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NOVEMBER, 1918.

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# THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

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## Our Outlook Tower. TWO CURIOUS BOOKS.

"THAT OTHER WORLD."

"CURIOSITIES of Literature" did not go out of fashion with the days of Isaac D'Israeli, for they are still with us, exciting our wonder. Here, for example, is a book that has reached our table from the reputable house of Grant Richards. It is entitled "That Other World," by Stuart Cumberland, the thought-reader. Everyone remembers Mark Twain's account of his first gaze at the Atlantic Ocean—he was deeply disappointed, for its broad expanse seemed to him to be a mighty small affair from his seat on the beach! That was Mark's playful way of satirising egotism. By and by, however, there arrives a full-blown egotist at the shore of the other world, and after a glimpse at it through his monocle he snaps his fingers in all seriousness and says—"That!" Then he writes a half-guinea book to tell an uninstructed public that "That Other World," which deluded Spiritualists believe in, is simply a fiasco. His claim to speak with authority is based chiefly on his pretensions to skill in "thought-reading." He did not really "read thoughts" at all, but he "felt muscles"; and with a showman's impressive mysterious stagey style he found hidden things as he was guided to them by the muscular vibrations of those who hid them—quite a simple trick performed by children at Christmas parties. But Stuart did this wonderful thing *par excellence*; he advertised himself into fame, took his show all over Europe, made even crowned heads marvel, and then he did not sigh, like Alexander, but he snapped his fingers at any "other world" he had not conquered! This is how he began:—

"I set to work to find out not only how the so-called spirit phenomena were produced, but to reproduce them after the manner and under the conditions governing the mediums' productions."

And this was his ultimate result:—

"In a word, I have never yet in any land or with any medium or adept discovered any alleged occult manifestation that was not explicable upon a perfectly natural basis, and which in the majority of instances could not be humanly duplicated under precisely similar conditions. That, as the true believer would say, has been my misfortune. But there it is."

"I continued my investigations, with the hope that I might yet find just one grain of wheat amongst the chaff. That one grain, however, has ever eluded me."

Consequently when this expert finder of hidden things could not find a little grain of wheat in Spiritualism he of course arrived at the conclusion that it did not exist, and he was permitted to publish an authoritative dictum on the subject in the *Daily Mail*, as follows:—

"It is not only a shady business, but it is a mean and cruel one, and should be put an end to. If the foolish cannot or will not protect themselves, they must be protected against their own folly."

Again he says—

"Death is certain, and a life after death may be equally certain, but what so far is lacking is demonstrable proof thereof."

And that is the substance of this new literary curiosity. It is a fine example of the confidence of a vain and foolish man who cannot admit the possibility of any knowledge or wisdom beyond the limits of his own fantastic illusions. But in due time the reality of "that other world" will dawn upon him, and the vanity of all conceits and tricks and assurance will be revealed to him.

"EXPANDED THEOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE."\*

Then here is another book which strikes us as curious in another direction. As Mr. Cumberland knows too little, the author of this other work appears to know too much. Its title is "Expanded Theosophical Knowledge," and its author is Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society. Everyone would be delighted to have some reliable knowledge of life on the planets Mars and Mercury, and this little book pretends to give it. It says:—

"On the three physical [planets], including Mars behind us [on the earth], and Mercury in advance of us, the human family is now distributed—part of it already established on Mercury, part left behind on Mars. The explanation is simple. While the great majority swept forward to this earth, the laggard remnant, not yet qualified for re-incarnation here, remains on the planet Mars, a superior vanguard already getting forward to the planet in advance."

"Even amongst the Martians the evolutionary law which presses gradually on the multitude is slowly working. Some Egos—for already the Martians must be thought of as human—gradually establish claims on a better vehicle of consciousness than those around them, and then they become qualified for incarnation on this earth, and are brought over under the guidance of appropriate emissaries from the White Lodge in batches sometimes of fairly considerable number. I have heard of a recent case in which within the last year or two, a batch of about a hundred thousand Martian Egos were imported into this world, finding incarnation, some of them, in the aborigines, as they are called, of Australia, some in the lowest types of Central Africa, the best of them amongst the populations of Central Asia."

Now that may be taken as a fair example of Mr. Sinnett's "Expanded Theosophical Knowledge." It tells us something that we do not know through ordinary channels of knowledge, namely that the human family is distributed over three planets, the earth, Mars, and Mercury—the Martians being a laggard race, the Earthians a normal type, and the Mercurians a race "in advance of us." It is quite interesting, of course, to be told that Martian spirits come over here in batches, guided by emissaries from the White Lodge, wherever that may be, and to be informed that a hundred thousand Martians arrived recently in Australia, Africa, and Central Asia. But it is tantalising to find that Mr. Sinnett does not himself know these things. He has only "heard" of them! His "knowledge" is confessedly hearsay, and its "expansion" seems sadly incomplete! One wants to know, for example, how the various Martian "batches" comported themselves on arrival in this planet? whether they hovered like birds over the coming black babies and pounced into the fat and pretty ones in eager rivalry, or just quietly waited their turn in patient queues? One wonders, too, if the black mothers knew about the nasty cuckoo-trick being played upon them by White Lodge emissaries, how and when the coalescing of Martian souls and negro bodies is accomplished, and if this alleged sub-human laggard race brought any intelligible message from Mars. The head of the Theosophical Movement in this country should not leave those whom he would instruct in any doubt about such important particulars, for perhaps some way might be devised for protecting our poor backward races from invasion and obsession beings more backward than themselves. That is, if there be any other than a hallucinatory basis for Mr. Sinnett's curious revelations. J. L.

\* "Expanded Theosophical Knowledge." By A. P. Sinnett. Published by the Theosophical Book Shop, 42, George Street, Edinburgh. Price 8d.



## Prayer a Process of God Manifesting.

By THE REV. G. VALE OWEN, ORFORD VICARAGE, WARRINGTON.

(Letter to the Editor.)

DEAR SIR,—Your articles on God manifesting in man strike a chord in my make-up which vibrates sympathetically. There is another aspect of the matter, in addition to those specified by yourself, and which enters into the daily life of the people more or less intimately as the case may be.

I am an ardent believer in the power of Prayer which I regard, not alone as an aspiration, but also as a faculty; that is, as an instrument given us to be used in a definite and scientific manner, in consonance with those laws and regulations according to which are ordered the forces operative in the Universe of God. If my credit at the bank, by some weird freak of fortune, should at any time happen to be good, and I wrote a cheque on that bank, I should quite confidently expect it to be honoured. So with Prayer. The *rationality* of the process I regard somewhat after this fashion:—

The Life which God wills forth from Himself issues in a Stream of Power, which becomes differentiated into those Forces which are ambient about us and are manifest in human, animal, vegetable and mineral life. I myself am a Thought of God, Individualised and endowed with Personality. As a person I, as God is, am both conscious and free-willed. In prayer, I intercept this Life-stream, in continuous procession from God, consciously and wilfully. Passing through my personality it becomes, by means of my will, intensified and focused on an object, like the sun-rays passing through a magnifying glass, and the purpose in my mind is effected.

I do not draw on the power resident in someone else in this process. I draw on my own power resident in God, of Whom I am a part. Here the analogy of the bank breaks down inasmuch as when I wish to draw money out of the bank I first have to put it in. That is a disadvantage and rather mean on the bank's part. But experience has taught me that it is a fact. The bank is not initially the source of my wealth. God is.

So that, to my way of thinking, Prayer is one of those processes by which God manifests Himself through His microcosm man. In connection with this matter we have a definite statement: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

The same line of thought emerges in a later passage of the script which I received last winter and of which you have been publishing some earlier parts. I enclose it herewith:—

### A HYMN OF THE CHRIST CREATIVE.

When we were all assembled, the Angels who were His attendants lifted up their voices and led an anthem of praise, and we all joined them in their adoration. The motive of the theme was as I write it now:

BEING was, and from the heart of Being came forth God.

GOD thought, and from His Mind the Word became.

The WORD went far abroad, but with Him went God. For God was the Life of the Word, and through the Word God's Life passed onward into Form.

So MAN became in essence, and emerged from his first eternity a creature of the Heart and Mind of God. And the Word gave to him the heart of angels and the form of man.

Right worthy is the CHRIST MANIFEST, for He it is Who, through the Word, comes forth of God, and so declares God's purpose; and His life through Him is poured upon the family of angels and of men.

This is God Manifest, through the Word, by the Christ in angels and men. This is the Body of God.

When the Word spoke forth the will and purpose of God the outer space took on a semblance of matter, out of which matter was made; and it reflected back the rays of light which came from God, through the Word.

This is the Mantle of God, and of His Word, and of the Christ.

And planets danced to the music of the Word, for they were glad when they heard His Voice, because by His voice alone might they hear of their Creator's Love, Who speaks to them through His Word.

These are the Jewels which begem the Mantle of God.

So from Being came forth God, and from God came the Word, and of the Word was the Christ of God, ordained to Kingship of the Worlds for their salvation.

And in the eternities shall man follow Him, after the long journey in places strange, and some most desolate, homeward, Godward, in the evening of the day whose hours are eternities, and whose Noon is now.

