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MAY, 1918.

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THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

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Our Outlook Tower. A SCOTS GUARD AND OURSELVES.

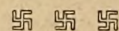
MR. H. J. POOLE, a Scottish Spiritualist who has been defending the faith in two northern newspapers, has sent us some press cuttings which have given us no little pleasure. They show among other things that while we have been blissfully unconscious of the fact, this obtrusive *Gazette* has been honoured by an assault and battery from a very redoubtable antagonist, namely a "Scot's Guard," who writes from "Barracks." Our readers will appreciate the distinction of attack from such a quarter when we remind them that Wellington had only to give "Scots Guard's" glorious predecessors his famous command "Up, Guards, and at them!" and the power of Napoleon was broken for ever! This *Gazette* is consequently almost as proud of the assault as the riotous sailor who went round his ship showing off to admiring mates a magnificent black eye which had been given him by a real duke! The "gravamen of our offence" appears to be that the *Gazette* "excluded" a true account of some controversy between the late Messrs. J. N. Maskelyne and Hiram Maxim, in February, 1911. "Scots Guard" says he does not merely "imagine" this unfair exclusion, but he "knows" it, and he says further that "naturally such a report would not appear in the *Psychic Gazette*; such exposures would, I imagine, be carefully excluded from such a journal." Now, to begin with, the date of our supposed offence would appear to be about February, 1911, but as the first number of this *Gazette* only saw the light of day in June, 1912, "Scots Guard" really blames us for having passively omitted to do something, or actively excluded something, or wilfully even "distorted" something—for that is the suggestion he makes in another place—sixteen months before the *Gazette* was born! His accusation is terribly like a new version of the fable of the wolf and the lamb! "Naturally such a report would not appear in the *Gazette*"—before it existed! But "Scots Guard" may accept our assurance that had the *Gazette* been alive (and kicking) at the time it would have dealt fairly and squarely with the matter he refers to. Indeed, as he appears to think that something like a knock-out blow was then given to Spiritualism (which is still flourishing, however) we do not regard it as too late yet to publish an authoritative account of the case if he will be good enough to supply it. We happen to know something of the late Mr. J. N. Maskelyne's boasted discomfiture of Spiritualism in connection with the famous "Colley v. Maskelyne" case, in which notwithstanding that he was utterly routed he claimed a victory! We threshed the matter out with the famous conjurer shortly before his death, and though we have no wish to say anything unkind about the old gentleman, now that he has passed hence, his statements and claims were, on investigation, shown to be utterly at variance with the facts. We feel sure that "Scots Guard" cannot wish to remain under any misapprehension as to what is true or

false, in regard to Spiritualism, or past controversies concerning it, and if he will lay aside his prejudice for the moment and state any rational grounds for his passionate disbelief in it, or any good reason for his blind faith in its detractors, we shall be pleased to discuss them with him. Spiritualism does not need to shirk controversy with any fair-minded opponent, and this *Gazette* particularly prides itself on giving "a fair field and no favour" to friend and foe alike. Come along then, gallant guardsman, and "let us reason together" and may Truth be vindicated!

"NEGROMANCY!"

We have been to see the startling play called "The Knife" at The Comedy Theatre. It was heralded as a new psychic drama, but all its psychism is contained in the prelude, where a negro nurse reads her beautiful young mistress's fortune in a tea cup. "Mammy" warns her lady that there is some great trouble, a black cloud, in front of her, in connection with her approaching marriage. This is an exceedingly picturesque piece of true negromancy, which ought to interest the Rev. R. J. Campbell, our leading authority on false necromancy! The crooning negress's prophecy unhappily came true. The prospective bride wanted to know more about her future, saw a fortune-telling advertisement, and called at the address given. She was referred to another address, and from there was sent to yet another, to find at last that she had been decoyed into a den of vice, where she was drugged and imprisoned. She was cleverly traced by a criminal lawyer; and the prospective bridegroom, a surgeon, punishes the villains, not by means of a police prosecution, for that would have involved undesirable publicity, but by vivisectioning them, in the interests of science and humanity, to discover a cure for a loathsome disease! That is where "the knife" came in! It is not seen stuck in the ceiling, as in "The Thirteenth Chair." In fact, it is not seen at all. The play is full of thrills, and the acting is superb.

J. L.



READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Brighton Reader: "It is full of good things."

From a Physician: "Your April number is very very good. 'Mickey' is great."

From a New Zealand Subscriber: "The last two numbers are exceptionally good. I do hope you will keep going in spite of the strenuous times dear Old England is passing through."

A London Lady: "You seem to make it more interesting every number. When it came I felt like a bee in a garden wondering what flower held the most sweetness."

A Southsea Lady: "I feel I must congratulate you very heartily that in spite of paper shortage and other war hindrances the *Psychic Gazette* seems to ride over all its difficulties, and appears to be going on and on unto Perfection."

A Lancaster Secretary: "I have sent several copies out to France and the soldier-friends are delighted with them. I received word from one that he could get up no arguments over them, but his comrades admitted they were fine, and worth studying."

A Lady at Ille-et-Vilaine, France: "Altogether I owe you a great widening of my horizon, as well as a confirmation of things dimly felt and realised before. Some of the later numbers of the *Gazette* have contained articles relating experiences which confirm some I had whilst quite ignorant of aught save that I firmly believed all was well, in God's mercy, for those who had crossed over."

Some Oddments of Psychic Experience.

By DORIS SEVERN.

GOING TO CHURCH IN THE ASTRAL.

SOME years ago, when my psychic faculties were in greater activity than they are now, I discovered that I could go in my spirit-body to the glorious old Minster where I habitually worshipped. It was only in times of perplexity and trouble that I used this power. The mode of procedure was as follows:—I lay absolutely still in bed, not a muscle stirring, even my breathing being subdued to the quietest possible, and then proceeded to imagine myself leaving the house, passing along the well-known turns in the road, noticing the houses and trees on the way, turning in at the great gate, and passing down the steps at the west door. I remembered to be careful not to stumble, as the centre of each of these steps was worn into a hollow, by the feet of the many thousands who have gone there through all the centuries since the stately pile was built. I never went up the aisle, beloved of brides! No, I went up the nave, and when the black and white lozenges of marble in the chancel struck cold to my feet—lo! my goal was reached. And what happened afterwards is entirely unknown to me; suffice it that I always returned rested, refreshed, and having received comfort and help. Since leaving that town, I have at times made the same journey, which shows that distance is no obstacle when proper conditions are observed.

THE GOLDEN VIALS.

"Golden vials full of odours, which are prayers of saints."—*Rev. v. 8.*

The sense of scent is a subtle and delicate one, and the power it wields is a true magic wand, transporting us in a flash into hours long gone by. For instance, if I breathe the perfume of lupin flower, I am again about four years old, and that experience, for a staid matron, is surprising! These flowers grew in profusion in the first garden I can remember, and their perfume has more influence over me than that of other flowers, perhaps because they first attracted my infantile fancy. Our spirit-friends appear to have the power of making us aware of perfume, either as a proof of their presence, or as a curative agent. I remember once, when I was ill, "dreaming" that some kindly person bent over me, as I lay in bed, and literally drenched me with marvellous scent, which was tonic, aromatic, and reviving in its effect. "A dream," I say, but when I woke, I felt so invigorated, that I firmly believed the experience to have been a real one.

About five years ago, when living in Worcestershire, I sent the motor one day to fetch a dear friend, who lived at a distance, to spend the day. She had told me she disliked scent of any kind, so you may imagine my surprise when, on going to welcome her, I was aware of such a strong odour of scented geranium that I thought she must have broken a bottle of it over her dress. During the day she seemed enveloped in it. On her departure the scent appeared to depart with her; not a *soupcou* remained in the atmosphere. I asked Hilary if he had noticed it, and he said "No," though his sense of smell is acute. Afterwards I asked my friend by letter if she had ever known anyone who liked that particular scent? Her reply was that it was her mother's favourite perfume. Subsequently, I told her what I had noticed, and she assured me

she had no scent of any description in her possession on the day she had called.

Quite recently I have been told of the strong smell of incense perceived by some people in the High Street of Glastonbury, where a long-hidden chapel of St. Edgar has been lately discovered by means of automatic writing. A similar story is told of Ripon Cathedral, where the scent of incense is sometimes very noticeable during service, though a rigid search fails to reveal any cause on this plane.

Now for a personal experience. Some few months ago a fine carved reredos was given to the Parish Church of the town where we are making a temporary home. Like most Church gifts, it was in loving memory of a departed relative. On the Wednesday, at the usual evensong, this beautiful gift was solemnly dedicated. The next day I came in as usual to the Celebration held on Thursdays for invalids, and as I frequently did, seated myself in the pew immediately below the choir stalls. Instantly I was aware of an overpowering smell of incense, and on looking round I actually saw a thick white cloud hanging in the air. So strong was the perfume, that it was only with difficulty that I refrained from coughing. After a few minutes it all cleared away. Now, it was impossible that incense had been used in reality, for this church, like the others in the town, is what is called "Low Church." I conclude that some visitants from the other side had been consecrating the reredos on their own account, and had used incense, which was perceptible not only to my olfactory nerves, but also to my eyesight.

BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT.

In my dream, or vision, I found myself in a large house, which seemed to be familiar, though I could not have said at what time I had visited it before. Passing up the stairs to the first floor, I looked in through an open doorway. On my right the room was furnished in dark rich oak, and in the centre was a plain reading- or prayer-desk, also of oak. I did not enter, but turned away, and went through a square landing, or upper hall, where a number of men were gathered together. They seemed unaware of my presence, and I continued my progress up the next flight of stairs. Here I met a woman who accosted me with the most vivid joy illuminating her features. "Oh," she cried, "I had the most wonderful dream last night!" I waited, but did not speak. She continued, "I saw a great arc of light, surpassing anything I have ever seen for brilliance and purity. And towards this light, as if irresistibly drawn by its white power, came an immense crowd of Souls, closely massed together, as you have seen birds fly when the time of migration has come. And I heard a glorious voice, but saw not the speaker. And the voice said in a tone sweet as the singing of wild birds, and mighty as the sound of many waters, 'Behold, these are the souls who return homeward, drawn by the great love of Him who made them. The sorrowful, the wearied, the sinful, the broken in earth's conflict, as well as those who have trod the path of righteousness and peace—all shall return to the Father and the Homeland.'" So the woman's story ended. And with the intense joy it brought me the thread that held my spirit in that house parted, and I was here once more.

(To be continued.)

Beautiful Retrospect of a Long Life.

By Dr. J. M. PEEBLES, LOS ANGELES.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES, who is known and revered among Spiritualists all over the world as "The Pilgrim," read the following characteristic address to the Octogenarian and Centenarian Clubs of Los Angeles, California, U.S.A., on the occasion of his ninety-sixth birthday. The Doctor truly enjoys the gift of perennial youth, and his utterances sparkle with brightness and buoyancy. In a personal note to ourselves he writes:—"How the days and weeks roll by! In my youth the years seemed long; they now seem little more than dots along the line into eternity. . . . I am quite weary to-day, for I am just through with the yearly siege of birthday congratulations! Belonging as I do to the Octogenarian Club and Centenarian Club of this city, and also to the Club of the Seven Wise Men, the celebrations have rather taxed my vital forces, because each of these Clubs has had its gathering, its speeches, music, dinner, and rush of hand-shaking, and they are rather exhausting! In fact I am glad they come but once a year." British Spiritualists gladly mingle their congratulations with those of the Doctor's American admirers, and cordially wish him many more happy years of life on this plane, to inspire them by his virile courage, his seer's vision, and his fraternal loving-kindness.—
ED. I. P. G.

THE morning light first saw me on the 23rd of March, down by the Green Mountain foothills of Vermont, the oldest of a family of seven children. My parents were healthy, industrious, and ambitious. My mother, in early life, taught school; and my father, of Scottish ancestry, was a militia captain.

In my early school days I fancied reading, geography, and grammar, but loathed mathematics and mechanics. The Sunday School went well with me until I was commanded by the Baptist preacher to commit to memory the 9th chapter of John, containing sixty-two verses. This was a load too heavy for me, and caused my first religious rebellion.

At sixteen I taught a district school in Pitcher Village, N.Y. One of my principal scholars was a coloured boy, and often did I see him cry because his skin was black. This touched my sympathies for the South, and I soon began to lecture against slavery. While attending the Oxford Academy, in New York, I continued lecturing against human slavery and intemperance.

Like most of the young, I knew more at seventeen than I do now. Probably I was both proud and ambitious. One of the old neighbours said that I was "as proud as Lucifer, and as contrary as the Devil."

At this period there came into our neighbourhood a Calvinistic revivalist. He was a powerful Baptist preacher. Many of the young were pronounced converted, and myself among them. This thought-emotion continued until the minister hastily left his family (a wife and three children) and departed with his servant girl—a terrible shock to us. My pronounced conversion faded away into doubt and scepticism. This was my second religious rebellion, and I was called an atheist and a rank sceptic.

The four gospels that I read were Hume, Paine, Voltaire, and Volney who wrote "Volney's Ruins," the style of which enthused me. But this sterling, youthful unbelief did not long satisfy me. There is no consolation to the young or aged in doubt and fear. And there is nothing uplifting in any form of atheism; and yet my life was little more than a hazy dream, or a bit of strange, religious chaos. I continued teaching school, and lecturing upon reform subjects.

Later at this period, the autumn of 1839, I was attending Oxford Academy, New York, and there came into this little city Prof. L. N. Fowler,

to lecture upon Phrenology. His lectures began to quench my thirst for knowledge. It also opened my studies into mesmerism, hypnotism and clairvoyant psychology—they are now called psychic researches. These studies lifted the veil, showing the power of mind over matter. They aroused my higher nature, and proved to my satisfaction the being of God, and a future conscious life beyond the grave. It was a baptism—it transferred my doubt into demonstration, and I felt sure that the dead lived—lived, loved and progressed. And as the poet sang,

"My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sang surprising grace."

This was a Truth, a mighty Truth; so grand, so broad, so uplifting that I wanted to preach it; and I did, during a number of my youthful years. My last pastoral charge was in Baltimore; and Maryland at this time was a slave State. I took Horace Greeley's *New York Weekly Tribune*, and preached the Brotherhood of Man and the equality of all races, regardless of colour or clime. Some of my church members favoured slavery on Bible grounds. The storm raged. It became pro and con, furiously. I left the pulpit, and went direct to Philadelphia, commencing the study of medicine, and graduated from Philadelphia (Pa.) University. In this city I am registered as a regular physician, but do not practice, having almost infinitely more faith in proper diet, bathing, magnetism, will-power, prayer, and the laying on of hands as employed in Apostolic times, than in drastic drugs. Long ago I rejected vaccination, vivisection, and the administration of poisonous serums. Surgery is a necessity.

Other relations in life arose at this period. Under the Presidency of General Grant I was sent a United States Consul to a very prominent port on the Black Sea in Asiatic Turkey, most of my time being spent in Constantinople. Upon my return home I was sent as delegate from the National Peace Organisation to the International Peace Congress in Paris, and the following year I was connected with the Congressional Committee sent to Cheyenne, from Washington, to settle the differences with the Sioux, the Brulee Sioux and the Kiowas, and other Indian tribes.

A while ago I was appointed President of the California Humanitarian League, embracing thirty-five Reform Associations.

What changes since the days of my youth, and even the flower of manhood! Really, I am living in a new world—a world so unlike seventy and eighty years ago that I am almost dazed. In a retrospect, well do I remember when I studied grammar by the light of hemlock knots, or mother's tallow-dipped candles. There was no electricity at that time, no railroads, no telegrams, no wireless messages, no photographs, and no airships sailing through the skies.

Yes, you and I, fellow companions, are living in a new world, under a new dispensation, and near the closing of some mighty crisis. And yet, I am a firm optimist. Out of the mud and mire lovely white lilies spring and bloom, and so, out of this mad and murderous war will ultimately spring a democracy. God reigns. Evolution takes no backward steps. After the wildest wind-storms of rain there comes the purest atmosphere and the greenest foliage. The yesterday cannot return. Every falling white hair is

a dead hair. Let it go, because the invisible hair, like the spiritual body, remains untouched by the frosts of time.

