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THE INTERNATIONAL  
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Our Outlook Tower.  
SPIRITUALISM AT THE  
ALBERT HALL.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S ADDRESS.

ON Sunday, April 27th, a great Spiritualist demonstration, which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle described as "unique in Europe," was held in the Albert Hall, London. It was called "A National Memorial Service for the Fallen in the War," but it was no occasion for tears or drab mourning; it was rather, said Sir Arthur, "a joyous re-union"—a happy recognition of those on both sides of the valley of the shadow that "there is no death." Many among the visible audience in the vast hall wore white flowers as emblems of the fact that they had actually communicated with the invisible spirits of recently departed warriors, and the whole atmosphere of the gathering, the reiterated tenour of the addresses, the heartfelt responsiveness of the audience, all bespoke the joy and confidence of living fellowship with those whom the world calls "dead." Snow was falling heavily as the meeting assembled, and this must have prevented many who would otherwise have been present from attending, but about 5,000 people, many from distant parts of the country, took part in the ceremony.

Mr. ERNEST OATEN, Chairman of the Spiritualists' National Union, presided; a large voluntary choir of Spiritualist ladies and gentlemen (some in khaki) led the songs of praise; a sweet and gentle Spiritualist maiden, arrayed in white (Miss WINNIE BOWDEN), gave beautiful renderings of two sacred solos; and an accomplished Spiritualist organist (Mr. ALFRED CLEGG) conducted, and accompanied the music on the great organ.

The proceedings were begun with the singing of that glorious Spiritualist hymn:—

The world hath felt a quick'ning breath  
From heaven's eternal shore,  
And souls triumphant over death  
Return to earth once more.  
For this we hold our jubilee,  
For this with joy we sing,  
"O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?"

Our cypress wreaths are laid aside  
For amaranthine flowers,  
For death's cold wave does not divide  
The souls we love from ours;  
From pain and death and sorrow free,  
They join with us to sing,  
"O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?"

Immortal eyes look from above  
Upon our joys to-night,  
And souls immortal in their love  
In our glad songs unite.  
Across the waveless crystal sea  
The notes triumphant ring,  
"O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?"

"Sweet spirits, welcome yet again!"  
With loving hearts we cry;  
And "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"  
The angel hosts reply.  
From doubt and fear, through truth made free,  
With faith triumphant sing,  
"O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?"

Mr. ERNEST KEELING, of Liverpool, invoked the Divine blessing, his prayer continuing the note of triumph of the hymn—"We would praise Thee with heart and song and voice for the glorious revelation that has come to us, that they whom we once thought of as dead are not dead but living in very truth, and now rejoice with us in Thy love."

The CHAIRMAN said they had met to pay their tribute of thanks and respect to those of their brethren—aye, and sisters too—who had made the supreme sacrifice of their lives during the war. Spiritualists had added to their faith knowledge, and had traced those who had fallen into the larger riches of the fuller life. They did not merely hope or surmise, but they were certain their dear ones still lived. From the Spiritualist Sunday Schools many thousands of young men had gone into the war, and some hundreds had been slain, but they believed that a larger proportion of these than was usual had come back unscathed. Spiritualism stood for the truth that life was continuous, and they knew how that knowledge took the sting from death, and mitigated sorrow in the home, enabling the bereaved to face the future with greater energy and confidence, assured that their loved ones returned to them in spirit to help and bless. He concluded by asking every member of the audience to concentrate his thought in silence for one minute on his or her friends who had fallen in the war, for this he said would help those who had gone on and strengthen those who remained. After some moments of hushed silence Chopin's plaintive Marche Funebre broke from the organ, followed immediately by Handel's triumphant Hallelujah Chorus, for which the audience spontaneously stood up.

Dr. ELLIS POWELL, L.L.B., D.Sc., began his address thus, "Fellow subjects of the Eternal King, invisible and visible! How else can I begin save by an apostrophe to those tens of thousands of invisible friends who are here among us to-night?" He said the mists of centuries were now being cleared away, and they were at last able to see a myriad of angel faces in the background of their lives, aye and coming into the foreground of their lives as messengers of infinite mercy and infinite love. They knew their friends in spirit were in the hands of God; safely securely protected by the eternal solicitude they rested in everlasting life. They had not been spilt as water on the ground, nor were they wrapt in a dreamless sleep; they were simply one stage more forward on the eternal movement toward unending glory. The day had gone past when they need apologise for being a Spiritualist, and he was there as scientist, lawyer, and business man to tell out his conviction, based on prolonged study, and supported by incalculable scientific evidence that there was indeed no death. Sooner or later they would all rejoin those who had been promoted before them to the higher life. The new revelation was now dawning with ever-brightening radiance upon the whole of humanity.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE said the Spiritualistic movement, the greatest movement which had been seen in this world for the last 2,000 years, had recently been passing through a crisis of contention and of argument, and many sensitive souls felt it very much that a matter which was so delicate, and concerned those whom they had lost, should be exposed to that unseemly levity which was so often the only weapon with which their opponents could attack them. None the less, they were out to fight, for they could only win by fighting. (Applause). When they knew that a thing was true and that the whole human race was yearning for that truth they must, at all cost to their own feelings, bring it down to the market-place, and let people know the length and the breadth of it for themselves. The human race was not foolish, and if the truth were courageously put before it sooner or later it would recognise it as true and follow it. They had in front of them a whole Hindenburg line of prejudice and a great amount of theological barbed wire, but they were going smack through it, for they had a case that could not be beaten. (Applause.) They were not there that night to argue or dispute; they got enough of that elsewhere. They were there to greet their dead heroes who had cut short their earthly life in order that the earthly life of their country-men might remain tolerable. A few days ago they had greeted with deep respect and admiration 5,000 Australians as they marched through the streets of London before they departed to take up their duties in another land. Even so that night he believed tens of

thousands of their dead warriors had come, attracted by spiritual love and sympathy, to be congratulated on their noble sacrifice before they took up their higher duties in the other world. This was not in the ordinary sense a memorial meeting. It was rather a joyous reunion, because the dark days were gone when they were taught to look after their departing dead and see them gradually vanishing away into the mists of eternity, without any assurance that they would meet them again. Now, owing to the new knowledge that had come to men, they knew that they might look up with extended arms and smiling faces, knowing they were looking into the unseen faces of those whom they had once known on earth. Such a gathering as this was unique in Europe but it was not unique in the world. He remembered reading how Admiral Togo, at the end of the Japanese war went out alone to some barren spot by the sea-shore and invoked the spirits of the dead seamen who had fought with him in the great battle of Shushima, and there he told them the issue of the war and how its success had been due to their exertions. When Europe had reached the psychic level of Japan it would not be merely a meeting of civilians who would greet their heroes, but their great chiefs would also come and thank them for their noble sacrifice. The army was already largely impregnated with Spiritualistic doctrines, and he (Sir Arthur) knew one brave army commander of an army corps, second to none in the British army, who was as good a Spiritualist as any man in that hall, and who would rejoice to stand and address his vanished men just as Admiral Togo had done. Some time ago, a meeting had been held in the Albert Hall to commemorate those of the first seven divisions who had fallen in the war. That meeting was held in a most religious, solemn, and sympathetic spirit, yet it lacked that practical knowledge of intercommunion between those here and those gone on, which those now present enjoyed. On the following day one of the men of the seventh division came back and told his friends he regretted they had been unable to get tickets for the meeting, as they had tried to do. The leader of the seance asked the spirit, "Have you anything more to say?" The reply was, "There was too much ceremony; all of us felt out of it; we were very much interested, but they praised the dead and we are not dead; they did not see us." The seance leader said, "Then you were disappointed?" and the soldier replied, "Yes, a bit." The leader said, "But surely some people felt you were there?" and the reply was, "Many did, but they were swamped by the scoffers and the unbelievers." "Were most of those who fell in the seven divisions there?" "Yes, they were there," was the reply. Sir Arthur said he felt sure no fault would be found in that respect by the friends on the other side with the present meeting. "We know," he said "they have the power to come, and we know that all our emotions, our respect, our admiration, our love, are the one force of the universe that will bring them here. Had we only those eyes of power that are developed in many in the human race we should see that this is a double meeting and that the seen are perhaps the smaller half of it. We believe in the depths of our souls that our heroes are here to-night, and are not lying on the fields of Flanders or Picardy, or on the sands of Kut, Mesopotamia, or Palestine, or left behind in the swamps of equatorial Africa. What then can we now do for them? They tell us we are not to mourn for them because their lives are being spent in such ineffable happiness as they never dreamt of while on this planet. They tell us that our mourning casts a cloud upon their happiness. They tell us not to look upon them as things that are done with, but to carry them with us in our lives and retain them as members of the family circle. They tell us there is much they can help us to do and that we must do our duty and fight our own hard battles, not minding what the consequences may be. We have to fight our battle as they fought theirs. They have won great things for us by their death; they have won a hundred years of peace for Europe; have solved a great number of tangled political questions, have straightened out many crooked frontiers, and have allowed civilisation to come where barbarism was unchecked. But the greatest thing of all was not political but religious. The shock of this great world catastrophe had made every man look hard at his belief; he was now done with mere words and phrases; he wanted something solid and certain, and that was contained in the philosophy of that great movement which had brought them together that night. The knowledge that their heroes still lived gave them an invincible power that would enable them to send this line of thought into the heads of the whole human race. (Applause.)

Mr. R. H. YATES, of Huddersfield, said he was glad to be present because he felt that some of his dreams were coming true. He had lived in the joy of the Spiritualist gospel for nearly thirty years, and he had known some of the difficulties that had to be overcome. He had also

known some of the stern fighting of their early pioneers, and he would pay a tribute to them as well as to those heroic souls whose memory, and service, and sacrifice they were met to revere. The spiritual world to which they had gone had been made a brighter world by their presence, and they had indeed greater happiness in that world because of the joys of communion they could have with their dear ones in this. Had there been a complete severance, there would not have been a complete joy either in heaven or on earth. Spiritualists must see to it that the great highway of Communion was kept open and free, so that those who had gone on might play their part in the work of reconstruction which was now to follow.

Mr. PERCY STREET, a Spiritualist who was wearing the king's uniform, said that many of his comrades had come back to him after their passing, both on the battlefields and in bivouac. He was endowed with the gift of clair-audience, and one day he heard the voice of one of them, with the same accents as of yore, saying to him, "We have often talked of Spiritualism, and I have now tasted some of the fruits of the higher life. There is one thing, however, that makes me sad: I have been to the friends I loved and for whom I have given my life, but they did not know I was there; they are blind to the sight of me, they are deaf to the accents of my voice." He continued, "You will probably get through the struggle, and if so give up all to tell the world that we who fought and fell are not out of it but are very much in it, and we only ask one thing of them, and that is that our existence should be recognised as of yore." Mr. Street said, "That is the message that comes from that great world of spirit to-night; they want to be recognised and reckoned with. You may raise buildings to their memories, you may keep their dependants, look after the halt and the blind, but there is one thing above all others that they themselves would value, and that is that they should be welcomed at their own domestic hearths. The sacred altar of Spiritualism should be raised in the quietude of every home, so that those we have loved and lost may be welcomed back whenever they come to visit us. (Applause.)

