Hebrew equivalent for 8 is Cheth, the path of negation. All the Oriental schools of thought, including the occultism of the mystics and adepts in India, represent 8 as the negative. Buddha taught that the world was illusion, and man should devote his efforts to the acquirement of spiritual things, denying all materiality as "Maya," that is, delusion. This thought has had a great effect on the Hindoo race, which has lost its dominion and become much devitalised. Even Nature in India has felt its effects, and the soil has often refused to bring forth its bounty, and famine has been the result. If you live in a negative condition you will be poor and have bad health. You must be positive, and live in

that vibration, to bring forth prosperity and good health. Nothing happens in this world by chance or luck. God is the God of order, and order is the first law of nature. Everything is arranged on definite principles, and never at random. The universe is governed by law. Character is governed by law, and so is the body, and everything that we see manifested is the effect of a former cause. The conditions, experiences, and events in life are not accidents, but are brought about by antecedent causes: As we sow so shall we reap. Be not deceived; God (the Law) is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows mentally that shall he also reap in effects. We all live in a world of thought, and make our own environment. We can educate our mind out of all the old beliefs and race thoughts of negation which this number 8 stands for. We have to learn that our subconscious soul works involuntarily, according to its past education, carrying out what it has been taught by our conscious thought; and by the race-thought of our fathers and forefathers. There is a great remedy by which we can undo the results of the ignorant thinking of the past,

and this is through the voluntary use and control of our present thoughts. There is no chance, or good or bad luck, in the dominion of Truth. "As a man thinketh in his heart (mind) so is he." Remember this truth:

We build our future, thought by thought,
Or good or bad, and know it not:
Yet so the Universe was wrought.
Thought is another name for Fate,
Choose thou thy destiny and wait,
For love brings love, and hate brings hate.
Thought like an arrow flies where sent;
Aim well, be sure of thy intent,
And make thine own environment.

The Occult symbols of the number 8 are: Justice, with the sword and the balance; the Perfect Way; the 8 Priestly Ornaments (breast-plate, coat, girdle, mitre, robe, ephod, ephod-girdle, golden plate). Justice is seated on a throne; a sword, point upwards, is in her right hand, and she holds the scales in her left. Her hair is parted in the centre, and she wears a spiked crown on her head. The next number, 9, is a most important one—9, the number of Wisdom.

Baghdad in the Early Centuries.

MR. HENRY VANSTONE, writing in the *Delceta Magazine*, says:—The name of Baghdad has been upon our lips many times of late owing to the War, but few know of its importance in the early centuries as a centre of commercial and intellectual activity.

To this city of romance and glamour we owe a great debt in preserving for us knowledge in all its branches during a period when Europe lay in intellectual darkness. Its geographical position is the key to its commercial importance, for it stands upon the waterway of Mesopotamia, close to the borders of Persia. In the eighth and ninth centuries the surrounding country was fertile and well irrigated, and caravans across Persia brought the treasures of the Far East; and ships by way of the Persian Gulf brought the wealth of India and the isles of the seas.

From Baghdad, the gateway of commerce, passed caravans across the stony desert to Egypt, or along the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris to Aleppo and Damascus and thence to Europe by way of Cyprus or Asia Minor. Ancient inscriptions show that a city called Baghdadu existed as far back as 2000 B.C., but no traces remained beyond a few scattered huts when the Caliph Almansor in the closing part of the eighth century determined to build for himself a city which should form a fitting memorial of his greatness.

The new city he called "Dar-es-salaam" (City of Peace), but the old name has survived, and down through the succeeding centuries it proved anything but a peaceful city.

About the year A.D. 800 its population was about two millions, and this beautiful city of minarets and towers stood in the midst of lovely gardens and picturesque villages. The river Tigris then was 250 yards wide and 46 feet deep at its highest tides.

Moreover, the city became the spiritual home of Mohammedanism, for the Caliph was the head of Islam at that time. No wonder then that the streets were thronged with travellers and merchants from all parts.

The rulers of the land in the eighth and ninth centuries were for the most part broad-minded and tolerant, and patrons of art, literature and science; consequently students of all shades of thought and opinion came to study there.

Among the remarkable men of this period was John Mesué, a Nestorian Christian, who came to study pharmacy and medicine at Baghdad during the reign of Haroun-al-Raschid (of Arabian Nights fame). The Caliph's chief physician, Gabriel, became his patron, and later Mesué became director of the city hospital and superintendent of public schools. We find, too, that he founded a "Society of Medicine and Pharmacy," and fragments of his many writings have been preserved. He died at Samarra at the age of seventy-seven.

