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No. 71. Vol. 6.

AUGUST, 1919.

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HOME FROM THE WAR—A personal note—Mr. R. H. T. Naylor is now attending personally to all business. He is retired from the Army owing to wounds received whilst serving as Infantry Officer in France, 1917; having served since Mobilisation in 1914 and previously in Territorial Force. Clients will please accept apologies for past delays owing to above cause. Prompt and efficient service is now assured.

THE INTERNATIONAL
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Our Outlook Tower.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON BANS SPIRIT-COMMUNICATION.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON is reported to have said, when unveiling a war memorial at Holland Park, London, on July 16th:—

"I am not one of those who try to seek communication with the dead. I do not believe that it is meant, that it is authorised, or that it is right."

But why not? If it be true, as the right reverend Bishop has declared on a previous occasion that "a person five minutes after death is just the same person as he was five minutes before death, excepting that he has added a new experience"—(we quote from memory)—why should it not be right to communicate with him, if that is found to be possible? The person before death had human affections, and these cannot have been changed or destroyed by his passing across the border; for he is still "the same person." It used to be natural to him if he went on his summer holiday to send a message home to his parents to say that all was well with him, for he was convinced that they would wish to know that; it was also the dutiful thing to do as showing that the folks at home were in his filial thoughts just as he knew he was in theirs. Was that right or was it wrong? If right then, what makes it wrong now? Does the eminent Bishop think that the same kind of proper act, inspired by the same laudable motive, becomes vitiated in some occult way by the mere fact of its being done "after death"? Is the moral universe a contradictory thing, what is right on one side of the Valley becoming wrong once a person is fairly across the River? The Bishop would not rebuke a member of his own family for making use of pen, ink, and paper, and the postal service, to send home tidings of how he fared among unfamiliar people. But he ventures to interpret the divine mind on the matter if some mother's son has taken his "last long journey" and should make use of the means available to him to send back home a message. He has died for his country perhaps, and has disappeared into the realm of the invisible; he knows that his mother will be a thousand times more anxious to hear from him than when he merely went off for a holiday; he finds means to hand for sending back news, by raps on a table or by a planchette; he makes use of them in accordance with his past habit, being still the same person, but the Bishop does not now believe that it is meant—(he means by Almighty God)—or that it is authorised—(by the same Father of All)—or that it is right—(in the eyes of the Just Judge)! We cannot see on whatever reasonable grounds the Bishop has arrived at so drastic a conclusion. Had he been content to say that the Church had not authorised spirit-communication, and did not wish it to be countenanced or recognised as a proper thing to do, he would have been quite within his right, but when he attributes an ecclesiastical prejudice to the Creator against what is surely a divine scheme of Comfort he obviously goes beyond his commission. The Bishop complacently says "I am not one of those who try to seek communication with the

dead"—an expression that resembles that of a certain Biblical personage who thanked God he was not as other men! But does he realise that "those" from whom he thus publicly dissociates himself are not merely "ignorant and unlettered" men like Spiritualists and early Christians, but also godly and learned Churchmen, including curates, vicars, and men in high authority within the pale? Very well, right reverend Bishop, we now know and note the fact that you are a man apart, who will take no part or lot in the inter-linking of the two worlds, and that so far as you are concerned the open channels of communication must be kept strictly closed, because you happen to believe that rightness changes, though persons don't, when they cross over the Border.

J. L.



THE WOUND,

I walked in sleep, among such lovely palaces
As waking traveller may never find,
They were like flowers, as if white holy chalices,
Had fallen from some tree within God's mind

I lingered not in any lovely street,
But with swift steps I sought my certain goal,
And by the proudest palace did I meet,
Him who awaited, the beloved soul.

Steel-white he was! He clove me like a knife,
Just as a sickle sunders summer grass!
And at his wound I bled not out my life,
But with a glad assent I let him pass.

At that incision knew I ecstasy,
Which all my life from rotting plague shall keep:
Now I shall live in blest immunity,
Whether I wake or sleep!

ANNA HEPBURN.



As our July number went quickly out of print we shall be greatly obliged by our agents returning any copies they can spare us. Cost and postage will be gladly refunded.

MISS JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON, whose poems occasionally appear in these pages, is described by a *Dundee Weekly News* interviewer as "Tommy's Poetess-Laureate." She was permanently invalided through an accident on the ice, and her only contact with the outside world is by means of a bath chair, "but her limitations have not debarred her from taking an active interest in the affairs of the world and enriching its song with a sweet inspiring message."

A VICAR'S CRITICISM AND THE REPLY.—The *Durham County Advertiser* reports a lecture given in the Co-operative Hall of that city, by Mr. James Clair of Newcastle on "Seership through the Ages." Mr. Clair claimed that Spiritualism was the most rational, scientific, and assuring gospel ever presented to the contemplation of man. The Vicar of St. Nicholas (Rev. W. Bothamley) said he felt with Mr. Clair that what they wanted was to be in touch with the unseen and infinite all the time, and it was a great and outstanding blot on the Christian Church if it fell from that position. It seemed to him, however, that calling up the spirits of the departed was distinctly forbidden in the Bible and was not countenanced in the teaching of Christ. He thought Spiritualism, as practised, led people away from God and Christ. Mr. Clair replied that Christ had countenanced this method of communion by Himself appearing to His disciples and to some 500 others after His death. Where Christ had set the example those who followed it could not very well be wrong. Such spiritual communion did not lead men away from God but rather in the other direction, to God Himself.—A good and true answer, we think, for as the Apostle Paul said, "The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

The Joy and Sorrow of Peace.

By V. BRIDGES.

SO at long last the Peace, so earnestly prayed for, has come; the long, long blood-drenched trail has ended! How often have we lifted imploring hands to heaven and cried in our despair, "How long, oh Lord, how long?" For, alas! for so many of us that long trail is landmarked by the graves of our best beloved who have died that we might live.

There have been many splendid failures in this last four years; failures due, not to our gallant fighting men, but to the miserable incompetence and short-sightedness of persons in authority. Many glorious victories have been snatched sheerly from the jaws of defeat; yet with "hearts oft sick with hope deferred," our grand armies have fought on until they reached the summit of the hill, crowned with the glowing dawn of a victorious peace, with the rose-tinted rays of promise of a new and brighter era for the democracies of the world.

For a great many of us this peace has been hardly won—at the cost of all we held dearest upon earth. When the glorious news was at last crashed out to the eagerly waiting world it drew shouts of delirious joy from thousands of people; flags appeared mysteriously from nowhere in particular; church bells pealed out their wild paeans of victory from countless belfries; folks shook each other by the hand and told each other that we shall soon have all our dear boys home again.

The Victory news also drew many bitter tears of anguish from people who have lost their all in the war; and yet if it were all to be done over again they would still give with both hands, and hold not back one tithe of what they have given, to secure the peace of the world. The question uppermost in their anguished hearts to-day is: "When my neighbours' men-folk come home rejoicing, and mine come not, how shall I bear the emptiness of my heart and home?"

And a little insidious fear creeps in that in the general rejoicing those who have fallen in the great fight may be forgotten. It is not so, oh, brave hearts, who have been so steadfast in four long years of trial; let not your courage fail you now the days of trial are over. Take your grief, your bitter-sweet memories, some evening when the heavy traffic of the day is done—and you can feel sure of a quiet hour—to your nearest "War Shrine," the very one, perhaps, whereon his, or alas! it may be their, names are inscribed; give a few minutes of silent, earnest prayer for those who have fallen; and empty your mind of all things except love-thoughts for your dear ones who have passed through the gate which men call death. Soon there will come to you the sweet influence of the place, you will feel that you are standing upon holy ground, that it is here, if anywhere, you will get into touch with your gallant dead.

Then softly, sweetly, "like bells at evening pealing," through your tired brain and aching heart, with softening healing touch, comes the memory of those sweet words spoken by One who was Himself sacrificed: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he giveth his life for his friend," and, lo! your sorrow is lightened; you feel that they are not dead, but living in full enjoyment of that reward promised by the Lord of Hosts to His true and faithful. They will whisper to you "Cheer up, oh sorrowing heart, there is no death; what seems so is but transition; and we who have fought the good fight and

left earth behind us have yet been privileged to help in our spiritual state to bring about this great victory (in which we rejoice as heartily as you) of right over might. Oh, blessed be the name of the Lord, who has made fruitful our sacrifice." You will return to your homes refreshed and strengthened, feeling that it is almost sacrilege to weep for those who have surely been chosen of the Lord to help on the great work of crushing this evil, obscene monster, who would have made of this world a charnel house of all that was good and holy.