The meeting was brought to a close by the Chairman pronouncing the benediction.

J. L.



## DUTY AND BEAUTY.

Oh, tell me—for I hear so much of "Duty"—  
Does he not weave the hours in hues of grey?  
"No! surely, in a colour-scheme of beauty—  
A tapestry of beauty—all the way."

Yet I have thought, along the path of Duty  
Sharp stones are set—and thorns in thick array?  
"Look closer! in between, spring flowers of beauty—  
"Glad living stars of beauty—all the way."

But is it true that sacrifice to Duty  
Shall bid me count the brightest gold as clay?  
"Yes! through the broken clay a gem of beauty—  
The Sun of beauty—lights you all the way."

And when, on earth, I say Goodnight to Duty,  
Will he return to me at break of day?  
"He never leaves you! for his name is Beauty:  
"You walk with Heavenly Beauty all the way."

H. M. UNDERWOOD.



THE HUSK FUND.—Mrs. Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, gratefully acknowledges the following donations received during last month: "Emma" £2, Mrs. Simpson £1, A Friend £1, A. Scott, 5s.

LONDON MAY MEETINGS.—The Union of London Spiritualists will hold its Annual Convention at the South Place Institute on Thursday May 15. An unusually attractive programme has been arranged, particulars of which will be found in advertisement pages, and it is hoped there will be a great rally to hear Miss Lind-af-Hageby, Mrs. Mary Gordon, Mrs. A. E. Cannock, Mr. James Coates (of Rothsay), and Mr. Ernest Hunt.

A FULLER knowledge of the properties of matter would seem to upset the common notion of its impenetrability. Solid bodies have been passed through solid bodies very frequently in our own day. Husk, the medium, has worn on his wrist for years a forged iron ring much too small to pass over the hand, but which was placed in its present position in a moment at a seance. Perhaps St. Bee received her famous bracelet in the same way.—*F. Fielding-Ould, M.A.*



## The Arrival of a Minister of Religion in the Second Sphere.

Received and Written down By G. VALE OWEN, VICAR OF ORFORD, LANCs.

Monday, Dec. 10th, 1917.

**S**UCH incidents as that of which we told you at our last coming are not rare in these Realms, although to you it may seem somewhat strange to hear of a scene from the battle-fields of earth being reproduced in these acres of calm and peace. But it is of such small things that the web of life is wrought, and here life is life indeed. Those two friends are not the only two who have thus met, and have in these bright lands renewed the friendship which first they made amidst much hurry of business and stress of earthly endeavour.

Let us now go forward a little and we will tell you of another meeting by way of enlightening those who dwell below the mist which lies between us and you, and through which, for the present time, their foreshortened vision cannot penetrate. It will not be so ever, but, for the time, until their eyes become more quickened, we must strive in this less direct way to help them in their seeing. There is, in the Second Sphere from earth, a house where those who are newly come over await their sorting-out, to be forwarded, each with his guide, to the place where best he may be trained in the beginnings of the heavenly life.

It is a very interesting Home to visit, for here are to be found together many varied types of character, and some who, being of good report as to their earth probation, yet are not quite so settled in convictions on this or on that as to be able readily to be classified. Not, mark you, by reason of the lack of skill in such a matter on the part of the workers of the Realms, but because it were not well to move any newcomer forward on a definite road, until he first very plainly and fully be able to understand himself, and where he lacks, and where he excels, and of what content his character be. So in this Home they rest quiet and in congenial company for a while until they shed some of the fever and unquiet which they have carried over from earth, and be able to take stock of themselves and their environment with deliberation and more certainty.

One of our band not long ago went to this Home and sought out a man who had come to such a forward state as this. On earth he had been a minister of religion who had read somewhat of what you call psychic matters, and the possibility of speaking one to another between us and you, as we do at this present. But he could not come at the thing in thorough, and was afraid to say out even so much as he in his own heart knew to be true and good. So he did what many of his fellows are doing. He put the matter aside from him. He could find other ways in which to help his fellow men, and this other matter might await the time when it was more and more widely understood and accepted of men, and then he would be one of the foremost to proclaim what he knew, and would not shirk his duty in that time.

But when others came to him and asked him first whether it was possible to speak with their dear ones who had come over here, and second, whether it were of God's will so to do, he put them in mind of their Christian belief in the saintly communion, but urged them that they be patient until the Church should have tested and sifted and should have issued guidance for those

who were of the fold. And while he waited, lo, his time on earth was fulfilled, and he was carried over here into this Home, where he might rest awhile, and come to some decision on what attitude he had assumed on divers matters of his calling, and of the use he had made of his opportunities.

The worker of whom I spoke—"Why not tell me his name, and save words?" It is not "his" name, my friend, for the worker is feminine. Let us call her "Naine," and it will serve. She went to the Home and found him walking in a pathway through a wood, a pathway of green sward through a wood very beautiful with foliage and flowers, and lights and colours and shades of softer hues; very peaceful and quiet, and, at that spot, lonely. For he sought to be alone, so he might think more clearly of what was in his mind.

She went to him and stood before him, and he bowed and would have passed on; but she spoke to him and said, "My friend, it was to you I was sent, to speak with you."

And he replied, "Who sent you to me?"

"The Angel who has to answer to our Master for your life-work while in the earth sphere," she said.

"Why should he have to answer for me?" he asked her; "surely everyone must answer for his own life-work—isn't that so?"

And she said, "That is surely so. Yet, to our sorrow, we here know that it is not the whole of the matter. For nought you do or leave undone ends with yourself alone. He who had you in charge made effort, time and again, for your welfare, and in part succeeded, but not in whole. And now the earth period has been closed for you, he has to sum up your life, and answer for his charge of you, to his joy and also to his sorrow."

"This seems hardly fair, to my mind," he answered her; "it is not my idea of justice that another should suffer for one's failures."

Naine said, "And yet, that is what you taught the people yonder—it was your understanding of the doings at Calvary, and you handed it on to them. Not all you said of it was true, and yet it was true in part. For do we not share joy on account of another's joy, and shall we not also share in his sorrowing? This your Angel does for you even now. He both joys and sorrows over you."

"Please explain."

"He joys in that you did good work in charity, for your heart was much bathed in love for God and man. He sorrows for you in that you were not content to do what you taught was done for you on Calvary. For you were not willing to become scorn for men, and to be withered with their disapproval, for you valued the praise of men more than God's praise, and hoped to be able one day to buy more cheaply your rewards for having spread light upon the darkness when that darkness should begin to pass from night into the twilight of the dawning day. But you did not see, in your weakness and lack of valiant purpose and of strength to suffer shame and coldness, that the time for which you waited was the time when your help would be not needful, and the fight all but won by others of more stalwart mettle, while you stood with the onlookers and viewed the

fight from a fair vantage-ground, while those others fought and gave and took blows good and strong and fell forward in the battle when they would not surrender their cause to those who opposed them."

"But why all this?" he enquired, "What is your reason for coming to me at all?"

"Because he sent me," she said, "and because he would that he also might come to you, but is not able until you are of a mind more clear of purpose, and until you have mastered and acknowledged the various elements which made up your earth-life, in their true values and appraisal."

"I see, partly at least. Thank you. I have been in a cloud all this time. I came here, away from the others, to try to understand it all better. You have said some pretty straight things to me. Perhaps you would add to this service by telling me how I am to begin."

"That is my mission here and now. It is the one thing with which I was charged. I was to probe your mind, to make you look inward upon yourself and, if you showed any will to progress, I was to give you a message. This will you have now shown—not very heartily however. And this is my message from your Angel-guide, who awaits you to lead you on when you have trained yourself some little more. You are requested to take up your quarters in a home, which I will show you, in the First Sphere. From there you will, from time to time, visit the earth-plane, and help those there in their communion with their friends here in their spheres of Light, and also aid them in speaking comfort and encouragement to those who are in the darker spheres, that they may progress into the light and peace of His Presence. There are, even among those to whom you ministered, several who are trying to do this good work for those in anguish, and also to give and to get gladness by their speaking with their loved ones here. They sought your guidance in this matter and you had no courage to give it to them. Go and help them now, and, when you are able to make known to them your personality, unsay what you then said, or say what you lacked courage then to tell them. In this you shall have some shame, but they will have much joy and will deal very kindly with you, for they have scented already the

fragrance of love from Realms higher and brighter than this in which you have been resting. But the choice is still for you. Go or go not, as your heart inclines you."

He stood with bowed head, silent for a long time, while Naine waited. He fought out his struggle, and it was no little one for such as he. And then he failed to come at any decision, but said he would think it over in all its bearings and decide later on. So his old failing of fear and hesitation clung to him like a mantle, and hindered the freedom of his going forward even when he would. And Naine returned to her own Sphere, but was not able to bear back with her the joyful answer for which she came.

("And he—what did he do, what decision did he come to?")

"When last I heard, he had not come to any decision. The whole happening is a recent one, and is not finished yet. Finished it cannot be until he decides of his own freewill to do what he has to do. There are many who visit your Communion gatherings who are such as he or very like."

("By Communion gatherings do you mean the service of the Holy Communion, or séances?")

"What if we will call them of like nature? Truly in earth estimation they be much diverse each from other. But we here judge not by the standards of earth. Those who go to the one or to the other go for a purpose identical—communion with us and our Master the Christ. That suffices us. But of our minister: it is in your mind to ask why a woman be sent on a mission such as this, and to a minister of theology to reason with him on his conduct and life-work. We will answer what we note in your mind. It is simple enough, the answer. He in his early life had a small sister child of only a few years, and she died and passed on, while he stayed and grew to manhood. This woman was that little child. He had loved the little one very well, and had he been all attuned to the higher part in him, he would have known her again, for all her beautiful and glowing maturity of womanhood. But his eyes were holden, and his sight dimmed, and so she went away unknown. Truly we be all of one family, in joy and in sorrow pooled together for us: and we must drink the cup perforce even as He did Whose cup was the sins of the world, and the love in the world, of joy and sorrow mingled."



## "MAKING IT UP" ON THE SPIRIT-PLANE.

By DORIS SEVERN.

THE human heart is a wondrously complicated and delicate instrument, of which no man holds the key.

How many moods sweep across it, played on it as a skilful musician plays on a harp or violin. Even with our own hearts, we cannot always say why such and such an emotion is awakened; how much less then, can we judge how our actions or words please or displease a friend or lover. As we go on through life, we find there are little rifts within the charming lute of friendship and love. Sometimes, there is a cloud over a friendship which has brought us great pleasure, and which we fondly hoped would never be disturbed.