This shall be the Kingdom of God, and of His Christ.

## The Restoration of the Holy Land.

By DORIS SEVERN

ON this Day of St. Michael we are invited to give public thanks for the restoration of the Holy Land, or its partial restoration. Thoughts throng into one's mind as the magnitude of the subject dawns upon one in all its splendour. What are the Crusaders saying about it to-day—they who gave lands, houses, and money to provide equipment, they who left dear wives and lovely children, and who in so many cases gave life itself, counting no sacrifice too great for the cause? Are they saying to each other as the news comes through—"Brother, at last, the cause for which you and I gave our earthly lives is won!" And the Children's Crusade, a historical fact of which Longfellow sings, that amazing yet glorious folly when 1,200 children of all ages set off on foot to do, as they thought, their own "little bit" in rescuing the Holy Land from the infidel hands! With only a young boy for their leader, they trooped off, many of them dying of want and exposure before reaching the sea-board, a small remnant only being left to embark on their disastrous quest. These have surely not forgotten their high adventure. They too are rejoicing with the

fathers and elder brothers who fell in battle for the great cause. They rejoice with us, for they and we, though separated by so many hundreds of years, are one body. Would that our dull earthly ears could catch some notes of the hymns of thanksgiving that are ringing through the pillared aisles of the churches on the Other Side! For there are replicas of our great cathedrals and churches, those "poems in stone," in that Other Country. The niches which held the figures of saints and angels have their occupants there; all the ancient beauty and ornament are intact. This was whispered to me once, when I was meditating in one of our great fanes, and sighing over the destruction which had been wrought when Puritanism thought it performed a sacred duty. Often and often when our friends have conversed with us we were told "you are coming with us to a great thanksgiving service to-night!" Sometimes we were conscious of our participation, but very often our physical brain had no memory of it. Crusader and Twentieth Century Christians are rejoicing together in this great event, which must have far-reaching consequences, at which we can only guess at present.



## Strange Experiences : The Note of the Organ.

By EDGAR L. WILSON, AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S ORIENT."

AN ancient mansion is always an interesting object, especially when in good repair, and Wade Hall, though long deserted by the family, and given over to the mercies of a long generation of caretakers, was noteworthy in many ways, for though it had fallen from its high estate it had suffered little from the hands of time. Indeed its untenanted condition had if anything preserved the spirit of the past. I was admirably situated to examine the house at my leisure, for my friend had not only obtained the permission of the owner to make sketches of the Hall, but also to reside under its roof. This additional and uncommon courtesy was due to an outbreak of typhoid in the village where our quarters otherwise would have been. To my mind its most attractive feature was the inner courtyard, for there the charming private chapel, that filled up one side of the quadrangle, was brought prominently into view. It, like the mansion, was framed of mellowed brick, and was of a late Gothic, rich in fancy. The interior of the chapel was unfortunately the only portion of the house from which we were debarred, but whether by the owners' orders or the caprice of the caretaker we could not tell. Sufficient for us the door was barred, and the key not forthcoming. No remonstrance or persuasion on our part was of the slightest avail, and this we took in very bad part.

I would often ponder on the question when passing through the court, for in other ways the caretaker was obliging enough. I don't think he welcomed our presence at the Hall, of which in a manner he seemed to regard himself the owner—(not unnaturally, when one came to think of it, for he had grown old, like his father before him, in the service of the family)—but he served our meals and kept our rooms in order; the cooking was done by his wife, who lived with him in the porter's lodge by the gateway, and whom we seldom saw. She, like her husband, seemed averse from company, for no villagers ever came to the Hall, and to no temptation to gossip did either ever succumb.

It seemed unnatural almost, when viewed in the light of ordinary circumstances, but perhaps not quite so unnatural when their peculiar environment was taken into consideration. I found myself that the tranquillising beauty of the place was productive not of words but of silence. My friend seemed to feel it also, and worked on with even more than his usual absorption. As time went on our irritation with regard to the chapel diminished, though I could not quite quell a desire to enter the little fane when I passed it by, a rare jewel of ecclesiastic beauty in a casket of beauties.

It was, however, the following incident that revived my wish in all its strength. I was passing across the cobbled courtyard, just at the hour when the May afterglow fades into dusk, when I paused, arrested by the soft strains of what sounded like an organ, and which came I could swear from the chapel. As I listened it seemed to pass away. I crossed over to the chapel door, but I could hear nothing more. As I stood there the caretaker came out of the Hall. He stopped when he saw me.

"Oh, Mr. Trim," I said, "is there anyone in the chapel?"

"In the chapel!" he echoed with a curious uneven inflexion.

"Yes, for I could have sworn that there was someone playing the organ. It was like a long indrawn Amen."

I caught his glance; it was astonished, and a trifle awed.

"There is naught there to play on! Naught!"

"So you do go in there yourself," I said.

"I go when I am bid, but I'm not bid by strangers," he answered, and took himself off.

I shrugged my shoulders; I felt in a measure I had brought that crushing rejoinder upon myself. But the matter of the music still troubled me, for if the chapel was empty—as was most natural after all these long years—my fancies must have been playing me a strange trick. Going up to bed that night a particular door in the panelling of the corridor that ran round the length of the house attracted my attention. It was locked and the key was missing, but this was no uncommon thing in a house where every room had at least two doors and as many cupboards, or rather roomy closets, but what interested me was the fact that beyond that wall the chapel undoubtedly lay. This must be a second entrance, as it was on the first storey, probably leading to some gallery or raised pew. I examined the door; it was locked, but the lock was very rusty, ancient, and of an easy device. With the help of a screwdriver I could easily remove it, and a screwdriver I had borrowed that very day to tighten a lattice. I said nothing to my friend, for I felt a little ashamed of my curiosity; besides, it was not so much to satisfy my interest in the building, as on that other matter that I desired elucidation. My efforts were soon rewarded, and the door opened with a rasping noise—from the dust and dirt that had filtered in, it must have stood closed for centuries—revealing a long passage in the thickness of the wall. Down this I proceeded, holding the candle above my head to lighten my steps, but at a sudden turn in the passage the candle blew out. I felt for matches, and then to my annoyance I remembered I had left them on the floor of the corridor as I knelt by the door. I was half doubtful to turn back or go on, when a sudden indrawn note of music sounded on my ears.

I stood paralysed, listening, not daring to move. Someone was playing the organ; someone was in the chapel at this very minute! Who could it be? Some member of the family, distraught, or unfortunate?—one heard of such cases, of people hidden away for some reason or another—some hideous malformation or disease, some mental malady. The questions passed through my brain as the music filtered in the air about me, filling it with melody. Whoever it was, they possessed full mastery of their instrument. Whoever it was! Suddenly in my absorption my candlestick slipped from my hand, it bumped as though down a step, and then FELL!

I listened to its fall with a curious contraction of my heart, for it seemed to have fallen a great distance. With its fall the music had as suddenly ceased. Absolute stillness reigned. And then, as though my eyes had grown accustomed to the murky atmosphere, I saw that I was standing at the head of a little flight of steps that led NOWHERE; I was looking down into the body of a dim structure, which was the chapel I felt sure. I went deadly sick. I clung to the wall trembling. I hardly remember how I regained my room.

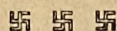


On the morrow I showed Trim the door, and told him my story.

And this is what he told me, speaking in brief expressive but not unsympathetic words.

In the time of the Civil Wars the head of the family espoused, like many in the county, the Parliamentary cause, but his lady clung to the creed of her youth. She had been trained in Whitehall, but being gentle by nature and of an obedient spirit she attempted to serve both her husband and King Charles. She might have succeeded, if her lord had not developed an extreme form of Calvinism, and forbade her to have recourse to her greatest pleasure—the little organ in the chapel gallery. Church music was an abomination to him, and he would have none of it at the Hall, either when he was in residence or away. He dismissed her little page, and set servants as severe as himself to watch over her and to see that she did not enter the chapel save to hear the sermons of the chaplain, who was a divine after his own heart. This harsh treatment, added to the death of the King, put her in a great fever, and while she was ill the master gave orders for the organ to be broken up, and the gallery destroyed, so that all temptation should be removed from her when God was pleased to lighten her sickness. But one night the poor lady, while her attendant slept, got up from her bed, and being in ignorance of what her husband had done—and maybe she would not have understood if she had been told, for the fever still held her—made her way to the chapel gallery—now no more. Later her attendant awakened, and finding her gone aroused the house. It was her husband who first thought of the chapel, and who found her dying on the chapel stones. And from that day it is recorded that at certain seasons of Christian rejoicing, like Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, music is heard to issue from the chapel. It bodes well for those who hear it, it is said, for they are from thenceforward removed from all grave perils. But the family, liking not the tradition of such things, departed from the Hall, and have never abode there since.

On the day before our departure Trim took me into the chapel by the other door, having mysteriously produced the key. The chapel was bare of all church furniture. He showed me the simple stone under which the lady's remains lay—her husband's, by his wish, were buried elsewhere. I looked up at a little archway, and saw a flight of steps that led to nowhere, and then down again to the unlettered stone. I heard in memory that breathed mysterious harmony; I felt that truly I stood on sacred ground. I knelt down and kissed the cold stone, for to me it meant much.