Oh, thrice-blessed ones, whose gallant husbands and sons are returning to the happy homes for which they fought so long and bravely, and the happiness they so well deserve; think tenderly of those whose loved ones are returning home no more in the fleshly form for which the human heart so naturally craves; remember they are looking at your joy through the mists of their sorrow; spare a little time to pray for heavenly comfort for them, and it shall be returned to you tenfold, and will surely add to your joy in the reunion with your own loved ones.

There is no dead; the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
And ever near us though unseen
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless Universe
Is life. There are no dead.—Lord Lytton.



THE BROTHERS THOMAS AT DARLINGTON.

By W. G. MITCHELL.

TO form any solid opinion of any medium, it is wise whenever possible, to attend a series of seances. To have the medium living under the same roof with you, and in close companionship for a full week, is a further advantage that cannot be over-estimated. This has been my privilege with the Brothers Thomas. Their visit to Darlington, under the auspices of the "Darlington (Bondgate) Psychological Society," is an event long to be remembered. The seances, four in number, were rich in phenomena. To give in detail all the wonderful happenings would occupy more space, I fear, than the editor has to spare. Perhaps I may be allowed to record just two outstanding occurrences.

The medium was securely roped to his chair, and by his side sat a member of the Spiritualists' National Union Executive, who leaned heavily against the medium, placed his elbow upon the medium's arm, and his left foot upon the medium's right foot. For the medium to leave the chair, even were he unfettered, would have been impossible without his knowledge.

At the end of the seance, we found one of the sitters at the far side of the circle tied to his chair with a skipping rope, around the handles of which were fairy bells! None of these bells were heard to tinkle, and although many of us tried, we found it impossible to manipulate the rope without the jingling of the bells.

My son, who unfortunately lost his right hand in the war, and who is obliged to wear a knitted stump-sock, which extends under his coat sleeve, nearly up to the elbow, found at one period of the seance that the sock had been removed, but at the close of the seance he found it had been replaced.

A series of seances could hardly be conducted without the inevitable sitter who knows just how the "tricks" were done. Notwithstanding the severe tests imposed, and a general upsetting of the "conditions" at the last seance, the medium, *still tied securely to his chair*, was found at the far side of the circle, having travelled fifteen feet from his original position.

A committee, representative of sitters at all seances, and comprising about fifty per cent. of the total attendances, carefully considered in detail all the phenomena and reconstructed the seances, by tying a member in the chair and trying to duplicate the happenings. A resolution was unanimously passed and forwarded to the Brothers, expressing the entire satisfaction of the committee and their confidence in the Thomases' mediumship.

Death, The Birth Immortal.

By JAMES M. PEEBLES, M.D., LOS ANGELES.

We welcome this latest contribution from our venerable but wonderfully virile friend, who is now in his ninety-eighth year, and preserves with ease and dignity his title to being the most beloved Pioneer and wise Apostle of Spiritualism alive in the whole wide world to-day. We have received an interesting letter from him as we go to press, which will appear in our next number.

THE French patriot Ducos, condemned to the scaffold, asked a compatriot, "What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?" "Annihilation is not our destiny," replied Cano; "we are immortal; these living thoughts, these boundless aspirations, can never die; to-morrow, far away in other worlds, we shall think and feel and act, and solve the problems of the destiny of the human mind." "Death is the greatest act of life," said a martyr, "since it gives birth to a higher state of existence." Life and death, comparable to two crystal waves upon the ocean, are each in their time and turn equally beautiful. "Where shall we bury you?" said Crito to Socrates, when he was about to drain the poisoned draught. "Just where you please," was the prompt reply, "if you can only catch me." And then he added, "Have I not told you that the body is not Socrates, but a shadow of the conscious man? After dying I go to dwell with the Gods."

Do we become unconscious during the process of dying? Some do, others do not. To those who have lived calm, useful and spiritual lives, whose years have been many and well rounded in deeds of love and mercy, there is no cessation of consciousness. The crossing of the crystal river is like a pleasant dream, a vivid life-like dream after a toilsome day. The process, as natural as beautiful, involves no disorganisation of the soul-body. This body does not die and go to pieces when smitten by the icy reaper. The bird does not leave the shell in shattered fragments and then gather itself together again. Such a theory is supported neither by fact nor philosophy. The spirit is so interrelated to the ego-essences of the soul-body that it holds it fixedly in a continuous organised unity. As there were those expecting and awaiting the infant's ingress into this world, so there are thoughtful loving angels waiting to welcome us at our second birth. The beauty and texture of our new vestures will correspond to our moral purity. They change according to changes of our mental and moral states. Styles differ according to taste and office. The shining garments in the higher spheres of angelic life are not made with hands. They come to the angelic as the leaves come to the tree, or as the colours come to the purpling clouds. The angel who appeared at the tomb was clothed in raiment as "white as snow." And so, if we live the true life here we will open our entrance into the heavenly world, be arrayed in a beauty and a glory above those of the lilies of the valley or the brightness of the sun.

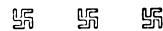
The locality of the spirit-world is not afar off in the starry spaces. It is here. It envelops us as do the waters the fish of the seas. Everything in its inmost is spirit or spiritual. Pluck a flower and it withers, but the spiritual flower continues to bloom in the invisible gardens of the gods. Man is a spirit now. He lives and walks, veiled, in the spirit-world now. Clairvoyants get occasional glimpses of its glories. The physical body after death decays and rises through soils and ashes up into the grasses of the fields,

while the soul-body, phantom-like to the material touch, is substantial to the spirit's touch and to all the senses of spirit-life. This here is the world of shadows, the higher spiritual world is the one of substances. Here we see and know in part, there we shall know as we are known.

The spirit-world, then, is here, there, everywhere. When the angel of deliverance comes, our friends do not necessarily depart from us; they only cease to manifest themselves through the same physical body. They are no nearer or farther off as to space than before the event termed death. It is more correct to say we have departed from them than they from us. Their natural attractions and memories continue to draw them to those they love. This love principle is the ruling force of all worlds. Love is immortal.

To the weary, to the infirm, to the aged, then, how beautiful is death! Death, this pre-ordained change, this passing through the vine-encircled door into that better conditioned world of spirits, to consciously clasp the hands of those gone before, to study the new life of the spheres, and to reach outward and upward towards the immensities of eternity.

The heavens and the hells are more conditions than localities. Compensation runs like a silver thread through the universe. It is cause and effect, sowing and reaping. The thoughts, words, deeds of the present life weave the meshes murky or clear, dark or bright, of the future. No spirit can get away from himself. Memories like shadows will follow us all. Oh, the bitter, gnawing, crushing pains and agonies of remorse that torture the depraved and the viciously selfish in that retribution and adjusting realm of the hereafter. And yet, God is love. Mercy's door is never shut. Repentance is ever possible, and progress is a universal law. Jesus preached to the spiritually-imprisoned. The reformers of this life become the preachers in spirit-life. The two worlds, all worlds, constitute one grand brotherhood of sympathetic intelligences. Life on earth is only a brief school, a discipline, a pilgrimage. Let us then kindly help each other along the tiresome journey ere we put our sandals off and lay our weary burdens down by the cypress trees that shade death's peaceful river.



A VOICE AND A VISION.—A Scottish correspondent writes:—I may tell you of a curious psychic happening in connection with a Unitarian clergyman. My old friend passed over last autumn. He was interested in psychic phenomena, but had not experimented. Only one experience did he ever have, if I except the feeling of being inspired on occasions to write. The sole other experience occurred several years before he passed over. He was supposed to be at the point of death—himself believed he was—when he became conscious of Great Presences in his room. The experience was the more remarkable as he was of quite the old rationalistic school of Unitarianism. But, to my own psychic experience. Sitting in my room here about two months after his journey over I quite distinctly heard his beautiful voice say, "Jessie, dear Jessie, I can help you now; I am helping you." I looked up in astonishment, to see two thin, old, fine, blue-veined hands, hands once most familiar to me, held towards me for a few seconds, in kindest greeting!

A SPIRITUALIST WEDDING.—A very pleasing function and ceremony took place in the Masonic Halls, Melbourne Place, Edinburgh, on Friday evening, 4th July, in the marriage of Private Robert Dunlop French and Miss Isabella Oowler, Mr. E. Spencer officiating with his usual good taste and ability. An appreciative company assembled to greet the happy pair, and a most enjoyable evening was spent in song, story, and dancing.

LETTERS TO MOTHER IN PARADISE.—II.

By DORIS SEVERN.

IN my former letter, Sweetest and most Dear, I spoke of the changed conditions of life here, and the difficulty most of us feel in adapting ourselves to them. But you really know more about it than I can tell you, for I feel your presence, and help all the time. On your side there is evidently a great quickening of interest and effort towards the removal of the barrier between the two aspects of this world. For that is what it really is on your side, not a far-away heaven, but the changed and purified aspect of this world.

I want to tell you of a trifling incident which seemed to prove the accuracy of this view. One evening, at the close of our usual sitting, we struck a repeater which rested on the table between us. We then asked, "Did you hear that?" A.—"Yes."