Now, here the knowledge we have gained of the communion of spirit, without the bodily presence, opens a door of relief, in cases where a verbal explanation would not only be useless but actually widen the breach. Some years ago, I was rather deeply hurt by what seemed a cruel slight, involving considerable ingratitude towards myself on the part of an old friend. Nothing could be said, as the person was not only "touchy" but had a temper which, after flaring up, smouldered and kept its heat for a long time. So I suffered in silence, and hoped that time would cure the trouble. I did not even make an attempt to communicate with my friend on the psychic plane. One night I saw her in Sleep-land. She came towards me, with drooping head, and murmuring, "Oh! I didn't know; I didn't know," fell into my arms, and wept on my shoulder. I held her close, and whispered, "it is all right; it doesn't matter." Then all passed. She has never "made it up" on this plane, and is probably quite unconscious of that interview, but I passed a sponge across the incident, and, except to feel thankful for the clearing-up, have never thought of it since.

Now a similar trouble has arisen. Through a well-meant action of mine, which she has interpreted in a contrary spirit, she has given me the cold shoulder for months! But I shall win in the end, for now, knowing what I know, I shall seek her on the spirit-plane, and she will "make it up," though on this earth-plane I may yet have to endure much coldness.

Perhaps, if we knew a little more, we should find that the *real* person, the spirit, is a much better and nicer person than is ever allowed to appear through the veil of

the physical nature. We are probably *all* much nicer than we appear to be. What a comforting thought! and it should give us patience, not only with other people's faults, but with our own.



## TO A PLUCKED DAISY.

O little flower,

My fingers hold your slender stalk

That fed you, fragrant thought

Of God materialised—a work

Conceived of Love and wrought

By angel power.

A monarch's throne,

With all its show of glittering wealth,

Is naught to you, arrayed

In loveliness and perfect health;

How great the King Who made

Your petal crown!

Your golden eye—

Unseen by most, yet fair to see—

Gleamed from your Maker's land

In lowly-born obscurity;

I hold you in my hand

And wonder why.

You did not ask

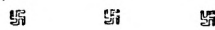
Your grace before the world to shew,

But—merging in the view—

To beautify unseen, and grow,

And humbly to pursue

Your simple task.



So may it be

That I, eschewing worldly praise,

Should, at my Master's feet,

Learn to tell out my earthly days

In lowliness and sweet

Humility.

G. EUSTACE OWEN.



## Strange Experiences : The Skeleton Hand.

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

AUBREY BAIRD had been one of my school chums, and our friendship, unlike the majority of its kind, had survived the passing of boyhood. In our early days we had been drawn to each other not so much by force of circumstances as by common interests; and this prevailed later when a mutual attraction to psychic development manifested itself. There was little similarity in mind or character between us, for Aubrey was in every way more daring and gay; he loved to take risks, and had a flair for the sensational, while I was by nature more cautious and far-seeing.

At the time of which I write we were both in our early twenties—I engaged in business in the city, Aubrey studying medicine. As it was impossible for us to hold seances in my home, it became my custom to seek Aubrey's lodgings, off the Gray's Inn Road, for that purpose. He inhabited a bed-sitting room at the very top of the house, and here safe from intrusion we made our adventure upon the unbeaten track of psychic discovery.

At first nothing startling or particularly interesting ensued, and then it was that Aubrey introduced the undesirable element of a skeleton hand. To its introduction I was strongly averse, but as generally happened Aubrey overruled my objections. With much gusto he expatiated on its use, and the possible advantages that might accrue to us by its presence at our sittings. "We'll have Frankie on the table," he said lightly, laying the grizzly object, which was perfect of its kind, upon the little round wooden table, "and Frankie will answer our questions!"

"Frankie!" I ejaculated, eyeing it with great distaste; "Good God, Baird! You don't mean to say you knew him!"

He burst into a laugh. "Don't be nervy; I haven't purloined a bit of an old friend. I got him off a chap I know. I expect it came out of a Lab'; though he told me a bit of a yarn."

"What did he tell you?"

"That the hand was not unknown to fame."

"What sort of fame?"

"He wouldn't say. But it was all rot; he was only stuffing me."

"I wish you had'nt got it though," I said, only half reassured; "and what on earth makes you call it Frankie?"

"Because he is my new chum; so I had to give him a name. How could we talk to him without a name? We could'nt call him IT. It would'nt be polite, and he might'nt like it. I want most especially to keep Frankie in a good humour. He ought to be very useful to us. Shake, old chap."

In gruesome pleasantry he put his hand upon it, and I could have sworn that the bony fingers contracted slightly in response. Perhaps, however, it was only an optical illusion, caused by the light of the one flickering gas-jet. At least I thought so then, and felt relieved.

"What does your landlady think of it?" (I could'nt call it Frankie.)

"She has never seen him. He lives in my handkerchief drawer."

"But why there?"

"Well, you see, I am always missing them—and I thought"—(He broke off expressively.)

"Well, if she takes them now, she deserves them," I said.

Aubrey thereupon turned down the gas-jet to one blue point, plunging the room into almost complete darkness, for there was no fire, the night being warm and muggy, and the blinds were drawn. We sat opposite each other, the hand between us. It completed our "circle." For a long while we neither spoke nor moved. I could just discern Aubrey's figure—dark against the darkness—and the wan shape on the table.

"Is anyone here?" Aubrey asked suddenly. I do not know why, but the question, coming thus suddenly, brought my heart to my mouth. A sharp rap came in response.

"Is that you, Frankie?" (Again the rap was repeated.)

"Tell us who you were?" he asked again. (no answer.)

"Show us who you were?" (Again no response.)

I drew in a breath of relief. A long pronounced silence followed. I began to feel very cold. The chill seemed to come from the table, through my fingers, as though its surface was covered with a thin coating of ice. I wondered if Aubrey was suffering in a like manner. If this was to be accepted as an illustration of Frankie's present condition, I thought it could not be construed favourably. I stared down at the table, my attention attracted by what appeared to be a faint phosphorescent light, which seemed to exude like vapour from the bony hand. It was then that the little blue flame of the gas jet flickered out. This was more annoying than startling, for the landlady was fond of tampering with the meter. She had thus inadvertently disturbed us more than once. As Aubrey did not speak, I decided to leave it as it was; any escape of gas would soon make itself evident. We were in total darkness now, but the phosphorescent vapour seemed to have gained in luminance. I felt emboldened to speak to Aubrey.

"Do you see it? I asked." (No answer.)

"Don't you see it?" (Still no answer.)

I became slightly alarmed. Once before Aubrey had fallen into a somnolent condition from which I had had great difficulty in awakening him. By his silence, I judged he must have fallen into a like condition to-night. I listened to his breathing. It sounded heavy. It confirmed my fears. I began to wonder what I should do. I did not like to run the risk of breaking up our sitting suddenly. I sat on. Curious disquieting thoughts came to me. I felt I was standing between Aubrey and something, to which Aubrey might be an easy prey. I seemed to hold it back by some unconscious power of my own. It piled itself up against me like an oncoming tide against a barrier. I felt myself waver. I wondered dully what would happen when the moment came. The hand again attracted my attention. It seemed to quiver as though it was endowed with life; the bony fingers twitched with a movement that seemed hideous and malevolent. I gazed at it spellbound; I seemed held in a grip of icy cold. The hand seemed to make a circuit round the centre of the table like an aimless crab; then it rose, and seemed to settle on Aubrey. I heard a choking cry, and wrenching up my hands I struck a blow in its direction. A moment later Aubrey and I were struggling in each others arms, both table and chairs being overturned on the ground. Aubrey contended fiercely with me, and

as we fought I felt something bony crunch beneath my feet.

A series of hurried knocks arrested our conflict. "Whatever is the matter! Such a stumping you're making, you gentlemen! I came up to tell you, that I've just turned on the meter. I turned it off to take the register."

"That's all right," I said, finding my voice with difficulty. With shaking fingers I struck a match. By its light I saw Aubrey, white and evidently overwrought,

standing against the wall. His collar was torn off, his neck well revealed.

"Look at my throat, you Blighter," he said faintly. Sure enough the skin was torn and lacerated, red wealds showing against the white.

"I never touched your neck," I said. Then I dropped the match, but not before I had caught a glimpse of a practically destroyed "Frankie," lying on the floor.

## The Inner Life.

By W. H. EVANS.

"There is no oblivion, but there is perfect rest and peace in the heart of the Eternal. Get back to the centre, it is the stress of outer events that wearies you."—*Spiritual Reconstruction*, page 50.

**T**HE vividness of the inner life can only be realised when the consciousness becomes aware of the spiritual forces which are at the root of all material expression. "We spend our days as a tale that is told," living amidst and in the toils and cares of material existence. Now the toils and cares and solitudes of material existence are necessary to our unfoldment, and we shall do wrong if in the desire of cultivating our inner life we try to evade our normal responsibilities. True development will seek to maintain an equilibrium between the inner and the outer life, to make if possible the outer life an expression of the diviner life within.

We live in stressful days, days of great import and promise; yet days of vast unrest and upheaval. It is a great age; a time when the spirit having outworn the garments of our civilisation, is casting them aside, and preparing for a new expression. The whole garment of life is being rent and torn. Men in different stages of development, with many angles of vision, are seeking a solution to pressing problems. A demand has gone forth from the peoples of the world for fuller life.

"'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,  
More life and fuller that we want."

And this demand for fuller life is an urge from the spirit within.

It is difficult for most of us to realise in the midst of life's changes and unrest that "all things are working together for good," but if we think deeply we shall see that all these things are manifestations of consciousness, of the divine life of humanity. To some it is given to understand the inner urge of the spirit, and to recognise that this outward flow of the life forces—its splashing upon the shores of material existence—is co-existent with a corresponding inward flow. Not many perhaps are conscious of this. "Be still and know that I am God," sings the mystic. That stillness does not mean the cessation from material duties, but a conscious holding of the mind, and a dwelling upon the thought of God in it, so that one becomes aware of that divine peace "which passes the understanding of the outer world." And this calm realisation brings an intensification of life, an intensification which springs from "the perfect rest and peace in the heart of the Eternal." For a vivid realisation of at-one-ment with God does not mean oblivion, but an increase of consciousness, an integration of all our finest characteristics, fitting the soul for its manifold duties and raising it above the stress and turmoil of life.

There is nothing in the whole world so sweet as this definite assurance within the soul that "all's well." It springs from true meekness, a meekness that is as adamant in the face of wrong; a humility that crowns life with true understanding. But one must get back to the inner life, to "the heart of the Eternal;" one must hold the mind

still and calm, having poise, for thus only can we gain power in righteousness, and wield the strength of the spirit in the midst of temptation and wrong. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee, for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength."