Forget the ancient; think of and live the right, to-day. Old Orthodox Creeds are frost-bitten and wilting. Creeds and superstitions can never know a resurrection. The most brilliant preacher in this city, and soundly orthodox, said a few Sundays ago in his pulpit, that "character and deeds, rather than creeds, saved human souls."

Science is on the line of progress. Secularists, sectarianists, and mercenary spiritists are on the way forward—(let us aid them)—while Spirit-ualists—(note the suffix, "ual")—trusting in God, illumined by the Divine Spirit, living the spiritual, Christ-like life, enlightened by the ministry of angels, and gladly, sweetly comforted by the testimonies of exalted spirit intelligences, are the elect of Heaven—that is, figuratively, they constitute the leading van of the Revelators, 144,000. In fact, as we conscientiously see it, the true Christianity of Christ and true Spiritualism are in perfect accord.

In Monday's *Examiner*, March 18th, we are told by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church, that there are, according to the annual official report, "168 Christian denominations and sects in the United States." And this preacher further said, "To a certain degree each is more concerned with the propaganda of its own interpretation of Christ's religion, than with the promotion of the religion itself." And the Rev. Dr. Locke stated, from his pulpit last Sunday evening, to an audience of nearly 3,000, that "the pagan Japanese, who had never violated a national pledge, were better Christians than the military Kaiser's crowd, fighting for Prussian tyranny."

Is it now asked, "What is a really true Christian?" Let the Master answer (John xiii, 35)—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love, one for another."

Human life is natural. The oldest, in majority, cling to it, and often I am inquired of—"Doctor, what do you do; what do you drink; what do you eat; and what have you done to be so vigorous near the century mark?" Briefly stated, I have obeyed Nature's laws, which are God's laws. For fifty years and more I ate no animal flesh; I used no liquors, nor tobacco. The day's work done, I eat an apple and drink a glass of cold water, retire early, breathe a prayer, and sleep sweetly all night. Though clouds darken the heavens, and thorns abound in the pathway, I trust in God, and move on.

We never bathe twice in the same flowing stream. The personality may change yearly, but the individuality, never. The old school-house crumbled away many decades ago. My academic school chums have all departed, but the spirit, that is, the inmost "I am," the conscious, God-incarnated ego, exists with its demonstration of immortality. Annihilation, the most impossible of all impossibilities, is absolutely unthinkable. Loving is living, and activity is the leading cause of longevity. Age does not hinge upon dates or years. Active aged persons have not outgrown their usefulness. Their white hairs are inspirations to others. Personally, I would rather be ninety-six than sixty-six.

"One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my spirit-home to day than e'er I was before."

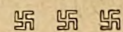
All should grow old gracefully, ripening like the

apple, which, ruddy in the sunshine and morning dew, drops at last, naturally, into the fruit garner's basket. And so the sunset of life should be to us, esteemed friends, more beautiful than the sunrise. Youth, like opening buds, has its work in front of it, while old age, full of trust, is ready to go when the summons comes. It has a quiet charm of its own, a calm richness, as of autumnal forests, a serene sanctity, like that of the moss-embowered cathedral or the towering grandeur of an oak on the hill-top, that stands, an inviting, shady retreat for grazing herds and foot-weary travellers. In fact, old age, in years, is a quiet letting-go; fame, riches, fashion, fading away, while the pulsing spirit seems more beautiful and more divine.

Personally, I am too busy to think about death; there is too much mental annoyance about it. It is simply nature's process of laying down the fleshly burden, and the rising of the spiritual into the brightness and beauty of immortality.

Pamper not the curious with a gazing at the shrinking face of the corpse; a face that once beamed in love and sweetness. Burning is preferable to burying the decaying form. Mourning garments, useless, and often expensive, are but the sombre mementos of the Dark Ages. The dying often smile, but never weep. Put flowers on the door-knobs, and garland the cold form with lilies and wreaths of rose-buds, for death is the masked angel that opens the gateway into a realm of better opportunities and more glorious enjoyments.

Personally, I expect to work on the very morning of my departure, and to sleep into the better land of immortality at the sunset of the same evening, for I feel as though I had just begun to live, to see, to comprehend the glories of the universe. Heights rise above me, and I am conscious of the vast, the mighty land lying beyond, for in my opinion, this is God's world, rainbowed with promise. I have never witnessed a starless night. If clouds shut away the glimmering of stars from my vision, I knew they were still above, shining, and that the radiance of morning light would come. And so I feel that whether in sunshine or in shadow, God reigns, and all—all, is well.



WHEN THE SNOWDROPS PEEP.

The Spring, now the snowdrops peep,
Is not far away!

'Twill soon come the day
When love with the Spring will leap;

The Spring when the skies are blue,
And the air so sweet,
As the sweethearts greet
Each other, with words so true.

The Spring, when the blackbirds sing,
With us soon will be,
And all the world see,
The beauty and joy of Spring.

Nature rejoices at Spring;
All joy should abound,
And singing resound,
With praise to Christ the King.

'Tis Spring when from Death we rise,
To a union blest,
And a joy and rest,
Glorious beyond our surprise.

MAUD CODLING.

Psychic Development in Private Circles.

HOW UNCLE GEORGE RETURNED UNEXPECTEDLY.

By GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD.

We had another hour's talk with Mrs. Osborne Leonard one afternoon early last month. She and her husband had just established themselves in a pretty rural cottage, and had been unpacking and arranging their furniture on its arrival from London. It was a miserably wet day when we called upon them, but the blackbirds and thrushes sang merrily in bush and tree, and the poultry were loudly cackling in front of the cottage-door as if they quite enjoyed the dripping weather. After a most welcome cup of tea, Mrs. Leonard kindly gave us the following invaluable impromptu interview for the *Gazette*:—

PEOPLE often say to me—"Oh Mrs. Leonard, I do think it is a pity for mediums to advise people to develop psychic power." I say—"Yes, that is what everybody used to tell me, and if I had taken their advice you would not have had the sittings with me which you say have brought you so much comfort!"

I certainly think people have to be very careful about holding sittings, but if nobody ever experimented because there was some element of danger, nothing of any value would ever be accomplished in this world. Look at flying with aeroplanes! There was terrible danger at the beginning for everyone who attempted to master the air, but see how important it has been for the world that there were young men ready to face the danger. Experiments with all sorts of chemicals have been very dangerous, but just think what valuable knowledge we have gained through them, and of course the results obtained always make the dangers fewer. Take again the Rontgen-ray researches. Many men were injured for life at the beginning, but that did not prevent others going on experimenting on a greater and greater scale, and see what great good has been accomplished for humanity. I want to emphasise the fact that all new discoveries and great inventions are only attained by overcoming elements of danger at the outset. If we were not prepared to face dangers we should achieve nothing worth having. All truth worth having has had to be paid for with a price of some kind.

I myself was warned and advised by friends and relations not to develop mediumship, but I took no notice of them. I just went ahead and developed, and I have never regretted it. I had no medium to guide or help me. I only used my own judgment and discretion, and it all worked out all right. I had very difficult material conditions to contend with at the same time, for we happened to have a great deal to worry us just then.

I think psychical science, more than any other science or study, is worth risking something for. It is making plain to the world the greatest truth of all; for what is more important than the knowledge of ourselves as spiritual beings, and of our relations to the spiritual world both here and hereafter. Clergymen particularly say—"Why is it that spirits manifest only through professional mediums?" That is not strictly true, but so far as it is true, the reason is simply because other people have not the patience and courage to develop their psychic and spiritual natures.

I think it is such a pity that people are afraid of home-sittings for psychic development. I know people ought to be careful about the way they conduct their investigations, but they ought to be careful about everything they do, if they

want to avoid mistakes. I do think it advisable before people begin to investigate by themselves that they should have sittings with a good medium, and read a good deal on the subject. A medium would be able to get in touch with these people's own spiritual helpers and guides and ascertain what they wished them to do in the matter. The medium would also, by her own normal faculty, be able to tell them if it were wise for them to investigate for themselves.

When they have this information and begin their sittings they should keep careful records of their results, and still seek advice from a good medium, who would tell them what manifestations to check or stop until they got the best kind of conditions established. For when people begin absolutely by themselves without any guidance they sometimes get trivial and silly things through, that are no evidence whatever of survival, things that might be said by anybody, or that might emanate merely from the subconsciousness of the sitters. It is a mistake to try to eliminate the possibility of manifestations coming from what is contained in our subconsciousness, because by doing so we would limit our spirit-friends' communications to things that are absolutely unknown to us, and that would make communication very limited and mechanical. The best tests usually come to us when there is an easy flow of conversation and ideas on our side, and the tests are then, as it were, pushed through to us on the flow.

I have had some excellent evidential table-sittings myself, and perhaps one incident that comes to mind would be interesting and illustrate what I would say better than anything else. It occurred with a little group of friends who had been sitting once a week for a couple of years, and I sat with them long before I took up the subject professionally. There were three ladies and myself to begin with and after some time we were joined by another. I shall call them Miss Castle, Mrs. Begg, Mrs. Cragendale, and Mrs. Ford. They were all level-headed, well-educated women of the world, absolutely sensible, and critical of results. One was the wife of a colonel, and another the wife of a well-known company-promoter. They all belonged to the Church of England, and they were out simply to see what we could prove, and to what state of excellence communications could be obtained.

We began in a very small way at Mrs. Ford's house; none of us had developed at all at that time. We darkened the room slightly, and sat on plain bentwood chairs, around a circular table about two and a half feet in diameter. Mrs. Ford had been told that she was psychic, and as she had some inclination to trance she hoped she might develop as a trance medium. Mrs. Begg showed possibilities of becoming a normal clairvoyant, for she got very good impressions. Miss Castle had no particular power but was psychic in a general kind of way, and was a help at the table. Mrs. Cragendale developed the power of occasional clairvoyance at the sittings, though she could not always see at will. We were all psychic in a way, but not more so than any other four or five people that could be picked out of a group of friends. Perhaps I was the

only one who had looked into the matter at all deeply, and I had not developed fully when we started the sittings.

At first we got no manifestations of importance. There were some table movements, and fragmentary things were spelt through, like Christian names. We would ask in turn—"Is it for me?" and the table would answer "Yes," when it was for the person who asked. Then we would ask questions, and would be answered "Yes" or "No." There was really nothing at first that might not have been derived from our subconsciousness. In fact we had a discussion about that; we were alive to the possibility; but we agreed not to make a barrier of it by making it a "bogey." We said we would just accept for the time being what might be subconsciousness for spirit-consciousness. We decided, however, that we would not accept anything that came through if it were wrong or undesirable. In fact, we would stop a sitting if there was anything came through that we did not like. If someone were to say through the table that Charing Cross Station had been blown up we would say we were not interested in the matter.

We were simply wanting evidence as to our own friends' survival in spirit, which we could test and find whether it were true or untrue. We agreed to be satisfied with any evidence reasonably good, and we were not nervous about getting anything through from the lower astral plane, as many people are. We did not get anything that was undesirable, but we did get some very helpful advice, which we took and relied upon, as somehow we soon gathered the impression that it was really coming from spirit-people around us. When people get together as we did, with a serious object in view, after sitting for a little time, there comes a feeling or atmosphere in the sitting that makes one know it is one's friends who are communicating, even if they are not saying anything that would be actually evidential to a scientific investigator. We knew that all the time. People would say—"Oh yes, you got into an emotional frame of mind; you did not know really that what was said through the table was not supplied by yourselves." But we were critical all the time, and could not help noting similarities of expression between what was said to us by spirit-friends and what they used to say when here.

Gradually we began to get information through the table about things happening at a distance of which we had no normal knowledge. At first the messages referred only to little things, but they were quite definite and unmistakable, and we afterwards proved them to be quite accurate. We had these messages for about six months that might possibly have come from our subconsciousness, and then for the next six months messages giving definite details of something, perhaps not of great importance, that was happening at a distance, outside the range of our ordinary knowledge. Miss Castle, for example, was told about something happening to her brother, and that was found to be true.

We went on getting more or less convincing results for about two years, and I should like to say that we all deeply felt that there was a really uplifting influence in the sittings; they were doing us good spiritually, mentally, and morally. Also, I must say that we even felt better in physical health. Two of the ladies were not what you would call strong, and Miss Castle had had a good deal of illness in her life, but during our sittings she was free from illness of any kind.

So they did us good in a fourfold way, and we all looked forward to them as peaceful times when we would be lifted above this material world's troubles, and be given strength for the following week.

I started my professional work in April, 1914, but we still went on with our weekly sittings. We never went to them expecting anything particularly important, and we seldom put leading questions. We simply left everything to our spirit-friends. One evening in October, 1914, I was not expecting anything to come through for myself. Indeed I had now got into the habit of thinking that the messages should come for the others, since I had taken up professional work.

Suddenly the name "George" was spelt through the table. Strangely enough, though George is a very common name, no one at the table had lost any relative of that name. Nobody knew "George," so I said—"Will you give us your other name?" He immediately spelt out "Matthews." (That is not the correct name, but it is one similar.) Nobody knew that name either, but I was aware all the time that I had an uncle on the earth-plane called George Matthews; my mother's sister Elsie was his wife. But I thought—"It is an ordinary kind of name, and it may not be for me." When nobody recognised it as that of anyone they knew in the spirit-world, I said—"I have an uncle called George Matthews, but he is still in the body; or else I should have heard, as I am in fairly regular communication with my Aunt Elsie, his wife."

I should say here that every year before the war, and in the summer before the war broke out, my uncle's family always went to the Riviera, and I knew that when the war broke out, in August, 1914, they were still there. There are two sons in the family who used to leave their parents in the Riviera, when they returned to Cambridge after the College vacation. It certainly struck me that my uncle and aunt might have had some difficulty in getting back, as the war had been going on for about six or seven weeks at the time of the sitting referred to. In the early weeks of the war however there had been practically no difficulty in travelling outside the zone of operations, and the Riviera was not in that area. They generally came back by the southern part of Europe, through Switzerland and the south of France. Knowing all this I did not think it could possibly be my Uncle George who was communicating through the table, for though he was elderly he was a very good traveller and in excellent health.

Directly I mentioned that I had an Uncle George, however, there were three loud raps on the table, which we generally take to mean "Yes." I told my friends that he was still in the body, but in order to make quite sure I spoke to the spirit of the supposed George Matthews and said—"Look here, I have an uncle of your name, but I know he is on the earth-plane; you cannot be my uncle, can you?" Immediately, again came three loud raps on the table for "Yes."

I did not believe that for the moment, because every reason seemed to be against its possibly being he; so I said—"Would you mind spelling your name again, as there are two ways of spelling it?"

Again came out the name as my uncle spelt it.

I said—"Well, then, if you are my Uncle George, do you mind my asking you a few questions, the answers to which are unknown to the other sitters at the table?"

He signified that he was willing and I asked for the names of his wife, my mother, his sons, and so on. These were all given quite correctly.

So then I made the sign of the Cross on the table, and said—"Now, we are trying to get through only that which is good and true, to be of use to ourselves, and to be evidence for others. By the sign I have made on the table, do you still assert that you are my uncle George Matthews?" Slowly and solemnly came again the three decided raps which meant "Yes."

Even yet I was not convinced, because I knew that everything he had said so far was known to me, and that that knowledge might have come from my own subconsciousness. So I said to him—"Well, I cannot believe you are my Uncle George. My reason tells me you cannot be he; but for the time being I must try to put that aside, and try to believe what you are telling me. Now, if you are really my Uncle George, and you have passed over, when did you pass over?" He replied—"Three weeks ago." I said—"Are you sure three weeks ago?" He answered "About." I said—"Oh well, about three weeks is near enough."

Then I said—"Did you pass out on your way home, in Switzerland, or in France?" He replied—"Neither." I said—"In what part of the Continent did you pass on then?" He replied—"Not on the Continent; I passed on at home." (He lived in the north-west of England.) I said—"But you never used to come home as early as that; did you come sooner because you were ill?" He said "No," so I asked—"Why then did you come home?" He replied—"Because of the war." "The war?" I said; "that would not affect you, would it?" He answered—"Yes, we had to come home; we touched at a place that was on German territory, and Everard (his son) was kept there a prisoner."