### ROSES! ROSES!

Flowers of love and flowers of beauty,  
Welcome to my heart to-day,  
Glorifying earth and duty  
With your atmosphere alway;  
Love's aroma soft, to steal  
From the realm of the Ideal.

Wondrous in your form and grace,  
Telling of God's Thought therein,  
Where each good gift has its place  
(Made misty by the blur of sin);  
Wondrous in your colour-flame—  
Tender, flashing, whence ye came.

Yea, within the beauty seen,  
Lessons clear we faintly trace,  
Lessons of our part, we glean  
In the kingdom of God's grace—  
To cultivate what He has given,  
Lest we miss the bliss of heaven.

Roses! roses! not for use  
On this lower plane, 'tis true,  
Bloom ye, but shall we refuse  
The higher gift out-shown by you?  
Nay, but we recognise your part,  
And take you doubly to our heart.

E. J.

## The Housing of Spiritualism.

By WILLIAM THOMAS, GORSEINON, WALES.

THERE is much talk at the present time about the lack of unity in the forces of Spiritualism, and it must be said the complaint is general. I cannot say with knowledge what other countries are like, but after going around the Societies of Wales, I have come to the conclusion that we could do better work, and make our propaganda more effective, if we all came more closely together. In most towns where the flame of Spiritualism has been set alight, there are two or three, and in one town four, Societies. Why should they not combine?

Oftentimes we are jeered at, and the finger of scorn pointed at the buildings we call our "Temples." In isolated cases we have houses really worthy of the cause, but what of the rest? Perhaps in Wales we have to battle with a greater amount of prejudice than in other places, not only from outsiders but sometimes even from those we look to as leaders and builders of our cause. Schools, outbuildings, offices, old stables or shops, and the long rooms of public-houses, have housed different Societies, and I cannot bring myself to believe these are ideal or healthy conditions under which to expound the gospel of Spiritualism.

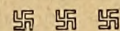
There are other reasons why we should plead for Unity. The first is most important, namely the wasteful distribution of workers. Where there are so many Societies in the same town or village, it must be obvious there is an undue drain upon the available list of platform workers. These sometimes occupy different platforms in the same town, but if we were united, and had one good church instead of all these stuffy holes and back-rooms, we should be able to co-operate and have our own respectable building. The number of able expounders of the principles of Spiritualism is not equal to all demands, and young mediums are often put up to fill in the open dates. This is neither fair to the mediums nor to the general public who come to the meetings.

In some towns and villages there are Churches with fewer members on their books than many Spiritualist Societies, yet they have buildings worthy of their cause. Surely we are not going to say that we have less courage or less business ability than these. What we need is unity of purpose, and co-operation in our ideal to possess everywhere a "Temple" worthy to house our beloved cause.

Some may ask if it will pay to strike out in this line? To those who think of gain in a monetary sense, I would say it may be like a millstone for a while, but if we look at the matter from the higher aspect of our teaching there will only be considerable gain. There would be saving in the labour of mediums, a bringing together of the different Societies and their resources, a better development of mediums, and a beneficial practice of the Fellowship of Individuals.

And what of those who are not members or followers of Spiritualism? It is well known that the first thing we do when we enter a building, be it church, house or theatre, is to look round and pass judgment upon it, its position, comfort, the disposition of its stewards and its suitability for the rest, assurance, and attraction of those who would attend. A Spiritualist Temple in every place would give proof of our strength, our knowledge that we are right, and give assurance to the world that we have come to stay.

Thus my plea is not destructive, but merely that before we can think of any definite plan of worthy construction we must understand, and express ourselves in, the magic word—UNITY!



AN AGED SPIRITUALIST.—Mrs. Betsey Walmsley, 89, Harrogate Street, Barrow-in-Furness, is a keen reader of this *Gazette*, and has sent us some interesting letters as to her experience of Spiritualism during forty-five years. Among her gifts was dream-visions of events happening at a distance, and these were usually confirmed by the newspapers of the next few days. She thus saw the whole tragedy of Lord Frederick Cavendish's assassination at Dublin while it was happening, and has seen persons being drowned at sea, her visions being subsequently confirmed. When her husband died her sense of loneliness was removed by hearing him speaking to her at four o'clock next morning, and when she went on her rounds for coal-orders her husband used to be constantly with her in spirit talking to her, and advising her where she would be successful. Mrs. Walmsley is now an invalid, having had a "stroke" four years ago, but she still reads the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, and wishes that the comfort she has found in Spiritualism could be shared by all mothers and wives who have lost their dear ones in the war.



## Notes on Mediumship.—Introductory.

By W. H. EVANS.

TO the Spiritualist, the question of mediumship is of perennial interest. So many aspects are displayed, so many problems are involved, and so much hinges upon this question, that too much attention cannot be given to it. Fortunately there are many minds at work upon it, and the patient work of scientific investigators will enrich our knowledge in this field of study.

At the present time there is quite an inrush of people anxious to glean some tidings of the life beyond this; and many who have received definite proof of the personal survival of their loved ones, are apt, in the first flush of enthusiasm, to accept almost any statement as a special revelation; while many others mix up their knowledge of psychic matters with their old ideas in a most incongruous manner.

In dealing with psychic subjects it is necessary to keep a level head, bring every statement delivered by mediums before the bar of reason, and never accept a statement simply because made by a medium under control or influence. The true "guide" never wishes to supplant the reason of the neophyte, but seeks instead to develop his mental power, inviting questions upon any statement he (the guide) may make.

Not only is the question of mediumship of intense interest, but nearly everyone who gains any knowledge of Spiritualism is desirous of becoming a medium. The possession and exercise of these powers are regarded by many as wonderful and uncanny. But all mental power is wonderful, only by familiarity we cease to regard it so, and accept it as a fact of everyday experience without regarding it as worthy of particular attention. Yet the whole of our civilisation is the outcome of the development and use of mental power. But mediumistic power, which deals with a realm that is finer than our ordinary objective existence, is regarded with curiosity, wonder, sometimes fear, and nearly always with an eager desire to unfold these latent abilities.

The reason is that we have only recently made the re-discovery of these powers. They have been under the ban of Church and State. The old witchcraft persecutions are a witness to that, and in those days mediumistic power was regarded by its possessors as a curse and not a blessing. That it was mixed up with all kinds of superstition is true, but that there was a basis of fact is also evident.

Now let us bear in mind that while mediumistic ability is certainly a wonderful possession, it is not more so than any other power of mind or soul. Let us view it in its true perspective, and look upon mediumship as a perfectly natural endowment, just as the ability to write, to paint, or to play the piano is natural. But just as these natural powers have to be developed, or educated, so have mediumistic powers to be educated. And, as there is a right and a wrong method of education, we have to find out which is the best method for educating the psychic faculties. I have used the word educate instead of develop, as it conveys more clearly what is needed. The powers have to be *drawn out*, and that is the meaning of education.

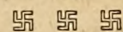
Moreover, it must be distinctly borne in mind that the education of psychic faculty is a two-fold process; that it depends to a great extent upon intelligent co-operation with the spirit-guide of the medium. Not only that, the would-be

aspirant to mediumistic honours must not fall into the error of supposing that the work is all going to be done by the guide. Many who begin to develop mediumship think they have nothing to do. They hold a wrong conception of what a medium is, imagining that a medium is just a pipe through which the spirit-people pour their messages. The analogy is imperfect. The medium is not a pipe in the sense they imagine. We know that in the case of a pipe the water must conform to its shape, and that any impurities in the pipe will be mixed with the water flowing through. So with the medium, only in a far greater degree, for he is a living pipe, if I may use the term, a pipe swarming with all kinds of mental habits and vagrant thoughts, any of which may become entangled with the message and cause all kinds of distortions. With the uneducated medium this is more likely to happen than with the educated. For education *trains the mind* as well as draws out its powers. Consequently it is easier for the spirit-people to work through a trained and efficient instrument than it is through one which is not.

Sometimes when I hear the twaddle which some mediums utter when under control, I want to march them off to school to get a clearer knowledge of the English language, and also to compel them to go in for a course of hard study in the philosophy they are supposed to be talking about. Let it be clearly understood at the very beginning that efficiency can only come as the result of hard work. *No spirit will do for a medium what he can well do for himself, but every spirit-guide worthy of the name will do his best to help his sensitive over the road of mediumistic development, and aid in the increase of mental capacity and power, so that his sensitive will not be "a one-address man."* For it is a fact that some sensitives will take a subject from the audience and just, mentally, walk round it, but never tackle it; and if you hear them a dozen times they have only the same address, but the title is different! This seems to me to be pure mental dishonesty, and bamboozling of the public.

Let the would-be medium keep clearly before him the necessity to keep abreast of the times, and recognise that mediumship in its highest sense means *spirit-co-operation*, and not domination. You cannot have intelligent co-operation without making yourself worthy of it. For all mediumship depends upon the law of fitness, or psychic and spiritual affinity. The ignorant medium cannot attract the intellectual spirit-guide for the simple reason that there is no mental affinity. "Inspiration is governed by the channel through which it flows," says "Imperator," a law which must be constantly kept in mind, in considering this question.