"What was it." A.—"A repeater, striking ten."

"What time is it by you?" A.—"Ten o'clock."

"Then is time the same with you?" A.—"Yes."

"Is your world then only a different aspect of this?" A pause, and the soft velvety warmth of the table was gone. Then it came back, and the table vigorously spelt out "Yes." We judged that some other person had been asked if our question might be answered.

Does not this idea sweep away at one stroke all the "creepiness or ghostliness," etc., which has defaced the fair aspect of the new knowledge, and caused timorous well-meaning people to view the subject with horror, rejecting thereby the consolation it might bring them. I can fancy with how kindly a smile all you dear people on the other side of "the little green door," view our struggle for increased knowledge of that other life. "Well," you say perchance, "they are coming on; they have learned a little more since this day last year; in time the full light will shine, as much as may be permitted on that side of death."

I have read a wonderful statement lately, that in some very highly developed persons, the spiritual body gradually transmutes the particles of the earth-body, so that even in this life, immortality may be attained, and the passing through the act of bodily death be done away with. It is a marvellous idea, and I would much like a message from you as to whether it has any foundation in fact. But obviously, it would be possible only in the case of a person of such rare and transcendental qualities of spirituality, and holiness, that only one in a million might attain to it. Shall not the time come when Our Sister Death, as St. Francis calls it, shall be only the gentle and friendly portress, admitting us to such an infinitely better and happier state than the passing shall be only a high and solemn act of joy. Then we shall see no ugly mourning, no sinister-looking hearse. The earthly casing shall be "Borne to burial as to burning, crowned with flowers."—*Tennyson.*

These are the high mountain peaks of thought and aspiration. We have to come down to every-day life in dusty plains and valleys, but surely some of that holier and brighter influence may remain in our hearts. Sweetest and most Dear farewell till it is time for another letter.

ON PEACE DAY.

By JESSIE FREEMAN.

HILLS, golden in the sunlight, stately in their greatness, and wonderful in their beauty!

The yellow of the gorse mingles with the blue of the cornflowers waving in the breeze, making dainty points of colour peeping out from the tall green grass. What a lovely view! . . . Solitude and quiet! . . . Peace everywhere! But could one marvel at that, for was it not "Peace Day?" The lark up in the deep blue sky poured out grateful thanksgiving, its whole tiny body throbbing with the intensity of its song. The fragrant flowers swaying in the breeze whispered to one another, for was this not the greatest of days, the day of joy for all? The trees too murmured their happiness, and the grasshoppers chirped merrily in the waving grasses. All nature seemed to be rejoicing; even the bees and butterflies lazily flitting in the sunshine, or in ecstasy drinking the honey from the yellow gorse, hummed joyfully their praise. Down below in the valley swayed the corn like a rippling sea of green; then far, far away, like a mere streak on the horizon shone a river, sparkling in the sunshine like a million diamonds, murmuring, oh so softly, its gratitude at the Wonder of Peace.

Then I had a Vision. The glorious scenery, full of beauty and pulsating life, faded away. It seemed now I saw only a host of happy faces, faces alight with joy and thankfulness, shining with intensity of love. Through the air pealed an organ wonderful in tone, and all that host commenced to sing. Ah! how they sang! Shall I ever forget it? If I had just now imagined that the smallest of God's creatures could rejoice, how much grander was this Thanksgiving of His greatest creation, Man? Oh, the wonder of their singing, the joy and happiness of their faces, as with heart and soul they praised their God for this Gift of Peace! I knew instinctively that the host before me were the boys who had died for their country, died with a smile on their lips, knowing that on the Other Side they would hear the words "Well done." They had given their lives that Peace might come and now they rejoiced knowing that after all, their sacrifice had not been made in vain.

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THE CURTAIN.

A 'broidered curtain hangs twixt heaven and earth,
Hiding the glories of that happy place,
Where those who passed through pain and battle here
Are lapped in quietness. One Whose Hand
I guess, but may not speak, has ope'd for me
One little corner, thick with bud and leaf
And such strange flowers as never blossom here,
And showed me where they live—
Those heroes young, with blue and candid eyes,
And gold hair bright as when their mothers kissed
Its silken softness last. Look up! O Mother, wail,
And see your son or grandson walk
In fields of Paradise; then dry your eyes
And I wait the meeting, calm in faith and hope.

DORIS SEVERN.

How I Developed Inspirational Writing.

By G. VALE OWEN, VICAR OF ORFORD, LANCS.

LIKE the average Briton, I fear I am not a good hand at talking about myself. As you are kind enough, however, to say that the readers of the *I.P.G.* would be interested to know in what way I came to develop writing messages from my invisible friends in spirit-life, I will do my best to overcome "the shyness which fetters utterance." Less reluctantly do I essay this as I know, from numerous letters received, that there are many who are wishful to develop their faculties in like manner, and who will perhaps welcome a few words on the subject.

There is an opinion abroad that the clergy are a very credulous race of beings, especially where facts or fancies relative to the spiritual world are concerned. Now they may be foolish about many things, although in this connection I opine I should have the support of some keen observers of human nature, and among these Thomas Carlyle, if I were rude enough to suggest that the clergy have not a monopoly of the commodity herein suggested! But in regard to the impeachment of credulity the answer is distinctly in the negative. Our training in the exercise of the critical faculty, accompanied by continual reference to that theological demi-god "Authority," has the effect of placing clergymen among the most reluctant and hard-to-convince where any such new truth is in question. Taking myself as the "horrible example" I am constrained to confess that it took a quarter of a century to bring about my conversion—ten years to convince me that spirit communication was a fact, and another fifteen to convince me that the fact was legitimate and good. And it came about in this way.

During these years I had been in the habit of reading the daily lessons in church. There was usually nobody there except myself, especially in the early morning, that is, at seven o'clock Matins. That gave me plenty of opportunity for some quiet thinking. As this went on year by year I began to notice that on nearly every page of the Bible there was something about this communion between the two states. I read of messages purporting to come more or less directly from "the Lord," or to be sent from Him by the mouth of some angel, visible appearances of beings from those higher realms, voices from the same sphere, miracles wrought by powers transmitted also from the spirit world. I began to see a likeness between these phenomena and those claimed to happen by that strange people called "Spiritualists." But these latter marvels, I believed and taught, were of evil origin. As I read on, however, the likeness persisted, until at last, very reluctantly, I was compelled to ask myself a straight question: WHY? Why should those in the Bible be good and these their modern counterparts be evil?

In 1909, R. J. Lees' book, "Through the Mists," was put into my hands by a young brother cleric. I read it. There were many things in it I didn't like. But I read the sequel, "The Life Elysian." There I found more things I didn't like. Some of them I don't like to-day. But in all fairness I had to confess that these books were not evil, and were good. Some notes jarred. Taken as a whole the narratives were healthy in tone and uplifting.

The claim made by the author was that he had received these narratives from discarnate human

beings. That I was unable to accept. I put it aside for future consideration. I believed the author to be sincere in making that claim. But I was inclined to believe him mistaken. But as the weeks went by I began to ask myself, in those early hours of quietude and prayer, "If these things happened in Bible times, why not now?" If they do not happen now, I reasoned, either God has changed in the manner of His dealings with His children, or those children have changed. I decided that there was no evidence in support of either of these suppositions. I concluded, therefore, that it might be possible after all that R. J. Lees' claim was true, especially as I had by that time found that others were putting forth similar claims.

The next question which came to me, and insisted on an answer, was this, "And if R.J.L., then, why not G.V.O.?" So I set myself to prayer that, if it were possible and well that it should be so, the way for such communion might be opened to me also.

From the moment I had taken this decision the answer began to appear. First my wife developed automatic writing. Then through her I received requests that I would sit quietly, pencil in hand, and take down any thoughts which seem to come into my mind projected there by some external personality, and not consequent on the exercise of my own mentality. Here evidently was the call to work which I had prayed for. And yet when it came I shrank back and refused. This reluctance lasted for some weeks, but at last I felt I wasn't quite playing the game. So, very doubtfully I confess, I began to sit.

The first four or five messages might have come from some asylum for the insane. They meandered about from one subject to another in an aimless fashion, and ended in the region of nowhere. But I was not to be put off like that. It had taken twenty-five years to bring me up to that point and I was going through with it. So I continued to sit and gradually the sentences began to take a more consecutive form. At last I got some which were understandable. From that time development has kept pace with practice.

So, Mr. Editor, I have given you the account for which you asked me. There is nothing very startling in it. But it may perhaps lead some to develop their faculties when they see how simple is the process by which faculties usually dormant may be brought into operation for the help, however small it may be, of others seeking guidance from those brighter ones who have trodden the way we are going now.