One great name stands out, and that is Geber, the famous chemist (A.D. 800), whose works were later translated into Latin. His writings describe in detail furnaces, retorts and chemical apparatus, the processes of distillation, filtration and sublimation. He was the first to

describe nitric acid and aqua regia, and he gave his experiments with many compounds of mercury.

In the reign of the Caliph Muktader (A.D. 908) there lived Albarhani or Albategni, the famous astronomer, whose tables compiled from the observations of forty years have formed the basis of the astronomy of later days.

In the tenth century the first Pharmacopœia was published, and a second edition by a physician to the Caliph.

One curious but important art was carried to a state of high proficiency in Baghdad, namely, calligraphy. Scribes and translators were constantly employed in collecting and translating into Arabic the writings of the Greek philosophers and physicians.

Such was Baghdad in the days of its glory, and were it not for the culture of that period the literary and scientific knowledge of Europe would have suffered an irreparable loss.

Already in the later years of the ninth century Baghdad began to decline. Wealth and ease brought with them the lack of power of resistance to the barbarian hordes who threatened the civilisation of that time. Tartar mercenaries were introduced, and as time went on these gained the mastery and the caliphs became their puppets. Misrule and corruption, heavy taxation and religious quarrels ensued and the "City of Peace" became a city of discord. Caliphs were dethroned and tortured, and mutiny and assassination were the orders of the day. Finally at the end of the eleventh century Baghdad was destroyed by an army of Tartars, who devastated the whole country.

The present city stands some distance from the old one, and the pleasant gardens and fields have become a desert. Nevertheless the geographical position remains as a commercial asset, and when a system of irrigation, such as proposed by Sir J. Wilcocks, is carried out, together with efficient railway communication, Baghdad may rise to greater glory as a commercial centre on the way to India and the Far East.



A VISION WHICH CAME TRUE.—Mr. Warner Pond, a Wesleyan local preacher, of Peterborough, relates a remarkable experience. He states he was in bed one Sunday morning when suddenly a vision of his eldest son, a soldier on the Western front, appeared at the bedside. The lad was dressed in full equipment, but, strangely enough, his uniform appeared to be pure white. Mr. Pond thought the apparition a bad omen, and refrained from telling his wife. On Monday, when opening a newspaper, he discovered the lad's regiment had been in action, and concluded he had been killed. While at supper the same night there was a knock at the door, and the vision reappeared—this time in corporeal form. It was the son in reality, whitened with snow from head to foot, a living replica of the previous night's vision. When told of the occurrence the soldier son laughingly said: "Well, I had no chance to send a written message, so I just dropped in to tell you I was on my way home"—*Daily Express*.

Round the Zodiac with Mars.

By LEO FRENCH.

AT this period in world-history, when "the red Planet Mars" is so much in evidence, on all planes, an explanation of its significance, within that world of causes whose outer name is the Zodiac, may prove helpful to some who feel an answering vibration of discord, the natural result of cosmic Martian disturbance. So true are the poet's words to-day,

"Thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling a star,"*

And the "troubling" of Mars, on all planes, is the root of that world-war whose inner iconoclastic work is no less devastating than the havoc wrought on earth, wherever his crimson trail reminds man that the light of reason is still obscured by the red glare of rage.

First, then—Mars in his own cardinal fiery positive or "day sign" Aries, the ram, the pioneer. This is the ideal planetary qualification for those "sons of God" who "go forth to war, a kingly crown to gain." Mars in Aries represents the courageous *constructive* pioneer-warrior in *excelsis*. The antique heroic warrior-soul looks up to Mars in Aries as his own "bright particular star." Courage, honour, magnanimity towards foes, stainless honour, chivalry in the true sense of the word, distinguish Mars in its own sign. The most advanced scions of Aries are warriors in the cause of peace—not passive resisters, but conscientious *assenters*; their function is "to ride abroad, redressing human wrongs." They fight only when their blood is roused by oppression, tyranny, and wrongs done to the weaker vessels, of whatever sex.

The position and aspects of Mars in any given horoscope determine the point of Martian evolution reached by the native. Bloodthirstiness, and the gospel of the mailed fist, betoken a primitive and ignorant Martian. Mars rising, or overhead, in Aries, well-aspected, together with the Sun (spiritual significator) in Aries, betoken a beloved son of the warrior Planetary Spirit, in whom he is well pleased.