I could not understand this, so I said "Everard will be back at College, won't he?" He replied—"No, Everard—prisoner—Germany." I said—"This makes me believe less than ever that you are my Uncle George, because I know the boys always left you behind early in the season." He replied—"No, he is there."

I said "Oh! . . . Were you ill, before you passed over?" He replied—"No, no; passed over suddenly." I said—"You are quite sure you passed over?" He answered—"Yes, at The Cedars" (the name of his house). I said—"Was Auntie with you?" He answered—"Not at the moment; I passed over very suddenly; no illness at all."

Then he spelt out the two words—"Heart! Worry!" I said—"What worry?" He replied impatiently, "About Everard." I said—"Then you still assert that he is a prisoner in Germany?" For I thought, if all these extraordinary things had happened to my friends, we would certainly have heard about them. The story sounded too melodramatic to be true. However, he answered—"Yes."

I said—"Do you want me to do anything?" He replied—"Yes; tell Aunt Elsie I have been. Not much good, I fear, but tell her."

I was very doubtful indeed about all this, but suddenly Mrs. Cragendale said—"Oh, I can see clairvoyantly, but quite distinctly, a short gentleman with a greyish beard. He is very dark, with very bright eyes, and distinctly aquiline features." In fact, she described my Uncle George most wonderfully. She said she saw him so clearly, and he looked at her so pleadingly.

She [added—"Oh, Mrs. [Leonard, do believe it is your [Uncle [George;]it is your Uncle George! He looks at me so anxiously, and when I questioned him mentally he nodded his head so emphatically that I feel I must implore you to recognise him as your uncle." I said—"Well, until it is proved to be untrue, I shall take it for granted it is my uncle, but I cannot really accept it in my heart, because everything is so against it."

After the sitting I went home and told my husband about it. I said it could not possibly be my uncle, and he said—"No, it does not seem as if it can be Uncle George, from all we know, but I think you ought to act upon this message. Of course, knowing how antagonistic your Aunt is to Spiritualism, and how upset she would be if you wrote suggesting that her husband had died, and he were still in the body, you should write an ordinary letter, asking her if anything has happened, and saying you have a reason for writing."

So I wrote to my Aunt Elsie, in such a manner as would show her that I had something important in my mind. I addressed the letter to The Cedars, though that was still long before their usual time for returning. The gist of my letter was—"Please write to me and *tell me how you all are* (underlining that); I have a reason for asking." That is practically all I said excepting—"I am anxious about you."

Three days later there came a letter from my aunt, saying I must forgive her for not having written as usual to let me know of their return, but that I would understand her not having done so on hearing that Uncle George had died three weeks ago! She said they had started on a tour through the southern part of Germany, and when the war broke out their son Everard, being of military age, was taken prisoner. They were there advised to get home as quickly as they could, and they had done so, arriving home in middle August. A week or two later when she was in church, one of the servants came to her, with a message saying that uncle had died, and would she come at once? She went home and found that he had passed on from a sudden heart attack. The shock of his sudden death, and all there had been to do since, had prevented her writing.

Directly I got her letter I went to two of the ladies who had been at the sitting with me, and together we wrote out a statement of what had occurred, as we remembered it, and it was thereupon signed by the three of us. In the hope that it might interest my aunt and comfort her I sent her this signed statement. She is thoroughly antagonistic to this subject, as I have already said, and she wrote me that she wished I had let her husband alone! That was the current of the letter. She regards such communication as raking up the departed and worrying them!

Before I received this second letter from her we had had another sitting, and my uncle had come again. When I asked him, was he pleased I had taken his advice and written to Aunt Elsie? he replied, most emphatically—"No, it is no good; she won't listen;" but he added—"I understand, and am not unhappy about it." He said he should like to come to our sittings sometimes; also that he had met my mother, and had had long and interesting talks with her.

He was evidently very pleased with the spirit-world as he found it, and said it was very different in many ways from what he had expected. He was

rather relieved at that, I think, as his ideas had been very orthodox. He was an exceedingly good kind man, and apart from his strict orthodoxy he was fairly broad-minded and reasonable, and could soon assimilate new ideas. Since then I have had chats with him through the table at other circles where he was seen by total strangers and described to me. I cannot say I have seen him myself as my clairvoyance is only intermittent.

The reason I have given you this personal thing is because it shows we can sometimes get valuable evidence at these table sittings. That incident to me is pretty good evidence, for it entirely does away with the "subconscious" explanation. My own reason too had been totally against its, possibly being true, and the four other sitters knew nothing whatever about my uncle. I do not think the incident trivial at all. We never had anything of a really trivial nature. Sometimes we thought a communication seemed so, but on our being patient, and further investigating the matter, we found it turned on to something very important.

As regards evidence, some of the very things people call trivial are most evidential to one's self; so I do not think it right to undervalue them because of how they appear to other people. Some people object to what they think trivial

"TRAVELLING IN THE ASTRAL."

(Letters to the Editor.)

119, Chatsworth Avenue, Aintree.

DEAR SIR,—I have just quickly perused in your March issue the article by Mrs. Osborne Leonard on "Travelling in the Astral," which should prove interesting to all students of psychic matters. May I ask Mrs. Leonard to please define what she means by the Astral Body. Assuming it is an ethereal counterpart of the physical body, I would ask if, when travelling in the astral body, she can say definitely, that in addition to seeing her physical body lying still, she also saw and felt her astral body? If so, has she observed her astral body casting a shadow, on a par with such experiences in the physical? Is it not possible that the astral body is but a mental state, brought about by our long association with the physical body? Having questioned more than one psychic upon this matter, I shall be favoured to have the opinion of Mrs. Leonard, or any other of your readers. With every good wish for the success of your "live monthly," I remain, Yours sincerely,

ROBERT A. OWEN.

MRS. OSBORNE LEONARD'S REPLY.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to Mr. Owen's inquiry as to whether I think the Astral Body may be merely a mental state, or if it has shape or form, I should like to reply that, judging from my own small experience, it certainly has definite shape, and it appeared to me, as I looked at my own hands, arms, clothing, etc., to be opaque. On the occasion I spoke of in your March issue, I did not notice—or do not remember having done so—whether I inhabited a body of any kind, while I was out of the physical one. Perhaps that was because I was concentrating upon noticing anything—apart from and outside myself—which might prove to be evidential afterwards. However, on another occasion when I travelled in the astral, I found myself in a temple of enormous size. Where it was, in a geographical sense, I have no idea, but it was a very real and solid place to me! To my surprise, I saw that my astral body was clothed in a flowing robe of white, and I felt, rather than saw, that my feet were encased in flat, heeless shoes of some kind, probably sandals. I say *felt*, because I did not trouble to look down at my feet, but I was conscious that my robes were long and covering them, as I had to walk in a kind of shuffling way in order to avoid tripping. It did not occur to me to hold up my robes from my feet. I remember thinking with some amusement that my physical body was then lying on my bed, clad in a black cloth skirt and blouse of very prosaic make! Where the astral robes came from, or how they got on to me, I cannot say, but they were *apparently* of the same kind of texture as material we use on the earth-plane. My gown seemed to be made of mercerised cotton, or a similar stuff. I cannot remember seeing my physical

things related in reference to the spirit-world, and say there must be more wonderful and beautiful things to speak about. But I think our spirit-people often mention some trivial thing to show us how really alike things are over there to what they are on the earth-plane; also perhaps because the grander and more wonderful things of the spirit-world have not yet come within their purview, and even if they have it would be almost impossible to describe them by our exceedingly limited methods of communication. Then it must be very difficult to describe the next world to us, in terms that we can understand. I know that most beautiful and wonderful things have been given through my own mediumship as to the other world, but the extraordinary thing is that the majority of people don't seem to want that. They clamour for evidence, and when they get it they carp at it, and criticise it as "so very trivial!" These would be the very people who would reject really wonderful revelations, and say they were wholly imaginary, unverifiable, and uneventual! There are many Nicodemuses now and always. If they are told what others know to be true about spirit-life they won't believe; they say they are disappointed, they expected something different. And if they were told of higher things, beyond the scope of their limited earth-plane experience and imagination, they would believe less still.

and astral bodies at one and the same time, but if ever I have such an experience again I will endeavour to do so. It is many months since my last astral journey, and I'm beginning to fear that I may not be allowed to go again. Perhaps the Powers that Be, think "enough is as good as a feast." I *hope* they don't!—Yours sincerely,

GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD.

A lady correspondent adds the following postscript to a letter:—Some time ago, when I was resting one evening, I saw myself lying on the couch and also myself in the same form but lighter, more a transparent body, *above* the form on the couch. I watched this for a little with great interest, and made a note of it at the time. I wondered whether, if anyone psychic had been in the room, he could have seen the "me," who saw these other two? I was not asleep or dreaming, as I was alone in the house and listening for a ring at the door bell, expecting a caller. I was reminded of this by an article in the *March Gazette*, and it just occurred to me to tell you about it. It seemed curious; but I have never tried to cultivate any psychic powers.

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A HYMN OF LIBERTY.

Dedicated by permission to Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.

Tune—"Eternal Father."

Eternal Father, may The Right,
Triumphant, conquer Evil's might;
Give all who at this moment fight
In Freedom's cause full strength and light;
May we the dawn of that day see
When Truth shall know True Liberty.

Eternal Father, guide my way,
That I may do Thy Will alway;
May Angels from the Heavenly Land
Help me for evermore to stand
Firm in Thy faith and knowledge sure—
Thus may I serve Thee evermore.

Eternal Father, by whose hand
A radiant host in white shall stand,
To breathe o'er all a Lasting Peace,
When hatreds die, and wars shall cease.
May Thy great love encircle all,
And Abba Father be our call.

J. LEWIS WALLIS.

A Young Officer's Report from the Beyond.

The following is the sixth letter in the series of "New Tales of a Grandfather," transmitted from Across the Vale to a soldier grandson, now back from France, by the hand of his mother. The others appeared in our previous five issues.

MY DEAR BOY COLIN,—

I have brought a boy with me this morning who wants to give his story to your mother himself. I will merely be the interpreter on this occasion. This boy has never known before that he could convey messages from the other side, and is full of enthusiasm about it. This story, he says, he hopes his own people will read and recognise, for he has been trying to make himself seen and heard to them, but has failed. His full name and address he cannot give yet, for a name and address are not "a thought," so cannot be conveyed correctly to the brain of a purely inspirational medium. Automatic or mechanical writing is required for that, and it is very difficult to develop. This little explanation has had to be made to our young friend, who thought that he might get through anything quite easily. However, apart from that, his whole story runs evenly on in a flow of connected thoughts, and there will be no difficulty in getting it through just as he gives it. Here, he begins—

This is a queer experience indeed, not only my coming back and giving my experiences, but "dying," as they call it, and all connected with this new life. At least it is to me, who never thought of it before. I am a bit "wandered" yet, but am rapidly adjusting myself to the new conditions. And, my word, this world and life do take the biscuit! Think of it, you fellows, who are always fagged, or hungry, or have colds, or chilblains, or a hundred other things, or all of them. Here we hardly know that we have bodies. They are so perfect in every way that they give us no trouble at all. We can go any distance in a few moments by just wishing to do so. We do not even need to trouble to speak unless we like, but just flash our thoughts from one to the other, in kind of wireless messages, and no "swatting" to get up the code either. It just seems to come to one's understanding. Flimsy and cloudlike beings, you say. No fear! We are as solid to ourselves as you are in your bodies of flesh and blood. We look the same as we did, only 'prettier.' We feel quite solid to the touch, and have sensations somewhat similar to what we had before, without any of the inconveniences attendant on the physical body. We have beautiful houses and cities, and as for the country scenery—I can't describe its loveliness!

I am so taken up with this new life that I have almost forgotten that I came to give you my experiences. Jove! it is funny for a fellow who never wrote a word in his life to begin in this way and write his autobiography after his "death." Death! it is nothing—just a going to sleep. But to my tale. It begins to look hazy already, for although I can come at will to visit you people you are not nearly so clear and distinct as you used to be; but the world I live in, although all around you, and unseen by you, is the real one. There I go again. I am no good at telling "my life." Well, I will perhaps keep to the point this time.

I was just a kid at school when the war broke out, and was a member of the school Cadet Corps. Being half-trained to stand-at-ease, form-fours, and obey orders I applied for and got my

commission in a famous Highland Regiment. Then, after a very short proper training, we were sent to France. (I would not like to be the German rulers when they come to this side. No flowers and beautiful cities for them, but a life of darkness, and war, and hell, for the time it will take them to work off all the sorrow and misery they have caused, and that won't be done in a day.) Well, we were sent straight into "hell," and told that was our bit to hold and to keep. And we kept it, and took a little bit more of the fire and brimstone land from the Hun too. One night we were told to make an attack, and take over a bit more. We did not want it, for our own portion was bad enough. We did not know where the enemy could retire to if we took over the whole of the lower regions from him! But orders had to be obeyed, so we made our preparations, steadied our nerves with our tot of rum, and went over. And what a fight that was! I don't know what happened, beyond hearing myself shouting to my boys to "come on." They came. The enemy did not fight clean, and that sent us mad. But in the end we drove him out—all of him that was left to drive. Then we looked round for ourselves. That sight I want to forget. There were few of us left, and all wounded and bleeding. I could hardly stand from loss of blood, but where it was coming from I did not know. We patched each other up as well as we could, and then waited for the counter-attack. It came, but so did our reserves and it was beaten off.

Meanwhile, I felt I was "done," and just wanted to sleep, so crept into a corner—and slept. When I wakened it was to find myself being carried bodily away. At first, I thought it was the ambulance fellows, and wondered how they managed to go so smoothly over rough ground, but the sensation was pleasant, and as I felt tired, I did not trouble to open my eyes. Then I was laid down, and all was still around me. Curiosity overcame my languor, and I looked up to find myself lying on a comfortable couch, in a restful pretty room, and a number of people standing round looking at me, with such expression on their faces as made me feel shy, for I just caught the words here and there, "Little Hero," "Brave Lad," and other things like that. "Am I in Blighty already?" I asked. "No, son, in a far finer place; but sleep, and when you awaken we shall tell you all about it." So I slept soundly, and when I next came to consciousness I sat up quite refreshed.

This is a sudden recovery, I thought. I will go back to the line now. "No; not yet, at least," said a voice at my side, and turning round I beheld such a dear old lady beside me. She said, "You know me quite well by sight." "Yes," I replied, "at least the portrait of my old grandmother, whom I never saw in life, is exactly like you." "I am your grandmother, but I am not really old now. I just made myself look so, so that you would recognise me. This is my appearance now." And she changed in some mysterious way into a beautiful woman, who might not be more than thirty. "Well," I said, "this beats 'Alice in Wonderland.' Am I dreaming?" "No," she said, "you are awake, never to need sleep again. You have died for your country in the battlefields of France." "What nonsense," I was rude enough to say, "I am very much alive." "Then come with me and I will prove it to you" she said.

So off we went, but we had not gone many steps from her home (where I had been taken) till several chaps came along who had been killed before me. They congratulated me on my promotion, and volunteered to show me round "this ripping place," as they called it. We all went together, Grandmother too, but as she has since become like a very dear sister to me, and is really young and pretty, I absolutely refuse to call her grandmother! The beauties of this place are indescribable, and so are the delights of meeting many nice friends. You do not wait here for introductions, but speak to anyone whose face you like, and so many delightful chums are made.

After a while I went back to earth to my own people, and found them all dressed in black, and with such sad hearts that it hurt me. I did all I could to make them know that I was alive and well, but it was no use, and I became very depressed and sad. I returned home and told my sister-grandmother, and she said she had a friend who could get messages through to the earth-people by the hand of his daughter, still there. So we went to him, and he said I could give my story myself. So here I am. It is queer, but fine.