If I were asked by anyone, "Can I develop the faculty?" I would answer, "I don't know." What I myself asked for was that I might be brought into open communion with our brethren in the beyond. At the back of my mind was the idea of clairvoyance and clairaudience. But these were not the ways chosen. And when the request came to sit for writing it created in me a distinct sense of aversion and antagonism. Since then it has been explained to me that from the days of my boyhood, in other words for about thirty five years, our good spirit friends have had me in hand, gradually preparing me for the eventual exercise of this same faculty of "dictated writing." Evidently they saw that

this was the method by which they could use me to best advantage when the proper time should arrive.

In others, of course, other faculties are the more easily developed. I think the attitude to cultivate is that of willingness for service, in what-

ever way it may be revealed. Our good friends yonder will not fail to respond. Whether we follow their leading or not is for us to choose—there is no compulsion in the matter. Prayer and a level head are our safeguards and, granted these, we shall not go wrong.

The Unfolding of Spiritual Gifts.

By EVA HARRISON, AUTHOR OF "INTERIOR ILLUMINATION," ETC.

MAY I give a message to those who desire to develop their own spiritual gifts. When one has become convinced that life continues beyond the episode of death, the wisest thing to do, surely, is to live with that extended and ever progressive future in view. For, by our lives here we are shaping our future destinies, and building up our finer inner bodies, which will one day be the body of manifestation, when the Angel of Death liberates it from the earthly temple. Let us realise that true Spiritualism means a life lived in the power of the Spirit.

I always advocate the "home circle" for those who desire to come in touch with the highest and best, and to unfold "the gifts of the spirit" within themselves. The public circle, wisely conducted and rightly used, is a useful institution, but the Angels of Inner Light bid us not to be seeking always for phenomenal tests, but to unfold our own gifts, and enlist in the service of Love under their guidance. It is among the twos and threes that the most beautiful manifestations frequently occur. The home circle, ruled by love and uplifted by faith, may indeed become the very gate of heaven. Here you may attune yourselves to receive such messengers as could not easily come into the atmosphere of a public circle.

Then too, the truly spiritually-developed ones on earth are as lights; they throw off a radiance which attracts crowds of wandering earth-bound spirits, whose paths they can illumine, and whose lives they can uplift—as did the Master whose love of souls led Him even into the hell-states, that He might "preach to the spirits in prison." I might here mention that the special work our home circle is dedicated to is the rescue of souls on the unseen planes, who have lost their way amidst the mazes of the earth and astral worlds. Never think that it is useless to pray for those who have passed within the veil. Every soul is an atom of the Great Whole, and not one shall be lost ultimately. All shall come into the Light some-day, but, if some will to turn their backs to the Light it must be so, until they tire of the planes of illusion.

Now, I will quote a few sentences spoken by one of our Angel Ministrants in a little circle which was an off-shoot from our own, and where our Sensitive had been asked to go, so that our Guides might speak a seasonable message to this circle:—

We bring blessing for each and all. Be not discouraged if you do not immediately see the results of your labours. Every seed of love sown must bear fruit some day. Much of the fruit is hidden from you at present, but when you come to draw upon the stores of a wider experience, you will know that no effort for good can be wasted.

The great mistake made by many is to seek the aid of those spirits who pander to earthly desires. Seek always the assistance of the Highest, for the highest purpose, then you may approach ever nearer and nearer that Source of All-good, which will pour choicest Blessing upon your efforts.

Guard with watchful care your every thought and desire. Your individual acts may affect only the few who come within your radius; but the power of thought is boundless, and may influence untold numbers.

We know and sympathise fully with your earthly difficulties and trials, and were it wise, would give you the knowledge sought pertaining to these things. But, if we were to grant all your desires and remove all difficulties from your pathway, where would be the experience for which earth-life was designed? Your individual effort would then be unnecessary and your progress would be stayed. It is the effort to overcome difficulties, and the patience with which your trials and tests are borne, which mark your degrees of spiritual growth.

Thoughts and desires create an atmosphere around your circles, and if these be merely concerning material things, then those spirits who dwell near the earth are attracted, who may desire to help, and give the knowledge sought, but who have not yet themselves arrived at that condition of development wherein they can always do so. When the sitters in a circle are giving off vibrations of selfish desire, such an atmosphere is created as cannot be entered by the Angels of Inner Light. But if purity and love vibrations encircle your little bands, and self be lost in service (which is the object of Angelic attainment), then shall those who dwell in the golden light draw near, and you shall be helped in the unfolding of your inner self, and the development of your spiritual gifts. Then the Christ within you shall be born alive, and the Spirit of Truth shall lead you into All Truth.



THE MAGICAL UNKNOWN.

'Tis not for us to scan creation's realm
And dogmatise on what we dimly see,
Whilst—far beyond the range of any eye—
Extends unseen a vast infinity.

How vainly do we watch the sands of time
And say "The future runs into the past!"
For Sequence is a phase that God has planned,
And Time—a shadow by His finger cast.

To check by measure His eternity,
To limit His illimitable space,
Would be to cage a magical unknown
Within the prison bars of time and place.

G. EUSTACE OWEN.



A MATERIALISATION WITHOUT A MEDIUM.—Miss S. E. Haggard writes us:—"I touched very casually upon the following phenomenon at the Psychic Club about the time of its occurrence, just three years ago or a little more, when a gentleman present, Mr. Lonsdale, remarked that I was the medium, but I do not think so. The incident occurred on this wise. I had shut and fastened my door and window for the night when I noticed that my room was full of sparkling electrons, a phenomenon I had often seen before. I undressed and put out the light, when immediately a *form* appeared through the closed and fastened window, but the light from the electrons was not strong enough to enable me to see the features. However, after contemplating myself for a second or two, the *form* advanced to the head of the bed and stooping down touched the tip of my ear, and speaking my name caused a most violent electric shock to vibrate through my frame from head to foot! I felt almost annihilated, but soon recovered when I found the *form* had disappeared, and the electrons also. But upon awaking in the morning I found to my great joy that a knee ailment with which I had been troubled for many years had entirely disappeared, but alas, only for a time, three years at the most, for it has now returned with double force, laying me up altogether, so I suppose I must look upon it as a 'thorn in the flesh,' and be thankful it causes no pain. The Spirit-person who healed me for a time has made no further effort to do so, and so no doubt is under wiser and higher orders. I have told this incident to several persons so you, Mr. Editor, may have heard of it before."

The Old Nurse's Story.

By GERDA CALMADY-HAMLIN.

THE following story was related to me by a respectable elderly woman—a children's nurse—who said she had held "no belief in ghosts or any of that there sort of nonsense" till the curious experience which I am about to relate fell to her lot.

Nurse Mitchell had undertaken a temporary but extremely well-paid post at W—, a town in the Midlands famous alike for its beautiful Cathedral and the fact that the bones of a world-renowned novelist lie buried therein. She was to be nurse to a young married-lady with one very delicate and fretful baby requiring the greatest care. The lady was not the actual owner of No. 21, Stevenstone Street; she merely rented what appeared a most picturesque old place, with low casement windows, carved and panelled walls, and a corkscrewy sort of staircase—"just the sort to break your neck over—going downstairs on a darkish night." Originally the quaint abode may have been built as two separate smaller houses, joined together now by the staircase alluded to. There was a wide hall in the centre from which opened doors into passages leading away to the kitchen-regions; while upstairs were bedrooms round a gallery, and the nursery at the back part of the house.

Nurse had been in residence for over a week, and her infant charge had proved so unusually fretful that she found herself tied almost entirely to the nursery. One morning, after a particularly restless night, she was carrying baby from his own apartments to those of his mother in the front part of the house, and had to pass down the winding staircase, across the hall, and up on the further side, holding the child on one arm and a bundle of shawls upon the other. Both burdens proved somewhat cumbersome, and just as Nurse reached the most difficult portion of the stairway the bundle of woolly shawls began to slip. She must either drop them altogether, or lessen her hold on the sleeping infant. That would be pretty sure to wake him—a thing to be avoided at all costs. At that crucial moment, Nurse Mitchell caught sight of a plump little dark-haired girl, in a pink-cotton dress and neatly-starched cap and apron, very similar to the little betweenmaid, Polly Awcott, who usually brought up her breakfast and supper trays.

"Polly, my girl," cried she, "just come and give me a hand with these shawls or I'll drop them and the blessed baby too in another minute!"

To her amazement, the girl paid not the faintest attention to her request, but slipped through a red baize door leading to the pantries and disappeared from view.

Late that evening, Nurse went down to the kitchen to fetch hot water, and seeing that same girl (as she believed) who had played her such a shabby trick, said, "Hullo, Polly, is that you, I see? Why didn't you come this morning when I called to you, may I ask? You might have stretched out a friendly hand."