Mars in Taurus represents a different quality of fighting man. In Aries, the "leader," in Taurus the "led" evolves. Mars in Taurus follows and fights for love; and for obedience to his superior, because it is "his job," he will "stick it out." These and similar phrases, expressive of devotion or dogged determination, characterise the Taurean Martian; happy and well suited in his work, but not precisely "glorious."

Mars in Gemini expresses the warrior in the world of the rapier, "thrust and parry." Here Mercury enters, with a strong sub-vibration, and "translates" Mars into the ethereal realm. Mars in Gemini is "sudden and quick in quarrel," and disdains not to fare forth "seeking the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth." Many aerial warriors find themselves "at home" in this position; and it is frequently found in their horoscopes. Mobility, agility, versatility, and mental ingenuity, distinguish Mars in the positive Mercurian sign; tongue and pen are ready weapons, which they spare not to use when occasion demands. They are strong and eloquent in debate and were doubtless chosen in ancient warfare as typical conductors of the "pow-wow" which preluded and supplemented physical-plane warfare.

Mars in Cancer, cardinal, negative-watery Lunar sign, is naturally "not at home," i.e. out

* Francis Thompson.

of his element, and perpetually getting into hot water. The domestic sphere, and the narrow confines of *personal* intercourse, cannot fail to exert a girding and circumscribing effect on Mars: the world of waters is, emphatically, *not* his "home"! The presence of Mars in a watery sign (with one exception, soon to be noted) is one of the surest tokens of necessary planetary discipline for the possessor thereof. Self-control, self-discipline, discrimination as to which are and are not worthy and dignified "occasions of warfare"—these present "the trivial round and common task," appointed lot, of those who have earned, by past mistakes and failures, the fate of Mars in Cancer. Nevertheless, the higher vibrations of this position, when realised, show out as independence, protectiveness, and a certain delicate personal chivalry, which distinguishes those who know the discipline of Mars in Cancer, and are determined that they will not fall into its degradations, which are represented by every form of petty domestic wordy warfare, and trivial personal quarrels and "disputatiousness."

The transit of Mars from Cancer to Leo represents a notable advance in Martian evolution! The warrior in the Sign of the Lion; all who can read between the lines can discern the planetary pilgrim's progress therein! Great virtues are the natural attributes of the lion-hearted; corresponding vices, pride, "angry passions," which rise in fiery flood within the animal consciousness, to be subdued by the higher human pride—the man who, when white with rage, will lock himself into a room, until he has regained self-control. The man who, having committed some terrible act, even, under circumstances of an extenuatory nature, yet dedicates the remainder of his life, an expiatory offering for momentary loss of self-control: these and similar heroic acts characterise Mars in Leo, mighty and valiant "warrior in the heart."

Mars in Virgo is a "come-down" in every sense of the word! From the shining firmament of fixed fire to the mutable earth of table-serving and prosaic everyday life. Mars in Virgo, however, performs admirable and necessary work, along its own line, which is somewhat narrow, and possesses characteristic limitations. The homely colloquialism, "to put one's nose to the grindstone," expresses the force in routine-work, the tireless industry in repetitive monotonous employment, characteristic of Mars in Virgo. Many of them, indeed, "bear the burden and heat of the day," and then stand by, while some Olympian Martian hero "comes in at the death," and in one hour reaps the same reward as those "children of circumstance" (Mars in Virgo) who have toiled all day. Nevertheless, so long as the *earth* endureth, these "little ones" of Vulcan-ancestry and limited powers must turn the wheel of drudgery, in a day of small things, and their reward cometh, though its day seems always far off.

Mars in Libra presents an interesting and paradoxical planetary picture. The warrior in the Cardinal ethereal sign of the Balance, "Venus, presiding goddess of the shining scales." Mars in Libra expresses the seeker after those eternal and exquisite proportions, whose secret is universal harmony, yet is the seeker forever "losing his balance," i.e. being shaken out of temporary equilibrium, that he may one day

stand firm in eternal equilibration. Few words, yet they express the "dharma," or characteristic purpose, of Mars in Libra, better than many additional remarks and subsequent qualifications. Mars in Libra is restless and dissatisfied. Forever "desiring a better county," he must perpetually make "experiments in betterment," both with himself and others. The ethic of perfection pervades his life-breath; it is indeed the air he breathes. Others would do well to try to understand, and to exercise patience with, those whose horoscope includes Mars in Libra. They cannot rest, they must press onward, through a series of progressive experiments. To-day's hill appears to-morrow's valley; "the thing in itself" is valueless, they strive *through things* to realise an ever-receding ideal. A pilgrimage of priceless value, but difficult for themselves and others.