Having cleared the approach, we will next month start upon some of the deeper reaches of our subject, giving such advice as in our experience and study we have found helpful. And for a start we will deal with "The Mechanism of Mediumship."



The veil between God and His servant is neither earth nor heaven, nor the throne, nor the footstool. Thy selfhood and illusions are the veil, and when thou removest these, thou hast attained unto God.—*Abu Said*, Persian poet (A.D. 967-1049).



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### THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.

THE problem of moral Evil is not attractive, for instinctively we shun what is ugly and abnormal, seek what is sane and healthy, and avoid even the sight of sin and disease. But as students of human nature we should see life whole, and by penetrating its shadows perchance discover their cause and how to dispel them. The subject presents itself as a necessary sequence to what we have been suggesting as to man's chief end being to manifest God the Spirit, in all His divine personal qualities.

Good and evil are the great basic principles at the root of all human life. They have been in active conflict from the beginning until now when Evil at its mightiest has been threatening to overwhelm mankind, but is being successfully resisted by God's larger battalions, drawn together from all the ends of the earth, under the banner of His righteousness. The colossal struggle of Armageddon is drawing to a close; the forces of evil are fleeing, crying for mercy, and making for their appropriate destiny of outer darkness, beyond the pale of respectable peoples, where there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, for that is the inevitable goal of evil.

Is it possible to discover the root of evil? Can we find from what seed this malign upas has sprung up and poisoned the world? Is there any antidote for its virulence? Can it be uprooted? These are questions for practical politicians as well as for armchair philosophers.

The source of evil has generally been supposed to be the Devil—one who crawled into the Garden of Eden as a serpent and corrupted our first parents; a fallen angel—half-man, half-beast, with horns and a tail—who for forty days tempted Our Lord in the wilderness; a mysterious being who rages through the world like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour; or an omnipresent antagonistic Spirit co-equal, or almost co-equal, with God, and is ever disputing His supremacy. But the commonsense of mankind has discarded these superstitions, and the Devil is now not thought of as an actual person or a real spiritual being, any more than are the ancient gods of Olympus. He was merely an objective personal image conceived by primitive minds to express the principle of evil, as Venus embodied their idea of love, Mars warlike skill, Apollo art, and so on. Evil was pictured as the adversary and destroyer of mankind, and it was personified as the Devil, Satan, Apollyon, names from the Greek and Hebrew which stood for these characteristics. We inherited their tradition, but there have never been any other devils, either in this world or the next, apart from the devils we know—those in human form who are lost to goodness and obsessed by evil. There was never more than One Omnipresent Spirit in the Universe, and He is good. There was no room for any other all-pervading Spirit; in the very nature of things another was impossible.

How then can we account for the origin and existence of evil? It is only possible here to suggest a keyword to the answer which our readers may follow up and work out for themselves. We

suggest, first of all, that evil is and has never been anything else than a human product. However man came into being, whether by creation or as the last stage in a long evolutionary ascent, he had one distinguishing characteristic that raised him above everything else in the universe. He was a Person, with full and perfect freedom to will and to act according to his own direction. He was free to obey the laws of eternal Right, or he could if it so pleased him follow the opposite course. Had he been an automaton with no choice or power of self-direction he would have been no higher in the scale of being than the lower animals. He would have been incapable of either virtue or vice; good and evil would alike have remained outside his ken. But being constituted free he exercised his prerogative; and "by man's first disobedience" to the divine Will sin entered into the world. The good was God's law and direction, the evil was Man's own way. We need find no fault with the picturesque symbolical story in which the fall of man is described in the Hebrew scriptures, for it is essentially true. Man trespassed from the narrow path of Rightness, he asserted his Self, he put himself in opposition to the perfect law of Spirit, he thus introduced evil into his nature, and the estrangement between God and man began.

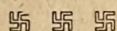
The initial trespass was repeated, for we know from experience how every act good or bad tends to repeat itself (it is like a new seed dropt into the nature to fructify), and repeated acts became habits (which are hard taskmasters), and the sum of a man's habits constitutes his character. This character or sum of habits is the Self he has made for himself with his freedom. But is he now free? Ask him, and he will answer—"My habits are too strong for me, for the good that I would I do not; and the evil which I would not that I do." By the exercise of his freedom in a wrong direction he has become a rebel to Righteousness and the victim of a tyranny that holds him remorselessly in its grip—the tyranny of his Self. We know just how the links in his fetters were forged. For as one act led to another, so one sin led to another. He was vain perhaps and saw someone with more goods, happiness, or esteem than he had; he became jealous; jealousy begat greed and covetousness; these led to craft, stealth, and evil-speaking; and then followed theft, malice, and other crimes, till at last out of his toils he wailed—"Woe's me, for the way of transgressors is hard!" As with individual men, so with nations, where Self has been given full sway. Evil has come down to them from past generations, has been made the mainspring of their national life, and its blind, unregulated, ruthless force has become irresistible, and lured them to their doom.

Is there then no escape? no way back to moral freedom? These are the questions with which man now concerns himself, and the answer has ever been the same—The corrupt stream of tendency he himself has created must be resisted, fought, and overcome. It must be put under. Man must die unto *himself*. This is the greatest of all human battles, for "greater is he who ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a city." Man's chief adversary is no external Devil but his internal Self. The keyword we offer for an understanding of the whole black category of evils is the one word "Self," or Selfism, or Selfishness. There lies the beginning, middle, and end of all evil. But when the Reign of Self has been challenged, fought, and overcome;



when man has learnt the high art of Unselfishness, and made his rule of life the eternal laws of Right and Goodness, he enters the Kingdom of Heaven here and now, a kingdom in which there is a perfect Freedom, without gall or penalties. The Law of Righteousness against which he has bruised himself, instead of being now a Rock of Offence to him, has become his Rock of Refuge in a fair haven, where the natural Nemesis of all his evil deeds can no longer scathe him. When the race has set itself to crucify Selfism, and to live sweetly and rightly each for all and all for each, habitually manifesting God who is Spirit, the Millennium will have come, for that is the process by which alone evil will be thrust out of the world, and man liberated from its thralldom.

J. L.



## FAME.

Would you seek glory? Men have sought  
This wisp, elusive as a thought;  
Have won, and found it dearly bought.

Whoever makes the quest must be  
Proof against the calumny  
Of jealousy and enmity.

Should you acquire renown at last,  
Beware! For evil words will blast  
The fairest name, the purest past.

He who attains to dizzy height  
Must keep his 'scutcheon polished bright,  
Lest he offend in someone's sight.

Beware! A wicked one draws near,  
And whispers poison in your ear,  
Seeking to damn a great career.

Sometimes, with cruel assassin's knife,  
The hand of dearest friend or wife  
Severs the silver cord of life.

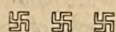
Let not the weed of Pride grow high  
(That chokes the heart and blinds the eye),  
But pluck it out, and let it die.

Stoop not to envy foe or friend  
His gifts and graces; rather bend  
To help him to the journey's end.

For mark how envious Satan fell—  
As at the breaking of a spell—  
From highest heaven to lowest hell.

The man who falls from power and fame  
Loses his all: his very name  
Gains an inheritance of shame.

G. EUSTACE OWEN.



SPIRIT MESSAGES AS TO CONTINUITY OF ANIMAL LIFE IN SPIRIT SPHERES.—Mr. W. T. Stead and the Rev. John Armitage (late Quaker minister of Hastings) both say they have not themselves come across animal life in spirit realms, but are told that there are portions of the spirit universe where such are located, and where strenuous lovers of such can sojourn amongst them or visit them at times, as inclination dictates. A third Spirit-person, whom I did not know, vouchsafed the information that the continuity of the life of an animal is dependent upon the ardent love of, or for, a human being; also that an animal's *heaven* consists in reunion with a beloved owner, for it worships the creature. May we deduce from the foregoing that the continuity of *human* life is dependent upon a similar force? The chiefest commandment, *viz.*, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and soul and strength," together with the second—love to the neighbour as to the self—must surely have a reasonable meaning, and is maybe a necessity for an eternity of existence. On the other hand, when this love power is non-existent the spirit body maybe disintegrates, which is after all a more reasonable hypothesis than "everlasting punishment in a hell of fire." It is said "The wicked shall be destroyed."—S. E. HAGGARD.

## MESSAGE FROM A SOLDIER WHO FELL IN SALONICA.

RECEIVED INSPIRATIONALLY BY TWO EDINBURGH LADIES.

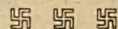
CAN you write now for one who longs to give a message to his mother, who is grieving too much for his loss? Let me ask you to send my message to the one who is dearest to me. My father is dead, or rather passed over from earth-life to this side some years ago, so my mother and I were all to each other. You need not be told what follows—only the same consequence as all our countrymen and women are enduring, daily, hourly; hearts broken, pain too deep for words! Draw over it all the curtain; for me it is past. I could not dwell upon it all. My mother lives in it still, and this keeps me here. I cannot leave her alone; she is so very sad and lonely, grieving for her son, thinking he is not.