Polly, who was a wholesome sensible-looking girl with a smiling face, stared at Nurse with a puzzled expression, then burst into a laugh, in which several of the other domestics joined.

Nurse Mitchell began to feel angry. "Whats the wonderful joke all about?" she exclaimed.

Cook, a fat good-natured woman, explained, "It's nothing, Nurse; nothing against you anyway; this house is supposed to be haunted, by a maidservant. We've most of us seen her, and one or two of us have spoken to her, but she never answers back. Neither does she do any harm to us or anyone else that I know of—just flits about the house, an inoffensive little thing, sometimes in a pink-cotton dress such as Polly wears of a morning, sometimes in a neat black afternoon get-up, as if she were going to the front door to let in callers. Whose ghost she is, or what she's supposed to be doing here none of us know."

"Fancy that now," exclaimed Nurse in astonishment; "I wouldn't have believed what you say for one single minute if I hadn't seen the little maid with my own eyes!"

"I've always heard that this old house was haunted, and it has been my wish ever since I grew up to try and get a place here and see what I could for myself," put in Peggy the kitchenmaid, a striking-looking damsel with luminous psychic black eyes.

After which, Mary the head housemaid, said, "That ghost you saw, Nurse, ain't by any manner o' means the only one in this house; there's far worse than that. One parlour-maid here got the fright of her life one evening, and left before she'd been in the place six days. Two visitors were expected the day after she came, a young married couple; and Annie K— had orders to prepare the big blue spare-room for them to sleep in. That's just over the drawing-room suite, and is the best bed-chamber in the house. About six o'clock in the evening, —the visitors weren't due to arrive till nearly eight—

Annie ran upstairs to the blue room with clean towels and to see that all was straight. She opened the door to walk in, and saw a beautiful young lady standing in front of the glass, wearing a pink silk dressing-jacket and lace petticoat, who had masses of lovely golden hair flowing down over her shoulders! For a moment Annie fancied that the lady guest must have arrived by an earlier train, unbeknown to her. 'If you please, Ma'am,' she began; but all of a sudden, the young lady swung round from the glass with a face of the most awful fury, rushed across the room as swift as a sheet o' greased lightning. Annie hurried out and the lady slammed the door behind her. In the passage Annie fainted and it was an hour and more before anybody found her. Her people came and took her away, and the doctor said she was on the verge of brain fever."

As much of the history of the old house as Nurse Mitchell could discover ran something like this—it belonged to a wealthy family of bankers. Some sixty years before Julia, the only daughter of the house—a beautiful young girl of nineteen—became engaged to a young man whom her people highly disapproved of. Parents were strict in those days, and the father was so enraged at his daughters engaging herself without his knowledge that he forbade his would-be son-in-law the house and kept the unhappy damsel virtually a prisoner, permitting her to hold communication with no one, not even to see a friend. Somehow or other she escaped by the help of a maidservant, and her lover having sailed for India mistress and maid agreed to follow him. The ship on which they sailed foundered, and all on board were drowned. It was after that the hauntings at 21, Stevenstone Street began. Months went by without tidings of the fate of the two fugitives; but long before news of their death reached England, Julia had appeared in spirit form, first to a favourite brother, and then to other members of the family. The maid also was frequently seen, both then and afterwards—a little quiet flitting figure, who molested no one and disappeared at once if you spoke to her.

Nurse Mitchell concluded—"I don't like them kind o' things, do you ma'am? and I hope I'll never take situation in another haunted house. I don't wonder that wretched parlour-maid gave notice!"



MRS. DUFFUS'S FAMOUS PONIES.—The Chairman of this *Gazette* is as enthusiastic in promoting the culture of a fine breed of Shetland ponies as she is in spreading the comforting truths of Spiritualism, and helping forward every kind of philanthropic work. On her beautiful estate at Penniwells she maintains a stud of about fifty animals, so perfect in their kind that wherever they are shown they practically "sweep the board" of every important award. The *Times* of July 5, in its report of the Richmond Horse Show says: "The Shetland pony section was a very good one, both for numbers and quality. It always does prove an attraction, and it was perhaps never of more importance than it is now, when it is so important to foster a taste for horsemanship in the rising generation. Mrs. Etta Duffus, as usual of late, held a strong winning hand. She was first in the class for 'stallions, colts, or geldings,' with the Royal winner, Huzzoor of Penniwells, and was second with Vagary of Penniwells, two remarkably handsome and well-balanced ponies, full of quality, and fine movers, the winner having slightly the pull in this respect. Mrs. Duffus also won with them in a small but good class of pairs, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that a better pair of Shetlands has never been seen out." During last month the Penniwells ponies have won three Championships, three Reserve Championships, and many first and second prizes. Our readers, we feel, will be pleased to hear of these high competitive distinctions gained by the *Gazette's* most generous "guide, philosopher, and friend."

THE REV. ROBERT F. HORTON, M.A., D.D., of Hampstead, writing to the authors (Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Elliott), says: "After reading 'Angels Seen To-day' I feel that there is a spiritual life and power in the little book which must make it useful to all readers. Without determining whether the experiences which underlie the book are open to all, I am sure that it must help everyone to know that even some favoured people are permitted to be so aware of 'angels pitying human cares;' and the wish to realise their presence and ministry keeps the mind in heavenly places."

THE HUSK FUND.—The following kind donations have been received during the past month: "Emma" £2, Mrs. Cranstoun £1 1s., Mrs. Watson £1, Sir A. Conan Doyle £1, A Friend, £1, Mrs. M. G. Thompson 5s. Further donations will be welcomed by Mrs. Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts.

THE
International Psychic Gazette

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24a, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Man's Double Constitution

FOLLOWING up our remarks of last month on "The Physiology of The Soul," when we suggested that the human soul, spirit, ego, self, conscious-subject (or whatever else we may call "the unknown basis of the mental phenomena") was possibly nothing more nor less than the living, invisible, psychical, celestial, incorruptible, immortal or spiritual body known to early Christianity, let us now attempt to make the notion somewhat more vivid, by envisaging the spiritual body as an everyday natural fact that is coming steadily into the light of day through Psychical Research and Spiritualistic experience, and see whether it may not reasonably account for all the known qualities and attributes of the soul.

We think it will be admitted by the generality of our readers that "the ghost in man," as Tennyson called it, has emerged from being a mere superstition or hallucination, and has become a veritable objective phenomenon. It is no longer the phantom of our childhood that appeared haphazard for a few moments and vanished never to be seen again—a mere empty shell or a delusion of some disordered brain. It has assumed bodily substance, displaying all the characteristics of a living organism, that thinks, feels, acts, and retains its past identity when the physical body dies. It is not ordinarily visible to our physical senses but we know that it can borrow part of the physical substance of a medium's body for purposes of physical manifestation, as the spirit "Katie King" used to do in the house of Sir William Crookes.

And it is not merely a body that is exchanged at death for the physical body. It is a living body co-existing with the physical body all through our life on earth. The hypnotist puts a man's physical body to sleep, calls his spiritual body into activity, sends it to a distance to view a scene, and come back with a report of what it has seen and heard many miles away. It travels, sees, hears, remembers, thinks, narrates, when the activities of the physical body are in abeyance.

We are accustomed to use vague words, like subconscious-self and subliminal-self, to explain these phenomena, but can anything that is not itself a complete and independent conscious entity do such things? The whole range of observed psychical phenomena confirm the indubitable existence of our spiritual corporeality. Why should we persist in regarding the weighty testimony of scientific investigators merely as interesting excursions into a world of phantasy and unreality? Why not frankly accept these facts as facts, and proceed to reason about them, and build up the obvious logical conclusions from them?

A man sits down in a dentist's chair, is put under gas, becomes unconscious, tells the dentist when he regains consciousness "I saw you pulling my teeth, and I saw three nurses come in and stand there while I was asleep." His physical eyes did not see these things. But his other eyes must have done, for no one told him, and what he says he remembers seeing is true. Is there any reasonable alternative to that of believing him? Would it really be a sign of

greater wisdom to say—"Man, you are only guessing?" Do a stream of patients in dentists' chairs become infected with a mania for true guessing? Should we not be ourselves unreasonable to suppose so?

But we do not merely depend on the dreamers' testimony to what they have seen when their physical bodies were so perfectly unconscious as to be unable to feel pain, and when they were standing watching their own teeth being drawn. Well-attested cases of seeing the "doubles" of dying persons are innumerable. We remember an utterly sceptical friend saying—"What you say reminds me that when our Jessie was at Glenview Boarding School at Melrose, there were three sisters named Leah home from India to be educated. One Sunday afternoon the girls were in the drawing-room reading. One of the Leah girls suddenly jumped up and exclaimed, 'Oh, there's Mother!' When the girls asked what she meant she said she had seen her mother pass by the window carrying a baby. Immediately there was an excited search for Mother, but nowhere in house or grounds could she be found. A month later a black-edged letter arrived from India stating that the mother had died in childbirth. One of the girls kept a diary and had put down all the story of the excitement, and the time of the occurrence. When the difference in Indian and British time was taken into account it was found that as nearly as possible the mother had died at that moment."