Mars in its own fixed though negative sign of Scorpio, represents the negative or passive aspect of Martian perfection, as Aries the positive. For once, Mars is harmonious and well-disposed, though fiery in nature, within a watery house. The fixed quality, however, and the high temperature of Scorpio render it such an invaluable planetary *pièce de résistance* to Mars, that here fire and water consummate pacific union. Scorpio represents the apex of concentration, the nadir of penetration; profundity and subtlety alike distinguish the Serpent of the Zodiac.

"Unmeet to be profaned by praise,
Is he whose coils the world unfold."

the poet's phrase expresses somewhat of the dignity and mystery, characteristic Scorpionic graces. Mars in Scorpio is capable of extremes of devotion and "dreadful enmity." The serpent of generation and the spiral of regeneration both find expression through this sign. The decadence of Scorpio is slime, on every plane; its apotheosis, those still waters, whose unfathomable depths no human plummet may sound. Mars in Scorpio leads to the depths and abysses, where secret conflicts and sacred are enacted; dramas of the submarine world, on every plane, are Scorpionic history. Mars in Scorpio endures the unendurable—*indomitability* his mantra of ascent, *de profundis* his note of destiny.

Mars in Sagittarius represents the fiery messenger in the physical world—a skilful archer he, going forth with joy to the quest "new every morning," slinging arrows at abuses, and so ending many a one. His aim is true, his bow taut, his arrows well pointed, gracefully feathered. Concentration and continuity are not his strong points, yet he is full of zeal, and makes up for certain periods of gay (but always active, even though the activity have no direct end in view) idleness, by intensity of purpose during his fiery swallow-flights of work. In fact, Mars in Sagittarius will easily over-work, and has to learn temperance in all things—work, life, and play alike. Firearms on every plane have an irresistible attraction for him, as well as his traditional weapon, the arrow. It must be remembered that Mars acts on every plane, so that Mars in Sagittarius, on the emotional and mental plane, spares neither himself nor others, but knows how to shoot forth "fiery shafts of staying flame."

Mars in Capricorn represents the exaltation of the highest Martian vibration on the practical-mental-administrative plane. The consolidation of Saturn (ruler of cardinal-earthly Capricorn) finds honourable and harmonious alliance, with that "skill in execution" which reaches its apex (on the physical plane) in Mars. Mars in Capri-

corn usually "over-tops his fellows" by sheer weight of superior ability, this position though favourable, never fails to bring experiences of isolation, invariable accompaniment of Saturnian influence. Mars in Capricorn represents honourable ambition, and that desire of fame which acts as a necessary and invaluable spur at a certain fairly advanced period of human ego-evolution. Mars in Capricorn knows how to advance and when to retire, courage and caution are his, neither fool-hardiness nor that creeping prudence, which is only another word for cowardice. In Mars in Capricorn, the warrior strives for self-betterment, for self-perfection; ideality blends with industry and application. The native stands erect, feet on earth, yet looking upward, "a Man in a world of men."

Mars in Aquarius expresses the spiritual apotheosis of Mars, as Capricorn its physical exaltation. Mars in Capricorn, though not typically selfish, is yet certainly fully alive to the necessity for self-preservation, if he would realise the ambition of his manhood. Mars in Aquarius deliberately pours out, sacrifices his own personal centre, and growth by self-preservation gives place to growth by giving, by sublimating Mars from earth, etherealising and dematerialising its very atoms until the warrior stands "in the air," redeemed, regenerated, and literally "rises to touch the spheres," because he refuses to identify his personal centre with earth, even with auric soil! Mars the gold-digger becomes Mars the gold-finder, in the ethereal world. Many of the elder brothers of the race to-day, those who are distinguished for power of practical communal co-operative enterprise, and skill in organisation, where the purpose is realisation of brotherhood and solidarity of the human race, were born with this position. Mars in Aquarius gives his enemy to drink, though he himself go thirsting; nobility is the inner law of his being, and invisible in audible sacrifice the rhythm of his life-symphony.