Reader, you can guess the meaning of this, if you are also a mother, mourning. Let me beseech you to take comfort, for your son is alive. Oh, do not mar his happiness, his reward, for we may also be hindered in our higher work, kept back by your grief. We so long to help on the unfinished work that is ours still—only under no danger of fire or harm. All are labouring together with an object to help on. Love each other, and win *our* reward. But it is not of ourselves we think, but only to be worthy to labour for our beloved Master; that is reward.

Do you know what a comfort you on earth can be to each other, if you will only give a little more of your time to it. Yet it is often denied to us, for the work of earth has to be done. You have helped me now, and can help me more by helping others, just listening to them, for across the vale of mists we long to send our tale of love.

Dear ones, be comforted. Your time is fleeting; only a flash, and it is gone. Do not injure your future by needless grief. Look up to the Master, who longs for you. He says, "Cast all your care upon Me; did I not give My life for thee? hold My hand and I will carry your burden to the end of the journey. Your loved ones await you. Come to your Home in My Kingdom of Love."

I will not add more, as I see around me many as anxious as I am, to pass on his message to earth. Yes, we know when you sit; we see your light; we come and ask, implore, permission. You have so many loved ones around you. Let me thank you.



## THE SUPREME SOUL.

"Men say their pinnacles point to heaven. Why, so does every tree that buds, and every bird that rises as it sings."—Ruskin.

Sail on, O Soul, into God's boundless blue,  
And leave the darkling cloud;  
There's nothing earthly worth thine eager grip,  
No sparkling philter worth thy while to sip;  
E'en Death eschews his shroud.

For Love's pure life pulsates for evermore,  
Moulding the plastic clay;  
Spirit aglow pervadeth every thing,  
Blossoming shrub and joyous bird on wing  
Proclaim the eternal sway!

E. P. PRENTICE.



## The Greek Idea of the Soul.

THE Theosophical Society are giving a series of sixteen Sunday evening lectures on "The Soul of Man," at Mortimer Halls, 93, Mortimer Street, near Oxford Circus, at 6.30 p.m., which are full of instruction on ancient and modern teachings.

Mr. W. LOFTUS HARE, in his lecture on the Greek Idea of the Soul, said the ancient Greeks thought and talked and debated about man's soul for well-nigh 1,000 years. The early poets referred to the soul as the breath of life in animals as well as in men. Later it was regarded as the seat of the understanding, the mind, and also as the seat of the passions and emotions. Then Greek philosophers thought of it as part of the fundamental substance which lies at the base of the whole world.

Two ideas constantly occur and recur in Greek thought: (1) that the soul was substantive, and (2) that it was a quality that adhered to a substance. The first philosopher who occupied himself seriously and specifically with the subject was Pythagoras, who lived in the sixth century before Christ. He regarded the soul as a separate being whose life was derived from the life of the world, and he and his successors devoted much time to producing what was called the health and harmony of the soul, as well as of the body. The soul was a form of life that had to be attended to for its own sake. Socrates also thought of the soul as having a separate existence, but he was not so much speculative on the subject as desirous to know what the soul was in order that men might live the best kind of life.

Real scientific and philosophical speculation on the soul began in earnest with Plato. Some other philosophers had compared the soul with the harmony that was produced from a harp or a lyre: it was a sort of quality of the body rather than a separate substance. Plato, however, laid it down that the soul was not an attunement or harmony of the body, not a state at which man generally had arrived, but a substance that was different from the body inasmuch as it was an indestructible substance and a self-moving principle, and thus different from all other things that could only move when acted upon by some other force. This idea of self-moving gave the notion of the soul's eternity; its power of moving had no beginning or ending. The human soul was a child of the soul of the universe, which Plato sometimes called God, who was the mover of everything in the universe. Then he taught that it possessed free-will and reason, and was invisible. In one of his dialogues he referred to the appearance of ghosts and spectres that were seen in graveyards, but he thought these were the souls of men who had not entirely got rid of their bodies. That was to say, they had a very subtle body attached to the soul, but the soul itself was invisible. The soul was the ultimate director of human affairs, and on its passive side was sensitive to impressions and could be stirred to activity by rhetoric. It ruled the body as its instrument, and had existed prior to the body. It was not conceived of as perfect, but needed training to bring it to its highest level. Its three faculties were the reason, the moral feelings, and the sensuous desires, but when free from the body it had its own simple nature, its eternal form. It had pre-existed and practically knew everything, and while limited and imprisoned in a body was merely trying to remember what it had forgotten. He taught that the soul had many existences on earth.

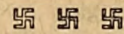
Aristotle regarded the soul as the perfect expression and realisation of the natural body. It was like an impression on wax which had no separate existence apart from the wax. He thought of the soul as a developing being, moving on to completion and perfection.

Pythagoras taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls or metempsychosis, and professed to remember his previous lives, claiming to have been a certain man referred to by Homer as being at the siege of Troy. Lucian, the Latin poet, made much fun of this, and said Homer could not possibly have known anything about it, for at the time of the Trojan wars, Pythagoras had been a camel in Persia! The soul's complete journey was reckoned to last 30,000 years.

Empedocles taught that men were sent down again into the world because of the evil they had done in some previous state, to suffer punishment and purification. Souls had the power to choose their next form of life on coming back, according to their experience and wisdom. Historical people, great men, kings, tyrants, soldiers, philosophers, priests, women and all sorts of people were pictured choosing the kind of lives they would have on coming back to the world. Ulysses, who in the time of Plato was regarded as the hero of the whole world, made his choice—to be nobody! He had had enough of this world.

Plato playfully said men who did not deserve human bodies, rapacious and cruel men, would come back as wolves; on the other hand, humble, hardworking and patient men would come as donkeys, and busy useful persons as bees.

Plotinus, who lived in the 3rd century A.D., who had absorbed Plato's teaching, claimed that the human soul was part of the world-soul. He said that in the remote past souls had an entirely spiritual transcendental existence, but that there was a rebellion, and a demand for a specific sphere for each one to work in individually, which led to the descent of souls into matter, but before this separation they were all one. Not only were they one, but they were divine, because it was in God they reached their point of unity. Men in this world, he said, were looking away from that to which they were all attached, but divine science taught them to turn around and see their divine parentage, and their neighbours as attached to the same root. All men were fundamentally brothers. That was the last word that the Greek philosophers reached, and it had had a colouring influence on Christian thought right through the Middle Ages to the present time.



### RETRIBUTION.

Slowly fell the shades of evening,  
Stars like gold lit up the sky,  
Moonlight shimmered on the waters,  
Shadows glided softly by.

Little children slumbered sweetly,  
Birds were growing weary too,  
Flowerets closed their weary petals,  
Gently fell refreshing dew.

In a dark and lonely cottage,  
Watching near his dead wife's bed,  
Sat a man in fear and trembling,  
Daring scarce to raise his head.

Round about were forms so lovely,  
Eyes so bright and faces fair,  
"Who are you, sweet beings?" cried he  
"With those tender smiles so rare?"

"We are words you *might* have spoken  
To the dear one here below."  
"Stay, oh stay," he cried in anguish;  
"Pity me, in deepest woe."

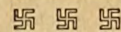
"We are lights which shone not," said they,  
"So on earth we cannot stay;"  
And they gazed on him in sorrow  
As they vanished right away.

Then behold! around the coffin  
Forms arose with hollow eyes,  
Haunting him with pallid faces,  
And with looks of sad surprise.

"Who are you, you dreadful creatures?"  
"We are words you spoke," they cried.  
"Leave, oh, leave me to my sorrow;  
Can that be to me denied?"

On they sat in awful silence,  
While the light of day grew dim,  
Till at last he saw quite clearly  
'Twas his own soul watching him.

FLORENCE HOLMES GORE.



CORRECTION.—The following sentence from "Another Learned Principal's" letter in October number should have read—"Each man may be conceived as an individual limitation of the universal Spirit, endowed with liberty and responsibility, different from and yet dependent on God, the *Source* of all,"—not "the sum of all," as printed.



## Symbolism.

By L. A. A.

**S**PEAKING generally, we may divide symbols into two classes: first, those symbols which have universal application, and are more or less easily recognised; and second, arbitrary symbols, which can only be interpreted by the initiated.

Symbolism has been used to convey and impart instruction, and also to conceal the mysteries, and guard them from profanation. It may be used most effectively to impart knowledge, providing that the analogy is not pressed too far. It has had an important place in all religious teaching from the earliest times, since truth was more easily conveyed to primitive peoples through some concrete representation than by any other means. The temples of India, Egypt, Mexico, and Peru are on this account of deep interest to the student of symbolism.

The symbolism of the Christian Scriptures and of Christian Art is rich and varied. All are familiar with the symbols of the fish, dove, shepherd and sheep, the vine, palm, and crown; while in Old Testament imagery the ark, serpent, apple-trees, wells, gardens, at once occur to the mind. We have symbols of action in the loving cup, pipe of peace, and eating salt; and symbols of authority such as the orb, sceptre, mitre, and pastoral staff and ring. Symbols of number are of great interest and significance, in religion and mythology; while colour symbolism is a most fascinating study. The Church uses five symbolic colours in her ritual—red, green, purple, white and gold, and black. The Chinese use the same in their ritual.