There are, I am told, many mediums, but they are often scoffed at by people who do not know. I would have done it myself before I came here. But I do wish some of my own people would sit for it and get some writing. I would love to

come and talk to them in that way. Perhaps if any of them read this they will do it. Another thing is—I suppose my way of talking of the life beyond death may shock some good people, but I want to tell them that death does not change us in the very least, and I am the same boy that I was before I left hell in France. Only the chances for becoming good and clever are greater here, and the work is just that which you like best. I am told that some day, if we work for it, we can become angels ourselves. Well, we seem nearer to that here than on earth, but are still a long way off it yet.

I think that is all just now, and I feel ever so much more satisfied since I have been allowed to give my "experiences." Do you think that with practice I could write interesting letters home, if one of my people would become my secretary and give me the opportunity?

Grandfather again speaks—This letter, as you will see, is dictated entirely by the boy himself, and I would ask all who may read it, and who have lost friends, to lay aside only half an hour each day to develop writing mediumship; for the joy it would bring to themselves, and to those they have "lost" would more than repay them for the trouble. The two worlds are close together, and the separation between them was never meant to be so complete as the age of materialism has made it. God is Love, and never intended His children to be sundered from those they love either in life or death.

The Principles of Spiritualism.

By W. H. EVANS.

No. 1.—THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS implies a greater consciousness, from which it has evolved. All the contradictions of life—its endless misery, its continual repetitions, its carnage and strife, and all the discordant things which make one apt to feel that there is neither purpose nor aim in the universe—all point to one significant fact: it is that these things are seen because our consciousness is resting upon a larger consciousness, is in contact with it, and is intuitively aware of it. Were it not so, man could not perceive what he calls the many discrepancies of life. He could not reason upon them, neither could he see himself as a part of the whole; but he sunk in that whole as "the beasts that perish."

Every religion at its root has a belief in God. However varied may be its conceptions, this belief is the central fact of religion. It overshadows all else. Whatever intellectual difficulties there may be against an acceptance of this belief, the religious mind is often unaware of them. As a belief it demands, more than ought else, faith. And yet, intelligently perceived, it is a faith that springs from intuitive knowledge—the innate consciousness of a superior, of "One who is mightier than I." This faith forms the vast background of religious and mystical experience. It is not always understood, is frequently scoffed at, but nevertheless it is aware of the one abiding Reality, whose manifestation is unceasing change.

That we should find this universal belief in God as the first item in any statement of Spiritualistic principles is significant of much. But to the Spiritualist it is more than a mere belief, it is a fundamental principle—the very underlying power of all life, without which being itself is not possible. The mind can at present only dimly

grasp the vast profundity of the idea; and when the critical intellect endeavours to reduce it to some formula, then it is that the trouble arises.

This is natural. Paul was right when he spoke of the natural man and the spiritual man. That is the outer man and the inner man, symbolised by the names Adam (earth) and Christ (spirit). It is the former who finds it difficult to accept wholeheartedly any belief in God, because its view is unitary, but not unified; that is it is partial and not whole; seeing one aspect only, the diverse outer manifestations of life. Hence until the outer man is brought into unity with the inner man, there is not that consciousness of at-one-ment so essential to a spiritual understanding of the knowledge of God.

Let me for a moment dwell on that phrase "spiritual understanding." This does not mean an entirely different thing from "natural understanding," which is understanding from the matter point of view. It means the whole understanding of man, the understanding of outer as well as inner things. Where the matter point of view is held, there we have understanding of outer things, worldly wisdom in more than one sense; a knowledge of phenomena. But spiritual understanding is one that grasps the causes of these diverse phenomena, unifies them, and perceives the source of all to be in God. This is something even more than faith, according to the usual acceptance of that much misunderstood word. Our ideas of faith are often confounded with credulity, and consequently little is really understood of what the word implies. "The substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen" by mortal eyes, must be apparent to our spiritual understanding, which grasps that substance, and holds that evidence. Hence our spiritual understanding is greater than

faith, because it is the source of faith ; and that is why faith in God is native to the soul.

It has been left to our grossly materialistic civilisation to question the existence of God. The Materialist to-day points to the appalling crisis through which we are passing as one of the evidences of the purposelessness of life. Our boasted power, our mighty civilisation, of which we have been so proud, is crumbling about us. Our ideals are being trailed in the dust, and to the world that is filled with suffering and sorrow there seems to be no voice which has the power to say "Peace, be still." The Materialist does not rejoice in this ; neither does he regard it as the only evidence of the non-existence of God. He will tell us that the struggles of men are matched even in our gardens, where life preys upon life. He does not regard this with pleasure. Life for him becomes unutterably sad. Its joy is gone, and there is nought but tears and sorrow. But in the midst of all this he finds himself before that inscrutable something which he speaks of as the unknowable. What that is, he says, no one can tell. And he urges that any attempt at formulating a conception of the unknowable is futile. If he does not worship he has at least a private shrine in his heart reared to "The Unknown God."

But if we get down to the bedrock of his argument we shall find that he is at war with certain conceptions. He argues, logically enough, that you cannot localise the Infinite. He has to admit the unknowable, but he does not admit that it is conscious, though evolution compels him to recognise that the emergence of the known carries with it the emergence of consciousness. But is there an unknowable? I think not. There is the unknown, but there is no unknowable. Because our limited intellect fails under present conditions to grasp more of the unknown than is no warrant for saying it is unknowable. All the mystics who have ever dwelt on the earth are unanimous in saying that we *can* know God, and the greatest mystic of all told us that this knowledge is "life eternal." Therefore we have the two sets of thinkers : those who declare for an unknowable, that is, a mystery-God, removed from the sphere of our consciousness entirely ; and those who declare for a God who, though infinite, has yet a "consciousness of personality," and can be regarded in a filial sense as "Our Father."

And here we see that even the basis of Materialism is a supersensible one. It lies as much in the realm of spirit as does Spiritualism. Where then lies its error? In the emphasis it lays upon the purely material view of life. It has done good and effective work in helping to free the human mind from many dishonouring conceptions of God. It has done much to restore balance to our view, but in so doing it has swung to the other extreme ; hence the conflict between those who accept the Spiritualistic interpretation of life, and those who espouse the Materialistic.

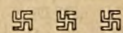
The truth lies in the golden mean. There is no need to deny the outer facts of life in order to be a Spiritualist. Nay the practical Spiritualist revels in those facts, whether they be objective or subjective. His desire is to see life whole. And if he places his standard upon what he rightly considers to be the basic fact of the universe, the existence of God, he has at least endeavoured to place it upon an imperishable Reality, instead of on the shifting sands of Matter. He conceives that all phenomenal existence flows from out the bosom of the Infinite. In this view he regards

God, in a close and personal sense, as Father. He comes into line with the practical mysticism of all ages, and thus the sweep of his intellect is not limited to the arc of material existence, but goes inward to those hidden realms of life which dwell in the inmost Being of God.

God is the integrating principle of the universe—the Power which binds all into a cosmic unity, whose outer manifestation is the law of gravity, and whose inner is the law of righteousness. He is the guiding principle of human destiny, His the hand which has rocked the cradles of civilisation. In the universe He is Law, in man He is Wisdom and Love. And amid the "clash of elements, or the crush of worlds" He is the immutable One, whose outward manifestation is change. Wherever we turn, whether to diatom or star, there we see the manifestation of the Great Law, which is God.

Upon this our consciousness can rest, and so resting feel that warmth which is Love, and receive that light which is Wisdom. Secure in this confidence we can await with calmness all changes, realising that God is over all. When the spirit reaches this divine innermost it has a rest and calm beyond all sorrows. The clash of civilisations cannot destroy it. It belongs to those infinite depths far "beyond these voices," the infinite depths of the human spirit, the greater world of spiritual understanding.

Spiritualism, which as a Movement is sweeping through the world, can rest assured of its ultimate triumph. It has the invincible powers of the universe upon its side. The grosser Materialism which negatives all that is most holy is doomed. The world is awakening ; a new birth is taking place ; for the peoples of the world are discovering their spiritual unity. The race consciousness is rising to higher levels, and will realise this fundamental principle of our philosophy. With it will come a deepening of our religious life, and over all will breathe that spirit of righteousness proclaiming, "Behold I make all things new."



THE WISHING-WELL.

Oh, ye little fairy folk in your cloaks of green,
Oh, ye little merry folks dancing round your Queen,
I, a weary mortal maid,
Seek your glam'rous faery glade,
That I may, with elfin aid, comfort glean.

Oh, ye little fairy folk, see the flowers I bring.
See their petals gently float in the mystic spring.
Three times three my wish I make,
As the bubbles rise and break,
Let, I pray, my troubles swiftly take their wing.

Oh, ye little fairy folk, none but you shall hear
What I wish the while I sip of the waters clear ;
While the rising bubbles flow
From the silvern depths below,
None shall hear—I'll whisper low in your ear.

Oh, ye little fairy folk, weave a subtle charm,
Here amongst thy solitudes, safe from war's alarms ;
Close and closer weave your spell
In the haunted fairy dell,
Keep the one I love so well from all harm.

Oh, ye little fairy folk, with your cloaks of green,
Oh, ye little merry folk in the moonlight sheen ;
Dancing, dancing thro' the dell,
Hiding by the wishing-well,

Weaving of your fairy spell round your Queen.

JEAN COWAN PATERSON.

Fossilpark, Glasgow.

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The Haunted Gallery of Hampton Court.

Interviews with the Unhappy Queen.

THE re-opening to the public of the Haunted Gallery at Hampton Court is an event of special interest to psychic students. About the year 1750, when the Court quitted the Palace, never to return, owing to a rooted dislike King George the Third took to the place, the doors of its Haunted Gallery were closed, and they have remained closed ever since, excepting to a few favoured visitors, on rare occasions. For 150 years no British sovereign set foot in it until King Edward the Seventh visited it in February, 1901, after his accession to the throne. Its re-opening now recalls the story of Queen Catherine Howard, which is one of the most poignant pages in English history. Catherine was, as every child knows, one of the six successive wives of England's most married monarch, King Henry the Eighth. He was said to have been more genuinely fond of her than of any of the others. They were married about August 1st, 1540, and fifteen months later, on All Saints Day, about November 1st, 1541, Henry and Catherine knelt side by side in the "Holiday Closet" (as the Chapel was called), and after they had heard mass and taken the Sacrament together, Henry returned thanks to Almighty God "for the good life he led and trusted to lead with his wife." Next day, when the king was kneeling at the same spot alone, Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, slipped into his royal hands, then folded in prayer, a paper containing alleged condemnatory evidence of some flaw in Queen Catherine's maiden record! It was a dastardly thing to do. Caesar can do as he pleases, but his wife must be above suspicion! Next day, King Henry, "with an outburst of passionate tears," informed the members of his Council Chamber what he had learnt, and he forthwith ordered the Queen to remain in her apartment until the evidence of her guilt had been sifted.

"During the terrible hours of suspense which she passed in her room the wretched Catherine made two frantic attempts to force herself into her husband's presence. Henry was at service in the Royal closet in the Chapel when at last Catherine managed to evade her guards and reach him. She ran shrieking to him, in order to make one last frantic effort for mercy and pardon; but the guards had followed her, and, seizing her, dragged her back to her room. The King, it is said, continued his devotions quite unmoved, while the screams of the poor desperate woman resounded from end to end of the palace."—(*Haunted Royalties*, by Katherine Cox; Rider & Son; page 86.)

Three months later, Queen Catherine was beheaded on Tower Hill.

"Since then, it is said, a spectral female form, dressed all in white—some say in dark grey or black—satin, with jewelled hood on her head, has been seen at night hurrying along the gallery to the Closet door, on reaching which she turns back, with disordered garments and a ghastly look of despair, uttering at the same time the most unearthly shrieks, till she vanishes through the door at the end of the gallery."

The story of these hauntings appears to be well authenticated. Mrs. Cox says, in the work already quoted, "On stormy nights, Catherine's

ghost is sometimes seen wandering up and down the corridor outside her room." Mr. Ernest Law, the historian of the Palace, states that Mrs. Cavendish Boyle, who lived in an apartment adjacent to the gallery, was one night suddenly awakened out of a profound sleep by a piercing and most unearthly shriek, proceeding from the gallery, which was followed by perfect stillness. Lady Eastlake, who often stayed with her, had been similarly disturbed in the night. Both ladies had given him written statements of the facts, with permission to publish their names.

It is now well-nigh four hundred years since Catherine was beheaded, and if during all that period her spirit has been earth-bound, and she has really been re-enacting the fearful tragedy of her life, as many witnesses have declared, what a poor unhappy Queen she must be! Mr. Ernest Law says in his new guide-book to the gallery—"May the invasion by the public of the unhappy Queen's long-secluded haunts not break the spell of her ghostly visitations!" But this heartless wish we feel certain Mr. Law must have written unthinkingly. The poor Queen has surely suffered quite long enough for any crime she may ever have committed, and it is now high time she were freed, by the prayers and affection of all who would wish her well, from the fetters which hold her to the Palace.

When the recent re-opening of the Haunted Gallery was announced, we suggested to Mr. J. J. Vango, a most sympathetic medium, ever ready to help any spirit in distress, whether in the body or out of the body, that we might go together to the gallery, and see whether we might not be able to get into touch with the sorrowful lady. He at once consented, and accordingly, on the first Saturday afternoon convenient for both of us, namely on April 20, we journeyed to Hampton Court, and walked through its magnificent tapestried halls, until we arrived at the gallery where Catherine in spirit is said to remain. It was a rather dreary day, and visitors were not numerous. We walked leisurely along, conversing on ordinary matters, until the medium stopped, opposite a window of the gallery, and the following interview began:—

MR. VANGO—"I feel she is here. There is a figure here that I take to be her, but there are others here also. She is of the average height, of fair complexion, and rather a pretty woman. She is standing just on my left, and evidently realises that I am looking at her. She seems quite friendly disposed towards me, but resents the chamber being opened to the public."

"Ask her Majesty why she remains here?"

MR. VANGO—"She conveys to me that the memory of the tragedy enacted here has always remained with her, and still does. She says—'I naturally as a woman resented being imprisoned for nothing, because it was for nothing. My life before I was the wife of Henry was clearly known to him, but I resented that being made known generally. That was merely an excuse to free himself from me, as he had got tired of me when the novelty was gone.'"

"But why should you have haunted the Palace for so long?" we asked.

"I have never been able to free myself from the awful events that happened here."

"Does the emotion of that time serve as a sort of chain to bind you here?"

"Yes; I want to leave it. I am tired of all the weary wandering."

"Cannot you get free?"

"No."

"Why?"

"The memories of that night hold me here. I have been asked many times by various Fathers to go away, but I cannot."

At this stage, one of the officials of the Palace walked up to us, evidently curious to know what we were about! He informed us that we could get all particulars of the Haunted Gallery in the

History of Hampton Court by Mr. Law! He pointed out to us quite courteously at what part of the Gallery the ghost of Queen Catherine was alleged to have been seen, and where probably the little room was situated where she had been imprisoned. He said he had never met anyone who had seen the ghost. As we walked away Mr. Vango said—"The Queen is following us," and we replied—"We shall continue the conversation at another time."

We spent the short interval before closing-time in visiting the Great Hall, where another official sold us a copy of the new hand-book by Mr. Ernest Law on "The Haunted Gallery." He said, with all the authority of an official attached to the Palace—"There are legends attached to all old places, and this is simply the legend attached to Hampton Court!" It was quite evident that he did not believe in any nonsense about ghosts! Then we saw the famous vine, which is over one hundred and fifty years old, walked through the gardens in the cold drizzling rain, and went home, arranging to meet next afternoon to resume, if possible, the conversation which had been interrupted.