Mars in Pisces, the last sign of the Zodiac. Here we touch the mystery of self-immolation, the disintegration and dissolution of each fragment of the separated personality. The mystery of the *willing* of *Lethe*, the acquiescence, as the waters of oblivion close over "the man who has gone down." For Mars in Pisces expresses total personal *renunciation*, the opposite yet complementary process to the self-sacrifice and self-dedication in full consciousness, offered by Mars in Aquarius. The former pours out the waters of life, the latter drowns himself, loses himself, acquiesces in the Lethean loss of the centre (temporary), becomes the votive victim, as Mars in Aquarius realises the conscious power of man's godhead. The watery path of Mars in Pisces is subtle and difficult to trace. We speak and write glibly of "life" and "death," of sacrifice and renunciation, alike; but it is in the ordeals alone that we can *know* either their meaning or purpose. Mars in Pisces expresses the last word in Self-humiliation, the loss of the centre of personal separated consciousness. Mars in Pisces represents the oppressed "little" ones of every kindred nation; on them are wreaked those nameless, bitter, inhuman wrongs inflicted alone by the animal in man—Nature's final consummation of refined cruelty.

The waging and the ceasing of world-warfare on every plane to-day depend upon the extent to which every man, woman, and child in the world realises the force of the higher and lower Martian-vibrations.

Symbolism.

By L. A. ADAMS.

THE subject of symbolism is full of interest, and opens up a wide field for speculative thought. A symbol is defined as an emblem, a sign, a type, a creed. All creeds were, in the first instance, used as secret signs, to enable Christians to recognise each other, in times of persecution. There is a power in symbolism to put man in touch with the larger consciousness of the race, and to awaken the mystic sense.

One of the most universal symbols is that of The Temple, the symbol of an individual human organism, with a secret place or holy of holies as the shrine of the Indweller. This is the truth symbolised in Masonry, and in some old Masonic books it is referred to as "castles in the air, ethereal fortresses for our eternal habitation." Masonic emblems are of great antiquity, and the ancient secret doctrine gave their shape to the Chinese Pagodas, the Pyramids of Egypt, and subterranean temples in tropical America. This symbol of the Temple puts us in touch with the universal consciousness of the race, and is full of mystical suggestion.

The egg is another symbol of great antiquity, with its golden yolk, the sign of spirit, imprisoned in fluid white, and encased in a material shell. It was a favourite emblem of the truth of God in man—"all truth is in the egg." Easter eggs symbolise the triumph of spirit over matter.

The apple is an old and well-known symbol of desire, connected with mystical love and creative life. We have it in the myth of Eden, the Garden of the Hesperides, the myth of Paris and Helen, and in the Song of Songs.

The ritual of the Catholic Church is rich in symbolism little understood. The Mass, where it has not been tampered with, contains the whole drama of the soul's ascent, every detail being of profound significance. The "words of power" open up a whole field of consciousness, and put the worshipper in touch with a great cloud of witnesses, of every age and clime.

Again, in St. Paul's beautiful letter to the Corinthian Church, we have man's awakening to spiritual consciousness under the imagery of the raising of the dead, symbolised by the seed sown in the ground—"It is sown a natural body: it is raised a spiritual body." This has been limited to the idea of a physical resurrection, whereas it is descriptive of man's realisation here and now of a higher state of consciousness. The use of the seed as a symbol is universal.

The symbolism of fire and light is found in all the world religions. It repays careful study, as it puts the seeker in touch with the cosmic consciousness, and reveals much that is hidden.

In the "Ancient Sage," Tennyson tells us that he was able to awaken magically transcendent consciousness by repeating his own name—"the word that is the symbol of myself," and the power of vision resulted. Similarly, in "Kim," it is related that he was able to realise another plane of consciousness by repeating to himself the question "Who is Kim?"

The Grail symbolism is so well known that it need not be entered into further than to point out that it is full of mystical significance, and, like the Temple, the egg, and the ritual of the Mass, it is concerned with man's true nature and destiny.

Symbols conceal as well as reveal, and the revealing is not to the wise of this world. Great

learning and intellectual power are not necessary to understand the hidden mysteries of the kingdom, but the receptiveness and simplicity of a little child and the pure in heart. These alone have the power to see the truth concealed beneath the outward sign.

The deepest mysteries cannot be put into words: they only obscure the truth. Hence, in speaking to the multitude, the Great Teacher veiled spiritual truths under symbols familiar in common life—seed, tares, pearls, water, light, leaven—and when questioned, He said "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

The symbols of the swastika, the five-pointed star, the scimitar, the crescent, the rose, and the cross, conceal universal and eternal truths. The rose symbolism is closely associated with that of the cup and the cross. In ancient Egypt, the initiate in the Temple of Isis meditated on the rose as the symbol of the power of the Great Mother and her mysteries, and the devout Catholic to-day meditates on the mysteries of the Rosary, recalling the joys and sorrows of the "Rose of all roses, the Rose of the World," the Divine Mother, of whom Isis was but a shadow. "She is the Mystic Rose of many petals: all living things that tend to God, are gathered in her heart." The rose symbolises Divine Union, and this is attained only by the way of the Cross. As the initiate treads the Path, first he encounters the red rose of sorrow, then the white rose of joy, and lastly the golden rose of union with the beloved, and eternal life, as the consummation of desire.