The difficulty with many is that, they want a sign of this inner kingdom of the soul. They expect its manifestation to be in outer phenomena, something wondrous and striking, but not so does the spirit manifest to us. It comes by growth in understanding. Our difficulty is in realising that all power is within, that we are linked up with the source of power in the universe, and that this power really flows through us, and that we may use it if we will. That is what is meant by the words of my text. "Get back to the heart of the Eternal;" and by the words, "there is no oblivion" there. It means that the "rest and peace" we shall find there will create in us a consciousness of power, which we shall be able to use. This "rest and peace" does not mean stillness in the physical sense, but a consciousness of creative power, a power whereby we may reconstruct our life. It is the condition or state of soul to which we may turn from the stress of outer life, so that we may gain refreshment of body, for this awareness will react upon the physical and raise it to higher levels, thereby making our bodies finer instruments to manifest through.

I can do no better than close these few thoughts by giving a further extract from that beautiful little book *Spiritual Reconstruction*, a book which should be read and meditated upon by all seekers for the light:—

Become universal in your Love and interests, looking upon all men as your father, mother, lover and child, seeing all relationships in God, and not building a wall about yourselves or your thoughts. Do not remain long in one place but make all places your own. This is true simplicity; to love all in the One, and to see only the One in the all; to have one home, one abiding place in God. . . Be free from chains that bind and fetter the spirit, be simple in your creed, know only that God is love, and that Christ, the eternal Son is sent forth into humanity. The whole purpose of life is to express God. Be simple in your homes, taking no anxious thought. Let the wing of simplicity be outspread, without anything to impede it. Purity, the right wing of the soul, depends on simplicity; together lifting the soul, they give her swiftness of flight and lofty vision whereby she may carry "light unto them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, guiding their feet into the way of peace." The clear light of heavenly radiance, the ecstasy of the spirit, belongs to the pure in heart. "Let us work together for the purification of your earth." "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Be pure in thought this day, live simply, and to-morrow your wings will stir to lift you out of the miry clay of the senses." (p 93-94.)

[This contains a whole philosophy of life, and if we apply it, looking neither to the right nor the left, but going straight forward, continuing steadfast in the good life; seeing underneath the changes of matter the one, abiding Spirit of God, we shall realise that sense of union with Him which can only come when we have unified all outward and diverse manifestations in our own consciousness.



## Illusion.

Letter to F. HESLOP From Her Husband in Spirit-Life.

This new letter from the author of "Speaking across the Border-Line" deals with the doctrine of the present life as dreamlike and illusionary, which has been prominent in many recent Spirit Communications. The transmitter hopes that it "may be helpful to some perplexed souls."

**Y**OU want me to take up a definite theme in my letter this morning, and put into my own words the thoughts I have been trying to instil into your mind, because you feel that some of the teaching from the other life is apt to be misunderstood and misapplied.

In "Private Dowding," "Spiritual Reconstruction," and many of the more recent utterances of highly-evolved spirits in our world, you find they dwell much on the fact that the earth-life is the life of illusion, the dream-life, and that the real, the tangible, is here in the ethereal realm. This point is so dwelt upon, so amplified, as to leave a feeling in the mind of the ordinary reader, "Well, if this is true, and nothing here is real, then it matters little how I live or what I do, for even evil is all a dream; only good persists."

Now, first let me say, that one of the things that strikes you most forcibly as you progress in spiritual knowledge on this side, is just what these spirits are teaching, the illusionary character of all the earth experience, but I doubt greatly if it is wise or helpful to preach this doctrine to those who are still living in these conditions. When you come here your mind is enlarged to perceive the real values, and goodness and love are so all-pervading, that these earth trials seem small and unimportant in comparison. But while they are being endured they are very real to the sufferer, and it cannot help him at all to insist that he feels no pain, has no suffering.

Let me give you an illustration of what I mean. When your child is building a castle on the sand, in fancy he is living through real events, and with his puny strength he keeps back the inflowing tide as long as he can. No wise parent would drag the child away, and say that he was making himself ridiculous; rather would he join him in his play and help him to construct the castle on a definite plan. The father knows that his boy's mind is being trained in this way, and his imagination developed. So also would the wise mother teach her little daughter kindness and tenderness to her doll, knowing that the instinct of motherhood is thus being evolved.

Apply this principle to the earth-life. It is the training ground of the spirit, where you are all still children, still at school. Paul tells us that when he became a man he put away childish things. He speaks of a time when he was nourished by the pure milk of the Word, not yet being able to partake of a stronger diet. And so it is with all those on the earth-plane. Within every child we can see the character of the man that will come forth. An honourable truthful boy will become an honourable truthful man; a tender, loving girl must ultimately display these same beautiful qualities in womanhood. The early training is all important for this life, and the life that is to come. In later years you see that illusion and unreality were very present in your childhood, but they were necessary to your full development.

All the sin and suffering are very real on the earth-plane, and St. James expressed fully the teaching of the Christ when he said, "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father

is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Always remember that Jesus never taught this doctrine of illusion to men; He was ever practical, real. He met the needs of those about Him by feeding the hungry, healing the sick, and comforting the sorrowful. Try and see things as they are on earth. Look for the good in every man, draw forth the hidden Christ, that so he may rise to love and desire only the highest and holiest. As you attain this pure altitude of mind, you feel, even while on earth, how poor and meaningless are many things that formerly amused and interested you. The values are gradually being adjusted; you are daily learning to extract the true and the real from the illusionary things about you. And one day when all the earth-training is past, and you look down from the vantage ground of these glorious spheres you will know the truth fully, and the truth shall make you free.



### WILL YOU BE THERE?

Will you be there, darling, when daylight fades,  
And chill, black night steals o'er my lonely soul.  
When one by one the earthly voices cease,  
And mighty billows roar, and surge, and roll  
Athwart my clouded senses, down and down  
To chaos seeming—grey, and cold, and bare;  
Will you be there, dear heart, to bear me up—  
Will you be there?

Or should the summons come in one swift call,  
Like eagles on the wing, or whirlwind's blast;  
Sudden, mayhap, the golden bowl be riven,  
Sharply the silver cord be loosed at last.  
One moment mortal, clothed upon with flesh,  
Throbbing with earthly life, the next—Ah, where?  
Will your arms catch and hold my quivering soul,  
Will you be there?

Perchance the twilight lingers, evening shades  
Lengthen awhile, the hour grows sweet and calm;  
Faintly some distant chimes make melody,  
Softly the choir chant the vesper psalm;  
Beloved, may your presence hover near,  
In the last solemn moments your fond care  
Succour and guide my new-born spirit home—  
Will you be there?

ANNIE M. MARCH



COLOUR CURE.—"Cures by Colour," with the violet ray, as a most potent remedy for shell shock and war neurosis, was the suggestion of Mr. A. A. Frey in an address on Chromopathy before the Psycho-Therapeutic Society. He said every town should erect its colour hall or temple, where every ratepayer could take the colour bath suitable to his or her system as often as necessary, thus ensuring good health to the entire community. Expenses would be small, and the result so beneficial that hospitals and infirmaries would be superfluous. Explaining the shell-shock remedy, Mr. Frey said "the treatment is simple and pleasant. A large room or hall, into which all light admitted is violet, and the whole decoration the same, will serve to treat large numbers of cases at the same time. The effect will be improved and the cure hastened if suitable music be provided, the sounds to be in the key corresponding to the colour. By these means we should restore the war-worn and bring happiness back to many homes. The cure for all disease, he said, is to restore the normal harmonious vibration by the colour ray that suits the complaint, and we were justified in hoping that colour would cure cancer. There was great need for research work.—*Evening Standard.*

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## SIR WILLIAM CROOKES AND SPIRITUALISM.

**S**IR WILLIAM CROOKES, O.M., F.R.S., who passed into the purely spiritual phase of life on April 4th last, will ever be regarded as one of the great historical figures in Modern Spiritualism. He began his investigations about 1869, just fifty years ago. Eminent scientific and literary men, including Robert Chambers, Robert Dale Owen, and Alfred Russel Wallace, had already witnessed and testified to the verity of spiritualistic phenomena, and had published important works on the subject. But Sir William was the first scientist to apply rigid laboratory methods to the examination of these super-physical facts, and to vindicate their right to be included in the realm of established science.

During the sixties the interest in Spiritualism was as profound and widespread as it is to-day. Writing in 1866, Robert Dale Owen, at one time American Minister to Naples, wrote in his "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World":

I found in Europe interested and earnest inquirers into this subject in every rank, from royalty downward; princes and other nobles, statesmen, diplomatists, officers in the army and navy, learned professors, authors, lawyers, merchants, private gentlemen, fashionable ladies, domestic mothers of families. Most of these, it is true, prosecute their investigations in private, and disclose their opinions only to intimate or sympathising friends. But none the less does this class of opinions spread; and the circles daily enlarge that receive them."

The discussion of Spiritualistic phenomena was then stirring the whole civilised world, and people everywhere wanted to know if it were really true that this world and the next were so closely related that intercommunication between the living and the dead was not only possible but a matter of common experience. Science and religion exerted all the weight of their authority against any such idea. The former declared that mind, soul, or spirit, were mere modes of matter, and that they were snuffed out like a candle-flame at the death of the physical body. The latter believed heart and soul in the absolute reality of Death until the Resurrection, when "all the dead shall be raised up with the self-same bodies, and none other."

Sir William Crookes undertook his inquiry into Spiritualism at the suggestion of "eminent men exercising great influence on the thought of the country." He was no mystically-minded or gullible personage, but a Fellow of the Royal Society who had already made his reputation as the discoverer of a new chemical element. It was probably hoped that he would find the phenomena fictitious and delusive. He was certainly not predisposed to believe in them. He wrote in his first paper on the subject (*Quarterly Journal of Science*, July 1870):—

At first, like other men who thought little of the matter and saw little, I believed that the whole affair was a superstition, or at least an unexplained trick.

He was soon disillusioned, however; his preliminary tests proved satisfactory, and in the same paper, he said:—

That certain physical phenomena, such as the movement of material substances, and the production of sounds resembling electric discharges, occur under circumstances

in which they cannot be explained by any physical law at present known is a fact of which I am as certain as I am of the most elementary fact in chemistry. . . . But I cannot at present hazard even the most vague hypothesis as to the cause of the phenomena.

He said he agreed with Professor De Morgan that

Nothing is too wonderful to be true, if it be consistent with the laws of nature; and in such things as these, experiment is the best test of such consistency, and he set out what kind of experimental proof Science had a right to demand before admitting a new department of knowledge into her ranks. "We must not mix up the exact and the inexact; the supremacy of accuracy must be absolute." Here he found the great mass of Spiritualistic evidence to fail. Precautions against fraud had in most cases been totally insufficient, and instances were few "of meetings held under test conditions, in the presence of persons properly qualified by scientific training to weigh and adjust the value of the evidence which might present itself." He said that "where every step is towards the marvellous and unexpected, precautions and tests should be multiplied rather than diminished."