That was no idle fiction, or merely curious coincidence. The three young girls knew nothing about their mother expecting a baby, or that their mother was at that moment dying. But when the mother felt she was going she was instantly, heart and soul, with her young daughters so many thousands of miles away. She did not merely send a thought projection, such as an artist at leisure might have constructed, or a person of great concentration and will-power might have sent. She came herself, and showed herself, probably did not know how, but she was with them.

Such facts are common. Why should even psychical scientists keep them isolated, and not deduce from them the obvious generalisations that our spiritual bodies are, and that they can travel swift as lightning when freed from the limitations binding the physical body. They seem to enter a new dimension where time and space do not count. The drowning man can in a minute survey as in a cinematograph the events silently and unwittingly stored in his memory during a lifetime. That is not slow methodical brain-functioning. It is something more subtle and vivid than anything the ordinary conscious memory can even laboriously do. What is it that remembers? You say his sub-conscious memory; but is that some detached separate thing, that is released at tragical moments like a spring, or is it not more natural to suppose it is the work of a complete spiritual organism, which is an essential element in his human make-up?

We need not insist on the reality of such facts. They are well-known and are believed in even by people who would scorn to be regarded as "superstitious." But we press that they should not continue to be regarded as merely wonderful and mysterious, but rather be accepted as glimpses into the natural dual constitution of every living man. When the soul has become identified with the spiritual body, and has ceased to be regarded merely as an unknown and unknowable inhabitant of the physical body, important consequences will accrue to religious and philosophical thought, and these we shall try to indicate in our next issue.

J. L.

“The Physiology of the Soul.”

We have been favoured with the following instructive and authoritative views on the subject broached in our July Editorial, for which we feel sure the eminent contributors will receive our readers' heartiest gratitude and appreciation.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

By THE REV. PROFESSOR G. HENSLOW
M.A., F.L.S., etc.

WE use the words body, soul and spirit in speaking about man on earth, and of his spirit-body when he leaves it. But our use of the terms, soul and spirit, is somewhat vague, as to their difference. We, at all events, associate them with Life. What is Life? Nobody knows; but we can distinguish between a living being and an inanimate one, because life is recognisable by at least three phenomena—assimilation, respiration and propagation. If either of the first two be absent, we say that the animal or vegetable is *dead*, and that all minerals are lifeless,

Life is not a force, because all known forces are interchangeable. Light, heat and electricity can be made to pass into each other, and are measureable in foot-pounds. Not so, Life; so it must be left undescrivable. We can only speak of the properties or powers of Life.

I have already described one in this *Gazette*, namely the Directivity of Life, by which the myriads of forms of animals and vegetables have been evolved through its marvellous powers.

The only visible thing is the body; and we know the actual composition of the flesh, bones, etc., of which it is composed, and the elements to which they are finally reducible. But science now goes deeper, and tells us that every element is linked on by a natural law to some other, and that all the eighty or more so-called elements are really of one fundamental kind, called electrons or corpuscles of electricity—if I express it rightly. So that *all* bodies are said to be composed of electricity. If this be true, we seem to find an analogy, if not a direct explanation of what is called the spirit-body. We are told that man is no exception, but that all terrestrial objects have their own corresponding spirit-bodies, as well as the visible ones.

Those who are clairvoyant say that the spirits whom they can see are shadowy, fog-like and semi-transparent to the eye; yet photographs of them give (as a rule) perfectly well defined portraits. On the other hand, the spirits tell us that *they* look solid to one another, while *we* look shadowy to them! At present this remarkable difference is inexplicable to us, but it seems that a materialized spirit-body is constructed out of the material-body; for if a medium be seated in a weighing chair he is said to decrease in weight as the spirit materialises. Our own spirit-bodies seem to grow simultaneously, with our material one, a sort of vapourised copy. We might, perhaps compare it to ice, water and steam, which only differ in having the molecules more and more isolated from one another. So we might suppose that a spirit-body has its electrons more widely asunder than a material-body in earth-life. It would require a less quantity of electrons, as those of a medium are by no means all used up in making a materialised spirit-body.

Spirit-photography seems to show that spirits

have the power of self-materialisation, for they can appear as they like, at any age of their past life on earth. Thus a person who would have been 50 years old on earth can be photographed as a child of ten with the dress corresponding to the assumed age. Sometimes they do not materialise themselves sufficiently to stop light going through them, for I possess a spirit-photograph in which two men's faces are in front of a picture on the wall of the room where the camera was, and the frame appears through their faces.

Now let us turn to the words soul and spirit. We are familiar with these from Bible usage, but they are not, nor can they be, distinctly or totally separated in meaning. The Greek words, both *psyché* (soul) and *pneuma* (spirit) are used to signify, first, “breath,” then “life,” and the immortal part of man.* It is curious and interesting to find that “in Homer *psyche* signified a departed soul, spirit or ghost. He represents it as “bodiless, and not to be seized by mortal hands, but keeping the form of him who owned it.” This seems to tally with what clairvoyants tell us now, and to agree with Our Lord's words to Mary, “Touch me not.”

The soul of a man often stood for the man himself, just as we say “He is a good soul.” The *psyche* was regarded as the seat of the will, desires and passions—equivalent to our metaphorical use of the word “heart”—especially the sensual desires, appetites, etc., or material propensities.

On the other hand, apparently overlapping the meaning of *pneuma* in the New Testament, it was regarded as the organ of thought and judgment, mind, reason and understanding.

Lastly it stood for the “Living Spirit” which was supposed by the ancient philosophers to be everywhere, a forestalling of the Christian idea of God—“in Whom we live, move and have our being.” In the New Testament *psyche* is always translated by “soul” and *pneuma* by “spirit,” which obviously takes a higher position than *psyche*. The highly advanced soul is described as “The human soul, in so far as it is constituted that by the *right* use of the aids offered it by God it can obtain its highest end and secure eternal blessedness; *i.e.* the soul regarded as a moral being designed for everlasting life.”† It then becomes *pneumatikos* or “spiritual.”

Similarly the adjective *psychikos*‡ or “natural” as St. Paul says, means having the *nature* and characteristics of the *psyche* *i.e.* the principles of animal life, which men have in common with animals. We shall understand better what the New Testament means by “spirit” and “spiritual” when we consider the higher qualities of man, *psyche* representing the normal characteristics of man in common to him and animals. As animals cannot tell us anything about their minds, what they can do with them, it is only by studying their acts we can come to a probable conclusion as to how they differ from us mentally.

When man was first evolved from some common source with the highest animals, the first thing he would realise would be that he could *reason on the abstract plain*. Thus he would grasp the consciousness of *himself*, *i.e.* his “I” or “Ego,”

* Liddle and Scott's Lexicon.

† Thayer's (Grimm's) Lexicon.

‡ St. Paul uses the expression a “psychic body” (1 Cor. xv., 44) translated “natural” (R V.) Cp. Jas. iii. 15 (sensual).

as *not* part of his body. He perceives that all other humans must have their "I's." He knows how he can construct useful things. He then conceives that some "I," far more powerful than himself, has constructed the sun, moon and stars, as well as trees and animals. This "abstract reasoning" may be regarded as the first stage of the "pneumatical" arising in his mind. When men began to live in communities they soon discovered that no one can do just as he likes with another man's goods. There would be endless quarrels. Something must be done. A set of laws is drawn up for different cases of misbehaviour, and when they are violated the man is guilty of a crime and is punished accordingly. The oldest known code of laws was made by Kammurabi, king of Babylon, when Abraham resided there. Each of the laws, over 200 in number, have the punishment attached to it. Some of these laws are included or paraphrased in Exodus and Leviticus, as "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

When we turn to the O.T., we find in Deuteronomy, a much later book than Exodus, not only threats of punishments but promises of reward for keeping Jehovah's laws. It is a "Scholastic" system; hence, St. Paul says, "the law was a school-master, to bring man to Christ."

The prophets, who were the religious geniuses of their day, saw farther. They realised that a better plan would be to do one's duty *freely*, by *loving* the Lord God and one's neighbours as himself: to seek out the fatherless and widows and help them, and not exploit them for their own greed, etc. Christ came to "fulfil" the law and the prophets, *i.e.*, to "fill them full" of *pneuma* or "spirituality." The prophets could not supply any sufficient *motive* to make men obey the laws *without* the prospect of punishment and rewards. Christ came and made "the Love of the Lord God and neighbours" His text. But He too required a motive. His was *Himself*. He could bind men to Himself, by acquiring their love; and *then* they would love God and their neighbour. Moreover, He was successful; so St. Paul could say, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, and *not* reckoning their trespasses unto them," assuming that men would *repent* and come to Jesus for salvation. The Christian world has taken Christ at His word; and what was only *psychical* before He came, has passed over into the *spiritual*; *psyche* has developed into a *pneuma*.