He came, and took me by the hand
Up to a red rose tree,
He kept His meaning to Himself,
But gave the rose to me.
I did not press Him to lay bare
The mystery to me.
Enough, the rose was Heaven to smell,
And His own Face to see.



A RAY OF LIGHT.

"I stood in the perfect day, and beheld the principle of life, the element of religion, the link between the Soul and God—Love."

As I lay, all calm and silent,
In the hush of the summer night,
There flashed across my spirit
A gleam of tender light—
A ray of purest lustre,
Of such seraphic glow,
That to walk within its shadow
Were bliss enough to know.

It solved earth's mighty problems,
And, in that magic light,
The heart's long-buried secrets
Beamed on my wondering sight,
It satisfied my yearnings,
Soothed each wild throe of pain,
While the angels bent to listen
To a spirit's glad refrain.

So I will not fear the future,
For within my enraptured soul
I hide a golden glory
To light me to the goal;
And the shadow lingers ever,
Of that brightness from above,
That flashed across my spirit
With the message—"GOD IS LOVE."

E. P. PRENTICE.

Letters to the Editor.

PHRENOLOGY AND DUAL PERSONALITY.

SIR,—Mr. Blackford has given us two very interesting articles, but may I be permitted to question his conclusion that dual personality is (or may be) due to the alternate operation of first one and then the other hemisphere of the brain?

In the first place, dual personality is only a part of a much more extensive variety of mental trouble. Sometimes four, five, or six different personalities may be noticed in the same subject. Just now, it is impossible for me to do more than quote from memory, but if I am not mistaken, Dr. Wilson gave some most interesting cases of multiple (not merely dual) personality in a paper before the Society for Psychical Research, in 1897, I believe. Morton Prince has given us the instance of Miss Beauchamp and "Sally," and other invading entities. In fact, such are by no means uncommon in the records of abnormal psychology. Each of these personalities is as distinct as the "dual" ones mentioned by Mr. Blackford, which seems to indicate that we must look elsewhere for the solution of the problem.

Will it, I wonder, be found somewhere along the following lines? Stimulation of various phrenological centres, while the subject is under the influence of hypnosis, produces some very interesting phenomena, as is well known. The operator touches the devotional centres, and the subject kneels in prayer. Destructiveness is stimulated, and the previously piously-inclined subject becomes quarrelsome. If Acquisitiveness be touched, he temporarily becomes a miser. And so on. This is so well-known as to need no elaboration. That is the first step.

The second is this, that many forms of mental and nervous derangement follow the law that over-stimulation of some nervous and cerebral centres tends to leave in a weakened condition the other centres. All the nervous fluid—force, energy, magnetism, or whatever it may be—gravitates towards the irritated spot.

Put these two considerations together, and what would happen? Some centres in the patient's brain would be over-stimulated, and some become inactive altogether, because under-stimulated. Then imagine that the irritating force shifts its attention from one centre to another. The result would be similar to that found in the hypnotised subject mentioned above—a real alternation of character. Now, add to that a defect of memory, so that one alternation of character has no knowledge of its predecessor. (This is found in trance mediumship, of course.) The result would be distinct personalities, quite as distinct as we find in trance "control." The

key to the matter seems to be in memory. I have the idea that Ribot included alternation of personality in his "Diseases of Memory," but of this I am not certain. I know Richet defined personality as "a memory."

But at times it is very difficult to avoid the conclusion (though there is no reason why it should be avoided) that some cases of multiple personality are simple obsessions. I have several in mind which I can understand under no other hypothesis.—I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

Brocton Camp,

H. M. THOMPSON.

February 12, 1918.

SWEDENBORG AND HEAVY SUPPERS.

Chelmsford, February 4, 1918.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in the report of Miss Lind's lecture on "Religious Reconstruction," Swedenborg is apparently accused by Mr. Edward Clodd of taking "heavy suppers." Swedenborg *never* ate heavy suppers. He was noted, as all acquainted with his life and times should know, as a most abstemious man, living principally on bread and milk. In fact he used to leave state functions at 10 p.m., refusing to stop with the three and four bottle men who used to "roll under the table," according to the fashion of his times.—I am, etc.,

ERNEST. J. FROST.

SPIRITUAL LIVING LEADS TO KNOWLEDGE.

125, Church Street,

Stoke Newington,

February 3, 1918.