On Sunday afternoon, April 21, we called on Mr. Vango and were shown into that drawing-room where the notorious Harold Ashton alleged in the *Daily Mail* he had seen "mechanical music" and "pictures of materialised spirits," which no other mortal man ever saw there, even with the aid of clairvoyant vision! After chatting quietly for half an hour, Mr. Vango permitted himself to go into the trance condition, and several persons who now live in spirit made temporary use of his body to converse with us; as follows:—

"SUNFLOWER" (Mr. Vango's control, or "daimon"):—"Good afternoon, Mr.—; I was with you yesterday!"
 "Indeed, Sunflower, and did you see anything?"
 "Yes; well, I saw you, and I saw The Queen. And I have seen her since; and not only I, but a number of our Band. You know there is with the medium what is called a Rescue Band? Well, they were mustered pretty strong yesterday. Thomas Mitchell, the head of the Band, was there in full force. He was a friend of the medium's in his young days. When he came on this side he started the Band. You know, none of the Spirit-people, or few of them, are ever idle here, especially in these days. They have all got something to do. It was our work yesterday to see what we could do for the unhappy Queen. I say unhappy because she is still unhappy. But you were interrupted, weren't you? We could not help it. We tried to keep that man away from you. He did not know what you were taking notes for! Well, now, we have got the Queen here. She promised yesterday she would come. I want to hear what she wants to say. She did say a certain amount to my medium yesterday, didn't she?"

After a short silence, the voice of another personality spoke, and we carried on the following conversation:—

"Why have you summoned me here?"
 "I do not think we have summoned you, but we should like very much to help you?"
 "How can you help such an unhappy woman as I am?"
 "By helping you to realise that you need not remain where you are; but that you can go on to higher planes."
 "I loved the Palace."
 "Do you love it still?"
 "No, it loves me; but the old associations there seem more than I can give up. I tried to convey to you yesterday why I was unhappy. An English woman is opposed to her name and character being exposed to the general public. I hate Henry!"
 "He is on your side now."
 "Yes, but there is still the bitter hate between us. He has sought me many times, but I hate him. He was cruel; he was to me as he was to others. I was just a passing fancy for a little while, until the novelty was gone; and that was why I was arrested. He was tired and I was jealous."
 "Jealous!"
 "Any wife would be jealous when she saw another woman taking her place. I remonstrated with Henry,

and the real truth of my arrest there lies. He too is unhappy. He seeks forgiveness, but up till now I have refused it."

"Would it not ease your mind to give it?"
 "Yes, it might, if he would promise never to see me again."

"Never to see you again?"
 "I don't want to see him again. I loved Henry, and I thought he loved me, but I was only the same to him as any other woman. His love was only for a little while. . . . You have been kind to me."

"Oh, no."
 "I know your intentions are good."
 "Yes, we should be glad to help you."
 "And the people who came with you have been kind to me."
 "You mean the Band?"
 "I don't know what you call them, but they have been kind."

"In what way?"
 "They have talked to me, and pleaded with me to lift my soul above the things that are past."
 "That is right; I feel sure that is right."
 "And they prayed Him to let the light shine into my soul so that my path would become bright, and this heavy burden that I carry be taken from me."

"May that soon come!"
 "I still confess to the Holy Mother, that the guilt was not mine, that the guilt lies at Henry's feet, and even more than that it lies on his head. He has a far heavier burden to carry than I, whom he made his wife."

"Then how is life for Henry?"
 "Ask me not; I cannot tell you about his life. My own has been enough for me to bear. A few months' happiness—I do not think I could even call it months—and then I became an unhappy woman. The awful dread of the axe haunted me. That awful dread! I knew the fate of those before me. I knew within my own heart it had to come."

"That must have been terrible."
 "It was to me a terrible time whilst I was in my body, but I did hope that when the axe fell on my neck all would be over. And yet it was not so! I was the same woman. I had the same feelings of hatred. I had the same bitterness, and this has been with me all along."

"And is that what has kept you chained to the Palace?"
 "I never felt that I could leave the Palace for long."
 "Can you explain how it is you have been seen at the Palace by ordinary physical people?"

"That is a question I can hardly answer."
 "But you have been there?"
 "You, to me, yesterday were two ordinary gentlemen visitors. I resented very much the opening of that Gallery to the public, till yesterday."

"I hope our coming may lead to some good."
 "When others have come, it appeared to me as if the warders were still after me! But when I came near to you two yesterday, there was something different; I could not understand what had befallen me! There were other friends who are not in the flesh as you two men; I could see them and talk with them. I could not talk to you, but I could talk with the man who is seated opposite to you now. Why am I talking to him now?"

"He is a medium, a channel of communication, through whom you can talk to me."

"All this is strange to me!"
 "The friends who were with you yesterday will teach you."

"They are friends. I used the word 'friends.' I felt they were friends. Many others have approached me at different times, but I have never felt towards them as I felt yesterday."

"Did you feel that they could help you, and that to know them would be good for you?"

"I knew their intentions were all right, but what they could do I did not know."

"Have they explained anything to you?"
 "They have explained much to me of the possibilities of my leaving the Palace and becoming happier, by living in their own state."

"A higher state?"
 "You speak of a higher state, but when I lived in my Palace I thought everything was as high as it could be."

"But yet all that was merely material; we speak of the spiritual state being higher."

"A spiritual state higher than my Palace I know not of."
 "That is something to learn; and to learn that will bring you joy."

"I shall be willing to be helped by these friends, if I see such a possibility."

"The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, and peace, and these are the things you would attain to, instead of being hopelessly tied to the material Palace."

"I was ambitious; I loved the Palace; and there was a time when I loved Henry."

"But joy will now come to you through spiritual riches."
 "Joy can never come to me through Henry."
 "Nor through the Palace, for that is of the things that perish."

"I confess my ignorance."

"But your teachers will help you."

"The friends who have been so kind to me up to the present, since I met them, have promised to do all in their power to take me from the Palace into a higher palace, where they tell me I can enjoy life and beauty, and where my present thoughts of Henry can be banished from my mind. To me that almost seems impossible."

"They can help to break the bonds that bind you, through your emotions, to the Palace."

"Now you have said something. That is what is necessary if I am ever to leave the Palace, which was so much to me. I loved it, for it was a beautiful heaven to me before my marriage to Henry. But I shall listen to the friends, and if they can take me as they say they can to another palace"—("In my Father's house are many mansions.")—"then perhaps I shall be a happier woman."

"You will be; I feel sure you will be. . . . Can you remember having come back to the Palace and seen people there?"

"Oh, yes."

"And can you remember their having seen you?"

"I know at times people have spoken of seeing me, and no doubt they have seen me. . . . But this seems to me a dream."

"Yes, it may seem so; but it is Reality, you know."

"I seem to fear. . . . The fear comes to me again. . . ."

"That awful day!"

"That is all past, long long ago."

"But it lives with me still."

"Never mind! You will rise above that, and your mind will become filled with something better—something different and higher."

"If that is so"—

("I am sure of it.")

"—then the Holy Mother's blessing will ever rest on the heads of you two men. I want to get away, but I cannot yet see the possibility."

"That will come; if you seek the light it will open up to you. That is one thing sure; it cannot fail."

The unhappy Queen Catherine, whose tone seemed already to have taken on a note of hopefulness, then shook hands with us through the medium and said—"The Holy Mother's blessing rest upon you both!"

"And may God be with you!" we replied.

The medium, still sitting sunk in a deep trance, did not move for a few moments; then another personality spoke through him.

"I feel I want to shake hands with you," said the voice.

"Is that you, Sunflower?"

"I am not Sunflower; I am Thomas Mitchell. I want to thank you and our medium for having put us in touch with this work."

"We hope you will be very successful."

"I have for very many years been working to rescue the perishing, and to help to lift them higher, and to higher realms. We have every hope with God's help—for we can do nothing without that—to help the Queen to rise up from her unhappy Palace and condition into higher and brighter realms, where the peace that passeth all understanding will reign in her soul for the rest of eternity. Good afternoon!"

"Good afternoon, dear friend! You will tell us later how you succeed?"

"With your permission, I shall be pleased to have another talk with you."

SUNFLOWER, the ever happy and cheerful "control," now looked in for a moment, and said—"Well, now I have come back again! What you want to do is to help the lady. I think she is in very good hands. They are bright and lofty spirits, and they won't lose touch with her, now they have begun. You got a little cold yesterday, being out in the wet, but don't count that as anything, for you have done a great deal of good. Mr. Mitchell has done a very fine work in rescuing people who needed it on our side. Good day! God bless you!"

"God bless you, Sunflower."

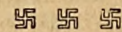
After a little while the medium awoke from his trance. He sat in a dazed condition for a few

minutes, and then he asked—"Well, how have you got on?"

"Very well," we replied; "we have had a long and interesting talk with the Queen; and a friend of yours, a Mr. Thomas Mitchell, has been here."

"Thomas Mitchell," he said, somewhat surprised; "it is many years since he last spoke through me. Twenty years ago, Mitchell and I belonged to the Tower Hamlets Mission, and we used to be engaged in slum-work together. He was a jolly nice fellow, though he was very orthodox and what you might call narrow-minded. He was a beautiful tenor singer, and a very earnest Christian worker. He was very much opposed to Spiritualism. He was not more than twenty-three or twenty-four years old when he passed away from consumption, and when he came back to me shortly afterwards at a séance he was full of regrets. He asked me what he could do to make amends for all his harshness to me on this subject before he left the body, and I said to him we had both been members of a rescue band on this side, there was plenty of work to be done in a similar way on that side, and why not start a rescue band? He did so, and he has told me of his work from time to time. His band has grown very strong, and I believe it has released many imprisoned spirits, people who were tied to wealth, or places, or material things generally. There are plenty of people who go on to the other side who do not know they can progress until someone is kind enough to enlighten them."

J. L.



How the World Conflict Appears from Above.

THE following message has been received by a lady residing at Muswell Hill, London, from her father, in spirit-life, by means of a planchette. It came to her a few days after the beginning of the great battle in the middle of April, and she says, "it seems too beautiful a message to keep entirely to ourselves:"—

All of the past few days I have been in that wonderful spot where the Powers of all earth and heaven are ranged, and I am permitted to tell you some of the real scene. Millions of us on this side were commanded to be there. Where what you regarded as horror began, we saw, from this side, simply huge, stupendous, mighty movement. None of us even here have seen so much force in movement at one time. The appearance I cannot describe; you could not conceive it. Here we can see the thoughts of man arise, regardless of friend or foe. Can you imagine then what that sight was to us? It was like a great cloud of every colour. The purple of hate, the blue of love, the grey of despair, the green of hope, the scarlet of patriotism, the gold of home-love. It flew to heaven with a mighty rushing wind, and I suppose passed into the presence of God, and is still passing. Every man, in passing over, seemed to drop himself in some abyss, and rise again in another form. The sight was almost more than even we could stand. You know well the appearance of your searchlight? In that manner, the Christ of God sped to suffering human beings, and the thoughts of all were revealed to Him. I saw His face three times. Can you believe, His love and pity had caused great tears?—not tears as human eyes shed, but as stars of the morning, that showed the way home to lost souls needing pity. O! Jesus, Jesus, if you only knew Him, as we do—still touched with human sorrow! Once a man, He knows all the weakness of man for ever. Believe me, dear ones, the right is now forming for the upward way, and will rise like a great beacon-light, following the blood of sacrifice, on its upward journey to the throne of God. Great surprises await the whole earth; the nations are as the small dust in the balance, though pearls of priceless worth to their Maker, their God, their Father.

The Occultism of the Gospel Story.

(Continued from page 160.)

MISS CHARLOTTE E. WOODS, continuing her most instructive lecture on this subject, said the mystic need not be also an occultist. He was wise on much higher and more spiritual lines. His inner spirit was so developed that it had found its identity with the divine spirit, and the result of that wonderful unity of consciousness showed itself in character, rather than in the possession of occult power.

The occultist need not be more spiritual than an ordinary scientist or physicist. The occultist and mystic might be independent of each other, but one who was known as a Master was a combination of both and used his powers for selfless purposes. A distinction had to be drawn between an Adept and a Master. A black magician was sometimes called a black Master, but Miss Woods preferred to use the word Master in relation only to such an one as The Christ, who knew all the laws of manifestation from the physical up to the highest planes, who was Master of life and death, and who had the whole range of manifested existence under His hand. Here was a Master, and such an one, having all power, being entrusted with all power, must be perfectly selfless.

The black Adept, on the other hand, could not penetrate into the spiritual realms, and laws that appertained to the world of spirit were therefore inoperative for him, by the very fact of his working for self and not on spiritual lines. Everything else up to that high level would probably be open to him, and he could perform ordinary astral plane phenomena on the same lines as a Master could perform them, but the Master had knowledge of the spiritual and all other planes, interior and exterior. The Adept was limited to the external laws governing regions up to the higher mental plane, and had no knowledge of the inner mystical union with God, which was the great glory of those persons who had chosen to tread the mystic path.

Proceeding to an examination of the wonder-works of Jesus recorded in the Gospels, Miss Woods said that persons who had been able to do similar wonders—for they were being duplicated even to-day—claimed to be in touch with certain powers and forces of the higher planes, and if one could understand some present-day wonders he might then be on the track of the methods by which the Gospel miracles were performed.

A critic of the Biblical records might say that perhaps much that was attributed to the personality of Jesus by the ancient writers was imaginary, but the general conclusion to be drawn from the four Gospels was that Jesus Christ was a terrific force in the world—not only spiritual, but psychic also. He was a great centre of occult powers and energy, and wherever He went He performed works which showed His power. Happenings followed in His wake which did not occur with any ordinary person. That much might be claimed without over-credulity.

The miracles, taking them as written, might be divided into three classes, namely those in which Jesus showed His power, (1) over disease, (2) over demons or evil spirits, and (3) over the natural order. By far the largest class came under the heading of "healing." Persons who had studied modern healing could not help finding in the present day many reduplications of the kind of healings attributed to Jesus. By such study

much light was thrown on the Master's healing methods, which were then seen to be no longer miracles, entirely out of the natural order, or in which the uniformity of nature had been overcome. In modern healing cases they had been introduced to a higher uniformity—one above the uniformity of the physical world, but not out of conformity with the laws of the physical and astral planes when acting together.

If theological commentators took this line they would have a valuable weapon of defence against the Agnostic criticism levelled against the wonder-works of Jesus. If anyone maintained that miracles never took place, and it could be shown that by occult action they do take place even now, then the orthodox commentator was put in a strong position. Orthodoxy must in fact take shelter behind the occult explanation, if it would hold its ground.

Jesus was a healer *par excellence* and He employed three main methods. First, there was what their Christian Science friends would call the "absent treatment," as in the story of the centurion's servant, or the Syro-Phoenician woman's daughter. The centurion came and fell at the Master's feet, and implored Him to heal his servant. Jesus did not need to have contact with the case, as was necessary with the ordinary physician. He healed by the force of spiritual suggestion. Something went out from Him which acted upon the subconsciousness of the centurion's servant, who by reason of the stimulus thus given him really healed himself. The subconscious mind is responsible for keeping the organs in activity and so maintaining the health. The centurion's servant's subconscious control had probably become defective, and the tremendous stimulus given to it by Jesus' absent treatment simply restored it to proper working.

The modern hypnotist healed his patients by an appeal to the subconscious monitor which had somehow been taken off its guard, and therefore the illness. The subconscious censor or monitor kept watch over the bodily activities lest some foreign influence should come in and throw the organism out of balance. The subconscious part, when stimulated by an expert healer's knowledge, wisdom, and will-power, could operate powerfully on a diseased body, and heal it at once. Christian Science had given them many instances.

The possibility lay, of course, in the unity of the subconsciousness of the sufferer with the subconsciousness of him who healed. They were absolutely one, because in their own region time and space did not exist as on the conscious plane, and a strong current of will-power directed to the subconsciousness of a sick person was capable of healing him at once. Miss Woods said she had known many cases of such cures.

How much more feasible then was it to believe in that form of healing, when it was done by such an one as Jesus. How suggestive was the story of the Syro-Phoenician woman! A mixed method of healing was seen in her case. She partly healed her daughter by the power of her own faith, and in addition the subconscious activity of the mind of Jesus worked on the patient from a distance. "O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour."

The second class of healing was treatment by touch. In reading the records it was extremely interesting to notice how Jesus laid His hands on many cases brought to Him. The leper was touched—"I will, be thou clean!" Malchus's ear, when Peter drew the sword and struck it, was restored by Jesus' touching the place. In the case of the deaf-mute touch was employed, "and straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain. And He charged them that they should tell no man."