Spiritualists had testified to bodies weighing 50 or 100 pounds being lifted up into the air without the intervention of any known force; the scientist, said Sir William, was justified in asking that a power professing to be guided by intelligence should also cause his delicately poised balance to move under test conditions. Spiritualists spoke of rooms and houses being shaken by superhuman power; the man of science merely asked for a pendulum to be set vibrating when it was in a glass case, and supported by solid masonry. Spiritualists told of heavy articles of furniture being moved from one room to another without human agency; the scientist, whose instrument divided an inch into a million parts, required the same force to move the index of his instrument one poor degree.

Twelve months later Sir William announced that he had conducted a series of scientific experiments with the medium Daniel Dunglas Home, and that he had arrived at certain definite results which he thought it right to publish:

These experiments appear conclusively to establish the existence of a new force, in some unknown manner connected with the human organisation, which for convenience may be called Psychic Force.

Special apparatus had been constructed for these tests, which were carried out in gas-light in the presence of other scientists. One end of a mahogany board 36 inches long by 9½ inches wide and 1 inch thick rested on a firm table, and the other end was supported in a horizontal position by a spring balance with a self-registering index, which showed that the board weighed 3 lbs. Sir William himself stood on the end of the board resting on the table, and his whole weight, even when he jerked up and down, only sunk the index at the other end 1½ lbs or 2 lbs. When, however, Mr. Home merely placed the tips of his fingers lightly on a small hand-bell and a card match box on the end where Sir William had stood the index sank 3½ lbs to 6 lbs, showing that in some mysterious way the unknown psychic force could alter the weight of bodies. Another experiment was with an accordion in a cage which Mr. Home was only permitted to hold between the thumb and middle finger of one hand, at the end opposite to the keys. Soon the accordion waved about, sounded successive notes, and then a simple air was played.

But the sequel was still more striking, for Mr. Home then removed his hand altogether from the accordion, taking it



quite out of the cage, and placed it in the hand of the person next to him. The instrument then continued to play, no person touching it, and no hand being near it.

The verity of this extraordinary happening was vouched for not only by Sir William but by Dr. Huggins, "an eminent physicist, high in the ranks of the Royal Society," and by Mr. Edward Wm. Cox, a well-known Serjeant-at-Law. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace in his book "My Life" (page 340) also describes having seen this experiment, as follows:—

The room was well lighted, and I distinctly saw Home's hand holding the instrument, which moved up and down and played a tune without any visible cause. On stating this, he said, "Now I will take away my hand"—which he did; but the instrument went on playing, and I saw a detached hand holding it while Home's two hands were seen above the table by all present.

Continuing his experiments Sir William claimed that the following additional phenomena had been clearly demonstrated under test conditions:—

Raps and percussive sounds, varying in loudness from a mere tick to loud thuds, which appeared to be caused by an unseen intelligent operator.

The movement both of small and light, as well as large and heavy, bodies, without visible cause, or the contact of any human being.

The levitation of heavy objects without physical contact.

Luminous appearances.

Intelligent messages written by unseen hands, i.e., direct-writing.

Handling red-hot coals without injury.

Phantom forms and faces.

The story of Sir William's investigation of the phenomena called materialisations—in which spirits appear in a temporary visible form—is one of the most interesting and convincing in the whole history of Spiritualistic inquiry, and carried Sir William beyond his belief in an impersonal psychic force up to a perfect knowledge of the fact that personalities survive bodily death, and are able to return and manifest themselves on the physical plane.

Miss Florrie Cook "an innocent school girl of fifteen," was the medium, and she gave the following account to *The Two Worlds*, in March, 1897:—

"I went to Mr. Crookes (now Sir William) myself, without the knowledge of my parents or friends, and offered myself a willing sacrifice on the altar of his unbelief. It was immediately after the unpleasant incident of Mr. Volkmann, and those who did not understand said many cruel things of me. Mr. Crookes, who had had a very little experience already, did not spare me with the rest; and something he said nettled me so much that I went straight to him without a thought, except to put myself right with him and the world.

"I said in effect, 'You believe me to be an impostor. Well, you shall see. I will come to your house; Mrs. Crookes shall supply me with clothes, and send those that I come in away. You shall keep me under the closest observation as long as you like, make any experiment you choose, and satisfy yourself completely and finally one way or the other. I make only one condition. If you find I am a fraud, denounce me as strongly and as publicly as you please; but if you find that the phenomena are genuine, and that I am but an instrument in the hands of the Unseen, say so honestly and publicly, and clear me before the world.'"

"And Mr. Crookes took you at your word, as we all know?" remarked the gentleman who took down her statement.

"He did, and kept his part of the bargain like the perfect gentleman he is, though it cost him something to make the frank and unequivocal avowal that he did. Every one who has the smallest acquaintance with the literature of Modern Spiritualism knows what happened; how from hearing me breathing and sighing in the cabinet whilst Katie [the spirit who materialised] was outside in full view, Mr. Crookes and the rest of his family came to see us both, often and often, in the full glare of electric-light, together and at the same time; how Katie entered into the spirit of his experiments, and learning to trust him fully and freely, fell in readily with his every suggestion, and furthered his plans in every possible way in her power; how he took dozens of photographs of her alone, and the two of us together; how he satisfied himself that Katie when materialised was a woman of flesh and blood, with beating heart, throbbing pulse, and respiring lungs like the

rest of us, and yet saw her melt into nothingness again and again before his eyes; how he was present at that last pathetic scene, when Katie, her work being done, bid me a touching farewell, my eyes blinded with tears and my voice choked with sobs—all this is told in Mr. Crookes' book; and the end of it was that he rendered me as ample and complete a tribute as I could have possibly expected or desired.

"I refer to this testimony, not because of its personal reference to myself, but because of its complete vindication of Katie King, the spirit who for three years used me for the production of some of the most marvellous phenomena on record."

SIR WILLIAM himself testified:—

I have the most absolute certainty that Miss Cook and Katie are two separate individuals, so far as their bodies are concerned; several little marks on Miss Cook's face are absent on Katie's. Miss Cook's hair is so dark a brown as almost to appear black; a lock of Katie's which is now before me, and which she allowed me to cut from her luxuriant tresses, having first traced it up to the scalp, and satisfied myself that it actually grew there, is a rich golden auburn. One evening I timed Katie's pulse. It beat steadily at 75, while Miss Cook's pulse, a little time after, was going at its usual rate of 90. . . . Photography is as inadequate to depict the perfect beauty of Katie's face as words are powerless to describe her charms of manner. Photography may indeed give a map of her countenance, but how can it reproduce the brilliant purity of her complexion, or the ever-varying expression of her most mobile features. Now overshadowed with sadness, when relating some of the bitter experiences of her past life; now smiling with all the innocence of happy girlhood, when she had collected my children around her, and was amusing them by recounting anecdotes of her adventures in India."

On November 7th, 1917, we were accorded the great honour of a short interview with Sir William. In our fancy we had pictured him as a tall, broad-shouldered, forceful personality, for he never shirked strenuous battle for new truths during his illustrious career; but, somewhat to our surprise, we found him rather slender in build, with a manner at once gentle and unassuming. Though his hair and beard were pure white, his eye was clear (he did not require to use spectacles), and his intellect was as acute as ever, though he mentioned that his memory was not so good as it was.

We asked Sir William if he would care to tell us of some of the experiences which led him to a belief in Spiritualism?

"No," he replied, "I do not think I should care to do that, for whenever I have done so it has led to my receiving shoals of letters from persons I knew nothing whatever about, and that is very troublesome."

"Then, perhaps," we said "you would not mind giving a little message to the present times on the subject."

Sir William replied, with slow deliberation: "I have never had any occasion to change my mind on the subject. I am perfectly satisfied with what I have said in earlier days. It is quite true that a connection has been set up between this world and the next."

"And that that fact has been scientifically established as truly as any other fact in science?" we asked.

"Well, I feel so," he replied.

Sir William said: "I don't know if you are aware I have had a great misfortune lately" (referring to the recent passing of Lady Crookes).

We nodded affirmatively, and Sir William continued: "I have had communication with her direct. I don't think I should object to this being mentioned, with no very great prominence. I have received a beautiful photograph of her. I went down to Crewe and had my photograph taken by the mediums known as 'The Crewe Circle.' My portrait was a very good one, and on the same negative was a good, recognisable portrait of my departed wife just by the side of me. Now that, I think, is a very good test. I had only the one photograph taken. The Crewe people had no idea what I wanted. There was no one visible by my side, and the lady who accompanied me saw nothing there. Everybody who has seen it who knew my wife—not simply our relations and family—recognise it as her portrait. It is not like any other portrait I have. The expression is similar to that she wore during the weakness of her last illness. She was interested in the subject of Spiritualism, so there would be nothing strange to her about this manifestation."

We then asked Sir William, "Is there any likelihood, sir, of your work, 'Researches into Spiritualism,' being republished, as for many years it has been difficult to secure a copy."

Sir William astonished us by replying: "I had nothing to do with the 'Researches.' It was simply published by someone gathering together the papers I had written and bringing them out without my knowing anything about it. I never saw the proofs, and did not even hear of it before it was published, and (with a smile) I never got twopence for it! I reaped, however, a great deal of abuse!"

"But that has pretty well died away, has it not?" we asked.

"I don't think the subject is much believed in yet by scientific men," he replied.

"This study has, however, killed the old Materialism of the scientists?" we asked.

"I think it has," said Sir William; "it has at least convinced the great majority of people who know anything about the subject of the existence of the next world."

J. L.

## Miscellaneous Items.

Mr. A. T. BLAMEY, an earnest Spiritualist worker at Plymouth and Exeter, has passed to the higher life at the ripe age of seventy-five.

Mr. J. H. BOND, 25, Frampton Place, Boston, Lincs., would be glad to get in touch with friends in and around Boston with a view to forming a circle and society.

To celebrate the 71st. anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, the North London Spiritualist Association, had a tea, social, and dance, on Easter Monday which was a huge success. Many old friends of the association were present.

A HIGHBURY SWEDENBORGIAN writes—"Reincarnation is not mentioned once in all the writings of Swedenborg."—Will Mr. Alex. A. Naylor, Edinburgh, kindly note; his boasted "authorities" appear to be crumbling!

"ATLANTIS" is at present exhibiting a selection of her remarkable inspirational paintings at The Maddox Galleries, 23a, Maddox Street, Regent Street, W. Among them are symbolical pictures of "Spirit shining through matter," "Gone West," "Sign of the Cross," "The Wings of the Morning," and "The Holy of Holies." The exhibition will be open during the present month.