DEAR SIR,—If I were a rich man, as this world counts riches—my riches are only those of spiritual realisation—I should send you a cheque for £50, as a token of high appreciation of your *Gazette*. It has often charmed me, but this month's is particularly fine. It is curious that, while I have never in my life assisted at a Spiritualistic seance I have yet come to know that intercourse between incarnate and ex-carnate spirits is a scientific certainty. I sometimes marvel at the apologetic way in which some investigators speak and write of this branch of divine science. Men do not say they *believe* in astronomy, chemistry, etc.; they say that they *know* these are sciences. To doubt them would be to proclaim oneself not a sceptic but an ignoramus. Why is this not so of the science of Spiritualism? The way to know of the reality of Spirit is to earn the right to know by living a spiritual life. No man who ever does this fails to reach positive knowledge—no matter what his creed or no creed—and no man who fails to do **this** ever rises above what I may fittingly call the Clodd phase of consciousness.—Yours truly,

THOMAS RAYMOND.

Brief Notices of New Books.

MR. J. ARTHUR HILL'S LATEST WORK.

MAN IS A SPIRIT: A Collection of Spontaneous Cases of Dream, Vision, and Ecstasy. By J. Arthur Hill, Author of "Psychical Investigations," etc. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Price 5s. net.

In this latest book by a very industrious and instructive author on psychical subjects, we are quite properly reminded at present that facts in Nature may be (indeed are) subjective as well as objective. "A dream is as much of a fact as a bomb is. It is a psychological fact; the other is a physical fact." Telepathy, clairvoyance, automatic writing, trance speech, apparitions, and movement of objects without contact are facts, as worthy of scientific study as any in the purely physical realm. But, says the author, these are all psychical phenomena, and the evidence for them has been largely "obtained through mediums, sometimes paid ones; and there is a natural tendency to regard such people as rogues until they are proved honest, and even afterwards." Mr. Hill regards this objection as mistaken, and says he believes the majority of mediums to be perfectly honest. To meet the prejudice of the uneducated, however, he has collected this volume of evidence from "private sensitives or mediums through whom is often obtained evidence even stronger than the best given by professionals." Mr. Edward Clodd cannot consequently have any further excuse for writing—"I am tempted to ask whether communications from the departed are to be had only by payments to professional mediums!" (*Yorkshire Post*, Dec. 1, 1916). These vivid personal psychic experiences, narrated by people who are not grinding any axe, and who in some cases know nothing of the traditions or conventions of the subject, have been carefully scrutinised by the author and tested as to reliability by personal interviews and correspondence, corroboration being obtained wherever available. They will be found as

interesting and thrilling as many creations of fiction, and they will help to bring conviction to the minds of the perplexed. They deal with remarkable dreams, clairvoyant visions, telepathic messages, out-of-the-body experiences, visions of the dead, "meeting" cases (that is, the meeting of persons at death by friends who have gone before), metetheral imprints (that is, ethereal impressions left in an environment by particularly stressful or emotional events), communications by motor response (such as automatic writing, and speech or writing in trance) and mystical experiences (revelations in moments of spiritual elevation). We have pleasure in commending this handsomely produced volume to our readers. Mr. Arthur Hill is a safe guide in excursions into mystical realms, and answers many questions felt if hardly expressed by many people. He says—"Truth has to be re-stated in every period, in the new language, and harmonious with new facts, outer and inner. Science is discovering the spiritual world which it temporarily denied through short-sighted concentration on the material aspect of things. It is now learning that the Real is the Unseen." The volume opens with a reference to our own "Consensus of Comfort to the World in Tears," written specially for the *International Psychic Gazette* by notable men and women in every walk of life, and especially to Mr. Edward Clodd's rather melancholy contribution thereto, namely "As the evidence that we possess seems to me conclusive against survival after death, I can say nothing on the lines you suggest." Mr. Hill's trenchant reply to this is—"The evidence, we are told, seems conclusive against survival. The obvious question at once arises: 'What evidence?' Mr. Clodd gives none. And indeed for a very good reason; namely, that there is none to give." That is a plain challenge to Mr. Clodd to make good his assertive negativity. Will the reputed sage respond, we wonder, or hide his confusion beneath a convenient umbrella of discreet silence?

SONGS OF THE YONDER-LAND. By H. M. Underwood. Drawings by Frideswith Huddart, London: Parnell & Co., 82, Southampton Row, W.C. 1. Price, post free, 1s. 1d.