There was scarcely a miracle recorded that was not accompanied by that proviso, for Jesus wanted His work done privately. Dr. Hodgson, in his book on "Laws of Psychical Phenomena," suggests that the activities of Jesus were so directed to the subconscious mind that when the person healed resumed the daily affairs of life, and came in contact with the ordinary objective minds of the people around him, who discussed his healing along objective lines, it was quite possible that the work of the subjective nature might be broken down. Some of the miracles at Lourdes had shown that when the patient thought over what had happened, and discussed it with other people, allowing their doubts as to the cure's reality to enter his mind, the good work was broken down almost before it had been consummated, for the healing process needed some little time to lay hold. Thus Jesus was intensely wise in suggesting that these people who had been healed should go away quietly and not talk about it. But they would not be silent, therefore certain cases broke down. If they read the Gospels with this suggestion in mind they would have an explanation of the mandate—"Go and tell no man!" Also, of course, when these miracles got noised abroad, the crowds besetting Him became so great that He had to go into a desert place.

Jesus' third great method of healing was "suggestion." A great deal of power came from His own wonderful spiritual force or magnetism, because every atom of His body was vibrating at a much higher rate than ordinary persons' bodies, and His magnetic aura would therefore be enormously powerful. The reason why He disliked a crowd was because of its interference with His magnetic aura. He could not keep that intact if surrounded by a multifarious number of people all clamouring and wanting something for themselves. He would then get into a ship and push out on to the water to escape from the crowd, and thus keep His aura pure and uncontaminated.

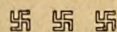
People intuitively knew the healing influence of His aura. The woman with the issue of blood said—"If I can but touch the hem of His garment I shall be whole!" That was something higher than superstition; it was true intuition. Jesus felt within His spirit that someone had purposely touched Him, and turning round asked—"Who touched me?" In the literal Greek it meant—"Who touched me through my garments? for I perceive that virtue has gone out of me." There were various ways of touching. This woman touched Him with the definite belief that her touch would be efficacious, and also with a deep sense of her need. The others pressing round did not draw in the same way upon His healing virtue.

The subjective element entered into nearly all the healing cases. Jesus drew it out in many people; He tried to make them heal themselves. By getting them into the right frame of mind for

healing, His work was very much easier, for then there was unity between patient and healer, unbroken vibrations between the two. The man with the withered hand expected Jesus to do something miraculous, but He simply said—"Stretch forth thy hand," and by the compelling force of His spiritual will the man was able himself to exercise a power which he thought was dead. Jesus simply re-awakened the power which the man thought was no longer within himself. The paralytic was likewise forced to do what he thought himself utterly incapable of performing. Then again faith entered very strongly into a number of healing cases. They were told that in a certain district where Jesus was known the people did not believe in Him, and He could do nothing in face of that cold and critical unbelief.

Miss Woods concluded her lecture by referring to the power of Jesus over demons, or evil spirits, and over the natural order. Many of the former cases were those of epileptics, and others were sensitives or mediums who were capable of attracting obsessing spirits of an objectionable kind. Jesus had a very considerable knowledge of such denizens of the other world, probably of the elemental order, and He was familiar with the very definite powers required to exorcise them. He was well versed in what was commonly called magic, and many of His wonderful works were probably performed by the exercise of these powers over the hidden elemental world. His obtaining the tribute-money from the mouth of a fish was an example of what Spiritualists would call an *apport*, and the bringing of an object from one place to another was largely a work of elemental agency, which Jesus would have power to control. When He walked upon the water His frightened disciples thought He was a spirit, since He was probably using His astral body, but He calmed their fears and guided them into smooth waters.

With a knowledge of such possibilities people could read the story of Jesus' miraculous acts in a very different sense from what they had done as children. A great deal of light had been thrown on all these wonders by psychical studies and experience. There might have been exaggerations built up around the original stories of Jesus' miracles, but even so the exaggerations were explicable, and the history of the early Christian Church showed that Jesus had handed on His powers to those who came after Him, and told them—"Greater things than these shall ye do." Occult powers were certainly used in the early Church, and such studies as Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science, and Mental Science were bringing people day by day a knowledge of the inner planes of nature, in greater and fuller measure. Christianity would stand on its spiritual basis even if all the miracles were wiped out of the Gospel story to-morrow, but that was now quite unnecessary in view of abundant modern evidence that the so-called miraculous in Christian history was nothing exceptional to these early times.



Louis Agassiz used to say that there were three stages in the evolution of an idea: (1) "It is all lies," (2) "It is the work of the devil," (3) "We knew all about it all along." As regards Spiritism, the majority of educated people in most countries are at present in stage one; Englishmen, generally speaking, in stage two; but Sir Oliver Lodge has, I think, arrived at stage three, which for a public man and the Principal of a University, is worthy of note.—*Admiral Osborne-Moore* in 1913.

Friendship : Its Advantages and Disadvantages.

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

"Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all men are agreed."—*Cicero*.

MAN is eminently a social being; his circumstances make him so; and when he deviates from the demands of his circumstances and adopts an unsocial attitude he places himself at a disadvantage. It is a grand ordering of Providence—since nearly all the affairs of life depend so much on mutual help and association—that man is endowed with a faculty of Friendship. It would be impossible to carry out advantageously all the multifarious obligatory duties, responsibilities, and other vast concerns of life, requiring the combined efforts of many minds and constitutions, without friendship.

Friendship recognises the co-operative principle and is the main quality which affiliates and binds individuals together, and disposes them to form into communities, associations, societies, sects, and to establish governments and laws for the regulation, benefit, and maintenance of these communities, sects, etc.; and by this combined association each one according to his abilities is capable of augmenting the happiness of his neighbour and himself. Were it not for Friendship man would wander about alone, destitute of all the advantages derived from human associations, and verbal expression. Freemasonry, Oddfellowship, and all like societies, partnership, neighbourhood, clanship, tribes, are produced of Friendship. It is this faculty that makes man a gregarious animal. Even various species of the brute creation instinctively seems to know the advantages of combined association, and so it congregates into herds, shoals, and bodies, as a means of mutual help, of self-protection, to combat or ward off enemies or to seek prey. For similar reasons, for higher purposes, and to obtain more numerous and greater mutual advantages, man needs to associate with his fellows. Without some such controlling power the strong would prey upon the weak, injustice would constantly be committed, and law and order, so beneficial to the welfare of society, would have a very slender foundation.

Friendship, in its desire to congregate, is, and has been, a great factor in civilising the world. The more people mix with each other the more friendly and humane they become—the more does knowledge spread, and the more chances have men of attaining human perfection, and of deriving a larger share of advantages from all that the world produces. Human progress would almost be nil, and the plentifulness of many things which add to human comfort and which make life more pleasurable and happy would be very limited, were it not for the friendly association of persons one with another.

Manifold are the advantages to be derived from friendly intercourse. It has helped on the progress of science, art, literature, religion; and has enhanced the commercial interests carried on internationally throughout the world; it has helped in dispersing prejudice and suspicion, and in perfecting many social systems. Friendship is a great factor in preserving peace, for while nations are on friendly terms there is no desire or need for war.

It must be acknowledged that associations do exist, advancing the interests of a few only, promoted by individuals for selfish motives, but if all persons recognised the bonds of common

brotherhood, and each sought in a friendly way the welfare of others while seeking his own, this would not be.

Man is so dependent upon his fellows, that little progress would be made, ignorance and suspicion would continue to reign, much happiness and many of the comforts and pleasures of life would never be realised, were it not for his friendly associations, and when this is clearly seen it becomes a plain duty for everyone to cultivate a good degree of friendship.

In business and other everyday associations friendship is a valuable asset. When not in excess, it enhances the success of everyone. A person displaying a warm-hearted, friendly, affable manner naturally meets with a much larger share of business patronage than would a grumpy, unsocial individual. Unless obliged to, who would go again to be served by a cold, indifferent, uninterested shopman? One can tell directly when a person wants to strike a bargain simply to gain a self-interested business advantage; it is so different from one desiring to associate himself with you in a business way from feelings of friendliness and mutual help. Business people who want to succeed cannot afford to be cold, distant, and unfriendly towards their customers.

"Friendship" is an innate faculty not confined to man alone; many animals possess it, the dog especially. Its phrenological organ is located in close proximity to the other social and domestic organs, at the back of the head, immediately above Conjugality, on either side of Inhabitiveness, and external to Philoprogenitiveness. It adjoins but is higher than Combativeness, and is behind and below Cautiousness and Approbativeness; all of which organs are capable of acting in connection with Friendship with peculiar interest and effect.

"Friendship," acting purely without much influence from other organs, gives a ready disposition to form associations, and love of company, without much regard to the choice of it. It gives warmth and vigour to the social nature, an ardent, sociable disposition, is easily allured, capable of considerable attachment, and of acting in a manner which wins the confidence, and favours the interests, of others. This faculty is often delightfully expressed in children who lay their heads together, and cling to and embrace each other. Persons in whom it is small are incapable of profound and lasting friendship. To live as a hermit or anchorite is to suppress its development. "Out of sight, out of mind," indicates weak and indifferent Friendship. Excessive Friendship produces extreme regret at the loss of friends, or their continued absence.

Though Friendship frequently acts largely with Benevolence, Approbativeness, and Agreeableness, producing a generous, obliging, affable, suave, adaptable nature, a person can be very benevolent without being at all friendly, and *vice versa*; but a person's Benevolence is doubly effective when manifested conjointly with large, active Friendship. A person with large Benevolence and Conscientiousness, when exercising generosity, gives simply as a matter of duty, or from the blind promptings of Benevolence, without regard to what or whom they bestow their sympathies or charity upon. Persons with large Friendship and small Benevolence may on the other hand

associate most intimately with friends and companions for years without actually offering or even thinking to do them favours, involving acts of benevolence. These are, however, peculiarly susceptible to others' influences, and are thus liable to allow themselves to become involved in their friends' concerns; though when this is so, should Acquisitiveness be large, they will require a full return, with interest, for any favours bestowed. They associate with others, simply for the sake of association; yet unless Benevolence is very small and Acquisitiveness very large, Friendship greatly prompts the other faculties to act favourably, considerately, and with unselfish interest toward companions and associates. Its best manifestations are when acting conjointly with Benevolence and Conscientiousness, when it gives a sense of justice and duty towards one's fellows, and a generous, sympathetic, unselfish interest in the welfare of friends and humanity. With a well-developed intellect it perceives the good accruing to self and others from the combined efforts of association.

Gall, who was the discoverer of this faculty and organ, says, "He who feels friendship lives for friends, and is happy only in their society; they are his greatest good; he is ever ready to do and sacrifice for them, and expects them to make sacrifices for him. Their happiness and sorrows are his, and his theirs, and he is incapable of feeling envious or malignant towards them. How happy is that family, who at table and in the social circle, reciprocate this sacred feeling—master, subordinates, and domestics, making the happiness of each other their chief business."

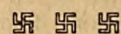
A good amount of friendship is very desirable and is of widespread advantage, though too much of it frequently proves to be a bane to its possessor, when not controlled by intelligence, judgment, and discretion. When small and requiring to be cultivated, one should associate freely with friends, company, and society; not shun his fellow-men, be less exclusive and distant; consider how very much each individual is under obligation to his fellows, and that he is in duty bound to show toward them respect and consideration and a helping hand when necessary. One never knows how soon he may be under another's obligation; even the veriest stranger may have it in his power some time or other to render one a great service. Thus friendship's ties should not be under-rated, nor should one lightly alienate a friend. Of all human belongings it is one of the most precious. The story of Ruth and Naomi is an illustration of this faculty in its highest manifestation. There must be an affinity and mutual attraction between persons where friendship really exists. One test of true friendship is silence, without wearying of one another's company. Maeterlinck on one occasion said—"We do not know each other yet; we have not dared to be silent together."

Friendship, when too large, is as much an evil as when too small, and especially when acting with very large Approbativeness, Amativeness, Self-esteem, Hope, Sublimity, and small Acquisitiveness. Persons of such a development are reckless and improvident; too easily led by flattery, the allurements and evils of fast company and society, and by gaudy and extravagant display. Excessive Friendship has brought disgrace and ruin upon many an otherwise good character. It causes its possessor to seek company simply for the sake of being in it, whereby their time is wasted, and they become a natural prey to the dishonest, tricky, unscrupu-

lous, and vicious, who may take advantage of and land them into all sorts of obligations ruinous to their pockets and their morals.

Persons in whom Friendship is too large, and especially young people, should be careful in making and choosing friends, and in forming the best associations possible. They should engage in some permanent, useful work which will occupy their leisure time and keep them out of company, and not allow themselves to be influenced so much by others; trust people less; be guarded against the world's allurements, and the persuasions and influences which seeming friends and unscrupulous and vicious persons are liable to exercise over them.

"Think of those twenty years of Napoleon, from 1790 to 1810; how he beat and buffeted the world about like a tennis ball; how he hated without loving, and destroyed without constructing; how he smote with breathless terror every nation of the earth, and yet could not fasten on him, with hooks enduring, a single friend who would outlive calamity."—*Anonymous.*



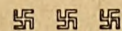
LIFE.

Life is a Great Adventure! whispers Youth—
A mystery-shrouded cavern, dim and vast,
Upon whose threshold wondering we stand,
Peering with eager eyes, our souls aghast
With wonder at the glamour of the scene,
The glinting promises that beckon on,
The shining paths that lead we know not where,
The palms and laurels waiting to be won;
Life is a Great Adventure! whispers Youth.

Life is a Conflict! sighs Maturity—
The constant climbing of a thorny way,
Marked where we passed by graves, wherein fond hopes,
Bright dreams, and barren promises decay;
Scenes where we struggled in Temptation's arms,
Crosses where love, sore wronged and wounded, bled;
Vales where grief's lightning flashes seared our souls,
And sorrow's tempest burst above our heads;
Life is a conflict! sighs Maturity.

Life is a Super-College! murmurs Age—
A school, where human souls are ably taught
The laws of life, the government of self,
The joy of good, the potency of thought;
Where wise Experience chastens us in love,
So kindly, we should stoop to kiss the rod,
Moulding us, till our classes passed, we stand
Robed in perfection's glory, one with God;
Life is a Super-College! murmurs Age.

BEATRICE CHILCOTT.



SEANCE SPYING.—Mr. G. Ward Price, telegraphing from Rome to the *Daily News*, says:—The secret pro-German organisation in Italy has achieved a masterpiece of cunning in its labours to undermine the moral of the nation. So-called "occultist circles" have been formed by enemy agents in the largest Italian towns, which influential people of the district are induced to join. The German agents who organise these reunions receive secret information of forthcoming enemy moves, and duly spell the news out by table-rapping in the guise of a spirit message. When events a few days later confirm the apparent prophecy confidence in the supposed occult agencies is naturally increased, and the German instruments use this to spread by the same means alarming reports about the weakness and defects of the Allies, the alleged faithlessness of Britain, and the inevitable triumph of Germany in the war. The recent bombardment of Naples by a Zeppelin was foretold in this way at a sham séance, where the bombing of a large Italian maritime town was prophesied by "inspired" agencies some days before it occurred.

Some Weird Phenomena in an Old Manor-House.

By GERDA CALMADY-HAMLIN.

THERE is an old house in Devonshire, the home of a rather well-known West-country novelist, which appears to be haunted by quite a variety of ghosts, neither having much connection (so far as one can see) with any of the others.

To start with, there is "A Lady in White," who "walks," generally upon a Friday, and often in broadest daylight. Then, weird and uncanny sounds are heard as of heartbroken bitterest sobbing—"keening." I suppose one would call it in the case of an Irish banshee, to which this ghost must be nearly related. They seem invariably to echo from a certain little-used bedroom, adown the west wing, as a warning note when any of the family are about to depart this life. Strangely enough this weird signal of coming disaster was heard, and proved only too correct as to its prediction, less than a year ago, when the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. N—, a fine young fellow of twenty, and whom everybody believed to be in perfect health and strength, met with a serious motor-accident out in Mauritius, and died from the effects. His family at home only learnt of the accident from a letter following the cable that announced his sudden death. Yet the strange uncanny sobbing, away in the western wing, had been noticed plainly, and by more than one member of the household, nearly three weeks before the tragedy itself took place. The mother of the ill-fated lad was one of those who heard it. "Heavens above us! I wonder who that summons is intended for," she murmured, as the unspeakably eerie and nerve-racking wails broke suddenly upon her in the silence of midnight. She hoped against hope that "this time" the horrible thing might fail in its dire promise. But the blow came definitely enough with the cable announcing her son's death, and she, poor soul, never really recovered that shock, and died a year later.