Birds, animals and precious stones are freely used as symbols. Among animals the unicorn is a symbol of purity, the ox of strength, the lion of courage; and among birds the owl of wisdom, the eagle of the soul's ascent, and the pelican of loving sacrifice. The peacock and the phoenix symbolise the resurrection, the swan hypocrisy, the stork filial piety, the hen the watchful care of Providence. The symbol of the cock is common to many religions.

In flower-symbolism the sunflower symbolises the soul in its ascent, turning to the source of all creative life and energy, the sun representing the Father of life and power. Water symbols have a double significance, and may mean purification and new birth, or the astral realm and that which is as unstable as water.

The hand is a symbol frequently met with in religious art; it generally denotes power if raised as in benediction, and is sometimes represented as raying forth lights.

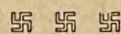
The late Archdeacon Wilberforce said: "Symbols are mental limitations, though most precious while we are on this plane of life-experience. Realities can only be expressed by symbols, and symbols lead the mind to realities." He instanced the value of the symbol-word Father, and the even tenderer one of Mother, and the peace these satisfying symbols bring as expressing the Deity and our relationship with it. "Of His own will He brought us forth by the Logos"—the Greek, translated "brought us forth," being the very word used for the birth of a child from its mother. So we are brought forth by the Mother-soul from the Infinite, and clothed in the body in order that we may gain that knowledge which shall lead us back complete in our dual unity to the bosom of the Father.

Thus we see all life is symbolical, and the eternal verities are ever before us in our daily life for those who have eyes to see. In the following beautiful vision, given to one perplexed by the statement of scientists that the secret of creating life had been discovered, the symbolism of one article of the Nicene Creed is made clear:—

A woman went out among the hills, in the sunshine, and why, she knew not, but the wonderful words, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life," rang in her mind in glorious repetition. Suddenly a shaft of light out of the heaven of revelation smote the eyes of her soul, and she saw dimly the burning shadow of the Un-speakable Origin of all life. For, knowing that the lowliest little human trinities of conjugal love are but faint symbols by which to understand something of the mystical relationship of the co-equal, co-eternal, Three-in-One, and One-in-Three, she saw as in a glass darkly, that life being given by Love, who eternally *proceedeth* from the ineffable union of Perfect Love with Perfect Love, is verily the direct overflowing of Divine Love, for God is Love, and Love is that baffling mystery called Life.

A school of poets arose in England during the 17th century known as the metaphysical poets, who delighted in symbols. The poems of Donne, Quarles, Herrick, and Herbert abound in them. The symbolism of a pilgrimage was a favourite one:—

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to lean upon,  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation,  
My gown of glory, hope's time-gage,  
And then I'll make my pilgrimage."



## A COLOUR CONNECTED WITH DEATH.

By ALICE E. DRACOTT, INDIA.

**I** WONDER if any of your readers could explain the following curious circumstance which some people might call "coincidence," but coincidence is a word which nobody can ever fully explain, and so I cannot accept it.

The night before I received news of my mother's death I "sensed" her presence in my room, though she was hundreds of miles distant. My setter also noticed something unusual, but after a while we both fell asleep. I then had a dream. In it my mother was asking me to drape different things with a rather crude shade of pink, which however looked well when used sparingly. Next day I said to a friend—"I will receive bad news to-day!" I then went out, and was looking for some muslin for curtains, when I saw a remnant of a pink colour which exactly suited my purpose, and so I bought it, and having divided it into lengths was busy sewing it when a telegram was handed to me announcing the death of my mother. I immediately remembered that the colour of the muslin I was sewing was exactly the same colour as that she was telling me to drape round different articles in my dream the night before!

It is three years since my mother died, and I recently met a sister who told me that among some of the things sent her belonging to our mother was "a little cushion of a rather bright shade of pink," which she put away and never put to any use until one day when she needed just such a small pillow when laid up and ill. She put it under her head but immediately felt a presence in the room and knew it to be mother, who seemed to insist that the pillow should be put away. So insistent did this wish appear to be that at last my sister removed the pillow from under her head and had it put by; after which she had no further trouble, but, on happening to mention this strange occurrence to another sister (who was with mother at the time of her death) the latter immediately said "How strange! that little pink pillow was with her to the last, and was in her hands when she died!"

What I wish particularly to note is the extraordinary way in which this colour followed our mutual sense impressions regarding the surroundings of my mother at the time of her death.



## Miss Florence Marryat and Mr. Cecil Husk.

### THE PREPARATIONS FOR MATERIALISATIONS.

**M**ISS MARRYAT, the author of "There is no Death," describes her séances with Mr. Cecil Husk, the famous medium, in her book on "The Spirit World." She says the first time she heard his name was in 1882 when she was on tour with the D'Oyly Carte "Patience" Company, in which Mr. Husk's sister was playing the part of Lady Angela. When Miss Husk became aware of Miss Marryat's Spiritualistic tendencies, she said to her, "Oh, how I wish you knew my brother Cecil! You must go and have a séance with him when you go back to London." Ten years passed, however, before she attended her first séance with him. She says:—

"I found him a superior man in many respects. He, like his sister, was a professional singer for some years, until his failing sight compelled him to give up appearing in public. He is now so blind that, although he can distinguish forms on entering a room, he cannot recognise them until they speak to him. . . .

"Since I first sat with Mr. Husk two years ago (in 1892) I have been a very frequent visitor of his, and under trying circumstances, for almost every friend to whom I have mentioned his name has insisted on my being present at the first interview. . . . I have become well acquainted, therefore, with his controls and their method of working. John King is the principal control of his séance-room, and the others are all under his orders.

"In 1892, I sat with about a dozen friends at twelve sittings with Mr. Husk. They were held every Thursday under very strict conditions, and all the sitters were men and women of education and social position. The séances were cabinet ones, *i.e.*, the medium went into a cabinet formed of a dark curtain drawn across one corner of the room, with a chair placed inside it, and the materialisations were all fully formed. As soon as ever Mr. Husk had taken his seat within the cabinet, you would hear the subordinate controls talking together on all sorts of subjects, but directly John King arrived, a dead silence ensued. These subordinate controls consist of five spirits who call themselves by the names of 'Uncle,' 'Christopher,' 'Ebenezer,' 'Tom Hall,' and last, though not least, except in size, my dear old friend 'Joey,' who used to manifest through William Eglinton in the olden days, and who followed me to the New World and showed himself there. These controls are employed in gathering the [psycho-plastic] materials with which John King works, so that there may be no delay when he arrives.

"As soon as that happens, you may hear him issuing his commands to one and another, such as: 'Make those passes more to the right;' or 'Keep his head up;' or 'Two of you raise his shoulders, so as to place him in a more upright position.' And the other spirits answer: 'All right, John;' or 'I've done it, John,' etc., etc. To me, it is one of the most curious things on these occasions to hear the conversations between the spirits themselves, each one having such a distinctive voice of his own that after a short acquaintance with them it would be as impossible to mistake them as it would be the voices of your different friends.

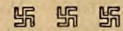
"I have questioned John King, as particularly as I can, without monopolising too much of his time, as to the manner in which materialised forms are produced, and his answer was much as follows: 'When the controls have collected the matter with which I work—some from everybody in the circle, but mostly from the medium's brain—I mould it with a plastic mask, something like warm wax in feel, but transparent as gelatine, into the rough likeness of a face. You will understand that there is always a crowd of spirits ready here to show themselves to their friends—a great many more than we can allow to appear. They are built up in their spirit-forms, but would be quite invisible to the majority of sitters unless covered with my transparent mask; without it, also, they would be unable to retain their shape or likeness when exposed to the outer air. I therefore place this plastic substance over the spirit features and mould it to them.

"If the spirits will have the patience to stand still, I can generally make an excellent likeness of what they were in earth-life, but most of them are in such haste to manifest that often a spirit appears to his friends, and they cannot recognise any likeness. He has not given me sufficient time to mould the mask to his features." . . .

"Mr. Husk has a number of sheets of mill-board painted with luminous paint, and exposed during the day-time, and as the forms leave the cabinet they take up two

of these sheets and hold them tent-wise over their heads, by which means they are as fully illuminated for the person they come for as if they were standing under a lamp."

Miss Marryat proceeds to describe in detail the appearance and conversations of several manifesting spirits, including the Duke of Clarence, the Prince Imperial, Captain Fred Burnaby, and some of her own relatives and friends, and adds that her sittings with Mr. Husk had been attended by scores of fellow-sitters who could all testify to his good faith.



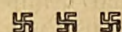
### THE MILITARY VALUE OF SPIRITUALISM.

By C. V. W. TARR, HEREFORD GENERAL HOSPITAL.

**T**O the soldier who is also a Spiritualist, actual experience of battle conditions constitutes a supreme test of his conviction of personal immortality. Faced daily and hourly by the possibility of death in a more or less dreadful form, and constantly witnessing the ravages of death among his comrades, he becomes acutely conscious of the reality of the immortal self within. Everywhere around, the devastation of towns and villages, the indescribable malformation of the divine body of the God of nature, the disintegrating and putrefying remains of men and beasts, seem to bring home to him with overwhelming force the evanescent nature of all material things and throw the soul "back on herself," in the words of the immortal soliloquy of Cato. And though there are thousands of men who, ignorant of the existence of the facts and great philosophical truths of Spiritualism, still exhibit in the face of the greatest danger, unsurpassed courage and bravery, still the fearlessness of the soldier-Spiritualist, under the same conditions, is surely of a higher type, because spiritual in origin.