If the preceding interpretations be correct, the spirit is *not* a *separate entity* from the *psyche* in man's constitution; but it is the exhibition of the highest kind of conduct and character—the Christian character—which man can show. Moreover, the Spirits who write religiously say that such constitutes their normal life on the other side, *i.e.*, their Religion. §

The contrast between the Old Testament and the New may be taken to represent the difference between the "soul" and the "spirit." The two legislations are constructed on diametrically opposite bases. In the O. T. the law was *external*, written on tables of stone. In the N. T. they are written *internally* on the *fleshy table* of the heart. The former, taken generally are *psychic*, because they deal with the *natural* (*psychic*) tendencies of man's mind and passions.

§ *The Religion of the Spirit World.* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

The Law of Love (*Agape* in Greek) is *spiritual* (*pneumatical*). The former is more concerned with self-interests, being directed towards self, never towards others; the latter with self-sacrifice. The maxim of the latter is, "In honour prefer ye one another."

Primitive man is always essentially self-interested; the spiritual man is altruistic. It required a new word; so Christ took an old one and imparted a new meaning to it. *Agapé* in the Septuagint is the common Greek word for personal affection, even for lust. With Christ it means the laying down one's life for another.

The reader will now, I trust, see what appears to the writer to be the difference between what we call *psychical* or natural, and *pneumatical* or spiritual.

From Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., Principal of Birmingham University.

Thank you for sending me another copy of your *Gazette*; a second copy often comes in handy for lending. I had seen your note about Breath and the Soul. The Ancients seem to associate Life with the blood or liquid contents of the body, and Soul with the aerial or atmospheric content of the body; while I am disposed, as you know, tentatively and hypothetically to associate it with the ethereal content of the body. The Ancients could not have contemplated that aspect, for they knew nothing about ether. The whole thing depends now on matters of fact which must be gradually ascertained, and we must not be in a hurry to jump to conclusions.

From the Rev. Principal A. E. Garvie, M.A., D.D., New College, University of London.

While recognising the speculative character of any suppositions about the spiritual body, we may admit that it is not unreasonable to suppose:—

- (1) That it is closely related to the soul, and is more adequately its organ than the natural body.
- (2) That it is being even now formed in correspondence with the development of the soul.
- (3) That it may mediate between the soul and the natural body, in so far as that is an organ of the soul. The tone of the voice, the look in the eyes, the smile or frown on the face, the gesture of the body, are all expressions of the soul through the natural body, and in the spiritual body the expressiveness will be greater.

From the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, N.W.

Man's complex personality has been variously subdivided, now into eight parts, again into seven or three. If we distinguish the essential constituents under the terms spirit, soul and body, the "soul" must stand for the spiritual or etheric body. The word is so used by Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir A. Conan Doyle. Most Christians on the other hand have been accustomed to consider the terms "spirit" and "soul" as synonymous, and they are so used in the Bible (Eccles. iii 21, xii 7, St. Luke viii 55, xii 20, 1 Cor. ii 11, S. James i 21, &c.). The "spirit" (not to be confused with the Holy Spirit of God, which is given by measure and may dwell in man, is the unit and centre of being, and is "clothed upon" by bodies, perhaps several and varying degrees of density. The spirit comes into the world thus enveloped to go through experiences which shall stamp upon it individuality, distinct and unique personality, which finds its exact duplicate and twin nowhere in the vast universe. Hence the inherent dignity and value of each and every man. The thinking power is in and of the spirit, a fundamental quality, which uses the material brain in the physical, and no doubt some similar apparatus of expression in each of the higher but still semi-material bodies.

From the Rev. R. Barrett, M.A., Vicar of Barnham, Sussex.

In the Bible man is spoken of as made up of soul and body. The soul we cannot see, the body we can see. Dr. Johnson in his great dictionary, defines soul to be "the immaterial and immortal spirit of man." He produces, as usual, abundant instances to justify his definition, showing that numerous authors use the term in the exalted sense he gives. But in the Greek the soul is sharply distinguished from the spirit. As the editor told us, *psyche*, or *psuke*, is the Greek for soul, and *pneuma* is spirit. In the Gospels *psuche* is used as English people use soul; *psuche* and *soma*, soul and body, making up the whole nature of man. But sometimes the word *psuche* means

life. *Psucho* means I breathe or blow, or chill. *Psuche* means breath, especially as the sign of life. Homer says "But the *Psuche* left him," meaning he fainted. In Homer the soul ebbs away with the blood of one mortally wounded. The soul is the organ of the mind (*nous*). *Anima* is the Latin equivalent of *psyche*. Sometimes *Psuche* is but a synonym for *pneuma*. But when we come to the adjectives, whereas *psychikos* stands for natural or animal, *pneumatikos* is spiritual. *Psychickon* is baser than *pneumatikon*. Saint Paul says that "as there is a Psychic body, there is also a spiritual body," *pneumatikon soma*. The *pneumatikon soma*, the spiritual body, cannot be equivalent to *psuche*, as the editor suggests. *Psuche*, is not the same as any form of body, natural, psychic, or *pneumatikon soma*, but is clearly distinguished from body, in both Greek and English. When the *psyche* leaves the *soma* death ensues. (*Thanatos*.) Natural body, *psychickon soma*, is the body of our state on earth, the body of our humiliation, the spiritual body, *Pneumatikon soma*, is the body of the resurrection. *Ruach* in Hebrew is breath, wind, spirit. *Nephesh* is soul, which also *Nedibah*, *Neshamah*.

From the Rev. W. Hume Elliot, Liverpool (author of "The Country and Church of the Cheeryble Brothers.")

The Ego—the vital, intelligent, responsible self—is the motive spiritual force behind all our phenomena, like the telegraphist behind the instrument.

From the Rev. D. Cathels, M.A., Minister of Hawick, N.B.

I greatly admire the clearness and modesty with which you have treated a very elusive and mysterious subject. At present I do not think we can go farther than you have gone. And even then we are still in the region of surmise and speculation. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face."

For myself I am content to know that for all of us there is a "then." That is the main thing which all who are working in your field are demonstrating with ever increasing clearness. The most useful work just now is the pioneer work—to accumulate and to present facts which no reasonable man can deny; to excavate the ground, or to lay the sure foundations. That is the first work to be done.

A philosophy of the facts will follow in due time. With all our Science, the mystery of our physical bodies remains. Physiology and Biology have merely emphasised the Psalmist's words: I am, fearfully and wonderfully made. Every advance we make in knowledge intensifies the wonder and the mystery of life. But we know that we live; and most of us are glad to know it, without any help from Physiological or Biological theories. What we long to know is: shall we live on when our life here is done? Is death a momentary incident, or is it an end in itself? These are questions that can be answered. And our assurance of life after death is no more dependent on our power to solve its psychological problems than our assurance of life now is dependent on our power to solve physiological or biological problems. Let us be sure that we shall live, and we can leave "hows" and "whys" and "wherefores" to their own time and place. I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me.

From G. E. Pidcock, Hereford.

Is it A. J. Davis that says, that the soul-structure or spiritual body is the masterpiece of psychical organisation, just as the physical body is the masterpiece of organic matter? At times we are conscious of many things beyond the limits of the material, but they are limited in expression. Allow me to explain, by way of a narrative, for the benefit of students interested in the occult. One dark stormy night, in 1916, I was on guard at Cromer. When relieved, I entered the dug-out, close to the promenade. I placed my valise as a pillow and lay down on my back for a rest. I gradually became conscious on the ethereal plane as well as on the material, could see what was happening in a space of several acres, and also hear my chums talking. In a short time I became unconscious of the physical and found myself conscious on the ethereal. I glided out of the body and walked out. The people around became interested yet I could see by their expressions that I was regarded as an intruder. I suddenly thought of my physical body, and turning round found myself about thirty feet away from it. I thought I would go back, and instantly I was in the body, and was also conscious of ethereal activities. While in that condition my body seemed like a cloud or thick vapour. When entering the physical I lost my ethereal consciousness but retained my consciousness on the material until I went on guard again. This experience shows me that there is a refining process going on all the time within ourselves, and he who would search for truth, must seek within, not without.

From Mr. Geo. Eshelby, Cardiff.

Your editorial for July on "The Physiology of the Soul" raises a big question which it is not yet possible for anyone to answer fully in the light of present-day knowledge. Being a student of organic life and heredity for several years, my opinion is that all the epithelial (muscular) structure of the physical bodies of man, animal, and birds is endowed with consciousness, and that consciousness is not a property or quality confined strictly to the grey nervous structure of the brain. Put into slightly different words, I mean this, that the muscular structure of the hands and feet are as equally conscious in their work as are the great nervous cells in the cortex of the brain. This explains their usefulness met with in the art of magnetic healing; in no other way can it be fully explained.