Mr. N. (the novelist), himself as strong-minded and non-nervous a person as anyone might meet—(intensely sarcastic too over other people's fancies and fads about ghosts!)—got quite a nasty shock one night, when sitting up in the great oak-panelled hall of the mansion, waiting for his young daughters to come back from a dance. He had settled himself very cosily with pipe and book, by the fireside, when, suddenly there stole across his senses a most uncomfortable and incomprehensible feeling that he was *not alone*! Some other personality—he could not tell what or from whence—was there, in the hall, beside him! This notion, annoying and ridiculous as it might seem, he simply could not get rid of, so he seized an electric torch, and made a thorough and consistent search, up and down and around about the great gloomy apartment, yet all to no avail. Nothing was to be seen, yet the feeling of eerie discomfort increased rather than lessened. "Hanged if I will stand this any more; it's cold and cheerless here; I'll go off and get to work in my own study," he muttered, as he gathered together his books and papers, and prepared to leave the great hall. Then, to his unspeakable horror, from just over his head—(it seemed to him to come from the well of the great staircase, though he felt almost too dazed to say definitely)—he heard peal after peal of the most horrible laughter—obscene, malicious, devilish,

beyond anything he could describe. Strong nerved as he professed to be, this was more than he could stand. He snatched up his candle, and simply fled down a long vista of passages, till he reached the library, where he locked himself securely within!

The White Lady, who walks on Fridays, would appear to be more or less identical with the principal apparition of M— House, and with the portrait of an ancestress, in all the glory of stiff brocade and pearls, that hangs in the front hall. She is a tall female figure, whose head is enveloped in a cloudy-white veil—quite a harmless and non-sinister sort of ghost, who likewise seems to have a special penchant for, and guardianship over, children. A friend of mine was once staying with her two little babies at M— House, and the younger child had an attack of croup in the night. His nurse, who was usually a very heavy sleeper, woke with a start, and a slight touch upon her shoulder, to see—(so she described the incident afterwards)—"a very tall woman, with both head and shoulders wrapt in a white veil, standing beside the baby-boy's cot, and pointing a finger towards him, as much as to say—Take care of the child; take care!" Nurse declared she felt far more surprised than frightened; she watched the figure stand like that for several moments, then it melted slowly away.

Mrs. N—, on hearing this strange story, related a somewhat similar experience of her own, that happened many years before, early in her married life. Her eldest child had been very ill after an attack of measles, so ill in fact that the doctor ordered medicine and nourishment to be taken every three hours. The little girl slept in her parents' room, and Mrs. N—, worn out by the fatigue of watching, dropped off into a doze, and would have slept over the proper hour for the medicine had it not been for a voice whispering in her ear. She, too, woke up—just as the old nurse did—to see a blue-robed female figure, with its head enveloped in a veil, standing by the baby's cot, and gazing down on its small unconscious occupant!

Poor White Lady! her story is a very sad and touching one. The chief reason why she haunts M— House lies apparently in the fact that she loved it dearly in her life-time, and once found herself on the verge of parting with the place under singularly trying circumstances. Her father's heiress, she had in later life been cursed with a most profligate and unsatisfactory eldest son, a thorough-paced scamp in fact, who drank, gambled, and rioted away his mother's goods. One day, when her patience was almost at an end, the unfortunate old lady received a letter from her son to say that unless she handed him within a given time a certain sum of money, preposterously large and shameful even for one of his demands, he would be cast into prison, and possibly hanged or transported for life, and thus the family name would be utterly besmirched for ever. There was apparently only one way in which "Madame"—as her portrait is generally called nowadays in the family—could raise such a sum, and that was by selling M— House, which was to her as the darling of her heart, the rest of her property being strictly entailed. She sat up all night long, grieving, praying, puzzling her poor old brains, yet could find no

other way out of her difficulty, and when morning dawned her servants found her dead—of a broken heart, it was said—up there in the big state-bedroom, from which she is now supposed to start out on her nightly peregrinations, tapping along in her high-heeled brocaded shoes, up and down the main stairway and passages.

Once, when the N—s were giving a dance for their young people, a man-guest who happened to leave the ball-room in search of a whisky-and-soda was astonished to see, seated in the hall, as he passed along, a tall elderly woman in a blue gown, embroidered with pearls—and under the shadow of her own portrait too (of all extraordinary things), picture and figures being as alike as two peas! "What a singular old dame! Must be a visitor here like myself, I suppose!" he muttered. But afterwards, on his describing the appearance of this "guest" to one of his young hostesses, the young lady laughed and told him—"Oh no; that's no real person! It's only our family-ghost, an old Madame M—, who died somewhere at the close of the 18th century. She loved this place, and likes to be about it, especially when anything is going on. Personally, we never take the faintest notice of her!"

One might have considered these three separate instances of psychic phenomena sufficed for one

country house, and that not a very large one. Yet Rosalie N—, the eldest daughter, a rather delicate girl, who is often left alone on the drawing-room sofa while the others go off to rout or party—tells me she has frequently heard, as she lies there in the twilight, the strangest sounds issue from the richly-carved and tapestried Queen Anne dining-parlour, on the other side of the great hall—clashing of swords and clinking of glasses, murmurs of voices, and peals of muffled laughter, for all the world as if there was some great festivity going on, and M— House dining-room overflowing with people! "Now and again, when I've been feeling extra brave," Rosie N— explained to me, "I've stolen on tiptoe across the hall and glanced, shivering with nervousness, round the edge of the door, to see what I could see. Only to find, of course, it was wholly and entirely empty; not even a mouse scuttling away to its nest behind the wainscoting, or an ivy-branch tapping on the oriel panes outside, to explain any of the weird noises I had heard! Our servants have heard precisely the same clashing, clinking, chattering, and laughter, as if a whole concourse of people were in the room they knew to be as empty as I found it. Can you explain these phenomena, for nobody at M— House can?"

Letters to the Editor.

ARE SPIRITS STATES OR ENTITIES?

Royal Societies Club.

April 11, 1918.

SIR,—On page 145 of your current issue you say—"What we are concerned with at the moment is the problem of future life of the human soul or spirit after death;" and I venture to submit that we might first consider the present life of our spirits. Let us each one get into touch with our soul or spirit before we die; not leave it till after we are dead. Could you kindly tell me of a medium who would help me in this matter? It is possible that we are mistaking *states* for *entities*, when we talk of spirits, just as we do when looking upon heat or motion as *things*, whereas they are merely *states*, as is Life itself.—Yours very sincerely,

AN EARNEST ENQUIRER.

DO AMOEBAE AND BACTERIA ALSO SURVIVE?

76 Hamilton Place,
Edinburgh.

April 9, 1918.

SIR,—I am searching for enlightenment on the subject which I now set before you. If, as claimed, man and certain of the higher animals survive on the Astral Plane, is there any valid reason why such forms of life as amoebae and bacteria should not also. They are unicellular organisms but are evidently alive and self-contained. Man is only, when all is said and done, a mass of specialised cells, each of which is similar to the forms of life mentioned. Now, many of these organisms cause disease, and if surviving in astral counterparts would most probably do so still. This would mean a weakening or diseased condition of the astral body, which would be rather a strange state of affairs.—I am, etc.,

CLIENS.

SPIRITUAL DYNAMICS.

4 Alfred Road,
Claughton, Birkenhead.

DEAR SIR,—The most absolutely convincing proof of spirit-return, and complete control of a human instrument, was given through the mediumship of Miss Barton, at the Hamilton Spiritualist Church, Birkenhead, on April 8, when a German officer, who at the commencement of the war held an office of high command in the cavalry, purported to speak through her lips. From what he told us, it would seem that he had French as well as German blood in his veins, for his sympathies were, and are, entirely with the Allied struggle against tyranny and military oppression. He seems to have connived at the

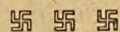
escape of some prisoners after Mons, and to have been shot in consequence.

He spoke at length, in a brilliant, masterful, electrifying torrent of words, uttered in rapid English, but with foreign intonation, sometimes almost incoherent through his intense earnestness and excitement. He dealt with our own failures and mistakes in the past, as a people, and with his own countrymen too, unsparingly. He showed how astrologically the ascending sun and beneficent planets rising now favour Victory for the right—not might—and said that overtures for peace may now be continually made, in wavering fashion, but that it will not be till September, as far as they on the Other Side of Life have the means of judging, that these overtures will be perfected and fully accepted—heralding the Dawn of a New Age.

"Your big guns and massed forces will not win this war," he declared, and then he proceeded in the most convincing manner to speak of the mighty, stupendous force of United Thought, its concentration on earth, air, and sea with the Invisible Forces, the spiritual hosts banded together against evil, cruelty, oppression and unrighteousness. Such a concentration of United Thought Power of the Seen and Unseen will, he said, form an invincible phalanx, a store-house, a spiritual dynamic, which shall paralyse the power of the enemy, and erect an impenetrable barrier against which he shall beat in vain until exhausted. He urged that all on the earth-plane should unite in the creation and steadfast maintenance of this stupendous, all-compelling, invincible Thought-dynamo.

Does it not behove us, one and all, to rouse ourselves to take part in this final struggle, this inner warfare? So only can we truly help to overcome the suffering and the misery of this great war. But to be effective it must be systematic, regular, unwavering, with a full realisation that Thought is indeed a creative force. Let us prove it! Let the men in the trenches know of the Unseen Hosts and Powers allied and arrayed on the side of Right, and let them take heart, and renewed courage, for "there be many more with us than are with them." "In the name of the Lord of hosts we go against this multitude." The Lord grant Victory unto the Right! The Lord send Peace to the tortured earth!—Yours faithfully,

R. G. ROBERTS,
President, Hamilton Spiritualist Church.



REMOVAL.—The Rooms of The London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., and the Offices of *Light* newspaper, have been removed from 110, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., to 6, Queen Square, Southampton Row, W.C.1, as per advertisement.

Letters to the Editor.

THE RESURRECTION BODY OF JESUS.

Froe, Portscatho, April 16, 1918.

DEAR SIR,—Replying to the Rev. C. L. Tweedale's letter—If Jesus' physical body did not rise from the grave His resurrection in no sense differs from innumerable others, and His claims to deity were unsubstantiated. As a firm believer in the phenomena of materialisation, from personal experience in various parts of the world, I still affirm that it was Christ's physical body that rose from the grave, and that psychic people are no more capable of understanding the accounts of His appearances after death than the rest of mankind. By His resurrection He transcended all laws, psychic as well as physical—"for He hath put *all* things under His feet." (1 Cor. xv. 27.) If He did not do so He was not equal with His Father, and, if this be the case, He was an impostor. Is Mr. Tweedale ready to agree with this? His sentences, "I should be sorry indeed to think that our salvation depended on the resurrection of Christ's mortal body of flesh. . . . It quite certainly depends on no such thing, but on our following the teaching He indicated," would point to such being the case, for he relegates Him to the position of teacher only, denying Him His divinity.

Later he states, "The grave-clothes were left behind because material and not needed." But if Jesus body did not rise, who performed this ghoul-like deed? The natural deduction one must draw is that he believes the body to have been stolen from the grave in spite of the precautions taken!

Mr. Tweedale would therefore shatter at one blow the foundation of the Christian religion, and make the unconverted Jew's belief the true one, that God's Son has not come into the world, and that they alone are His people, and we as Gentiles beyond the pale.—I am, dear Sir, Yours truly,

MARGARET MALET.

REPLY BY THE REV. C. L. TWEEDALE, VICAR OF WESTON.

If Margaret Malet has had personal experience of Materialisation, as she says, she has certainly not followed that experience to its logical conclusion. Christ's actual birth, death, and resurrection were absolutely those of a human being, and did not differ in their perfect humanity from those of innumerable others. This is the glory and power of Christianity. If it be conceded that they were unique, privileged, special, then Christ is *not* our Elder Brother, we are *not* like Him, and His resurrection at once becomes no proof whatsoever that we shall rise. This is so obvious as to be unanswerable. In what sense Christ was the Son of God He Himself tells us, in John x, 35-36. The resurrection of a God is not of the slightest interest to any man, woman, or child, on this planet, as they are not gods, but the resurrection of a MAN is of the deepest interest and significance. Margaret Malet may believe, if she wishes to do so, that Christ's body of flesh rose from the grave, but she must be reminded that there is not a particle of evidence for it. No one saw the Lord rise, and all the phenomena manifested by Him after His resurrection were phenomena identical in their nature with the materialisation phenomena witnessed by careful observers during the last fifty years. The only way in which Christ's resurrection differed from that of the average man was in the splendid manifestation given by Him, after the death of His material body, proving survival and "the life of the world to come." Margaret Malet may rest assured that I do *not* think that the body was "stolen." What became of it I simply do not know, neither does any other mortal. Can Margaret Malet say what became of the MATERIAL body of Elijah? It certainly was not seen on the Mount of Transfiguration, for Elijah vanished. What became of the material body of Moses? We read that "God buried him." Likewise, God may have buried the material body of the Christ. One thing is certain, that whatever became of the material body of Christ, it was not that material body which appeared unto the Apostles, for a material body of flesh cannot vanish into thin air, or pass through a closed door. Finally, it is a matter of perfect and absolute indifference, from a SPIRITUAL point of view, what became of the material body of Christ; the great fact of Easter morning being not the resurrection of Christ's flesh, but the glorious manifestation of His spiritual body.

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

Chelmsford, April 2, 1918.

DEAR SIR,—*Re* the interesting article on the Resurrection Body of Christ, would you please note for your readers' information that Dr. Goyder's pamphlet on "The Substance Intermediate between Spirit and Matter" can be obtained of New Church Press, 1 Bloomsbury Street, W.C. To all who understand a little about the Atmosphere Ether, and Aura, it throws light, more noticeably on how the body of the risen Saviour could go through closed doors, etc. Personally I feel inclined to believe in Marie

Corelli's "Electric Soul," and that probably the Saviour, being God manifest in the flesh, was the very Electric Soul of the Universe, in a flesh-and-blood covering. This would account for healing by a look or touch. It would also account—in a human degree—for the Astral Bioscope, and many modern occult wonders.—Yours etc.,

ERNEST JOSEPH FROST.

THE CASE FOR ANIMAL SURVIVAL.

Stanway Road, Coventry, April 14, 1918.

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the article by Mrs. Osborne Leonard in the *April Gazette*, and think a little experience of ours may interest your readers.

When my sister and I were in our "teens," we lost a favourite Persian tabby, and had good reason to believe that she had been destroyed. Now "Muffy," although phenomenally intelligent, was fastidious on account of her long fur. She did not care to be picked up, used unladylike language if our frocks touched her fur in passing, and for the same reason had a funny little way of springing over the door mat when entering any room from the hall. In spite of her standoffish ways we loved her well and mourned her deeply.

A few months later I had a white kitten, named Dandy given to me, which was "Muffy's" granddaughter. About that time we opened Spiritualist services in Coventry, and a new medium, now in the front rank of workers, Mrs. E. A. Cannock, came to spend a week-end with us. My kitten soon made friends with her. In the morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Cannock opened the door, and suddenly jumped back, exclaiming, "Oh pussy, you *did* startle me!" "Dandy is asleep in her basket, Mrs. Cannock," said I. "I don't mean the little white-nosed one," she replied; "it's the old one. She jumped over the mat, and passed by me." She then fully described the departed Muffy.

Mrs. Cannock had never heard of our previous favourite, who was not then in our thoughts, as we had really transferred our affection to the new pet. The vision of Muffy was therefore telepathically conveyed to our clairvoyant visitor.