The *Manchester Guardian*, in its obituary notice of Sir William Crookes, says "there is no doubt that a man's sense of scientific evidence, and sometimes his scientific morality, deteriorates when he gives himself up to the occult. Nevertheless, it is probable that on the whole Crookes was the gainer by having a mystical tendency." Oh, those newspapers! They are so sure that their wilful ignorance of spiritual facts is superior to "scientific evidence," and their own prejudiced perversions of the truth a nobler thing than "scientific morality." How these daily papers proudly prate!

FORMATION OF A JEWISH SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.—Through the initiative of Mr. Thomas Pugh (Hon. Sec., Sale Spiritualist Church) the first Jewish Spiritualist Society in England was founded on April 3rd, at Mile End, London, E. Mr. Pugh gave a brief address on the aims and objects of the Society and answered questions from those present. It was unanimously resolved that a Society be formed, and called "The National Jewish Spiritualists' Society," and that its objects should be to investigate and demonstrate spiritual phenomena, and to propagate the material, intellectual and spiritual benefits of Spiritualism to humanity. Mr. Pugh was appointed president, Mr. M. Blanstein, vice-president, Mr. T. Blanstein, treasurer, and Mr. H. Saunders, secretary. It was decided that nett expenses should be equally divided and met by the Founders and those interested. All communications should be addressed to Mr. M. Blanstein, 207, Brady Street Buildings, Mile End, London, E.1.

"WELCOME HOME" PARTY FOR THE DEMOBILISED.—The Dundee Society of Spiritualists' Women's Guild entertained demobilised soldiers and sailors in any way connected with their Society in the Forrester's Hall on the 10th April. About a hundred couples were present, and Mrs. Watt, the Convener of the Guild, heartily welcomed them, and also thanked all those who had contributed towards the entertainment in goods or money. Their President, Mrs. Etta Duitus, London, had sent a very generous cheque, also a telegram wishing them a very happy evening. This was received with loud applause. The company was served with a substantial tea, and during the night a plentiful supply of fruit, sweets, and aerated waters. Each demobilised soldier was presented with a box of fifty cigarettes. Songs were rendered by Mrs. Chalmers, Miss Watt, and Mr. Cromb, and dances were given by the Misses Soutar. Dancing was engaged in till midnight. The usual votes of thanks terminated a most successful entertainment.

LORD RAYLEIGH'S VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.—Lord Rayleigh, O.M., in his presidential address at the meeting of the Society for Psychical Research on April 11th, said: "I found (and, indeed, still find) it difficult to accept what one may call the 'knave and fool theory' of these occurrences; but, failing that, it would seem to follow that one must admit the possibility of much that contrasts strongly with ordinary experience. In common, I suppose with most witnesses of such things, I repudiate altogether the idea of hallucination as an explanation. The incidents were almost always unexpected, and our impressions of them agreed. Some attribute all these things to the devil, and refuse to have anything to say to them. He had some-

times pointed out that if during the long hours of *seances* they could keep the devil occupied in so comparatively harmless a manner they deserved well of their neighbours! He would appeal to serious inquirers not to indulge in hasty conclusions on the basis of reports in the less responsible newspaper press, or on the careless gossip of ill-informed acquaintances. Of late years the published work of the society had dealt with questions involving telepathy, whether from living or other intelligences, and some of the most experienced and cautious investigators were of opinion that a case had been made out. To his mind, telepathy with the dead would present comparatively little difficulty when it was admitted as regarded the living. If the apparatus of the senses was not used in one case, why should it be needed in the other?

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE informs us that he addressed audiences aggregating some 45,000 people during his recent tour in the North and says, "It is wonderful how eager the people are." He is starting early this month to do the Manchester district. A representative of the *Daily Record* interviewed Sir Arthur at his hotel in Glasgow, and says "he had scarcely recovered from the great effort of speaking for an hour and twenty minutes to an audience of 5,000 people in St. Andrew's Hall, on Sunday evening, and he was looking forward to addressing another great gathering in Liverpool to-morrow, but he was vibrantly enthusiastic regarding the mission to which he has devoted himself. "There is nothing a man would not do for such a cause, once he is convinced of the truth of it," he declared. "It is the biggest thing that has come into the world, and it is what the hearts of the war-victims—the bereaved fathers and mothers and wives—are crying out for consciously or unconsciously." "Do your meetings bring you encouragement?" he was asked. "They do. Not once in all my meetings have I been interrupted, and everywhere people listen eagerly. They are tired of words which bring them no comfort and long for solid facts, and it is the solid facts of human survival and spirit communication of which I tell them. They are critical, but receptive. Edinburgh and Glasgow are the only centres I have so far visited in Scotland, but I have letters appealing to me to speak in Aberdeen and other places, and I hope to do so. I have my History of the War to finish, and I have a companion volume to the 'New Revelation' almost ready, but except for necessary rests, I intend to devote myself to this great work."

AN EDINBURGH FREE CHURCH MINISTER (the Rev. Alexander Stewart) has delivered judgment on Spiritualism in a letter to the *Scotsman*. He admits a total lack of acquaintance with the phenomena, and offers no opinion as to their genuineness, but he judges Spiritualism by what he calls "the one test which for every believer must always make an end of controversy," and declares "it is not an ally of Christianity, but a dangerous and insidious foe." He arrives at this sweeping conclusion from the following passage in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Edinburgh address: "They (that is Spiritualists) said with respect to His (that is Jesus') life and death on earth that while His death was beautiful, many reformers had died for their ideas, and it was the life that was unique. The death might be matched but never the life." Mr. Stewart claims that this statement, applauded by Sir Arthur's audience, is "definitely anti-Christian: it robs the mission of our Lord to earth of its redemptive character." But surely it would be more true to term it merely anti-"orthodoxy"—which is a very limited, materialistic, quickly-vanishing, irrational, and non-spiritual part of modern Christianity. The orthodox view of Christ's death is a curious relic inherited from the old Jewish doctrine of pacifying an angry deity by the bloody sacrifice of bulls and goats. It is no part of the Christianity of Jesus himself, and we commend to Mr. Stewart's consideration the saying of the Master—"If ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless." Spiritualism is Christianity with its original signs and wonders; Mr. Stewart's form of Christianity is shorn of that divine sanction, and stakes all on a shallow literalism which misses the true spiritual significance of the Cross.

"Tis time  
New hopes should animate the world, new light  
Should dawn from new revealings to a race  
Weighed down so long."—*Paracelsus*.

# The Mystic Symbolism of the Cross.

By L. A. A.

**M**UCH might be said of the Cross as one of the most ancient symbols of which we have any knowledge. Traces of it are to be found among primitive lake dwellers, in old civilisations, such as Egypt, Assyria, Chaldaea, Babylon, India, Tibet, China, and Peru, also in prehistoric Britain, in Europe and America. Thus it is of universal significance. Broadly speaking it symbolised in its earliest forms, matter and manifestation. In the ritual of Egyptian initiation, it symbolised the descent of the Logos into matter. The candidate was bound upon a cross of wood, and placed in a sarcophagus underneath the Hall of Initiation.

But it is not with the history of the Cross in its various symbolic forms in pre-Christian times, that this little paper is concerned, but with its mystical significance in the life of the initiate of the Christian mysteries, for the initiate must tread the way of the Cross, though he shrinks and rebels against its indignity. The Latin Crucifix originally symbolised the joy of sacrifice :

In utter self-surrender, free from fear,  
Dying to live the life of endless joy.

Later we get the idea of pain and suffering. In the mind of Christendom to-day the joy is to a great extent lost sight of, and the Cross conveys the idea of the clash of love and pain.

The Cross, it has been said, is the ground-plan of the universe. Every living being is a crucifix. Biologists find the mystic sign scored deep in the very foundations of the House of Life. Look where we will, we find it in the crystal and the snow-flake, in root and plant and flower, in the animal world, in the common things of daily life ; on every hand life's supreme symbol confronts us :

Swim, at every stroke thou art thy cross,  
The masts and yards are their's whom seas do toss ;  
Look down : thou seest crosses in small things,  
Look up : thou seest birds fly on crossed wings.

"The cosmos is a symphony wherein the crucifix is the leading motif." No one may escape it. All must tread its high way, who are of the strong, not of the weak ; it is for all who taking their courage in their hands reach out towards perfection, and are willing to take great risks.

In the secret schools of the old mysteries it was taught that "God designed the world archetypally in heaven, and then bent it cross-wise." When the initiate sets out upon the quest of Reality he must lay his heart upon the cross of matter, *i.e.*, the body with all its limitations, its prejudices, its shrinking, and take the road of sacrifice and service, crossing out the lower personal self with all its evasions, desires, and habits, and seek the triumph of the spiritual man, the Pilgrim of Eternity within. The highway of the Cross is cut through all the familiar paths of life, and all that is best in human life and character bears the mark of surrender ; while the great work of transmutation can only be accomplished by the continual and persistent sacrifice of the lower nature to the demands of the higher.

Renunciation, made for pure love's sake,  
Looseth the soul the Master's way to take.

It was said of old that "only those actions through which shines the light of the Cross are worthy of the life of the disciple," and ever the way of Becoming is one of constant striving and

self-abnegation. "The Cross is a Tree set on fire with invisible flames that illuminate all the world." The Flame is Love for love. Sacrifice, the crossing out of "I," is the eternal lesson of the Cross. But it must be a free and joyous giving in the interests of our fellow men, which alone is true Brotherhood. This is the spirit which will save the world, torn and bleeding through self-interest, hate, and greed : the hall-marks of materialism.

To possess nothing ; to give all for love, and so follow the great Cross-bearer of the Universe along the royal way ; to realise that we must lose to find ; is the true way of the soul, and the initiate has much to part with ere he can take the road. The seeker for Reality must cease to desire possessions. All is for his use on the journey from sense to spirit, but he must see to it that he is not encumbered, for he must unload and stoop to take the Cross. This he must count it all joy to do.

Thou first shalt keep the heart's content  
When strong renouncement hath thy being rent.

Such pure joy the Saints knew. It is one of the qualities which is so attractive in the sweet Saint of Assisi, who with the joyous freedom of a child renounced the things of earth that he might be free to tread the great highway. In suffering, in humiliation, in disappointment, and in persecution, he found "perfect joy." "The Cross," says à Kempis, "is always ready, and everywhere awaits thee." It is not surprising to hear that his "Imitation of Christ" was one of the books most read and valued by our men at the Front, who recognised in him one "who was an expert in the science of the Cross," that difficult ladder to the stars which they were painfully climbing, and many paused before the wayside Calvaries of France, and understood at last something of the meaning of all they were enduring.

But the symbolism of the Cross is still a stumbling block and a rock of offence to those who have not learnt the secret of the inner life, nor apprehended anything of the mystery of man's true nature. But

Knowledge comes to him who listens long  
At Wisdom's silent shrine,

and if the quest be sincere the symbolism will be revealed and he will see in the crucifix the key which will solve life's problem.