To know that death is near and yet to await it with an inward calm of peace, conscious that the shattering of the lamp-case of the immortal spirit is but to free it for higher and nobler activities, is a power which the Spiritualist can possess as "the jewel without price," to the wonderment of his comrades. When, in the parlance of the British Tommy, men have "the wind up" at the approach of danger, the Spiritualist can remain inwardly serene and mentally alert and collected, resigned to the disposal of the Divine Will Who, he is conscious, works through all things and events in human life.

Greatest of all, the experience of war teaches the Spiritualist the reality of the Divine Presence in the human soul. As, one after another, the material and mental props on which he had leaned for support and comfort are struck away by the Hand of Destiny, as he becomes forced to live in the midst of devastation, he perceives growing ever more effulgent within him the eternal glory of the Spirit Who is "yesterday, to-day and for ever."



**THE ESSENCE OF LIFE.**—The essence of life is true living, true realisation of oneness with the Godhead. The harmony of life is the secret consciousness of one's life within the eternal life. The joy of life is in our capacity to enjoy life, the capacity to see its beauty. The peace of life lies within ourselves, it is a sharing of the real life of perfection and in our capacity to understand the wisdom of God, and the working of the natural laws of eternal life.—*Miriam Anderson.*



## Ghosts or Smugglers?

By GERDA CALMADY-HAMLYN.

THE county of Devon seems fairly well supplied with ancient manor houses, of an unpretentious sort—long, low, rambling buildings encircled by park-like paddocks with some amazingly fine timber. Shearme Hall, belonging to the ancient family of Southby, situated on the coast of South Devon, is a typical specimen. It is built in a hollow (as a shelter from inland storms and fierce sea-gales), with broad beech and oak shaded meadows spreading towards the house, which, facing east, gets little sun, even in summer; and in winter-time, ugh! it is a gloomy place! Its meandering dark passages, low-ceiled, ill-lighted rooms, picturesque narrow casements, and a twistabout corkscrew staircase winding up to the roof, provide ominous corners wherein dark shadows lurk.

Shearme Hall has been "haunted," of course, from time immemorial, but whether by ghosts or smugglers I am not prepared to say. At any rate, it has long been notorious for extraordinary noises heard therein, and level-headed non-psychical folk explain them away by reference to the contraband men and their doings. Most of the smugglers have, however, long since passed away and the contraband trade is dead.

It is probably quite true that a secret passage runs from underneath Shearme Hall to the coast, over a mile and a half away, and no doubt the legendary rumbling of heavy barrels at night along that passage, or the same kegs being hoisted up on to the concave roof of the mansion—a first-rate hiding-place for cognac, silks, snuff and tobacco—might be taken as expiatory of a good many of the noises—yet not all. There were some that even old Miss Etheldreda Southby, who had lived in the house all her life, was unable to elucidate; though she knew all about the smugglers.

Miss Etheldreda's mother had described to her how, as a young married woman, newly come to the hall, she had once been alone in the great state bedroom, where the brides of the house always slept. Her husband was away for a few days, and it was clear moonlight. She was awakened in the middle of the night by an odd medley of sounds rising from beneath her window. There was a jangle of harness, a stamping of horses' feet, and a murmur of voices, hasty, muffled, and low. What could be the meaning of it all, in that lonely place, and past the stroke of midnight? Young Madam Southby slipped out of bed to the window which overlooked the high-walled stable-yard, and an astonishing sight met her eyes—the entire courtyard was crowded with men and horses!

"They undoubtedly were the smugglers?" I suggested, and Miss Etheldreda nodded.

"Probably you're right," she said; "but I cannot believe it was smugglers who were responsible for a singularly uncomfortable experience I went through six years ago. I was sitting alone in the library, late one November afternoon, reading in that big tapestried armchair beyond the fireplace, when suddenly there seemed to come out of the wall beside me a sound like a muffled sigh, deep, human, mysterious, like the very heart-break of an over-burdened soul! What in the world could it be? Perhaps wind in the chimney—(a fierce night-storm was already blowing up)—or I had fancied the whole thing. But no; there it was again—every bit as plain and as human, but much nearer now, as though the person who gave vent to the sighs were approaching me through the wall! I wondered whether one of the

servants had been taken ill; but no, it would be practically impossible to hear groans through the library's thick doors and heavy curtains. Half a dozen times did my heart leap into my mouth as I listened, and finally, making the ridiculous excuse to myself that I wanted some light literature, I hurried to the dining-parlour where old volumes of *Punch* and the *Spectator* were kept, and buried myself there for the remainder of the evening!"

"Then there's the haunted passage, and the rooms leading out of it, you know, Miss Etheldreda?" queried I, but the old lady shook her head.

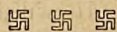
"One can scarcely dignify it by the name of a passage," she said; "merely a morsel of lobby, shut off at either end by narrow doors. A hundred years or more ago, there reigned here a certain Mrs. Alice Southby (step-mother-in-law of the lady who saw smugglers in the courtyard), and a sharp-tongued, domineering old dame she must have been, from all accounts. She was tyrannical towards her younger children and had quarrelled so badly with her eldest son that for years he and his mother did not speak, nor would he come to the house. On the old lady's deathbed, however, she appears to have relented and sent for him, with the idea of a tardy reconciliation. Unfortunately, travelling in those days was slow and difficult, and by the time he reached his mother's bedside she was on the verge of dissolution. She was suffering from a paralytic stroke, and could only point feebly to the wall on the left side of her bed-chamber, whispering in tones scarcely audible, "The treasure is there, Frank; pull it down." I have never discovered to what extent Frank Southby heeded his parent's cryptic information, for he and his family left Shearme Hall directly after her funeral. Sundry alterations to the place were in progress during their absence, but when they did return, Frank found that the workmen had pulled down the wrong wall! After this the hauntings began, both within the bedroom and the passage beyond it, with a tap-tap-tap, as of high-heeled shoes along the floor at midnight, curious rappings, knocks, or whisperings, and doors opened and shut, as though by an unseen hand.

"I can't say that I ever heard very much of that sort of thing myself (acknowledged Miss Etheldreda), but last summer, when little Joan Southby (my great-niece) came to pay us a visit with her parents, the child was put to sleep as usual in the room opening off the narrow passage. Joan was never fanciful or nervous, and is growing a big girl, yet one evening her mother, coming up to the nursery after dinner, found her in a positive fever of fear and excitement. 'Mammy, mammy,' wailed poor Joan, 'do tell me what those funny noises mean? I can't understand them at all. You and daddy and great-aunt Etheldreda are all downstairs, I know, and nurse has gone to her supper, yet always, just outside my door, there seem to be people whispering, laughing, and walking up and down along the passage!' Joan's nurse, a clever Irish gentlewoman, was away just then on holiday, her place being taken by her sister Eileen, a keen psychic. She slept in the little room next door to Joan's and knew nothing of the story attached thereto. Yet before she left for Ireland, she told us that twice during her stay she had awakened between one and two o'clock in the morning to



find her entire room flooded with a curious whitey-grey light, and then, as she lay wondering and watching, she saw a little old woman come out of the wall nearest her bed, cross the room, and pause by the fireside opposite; then disappear into the wainscoting again. She described the apparition's general mien and appearance—a small wrinkled lady in a dark-coloured silk gown and white mob-cap, wonderfully swift and alert in her movements, with sharp features, a sharp nose, and pointed chin. 'That's old Madam Southby to the life!' we all exclaimed, recollecting a fine Cosway miniature of our turbulent ancestress."

"I've never seen any apparition, but I've often been worried over singular noises that I have heard," put in Anastasia Southby, the old lady's niece, a tall slim damsel with a sensitive face and long nervous fingers. "Often in the watches of the night both I and others have been shot almost out of our beds by the sound of a tremendous crash, just as though the library chandelier (weighing at least a ton) had come down in a heap upon the floor! Yet when one went in the morning to seek traces of the fall and damage, not a vestige of broken glass could one find; the chandelier hanging contentedly up aloft as usual. At other times it seemed as if hundreds of the old books in the library must have fallen out of their shelves, and yet not a sign of any such disorder did one find afterwards. Last summer, when I was here for a month, I awoke in the middle of the night with a feeling that something strange and uncanny was about to happen, in which I must take part. I clutched my pillow, sweat burst forth upon my brow, and my heart stood still, as out of the darkness and from the depths of the old house rang a most frightful shriek. I lay panting for several moments, unable to speak; at length I aroused Alice. "Alice, do wake up!" I cried; "we must go downstairs; there's someone below there in an agony of misery and distress—didn't you hear it?" Alice, I found, had heard nothing at all; and she thought me hysterical. But being a good-natured soul, notwithstanding the night was chilly, she wrapped her quilted dressing-gown around her, and we hunted high and low, and in and out of endless unsuspected nooks and crevices, yet no one and nothing could we find. 'Your spook, dear Anastasia, has vanished into thin air,' declared Alice, as we hurried back to bed; but it was a scream that had wakened me up, and not the wind only, as Alice suggested. Of that I feel certain."