Mrs. Underwood's beautiful inspirational poems, so vivid, tender, and spiritual, have won many grateful admirers among readers of this *Gazette*, who will be pleased to have this collection, printed on toned paper and enhanced by an art cover embellished with mystical drawings. They will give pleasure, help, and comfort to every reader, and several might be sung as hymns at Spiritualist services.

THE HEALING POWER. By Helen Mary Boulnois. London: Simpkin Marshall. Price 2s. net.

There are ten inspiring chapters in this elegant little book, whose titles indicate their subject-matter, namely, The Inner Self, Some Bread in Life, Self and Others, A Few Words on the Sub-Conscious Mind, How to Guard against Hypnotism, Healing by the Checking of Sin, Help in Pain, Power in Forgiveness, Daily Spiritual Exercises, and The Road to Achievement. The author says: "Our ills may be many and varied; but there is only one power of health and healing in the world—the inner uprush of life, driving physical evils out before it, and in spite of poverty, sorrow, or suffering, renewing one's being at its source." Advice is given in the book as to methods to be adopted to acquire this most helpful power.

MESSAGES FROM MESLON. Through Lawrence. London: Elliot Stock. Price 2s., or, paper cover, 1s. net.

This is a record of spiritual communications between a mother on earth and her son Lawrence who has passed on. When he arrived in the other world he found Meslom, "a splendid old man," who took charge of him, and surrounded him with sympathetic understanding and love. Meslom's ripper wisdom is chiefly transmitted in this book, and it should prove helpful to persons who imagine that spirit-communications are invariably trivial. Lawrence himself is a true personality. He says—"Honesty means the naked, real purpose which underlies our acts, and is seldom faced even by one's own self, but here, in the clear light of this purified atmosphere, we see so plainly, and all the shame and self-indulgent excuses, as we use them on earth, are effaced. All are not strong enough to face the truth without fainting. Thank God, honesty was my one great ideal. This made me understand what Meslom is teaching me."

Mr. Richard A. Bush's excellent address to Spiritualists on "The Place of Jesus Christ in Spiritualism" has now reached its third edition, improved and revised. It can be had post free from the author for 3½d. in stamps; his address is Holt, Morden, Surrey.



We were greatly distressed recently to learn that Mr. Hanson G. Hey, that valiant champion of our cause, and Secretary of the National Spiritualists Union, had been stricken down by serious illness, and we are correspondingly delighted to have a card from him, written with his own hand, to say that he is making a good and satisfactory recovery. His friends everywhere will send him affectionate thoughts and heartiest wishes for a complete restoration to health, with renewed vigour for the good fight.

As we go to press, we learn that the gallant flier, Mr. Payne, whose fall into the sea was so graphically described by Joey, Mr. Craddock's control, at a seance, has had another accident. On this occasion his aeroplane (which is named after Mrs. Duffus, the Chairman of the *International Psychic Gazette*, Ltd) fell over 5,000 feet to the ground, but though he came down with a terrific crash, "something saved me," he writes with beautiful simplicity. We who have faith in the guardian ministry of unseen helpers can probably guess what he means by "something." Oh, how these young heroes bravely battle day and night against the terrors of the air, to give us security from the shafts of a cruel foe! They should assuredly be upheld by the prayers for strength and protection of every good Spiritualist.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—With a view to war economy in these times of paper shortage, we print a minimum number of copies for "chance sale," and recommend readers who find difficulty in securing their *Gazette* to send us their subscriptions, 7s. per annum or 3s. 6d. for six months. We regret many applications for copies of February number arrived after it was completely sold out. If any agents have unsold copies of this number to spare, they will confer a favour by returning them to 21a Regent Street. Postage will be refunded and full price allowed. An enthusiastic reader has sent us a remittance for 50 copies of the March number to distribute for the advancement of the cause. We are grateful for this evidence of appreciation and helpfulness, but "wholesale orders" of this agreeable kind must be sent in at least a week before the end of the month. Parcels of 50 back numbers, assorted dates, are sent to any address for 12s. 6d., carriage paid.

THE PLACE OF JESUS CHRIST IN SPIRITUALISM by RICHARD A. BUSH, F.C.S. Post free, 3d., or 2/6 per dozen. Obtainable from the Author, at Holt, Morden, Surrey.

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and courtesy."

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last day or two that it has been a pleasure to work instead of a most irksome and
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are all right now, thanks to your clever treatment."

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asleep before I have taken the breaths in bed. . . . I want specially to tell you
that the doctor and everyone thinks my hearing is better since I have been to you."

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nvariably extend to those who come to you as strangers that makes one anxious
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