The Master-Soul in symbol here behold,  
Upon the Cross of Flesh, in wide-arm'd love,  
Sharing the joys and sorrows manifold  
Of all the sons of men he hangs above.

Unto the cross his wounded hands and feet  
By three great nails of Will are fixed fast ;  
Desire to know and True Love's instinct sweet,  
And Will to Live, all to the end do last.

The Soldiers who the hammer of Desire wield,  
And the nails the strongest driving give,  
Are those he loves, whose ardent passions fire,  
And urge his heart afresh with then to live.  
Renouncing all, the Crucified endures,  
And o'er the world his love and knowledge pours.



SCOTTISH NEWS.—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle delivered his lecture in The Usher Hall, Edinburgh on the evening of 4th April, over three thousand being present. Since then, the Edinburgh Association of Spiritualists have had to remove from The Albyn Hall, which could barely hold 250 persons, and have taken the historical Queen's Hall, 5, Queen street, where services are held every Sunday at 11-15 and 6-30. At the evening services the hall, which can accommodate nearly 1,500, is usually filled, which augurs well for the future of Spiritualism in the capital of Scotland.



## The Directivity of Life.—II.

By the REV. PROF. G. HENSLow, M.A., F.L.S., &c.

(Continued from page 100.)

WE have seen how Directivity is necessary for making the various substances, out of which the bodies of all living things are composed, in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. All their organs fundamentally consist of cells, as seen, for example, in a section of a grain of wheat, or of a petal, under the microscope, which look like a piece of net or honeycomb. In plants the cells are all much alike *at first*, if formed freely, being more or less spherical, but they assume a great variety of shapes when compacted together into tissues. Thus, they grow flat when united together by their edges to form the skin of a leaf; but are globular and free in the yellow dust-like pollen of a flower. To make wood they assume a spindle-like form, and are closely crowded together to make solid timber. In the soft pith of a rush stem they are star-shaped, all being united together by the tips of the "rays" only.

How comes it that each takes on the necessary shape for its own peculiar use, under the circumstances, required for perfect growth in every different organ of a plant? Purposeful Directivity is the direct cause in every case. Every plant begins as a single and simple cell within the ovule of a flower, *i.e.*, in all flowering plants. It received the influence from a grain of pollen. Then a marvellous process takes place within the cell, in order to enable it to divide into two cells, and each did the same thing, and so on, till many millions were made to construct, say, an oak tree. But at first, the cells made only a tiny embryo within a seed; with, or without, an additional mass of food for the seed to germinate. In a grain of wheat the embryo is situated at the base, just where the surface is wrinkled, the rest of the grain consists of flour when it is ground. This is the food for the germinating embryo until it possesses roots and leaves. But a bean, walnut, or corn has its nourishment stored up within the embryo itself, which we eat, in an almond or walnut. All this, and much more, implies set purpose, or object in view, before the first cell was made to grow into an embryo. And as the same kind of plant reproduces the same kind of seed and fruit, a Directivity peculiar to each kind of plant is a hereditary character of life in all.

Analogous processes take place in the animal kingdom. All begin as a cell, but each grows into some one sort of the innumerable kind of animal beings. We have seen how blood supplies the materials necessary to make all the parts of our bodies, and supplies exactly what they require. The cells at once set to work to form the various organs of the body, as our skulls, hands and feet, all in their preordained places; not forgetting the oil necessary for keeping the joints well lubricated. Let us take a special organ of extreme interest, the eye. The eye is a camera, but far more perfect and complex than any that a photographer uses. The essential features of the latter are a box, blackened within, with an opening at the back for inserting a sensitive plate. There is a tube in front containing a double convex lens. The tube can be drawn out, so as to make the picture fall on the sensitive plate. The lens causes the picture to be minute and inverted. The eye is a globular box, also blackened within to absorb superfluous light, with a double convex lens suspended near the front, made of transparent

gelatine-like substance in numerous layers. The eye-box is closed in front by the cornea, a transparent and slightly convex surface enclosing a watery substance of the so-called aqueous chamber, the pupil being a passage down to the lens within. The cornea acts as a second lens which makes a tiny image of the scene or person to be photographed, which is sent on to the pupil, and down to the crystalline lens within. Inside the ball is a transparent semi-solid "vitreous humour." The eye-ball is provided with muscles by means of which we can raise or turn it in any direction at will. In order to see a distant object as clearly as one close at hand, muscles can stretch the lens so as to make it less convex and so adjust it to allow a clearly defined image to be always on the retina on the surface as the back. This is provided with nerves which convey it, by vibrations to the portion of the brain which engenders the process of sight. Here the minute image becomes inverted and the natural size appears to the sense of sight, and at its natural distance from the eye. But, how all this is effected nobody can say as yet. The whole—which included many other details—are all under Directivity, which obviously so directs the numerous forces which in turn, so act upon matter, as to bring about the marvellous result of sight. So, too, the intelligent directivity of the Photographer takes your likeness in an analogous but a much simpler way.

As another example, let us take a flower everyone knows, the common white dead-nettle, with its clusters of flowers at the base of the opposite leaves. It will have been noticed that the corolla has a tube below with a hood at the back, and a three-lobed "lip" in front. On pulling it open, four stamens will be seen standing erect, at the back of the hood; the anthers face the front. The pistil with its ovary below stands erect bearing two tongue-like stigmas in the front. Now the ancestors of this plant had "regular" flowers, *i.e.*, the petals were all alike and spreading as in a primrose. Somehow, it became changed to the present "irregular" form; but how and why? The flowers being crowded and not standing out freely like a primrose, *must* be visited from the front only; so when the bee comes, she alights on the prepared landing place, *i.e.*, the "lip" and bending her head downward for the honey, thrusts it against the four anthers, and so gets a quantity of pollen on her head. Then flying away, or crawling to the next flower, the projecting stigmas sweep off the pollen from her head. Such is the process in this and many other "irregular" flowers, as the Snapdragon, Foxglove, Salvia, etc.

It may be asked—Why do we believe that the ancestral flower was "regular?" It is because it sometimes "reverts" to the regular form; and then it has five petals all alike, five (instead of four or two stamens) situated between the five petals, the pistil is restored by having five instead of two carpels and so on.

Assuming the theory to be true, then the answer follows; that these wonderful *adaptations* to insect pollination is the work of Directivity, under which "forces" have made some twenty or more distinct changes to secure its own fertilisation through its visitor's action.

(To be concluded.)

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE GREAT GULF—WHERE IS IT?

Sir,—I have been reading "What we should believe," and am surprised that the author, evidently a man of acumen and understanding should base his conviction of the impossibility of spirit-communication through mediums on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. The gulf fixed in that parable is between heaven and hell, and not between earth and other spheres. We all know that Jacob's ladder between heaven and earth is bright with descending and ascending angels:—Yours, &c.,

E. P. PRENTICE.

### ALLEGED UNRELIABILITY OF PSYCHIC ARTS.

Dear Sir,—I am in sympathy with "Perplexed Student," having been a close inquirer for eight years, and having attended one group of Spiritualists' meetings all that time. By close observance, I have learned that very few, if any, who speak under control, or are public clairvoyants, can be relied upon, for prophecy. They are often thought-readers, by the power of the spirit, and give one's own thoughts, hopes, and aspirations. The true prophet must live apart from the world. Let "Perplexed Student" live Spirituality, Truth and Purity, and aspire to the highest within his own soul, then, he will need no medium; he will get all things direct to himself.—Yours truly,

J. B. L.

Dear Sir.—In answer to "A Perplexed Student's" letter, I might mention one reason why expected events, given by more than one medium, did not come to pass. It is not, I think, sufficiently recognised by the majority of Spiritualists that "controls" can be influenced by unscrupulous "astral walkers," and the powerful "black magician." These people still in the flesh, by use of black arts, and their powerful wills, always try to oppose everything good. Disguised with benevolent intent, they are often able, for the time at least, to influence the "controls," should they be in any way off guard. I do not say this can be done with all, but who has not been deceived sometimes during life? Why not those on the other side? The mediums, being the instruments, have to rely on their controls. We want protection for our mediums in more ways than one. Many Spiritualists with gifted sight know this, but everything takes time, patience, and experience. A student myself of Spiritualism, also a natural sensitive, I can speak with some knowledge on this subject, having experienced the most sinister dealings, but fortunately have the gift of knowing these horrors, and how they work. I have also had the same experience as yourself (Perplexed Student), so don't be disheartened—"we live and learn." Some of us have Psychic Gifts; others, other kinds; few have all knowledge.—Yours faithfully,  
IVY M. ANGELSMITH.

### A SICK DAUGHTER'S TELEPATHIC CALL TO HER MOTHER.

Sir,—Believing that all scientific progress is made upon the lines of first collecting the facts, and deducing the theories afterwards, I think the following story of myself and daughter, now deceased, will be interesting.

At no time in my child's history had she been robust, but she was possessed of a wonderful will-power, summed up in the word pluck! And otherwise she was a good girl, and clever. But her poor physical state eventually led to her death in a London hospital from heart-failure. It was while she was lying in this hospital that the following occurred. I was on a visit to relatives in another part of London, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon I became suddenly distressed in body, with a sharp pain in the region of the heart, and began to tremble all over. I may say that although I am not an emotional woman, I am high-strung, and highly-sensitive to physical changes. For instance, electrical changes in the atmosphere often upset me very much.

Well this sort of disturbed state of body—which throughout my life I have got to associate with "trouble" of some kind about me—led me naturally to think of my sick daughter, and although I had made arrangements to stay with my friends till the following morning I could get no rest of mind or body. I was obliged to leave, impelled by some invisible influence or power to travel as fast as I could to the bedside of my child. At this time she was twenty-seven years old, and she died about three weeks later.

On approaching her, I was greeted with these words—"Oh, I knew that you would come!" And afterwards she went on to relate how hard she had "prayed," and how strongly she had with all her strength "willed" that her wish to see me should be "conveyed" to me. I heard this, as any one can imagine, with considerable interest and emotion, and as I was leaving her I asked her about what time it was that she began to "pray" and "will" to see me so much, and she told me that it was "about three o'clock!"

I have no complete explanation of these phenomena to offer, but there are the facts—a few more to be added to "old wives' tales" and "omens and superstitions," which are going on accumulating, and which will have to be explained sooner or later to satisfy the human soul for more knowledge. I might add that I have come to write his little bit of psychic experience through a copy of your, paper quite accidentally falling into my hands.—I am, etc.  
E.R.