### ALLEGED UNRELIABILITY OF PSYCHIC ARTS.

(Letter to the Editor).

DEAR SIR,—May I inquire of readers of your always intensely interesting *Gazette* for enlightenment upon the following matter?

For some seven or eight years past I have sought help and guidance through professional exponents of clairvoyance, psychometry, astrology and spiritism, and though I am convinced that some of those consulted are genuine and quite honest, all without exception have proved quite unreliable in their statements, and wrong in their forecasts.

I have tried various specialists whose "gifts" are unquestioned, and though many of them proved to be accurate mind-readers, none succeeded in correctly visualising any important events, or in informing me of subsequent changes in material or psychic conditions.

Indeed, every single forecast—especially some made with very strong conviction, and expected within definite time-limits—proved to be false!

Has any experienced investigator who may see this inquiry had similar disappointments, or can any rational explanation be given of these deluding prophecies?

I may add that two very sincere exponents have been so disheartened by their repeated failure in my case that they have practically abandoned their public services.

I should be grateful for any suggestions likely to throw light on this (to me) very puzzling experience.

Yours very truly,

October 10, 1918.

A PERPLEXED STUDENT.

[We believe this correspondent to be quite genuine in his perplexity, and should be pleased to have the opinions of our readers on the matter.—ED., I.P.G.]

### A Message to Germania.

An Isleworth correspondent writes that he was sitting alone on the evening of Whit Monday, hoping to receive an automatic message from his own father, when a long script, of which the following is a portion, was written, professedly by the spirit of a deceased German, named Victor:—

I WRITE this epistle unto you, that ye may realise, ere it be too late, how great a people ye have been, and how small a nation ye are like to become, if so be that ye fail to consider well your present unrighteous position amongst your brethren in the earth.

Think how sad is your plight, and how sinful; and that by reason of the subjugation of your mind and will to complete domination of the few men who govern you—no more than two score and five—who have drawn thee down from your high estate, and have cast thee, an empire of eighty millions of souls, into a hell of torture, disgrace and despair.

Consider how the whole civilised world stands to-day, united as one, come to judgment with sword in hand to execute retributive justice upon thee, for crimes done against the Most High and your fellow men, in your name.

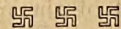
How long! how long! shall ye be content with your nightmare of death and of hell? How long! how long! ere ye awake to the consciousness of the hopelessness of the state into which ye have been led by your overlords?

Look into the ghostly faces of your innocent children; for the sins of the fathers even now fall upon them; and for their sakes, awake!

Arouse ye! arouse ye! Germania, in the name of The Christ, ere the avenging sword, which lieth over thee, shall fall and devour thee and thy children with thee, and thou be forever accursed amongst the children of men.

But if thou shall speedily repent and do that which is lawful and just, then shall the Day-Star of your deliverance arise after a little while, with forgiveness and peace and sure healing, for thy many sins shall be forgiven thee, and thou shalt save thy soul alive, yet as by fire.

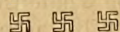
This is the message that I, Victor, am commanded to give thee.



### What All the World's A-Seeking.

By BEATRICE REW.

CONSCIOUSLY, or more often unconsciously, the world is seeking union, and this desire is evinced outwardly by the longing for happier relations between nations, between classes, between the sexes, and between body and spirit. Wars, strikes, quarrels, diseases, show how humanity suffers under disharmony, and how it is always trying to find a way of escape. We know there is something wrong; hardly anyone is satisfied with the world as it now is, and rightly too. For we are as kings having lost our kingdom—that kingdom which is within—and we try to set up other thrones in the without, to the utter failure of which the world is now bearing eloquent witness. Man is finding out, however, from his mistakes that he has been going in a wrong direction. Now the old idea has to be destroyed, so that a better may take its place. We have sought blindly, trying to satisfy our soul's longings with whatever in the material world promised to assuage its pangs. Now, having found the false to be an unsatisfying illusion, shall we not with open eyes grasp the real and the true? We are like grown-up children who cannot be satisfied with toys any longer. The things of the senses we eagerly sought we must now cast aside as worthless, if we desire a real content. The saints and mystics came to a clearer knowledge of what we seek, for they had their eyes turned to the real, the within. They saw that union is needed; first with the One, and then that places us in right relation to the whole. We cannot reconstruct the world aright from without; we must begin from within. Having found our true higher kingdom we can then rule over the lesser one. The world awaits a great harvest, for which the plough of sorrow and pain has been at work preparing the ground. To us is given the duty of planting the good seed. There are great things to be done, and everyone however humble is great enough to help in doing them. If the way seem long and weary let us persevere. There is a refreshing river flowing through all life, whose source is Eternal, and in its clear waters we may ever be purified and invigorated. In its flood-time who can say that all may not be borne along on its life-giving currents?



A second edition of "I Heard a Voice," by A King's Counsel, has been issued, and contains an additional chapter.



## BOOK NOTICES.

MAN'S UNCONSCIOUS CONFLICT. By Wilfred Lay, Ph.D.  
London: Kegan Paul. Price 7s. 6d. net.

This is a readable and interesting presentation of Freud's theory of psychoanalysis in popular form. The idea, expressed in a nutshell, is—"there is nothing hid which shall not be manifest" when we apply this method of analysis, which reveals the unconscious operating in every act of our lives. The *real* causes of actions are hidden from us. The unconscious is shown to be the storehouse of all past experiences, especially of those concerning the emotions. These retain vigorous vitality, but society acting as a restraining influence, the inner demand or craving for life, love, and action is expressed in ways in which their true significance is veiled. Behind all instincts and habits is a demand on the part of the unconscious. Dreams express the craving of the unconscious, and the fulfilment of some hidden desire. Lack of adjustment to environment, expressed in eccentric behaviour, is the result of the opposition of the unconscious to the restraints of society. The use of psychoanalysis will in the future become a recognised method of dealing with certain mental and physical disorders, the patient will be "analysed" in order to uncover the moral cause underlying the disturbance. The application of this theory to education will revolutionise the present system, in which the pupil's unconscious is strongly opposed to both school teacher and work, since all are designed to impress him with a sense of inferiority, and he is continually at war with restriction. Our system does not make for independence, nor does it train the habit of direct thinking. Only when the newer psychology is applied will real progress be made in school education, for "men's souls are as uneducated as they were thousands of years ago." The book will appeal to the reader interested in the problems of our common life, although he may not be disposed to agree with some of the deductions.—L. A. A.

THE GARDEN OF SURVIVAL. By Algernon Blackwood.  
London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

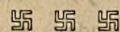
The central idea of this little story—which purports to be a true one, and is written with all the charm of Mr. Blackwood's style—is the survival of those who have passed out of the body, as an influence and inspiration in the lives of loved ones left on the earth-plane. "Although my wife is dead—a dozen years and more—I have found re-union, and I live." Yet the author reiterates his disbelief in spirit-return. "The dead, I am of opinion, do not return."

Married under somewhat unusual circumstances, the bride survives her wedding-day but one month, dying, from the result of an accident, as she strives to unveil the past, and be assured of her husband's "forgiveness, born of love." She was, she tells him in a few disjointed sentences, once a "singer in the Temple, and lured men to evil," her husband amongst them. In this incarnation she has sought to awaken in him true love, and dies, "on the verge of a great disclosure," saying "I have failed! I must try again."

The duties of his profession took him to foreign lands, and as years went on he became gradually conscious of consistent intelligent guidance in all his difficulties, and when they were overcome, an awareness that "someone was pleased." When this guidance was offered it made itself felt as a "thrill," for which he came to look and wait. It seemed to him the "thrill of Beauty," for she had been very beautiful, and her beauty had won him. In deciding perplexing problems he was conscious of the "thrill of Intuition, waiting upon the thrill of Beauty" but guided; nevertheless he does not acknowledge it to be his wife's spirit, but rather "a power behind her through which the energy of her being acts." Her divine selfless love followed him ever, and was regenerative and creative and an act of reparation.

After he returned to England the thrill came through Nature, in an old-world English garden, and swept him with pain and happiness well-nigh intolerable; and he became conscious of a presence, a spiritual tenderness. "Yet there was, thank God, no speech, no touch, no movement or audible expression," but a bird near by broke into exultant song, and his wife's words, "I need your forgiveness born of love," passed through him with the bird's song; and the knowledge came to him that "the beauty which was Marion's lives on, and lives for me." He asks no other evidence of survival, and to his twin brother who also has passed into the Spirit-world and to whom the story is addressed he says "I do not ask for your return or for any so-called evidence that you survive" but "Come! Be with me—your truth and Marion's tenderness—come with me in the simple loveliness of an English garden, where you and I as boys together first heard that Voice of wonder, and knew the Presence walking with us among the growing leaves." Full of

beauty and suggestiveness and tender grace though the author's idea is, most of us need something more tangible and satisfying to assure us that those dear ones who have passed beyond the veil, still live and love.—L. A. A.



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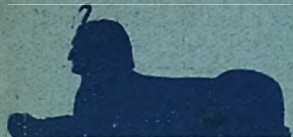
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