Dandy has now been my constant companion for fourteen years, and has ever been sympathetic when illness or trouble has come our way. Although she is still youthful in her ways, we cannot expect to keep her much longer, but when her visible presence has gone we shall know quite well that her love still lives. I shall not allow another pet to take her place on my knee, and I shall use words of endearment to her, as I do now; for if it grieves our spirit-friends to see us and not be seen, how hurt must be our departed pets, who cannot understand the change, at our seeming indifference. Surely a cat, more faithful than many a mortal, deserves our continued affection and consideration, after she has "crossed the border."—I remain, Yours truly,

CLARICE O. TAYLOR.

A CALL TO ACTIVITY.

87, Greenfield St.,

Bargoed, S. Wales, April 10, 1918.

DEAR SIR,—Greetings for your strong efforts on behalf of Spiritualism and spiritual regeneration amongst men. Good will to all! I presume we can all do something to spread the joyful tidings we have received from time to time from those who have gone on just a little before us. We will all be in a short time what they are. In fact, encased in corporeal garb we are pushing slowly but surely on towards a spiritual state we little wot of. What that state will be entirely depends on ourselves. Knowledge or no knowledge, we are on the change continually, call it nature or evolution as we may.

For thirty-two years I have had a practical hard-headed knowledge of things spiritual. A door of knowledge was opened unto me, and getting through it I found what an abundance of light was revealed. Parsons and preachers galore knew not these things, and the lay multitude are little better. But Spiritualism is a truth not to be thrust aside with a frown. To know these things, and to simply believe, are two different things. The Bible tells us much, but does not speak modern enough. It tells of a certain Pentecostal upheaval, when the early Christians had sat singing and praising God for forty days. Now many would not give five minutes out of the twenty-four hours in a day, and should any spirit manifestation come of a sudden like that reported there would probably be a rush for the nearest exit. Such is the knowledge of spiritual gifts people get by reading about them. Times are too serious for trifling. The writing is on the wall. Let the world wake up. The light has come, and we are in the dawn of a new day. Man lives on after so-called death, and by the knowledge we have obtained we ought, of all people, to set our house and work in order. We have been too idle, too indolent. Let us all wake up.—Sincerely yours, WM. LEE.

The Significance of Numbers.—VIII.

By HINEMOA.

THE CHART OR NUMEROSCOPE.

3	6	9 - 18 - 9	Digit {	Mental, intellectual and spiritual plane
2	5	8 - 15 - 6	,,	{ Soul, heart and psychic plane.
1	4	7 - 12 - 3	,,	{ Material and physical plane.

MATERIAL PLANE.

THE man who has 1, 4, or 7 on his number chart will be very materially minded; that is, he will be taken up mainly with physical and material things. He has splendid qualities, however, in these numbers, to make a success of his business and finance, and to carve out a career for himself, in which his character and individuality will be felt and admired. These qualities are power, determination, and common-sense in weighing up the pros and cons of life. He will overcome the obstacles and hindrances out of his way. The No. 7 is a number of salvation on the material plane, and is the builder of character which endures; this foundation is firm and sure against the storms of life. Also the vibrations from the Sun on this plane lift up the person on to a higher realm, giving him more individuality, understanding of himself and his power to develop brightness, good health, power to endure to the end, an inner love to do his best not only for himself but his neighbour. Thus he squarely plays the game of life and reaps prosperity and self-respect. The total on the material plane is 12, which is ruled by the digit 3, which brings harmony and peace. The vibration is sapphire blue, and comes from the higher self, which is guiding ever onwards and upwards. This digit 3 has a vibration from Jupiter, which brings success and satisfaction. The No. 12 is a number of material suffering, which was esteemed perfect and holy by the ancients who named it "Grace and perfection." The 12th Path is the path of prophetic vision. The Hebrews named it Tamed, the holy vision. The occult symbols of this No. 12 are—The Hanged Man, Judas, Prometheus Bound, The Burnt Offering, The Victim. The Hanged Man is pictured as a young man, with arms bound, hanging to a beam by a rope attached to his right foot. His left leg is bent to cross his right in the form of a cross. The Empress, with the orb of the world (No. 3) begins to show how man may commence his lesson, and so achieve great gain. Sacrifice is the first essential, and 12 is the number of trouble, experience, danger, changes, depression, knowledge, wisdom, charity, and the spiritualisation of the material pathway of life. The highest knowledge can only be acquired by suffering in the world of matter.

SOUL AND PSYCHIC PLANE.

The person who possesses 2, 5, or 8 on their chart will be psychic, and possess especially soul qualities, but these must be developed to do good. This is woman's realm mainly, as her soul is more open to psychic things than man's, but if a man has these numbers in his life he would do well to develop as a medium, for he would be little good at business or on the material plane. The vibrations are psychic, and the heart's emotions are great, having much power for good or evil. From the duality of the 2 we get indigo

blue, from the 5 pink, and from the 8 cream and dark grey. The working out of the 8th path is the hardest, as it partakes of the subconscious self. This is the pruning knife on this plane, and the salvation of the overcomer. We have vibrations from the Moon, from Mercury and from Saturn. The total on this plane is 15, which is ruled by the digit 6, bringing love and attraction, heart emotions difficult to control, leading into by-paths of trouble. The vibration is from Venus, and from this plane come psychic visions, dreams, symbols, voices, music, and perfumes. No. 15 is a number of great occult significance, of magic and mystery, and the understanding of it leads one to spiritual heights. The 15th Path is mysterious and difficult. It is called the Path of Darkness, because it is unseen, on which one has to walk by faith. The occult symbols of the No. 15 are The Devil, The Goat of Mendes, and the Baphomet of the Templars. The Devil is standing on a cube, to which are chained two smaller devils. This No. 15 was in the Middle Ages associated with the weird and unholy Witches' Sabbath, and does not represent the good side of magic. It is a number of eloquence, troubles, marriage, fatality, and mystery. It represents the temptation of man, and is compared to the Dweller on the Threshold introduced into Lord Lytton's romance "Zanoni." At No. 6 (1+5) arises the man between virtue and vice. At No. 15, vice opens before him in hideous reality. If his soul is weak and easily led, he will be engulfed. The vibrations of No. 15 are from Venus. The Hebrews called this number Samek, the path of darkness.

MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL PLANE.

The man who possesses 3, 6, or 9 on his chart is rich in mental gifts, and his mind really dwells in higher regions, and by developing his mind qualities he can become a writer, poet, musician, or scientist, for these numbers contain fine material out of which to build a career. Here we have music to soothe and heal the nerves, the mental power to delve deeply into literature and science, the inspiration given to express one's own ideas and thoughts on paper, and the wonderful development of mind and character that takes place when the mind is uplifted and renewed on this plane of consciousness. The vibrations are very powerful from these numbers; being the sapphire blue, giving peace and harmony; yellow, giving clear vision and inspiration; purple, giving wisdom from experience, knowledge, and understanding. From this plane we get vibrations from Jupiter, Venus and Mars. The total on this plane is 18, which is ruled by the digit 9. No. 9 brings wisdom, experience and knowledge of the self, and has a vibration from Mars, which keeps the man fighting to be up, and not to fall away in the race of life. The 18th Path is the Path of the Senses. No. 18 is the number of the elements, reflected light, treachery, error, deception, bad judgment, troubles in love, and evil associations. The occult symbols are The Moon, The Twilight, The Falling Dew, and The Blood-stained Path. At No. 9 (1×8) the Hermit sets out to find the path of holiness, and at No. 18 he enters the twilight. The way is blood-stained, and there is treachery and deception around him, so he has to fight his way out. The vibration is martial. The Hebrews named this number Tzaddi, the twilight path.

BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

LOVE ETERNAL. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Cassell & Co. Price 6s. net.

A new novel by Sir H. Rider Haggard is something to be grateful for in these absorbing times. His romance is ever intensely natural, realistic, and thrilling, and in this latest example he carries us right away from the sorrows of warfare into a lively interest in the fascinating if chequered love story of two young people. These are Godfrey Knight, the son of a hard unspiritual clergyman, and Isobel Blake, the daughter of a man, prosperous, purse-proud, and coarse. The children have each their mother's graces of character, and are united by the tie of "love eternal," though they pass through many vicissitudes before they arrive at their short period of perfect union on earth. When abroad, Godfrey is unwittingly put under a spell by Madame Riennes, a hypnotist and black magician, from whom he is rescued by the Swiss pastor who teaches him French and astronomy. This part of the book perhaps over-emphasises the dangers of psychical pursuits by its picture of a scoundrelly exponent, but as the author gives us at the same time an exceedingly selfish and repulsive clergyman we ought not to complain! He simply means to warn us, not against instructive psychical studies, in which he is himself an expert, or against true religion, to which he is sympathetic, but against the false prophets who do exist in both categories. He quotes a school-girl's definition of faith as "the art of believing those things which we know to be untrue," and would rather guide us to a faith based upon knowledge of a more satisfactory kind.

THE INVISIBLE FOE. By Walter Hackett and Louise Jordan Miln. London: Jarrolds. Price 6s. net.

Everyone who saw Mr. Hackett's thrilling play at the Savoy Theatre, where Mr. H. B. Irving presented it with such mastery, will be glad to have a private rehearsal at their fireside through this vivid novel. It gives an affirmative answer to the question—"Can the Dead Speak to the Living?" and it is all the more convincing because Richard Bransby is represented as conveying information after his death, without the aid of any professional medium, to his daughter Helen, which led to the vindication of her lover's innocence. Her own inherent psychic sensitiveness sufficed to catch the message, and if the story has any moral beyond showing that Stephen Pryde's crimes found him out in spite of all his adroitness, it is that natural psychic gifts may prove in times of perplexity exceedingly useful, and all the more so if they are developed. The story is already too well-known to need recalling. It is most dramatically told by the writers, though it may possibly strike some readers that the atmosphere and characterisation are rather more American than English, though its locale is supposed to be somewhere on Thameside. Such phrases as "Bransby rarely hatted in silk," and "Caroline Leavitt housekept," are unusual hereabouts, and a London doctor would scarcely tell even his wealthiest patient, "You can afford to lose an odd million now and then!"

A beautiful coloured reproduction of a picture by B. Robertson illustrating Mr. John Oxenham's poem "To You who have Lost" has just been published. It is a similar picture to "The White Comrade" and may be procured from Mowbray's, Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, W.

GIFTS FOR THE GAZETTE.—During April we were exceedingly gratified to have three entirely unsolicited gifts of money from friends of this *Gazette* to help defray the expenses of war-time production. We had given no hint of any kind that the present increased costs were burdensome, but as our April accounts amounted to about £10 more than for the March number, owing to printers' higher wages and the ever-mounting price of paper, these tokens of sympathetic helpfulness were most welcome. Dr. Peebles led the way with a five dollar note, then a Devonshire lady sent us a cheque for £2 2s. for two copies monthly, the balance of £1 8s. to be devoted to help expenses; and about the same time a Lancashire lady sent us a cheque for £2 for the same purpose. These good lady friends wish to remain anonymous, and it has been resolved to record their kindness in the minutes of the International Psychic Gazette, Ltd. Fortunately for the *Gazette*, its affairs are presided over by an enthusiastic chairman, whose munificent generosity saves from all petty anxieties.

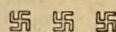
THE HUSK FUND.

When this benevolent fund became temporarily exhausted we knew quite well that all that needed to be done was to mention the fact to our readers and they would immediately replenish the coffers. And so they have! Here is the May Day List, which is something to be proud of and grateful for:—

	£	s.	d.
Reading Spiritual Mission ..	3	3	0
The South London Spiritualist Mission	2	12	0
Mrs. Emma James	2	0	0
R. W.	1	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Pemberton	1	0	0
Mr. Charles I. Wilson ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Mills Bray	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. F. W. Watson	0	10	0
T. Sowerby	0	10	0
M. S.	0	10	0
Nada	0	10	0
Mrs. Green	0	10	0
A Vicar	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith	0	6	0
E. and M. L. Copping ..	0	5	0
B. M. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. Tuck	0	5	0
Mrs. Davis	0	2	9
"Edzell"	0	2	0
Mrs. Grant	0	2	0
An Old Sitter	0	2	0

A goodly number of Mr. Husk's song "The Rift in the Veil" have also been purchased.

We understand that Mrs. Duffus has already sent her acknowledgment and thanks to each of the kind-hearted donors, and we must not omit to add our own. We called on Mr. Husk one evening and found him placid and cheerful, notwithstanding his great suffering. He said—"I shall be much obliged if you will convey my hearty thanks to the subscribers for their kindness and liberality in this my hour of affliction. It is a grand thing to feel, as I lie here, that the friends have an appreciation of my past labours, and as long as life lasts I shall always work as well as I can for the Cause. I address a few people here sometimes at the foot of my bed, when I receive a little deputation, and I have sometimes been to the battlefields and been instrumental with the spirits in giving solace to the dying and suffering soldiers. I thank God that even in this my hour of torture I am able to do so. Mrs. Duffus came to see me on Monday; she is kindness itself, and brought new light into this room, as well as all these beautiful flowers." Miss Simpson explained that Mr. Husk was referring to spirit-people standing at the foot of his bed. He sees them clairvoyantly and talks to them as to ordinary visitors. We hope to be able to publish an equally fine list of donations in our June number! They will be most gratefully received by Mrs. Etta Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts.



SPIRITUALIST MAY MEETINGS.—As will be seen from advertisements, the Union of London Spiritualists will hold their annual May meetings at South Place Institute, on Thursday, May 16; and the Woolwich and Plumstead Spiritualist Society will have a Mass Demonstration on Wednesday, May 22, when Mr. E. W. Oaten, President of the National Union of Spiritualists, will be the chief speaker. We trust there will be a good rally of members and friends of the Movement on both occasions.

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DEBILITY.—A typist writes: "I thought you would be pleased and interested to
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almost impossible duty."

ECZEMA.—A lady writes: "You will be pleased to hear that my face and neck
are all right now, thanks to your clever treatment."

INSOMNIA AND DEAFNESS. A lady writes:—"I sleep splendidly, and often fall
asleep before I have taken the breaths in bed. . . . I want specially to tell you
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DEPRESSION.—A lady writes: "It is the patience and kindness which you
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Seventeenth Annual Convention

AT SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE, FINSBURY, E.C. ON THURSDAY, MAY 16th, 1918.

MORNING at 11 o'clock a PAPER will be presented by Mr. E. W. OATEN, President of National Union of Spiritualists, on "The Future of Spiritualism," for discussion. Soloist—Miss Edith Bolton.

AFTERNOON at 3 o'clock. CLAIRVOYANCE by Mrs. Marriott and Mrs. Neville. Soloist—Miss Lillian Maskell.

EVENING at 6.30. MASS MEETING. Chairman—Mr. George Taylor Gwinn. Speakers—Mr. E. W. Oaten, Mrs. Jennie Walker, of Canada, Mr. A. T. Connor, Hon. Sec. of London Lyceum District Union. Soloist—Mr. Eric Godley. Organist—Mr. C. W. Turner. Accompanist—Miss Louie Ensor.

All Welcome. Collection to defray Expenses.

Mass Demonstration at Woolwich

Under the auspices of the Woolwich and Plumstead Spiritualist Society, a Mass Demonstration will be held in the Co-operative Institute, Parson's Hill, Woolwich, on Wednesday, May 22nd, 1918, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Chairman: The Rev. JOHN J. POOL, B.Sc., F.R.G.S.

Supported by Capt. WHITTAKER, Mr. & Mrs. W. R. MOORES, Sergt. A. G. NEWTON, Mr. J. LEWIS WALLIS, President, and the Officials of Woolwich and Plumstead Spiritualist Society, and other Ladies and Gentlemen.

The Meeting will be addressed by E. W. OATEN, Esq., President of the Spiritualists' National Union.

Subject: "How are the Dead Raised? and with what Body do they Return?"

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TICKETS, for Reserved portion, 1/3 and 8d., including tax. Collection in Unreserved portion. For Tickets apply, Mrs. J. M. Piggott, Hon. Sec., 7, Brookhill Road, Woolwich, S.E.18.

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