### HOW TERRESTRIAL BELIEFS ARE RETAINED.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Richard A. Bush's letter on "Testimonies of Spirit-communicators" tempts me to relate my own experiences in questioning spirit-controls about reincarnation. I know a lady for whom I have the very highest respect as one of the most gifted and conscientious of mediums, and whose controls always bring the highest spiritual atmosphere and lofty thought. These spirit-personalities, however, though unmistakably real, and often showing characteristics quite opposed to those possessed by the medium normally, are practically unanimous in teaching the philosophy of life which is based on the doctrine of reincarnation. In order to discover what part the medium's mental attitude might play, in colouring the communications, I asked questions to determine how she regarded the teaching of reincarnation, and ascertained that she had not known anything of the teaching, previous to its being given through her by the spirit-controls, as communicated to her by others after she came out of the trance state. Afterwards as a result of interior experiences, which she interpreted as being recollections of past lives, combined doubtless with the influence of her spirit-guides and controls, she embraced the teaching and to-day is a convinced reincarnationist.

Now here, is a clear case, it seems to me, where we find that men and women who were believers in reincarnation while on earth, still retain their belief and moreover are still so convinced of its truth that they promulgate it through a medium. But a circumstance which has perplexed me, more than any other, is that children, claiming to be of certain ancient races and whose statements so far as the character of their personality was concerned, were verified independently by other clairvoyants, teach the doctrine also, and declare that it is given to them in turn by their spirit-teachers. In order to show clearly the nature of my perplexities, which cover not only this particular case of trance-control but also the wider problems of mediumship and its psychology, I will transcribe my notes of a seance, taken in the early part of the year 1914:—

"One of the Professors controlled M. Afterwards "Sunshine" came, the little dark girl. I asked "Sunshine" many questions bearing on previous statements she had made. It had occurred to me, that if, as she asserted, she had been in the spiritual world for a vast period of time—(she asserts that her last incarnation on earth, was in India, that her race is nearly extinct, and that with an old woman of her tribe whom she calls "Cusha" she lived amongst the grasses and ate berries, etc.)—then where was the evidence of her maturity from an organic standpoint? She speaks as a child, and is described by clairvoyants as a child. I questioned her on these points and she replied to the effect that she was a "big-little" girl, that is to say she was very old in spirit, but apparently young from a bodily standpoint. Also she said this apparent inconsistency was in accordance with her needs and work. She tried to explain that she had to become "little" because of "littleness" of the conditions she was working in. She affirmed that she was one of "Sister Teresa's" group, and then went on to give a somewhat metaphysical description of the mixture and combination of elements in nature. Her joy in existence is in obedience to her teachers, and she is confident in her teaching that we live many lives on earth. There were changes in progress, she further said, in the interior of the earth, and she described "holes" in the depths of the planetary body. These changes in the geological structure of the earth, which she said are going on now, will ultimately result in a universal cataclysm, and the uprising of new continents upon which will live a new and more spiritual race of human beings."

Recently, I had another opportunity to question "Sunshine" on the old problem, and found that she still adhered to her teaching of reincarnation. I found, however, that she had mastered English and spoke as if she had experienced growth, organically as well as spiritually. It seems to me, that in a case of this kind, waiving any doubts as to the genuineness of the control we have proof of the influence on the one hand of spiritual beings, who believe in reincarnation, on the receptive mind of a spirit-child, and on the other, of the medium with whom this child had come to associate.—Yours faithfully,

C. V. W. TARR.

## SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

By L. A. A.

**TEACHINGS OF LOVE.** Transmitted through M. E., with Introduction by Dr. Ellis T. Powell, L.L.B., D.Sc. Plymouth: William Brendon and Son, Ltd. 1s. 6d. net.

The Teachings contained in this little volume are selected from a large number of writings received impressionally by M. E., from a spirit-communicator who claims to have been a temple priestess in ancient Nineveh, and been twice re-incarnated, presumably once at least in the Christian era. As Dr. Powell remarks in the introduction we have no means of verifying this claim, and are confronted by the problem of spirit-identity which underlies the whole area of psychical research. The keynote of the teachings is Love. In the Beyond, "there is only Love in its fullest, highest, most perfect development." The Divine Immanence, the ministry of angels, the way of the Cross, the glorious message of Easter, are all put before the reader in simple, earnest words.

**THE THINNING OF THE VEIL.** A Record of Experience by Mary Bruce Wallace. With Foreword by J. Bruce Wallace, M.A. London: John Watkins. 2s. net.

A rarely beautiful record of meeting and intercourse with heavenly visitants without any external aid, which will make a strong appeal to the spiritually-minded. The experience came naturally, without effort, through the quiet, steady unfolding of the inner faculties of the recipient. It is precisely this note of gentle quiet simplicity which is so arresting and satisfying in these communications. This is as it should be. "Remember," said the Teacher, "it is the *mind* of man that obscures the soul vision." Here we feel, is a soul of such crystal purity and single-mindedness, that the veil was rent, without any curious seeking, but in the orderly course of spiritual development, for one undoubtedly being used to make the Beyond more real to us. "The veil is thinning fast now, and will thin still faster for the souls who are conscious of what we are seeking to do." Harmony, peace, and calm is urged in order to be ready for the message and for service, for "In calmness lies power." There is much in the words of the Teacher for our instruction in these difficult days, and always the word of cheer—"Go forward in faith and patience never losing sight of the Heavenly Vision." A little book to be thankful for: full of inspiration.

**THE QUEST.** A Quarterly Review, Edited by G. R. S. Mead. London: John Watkins. 2s. 6d. net.

The April number contains much interesting matter. It opens with a short poem by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, and this is followed by Nietzsche's "Diatribes against Christianity," which the editor says he hesitated for some time to publish. It is valuable as a revelation of the spirit underlying the Nietzschean doctrine, shewn in a series of epitomised passages brought together from his writings. An article on "Psycho-analysis and the Yoga Aphorisms," by F. T. Winter, the third of a series, draws a comparison between Freud's theory and Patanjali, shewing that eastern and western minds are opposed to each other in their methods of dealing with the disposition of psychical energy. "The Beginning of Human Perfectibility," by the editor, points out that the higher mystery institutions of antiquity taught a gospel of perfection. Knowledge was to be had for the seeking, and there was a deeper knowledge, the Gnosis, spiritual knowledge, knowledge of perfectibility, the end of which was conscious union with God. We must look for the beginnings of this perfectibility from the divine man within. Space forbids one from entering more fully into the contents of this magazine "full of good things" further than to notice briefly the very interesting paper on 'Biblical Folk-Lore,' based on Sir James Frazer's epoch-making book "Folk Lore in the Old Testament," and also the very valuable criticism, in "Reviews," of Dean Inge's work, "The Philosophy of Plotinus," "a work of the first order and importance," and the best which has yet appeared on the subject.

**THEOU-SOPHIA.** Elucidating the Science and Philosophy of the Divine Mysteries. By Holden E. Sampson. London: Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d. net.

The author of this work believes the time has come to declare the Mystery of Christ openly. Man has lost the memory of his Divine condition, wandered from his Centre, and therefore resents being told to renounce the fruits of action and deny the self. He has fallen into the slough of materialism. This volume is the first of a series setting forth the Divine Mysteries, or Wisdom of God in plain English, and is not the production of the author in an ordinary sense. He has but deciphered the Riddle of the Sphinx and given the clue. The system of redemptive evolution, arrested by the Fall, for which the scientific cause is given, with the simple method of the Christ evolution is shewn to have superseded temporarily creative

doctrine the as antidote. The gospel of Jesus Christ has been materialised and hidden under the false assumptions of modern religion. What has survived of Truth is veiled under symbols to which the Initiate-Masters in the Mysteries alone possess the key. The world owes a debt of gratitude to Darwin for the recovery of the idea of evolution. He foresaw that in the future psychology would be based on a new foundation, and further light would be thrown on man's origin and history. Before the Fall man knew and sensed the Infinite—lived, loved, and functioned in the power of Divine Energy. But now there is no open vision, for the Gnosis died with the true successors of the Apostles. This is no ordinary work, but one which all seekers will do well to study, although many will not accept the conclusion that *all* forms of the so-called "new" mysticism, occultism, etc., have their source in black magic; as opposed to the white magic of eastern sages and masters..



## A DEFENCE OF DARK SEANCES.

By TOM THOMAS.

SO much has been said against the dark-room seance, that I think it high time to arrest the criticism, and call the critics to a sense of reason. I have no quarrel with devotees of the light seance, but when they cynically remark that the phenomena ought to take place in the light, I think there is something wrong with their understanding. Not that the impossible is sought, but from sheer unacquaintance with the development of mediums, obstacles are placed in the way of accepting a truth.

Let us postulate in this fashion: "If a certain phenomenon happens in the absence of light, and the same phenomenon takes place also in light, what is the difference between the truth of both occurrences?" Surely, we need not split hairs on a question so elementary? Given a medium for the production of physical phenomena in the dark there can be no proof that the phenomena are producible through the same medium in the glare of the mid-day sun. What is necessary, is a proper grounding in the process of developing mediums from the rudimentary stage, and a sufficiency of self-control on the part of the sitters; then the road is clear for a truer conception of the laws operating in the production of phenomena in the dark.

Should the phenomena take place in the light, are we sure the alchemical process would be seen and understood? Mediums differ in organisation and temperament. Some are able to hold a finer type of magnetism than others. If a medium has powers which can only be demonstrated in the dark, the darkness is no evidence that genuine phenomena do not take place. Few mediums have ever developed their powers for producing physical phenomena in the light of day, but we can think in hundreds of genuine mediums whose seances were held in the dark.

I have attended hundreds of seances, but the greatest results have been obtained by dark seance arrangements. Take direct writing. I have made scores of pads for direct writing, so that it would be impossible for a medium to hoodwink me in the matter of unfixing my own seals, or establishing a facsimile of my private mark, in darkness.

It is useless thinking it is impossible to make a dark seance fraud-proof. Time and again (the oftener the better) the safety methods should be changed, until it becomes part of a medium's seance-life to expect newer and more rigorous test conditions. The chances are that mediums will then be always honest and straightforward, only going to their chairs, and passively waiting until the phenomena are produced, never worrying whether results are immediate or great.

One great secret is the integrity of those who gather round a medium for his or her development. From the best quality sitters there is always a demand for harmonious conditions, which, if applied to guides or controls, means that they too, must be of the same high quality and able to command the respect and sympathy so necessary for the best results.

I sat for years with a certain medium, during which apports were brought into the room in light. From what I experienced there was not a single sitter who could say at what stage of materialisation (or de-materialisation), the apports came into the room. Further, not one of us could see anything that took place regarding the chemical process of materialisation, so we were no better informed, nor less baffled, than we would have been in the dark. One thing is certain, the apports were de-materialised outside the room, and brought into the room and re-materialised, or the walls or doors went through a process of disintegration of particles to allow the full object to pass through, and the aperture thus made re-integrated to its proper condition! All that is necessary to prevent tricks is a company of wideawake, honest investigators, then fraud is impossible. I have written this, simply to attract *Gazetteers* to a full and proper discussion of seance methods.



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We are pleased to hear that the recently-formed weekly circle at Durham is making good progress. It meets in a quaint 17th century house overlooking the river.

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