The origin of the soul coincides with the origin of the embryo, and both are offshoots from the parents. The soul is the formative agent in all organic life forms; it is the unseen something that is always at work where growth of offspring is going on. The shapeless or formless mass of the embryo is by the aid of the formative power of the soul brought step by step or little by little into a beautiful adult form. That in my opinion is the greatest thing in the whole study of organic life, and the most important in the whole universe. Without that formative power in the unseen foundations of organic life, the growth of life is inexplicable.

A SPIRIT ORCHESTRA.

By J. W. HUMPHRIES.

IT has been my privilege to see in spirit some of the master-musicians, and also to talk with them. This has occurred during my sleep-state, and also in the silence of my room, at stated times kept by appointment with spiritual beings, who have my welfare at heart and seek to unfold my spiritual gifts. Sebastian Bach, Wagner, and other lesser lights in the world of music, have held me entranced with the glories and beauties of their harmonies; and I have been strengthened thereby, and assured that someday I too will be able to take a greater part in the musical festivals of the spheres. Although in a minor degree a musician by profession, I have had no tuition in harmony, counterpoint, etc., and I wish to make it clear that I make no claim that the composition I shall refer to is of first-class quality. That it is beyond my own powers, the result of spirit-help, and is a fair composition (other musicians being the judge), I do claim. I have acquired only a fair knowledge of musical theory, as the result of self-study.

One day I received a series of impressions of a musical nature, and felt they sought to express the motive of uncertainty. I sat at an organ, and wrote down the music. It took me through many strange harmonies, and became a glorious musical muddle! I gave it up, but was impressed to try again, to erase here and there, and at last the muddle became something like order. This took me several days; I sat at the same time each day. I then orchestrated it, put it aside for future reference, and called it the "Uncertain Overture." I sent it, in 1917 to three different music publishers, who returned it, with thanks. No comment was made as to its quality, and I gave up hope of ever hearing it played.

But imagine my surprise as I lay in bed between 5 and 6 a.m., on 6th May, 1917, to hear it being played by a celestial orchestra! Precise, clear, and distinct it rang out, and my spiritual vision became opened out as it went on. I saw among the instrumentalists several old comrades and friends who had passed to the higher life. Others were there whom I knew, but I have no knowledge as to when they passed out. The flautist was one Richard Lincoln, whose body I left in King Williams Town Cemetery, Cape Colony, during the late Boer War. A violinist was from the Johannesburg Police Band, who had passed on there. There were also a trombone player, a bass player, and many other old soldier comrades whom I recognised, and whose names I could give if necessary.

Some may say my subconscious self, or subliminal self, arranged that I should hear what I had written, it being retained in my thought realm. That it was to some extent in my thought realm I agree, but will that theory explain the appearance of my dead comrades in the orchestra? Or will it explain how the same overture was heard by me under similar conditions; played by a smaller orchestra, some months later? In this smaller orchestra there were other musicians who did not appear in the first orchestra, and who were civilian professional musicians, with whom I had played since I left the army. The first orchestra was wholly composed of soldiers. This piece of music, an overture, has certainly never been played by any orchestra on this earth; and the parts have not yet been copied from the score. I leave these incidents for the theorists and sceptics to make what they can of them. For me they seem to establish the claim made by Spiritualists that "There are no dead in God's wide world."

The Creative Spirit.

By W. H. EVANS.

THE spirit is creative. Ever it reaches forward to newer developments, and ever the road of the past is strewn with out-worn forms of expression. We are living in great days, when the moving spirit surges through the world, taking in its wide sweep men of all nations. Wherever we turn we find unrest, but is not that unrest a symptom of the creative power of the spirit, seeking higher levels of life and being? Woe be to those who seek to stay this tide of creative activity, for they will be broken even as the out-worn garments of the past!

What is this spirit that inspires men? Is it a dream, or is it something vivid and real, that makes our everyday life seem tawdry in comparison? And what is reality? what is truth? what is that inner urge of the soul which prompts each in his own way to seek something beyond him? All these different names and phrases are but words with which we seek to clothe the ever-receding intangible spirit of our dreams. Yet it is so near to us, so inwrought with the warp and woof of our very being, that we know it instantly when we catch some fleeting gleam of it in the eyes of our brother-man. We are living in an ocean of spirit, and are part of that ocean. And is it not that to which we have given the name "God"? "Behold I make all things new," said the Spirit, that is, I am ever creating, ever revealing, ever expressing new aspects of Myself.

The past, I have said, is strewn with the out-worn forms in which the spirit has expressed itself. From the savage to the philosopher is a long road. It compasses all civilisation, all human effort, all human suffering, sorrow, failure, triumph and gladness. And all through the ages the spirit has said, "Behold I make all things new." From the dust of ancient Egypt, from the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, from the oriental splendours of Ind, and the beauties of Greece, and stern discipline of Rome, we discern the same spirit, working in and through nations. To what end? to what unimagined splendour? All humanity is as one man, infused with one spirit, filled with the same yearnings and desires, yet by the very cosmopolitanism of spirit misunderstanding one another. Nations contending with nations, yet none dreaming they were warring against their own flesh and blood, none glimpsing the far-off dream of the one spirit within them. But slowly, out of the midst of sorrow and sore travail man is beginning to discover the answer to Cain's question "Am I my brother's keeper?" Slowly in the consciousness of the race is dawning the fact that all are infused with the same spirit, all are awakening to the sense of human solidarity, and catching from afar a gleam of the city Beautiful which will yet be the realisation of every son of God.

These are the days of the great trust, the great faith, the great hope. We are in one sense in the last days, when the old world is crumbling to ruin about us, when there is much to give point to the jeremiads of the pessimistic. But to those of clear vision are given the light which penetrates the mirk and gloom, and gives even to the tottering ruins of a selfish civilisation, a shimmering glory in their fall. And to hold on to the spirit, which is the reality of all, to have faith in its eternal creative energy, to work with it through days of darkness and stress, to go down into the valley of disillusionment, and to see things too

hideous to mention, and yet be able to look even beyond these things and discern the heart of beauty through it all, this is the high privilege of those who are called to be "co-workers with God" in the great garden of the world. To understand one must love, love perfectly, otherwise vision is dimmed. "Perfect love casteth out fear," and not until we have walked through valleys of discontent, and eaten of the husks of material desires, and learned their true value shall we learn the perfect love. That is, one must have sympathy with all those who wander in idleness and ease; in slothful, sinful pleasures; to understand them; and to do this one must love perfectly. For the spirit is to serve and save even these, and they too shall tread the streets of the city Beautiful, in purity of heart and loftiness of soul.

There are two passages in the Bible that seem very applicable to these our times. One is in Isaiah, and runs, "And God shall wipe away all tears from off all faces." The other is from Revelations, "And there shall be no more sea." These two passages run together are indeed the complement of each other. We have passed through a period of intense pain and sorrow, when the young and strong have been reaped by death, and have gone "beyond these voices," and there has been the sound of weeping, and oftimes Rachel has refused comfort, but more often has not known where to get comfort. To such the saying that "God would wipe away all tears from off all faces," must have seemed a mockery, while to say, "And there shall be no more sea," was a travesty of truth, for the sense of separateness was never so keen to them as now.

But the old prophecy is even now in course of fulfilment. Thousands have found their lots loved ones through Spiritualism. The tears have been wiped away from their faces, and the sense of separateness has broken down. Verily for them "there is no more sea," for the sea is simply an image of separation. And to those who have realised this, "death has been swallowed up in victory." "Behold I make all things new;" for them the world has been transformed; for through this sweet knowledge their beloved have been found, and their place in the universe is seen to be a natural one.

And so the age goes forward; so we discern the unseen influences impinging daily upon the world. Our best inspirations come to us from thence. The creative urge of the spirit, so clearly apparent, finds its greatest aid in the influence being shed upon the world through Spiritualism. For Spiritualism is the open door, the ways and the means for a completer influx of spiritual energies. Not that it is the only way, but that it is a freer way, less impeded with clinging conventionalisms, less encumbered with creeds and dogmas; it is more elastic and less rigid than sterner systems, and more universal. The activities of the spirit-world are greater to-day than ever, for the spiritual consciousness of the race is rising, and the world moves ever forward to greater issues, more enduring qualities, grander heights of achievement, because the spirit even now is "making all things new."

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MR. J. ARTHUR HILL is, at present engaged in writing a new book on "Emerson and His Philosophy," which will be published by Messrs. Rider & Co. in the autumn.

Brief Notices of New Books.

By L. A. A.

OUR BOYS CROSSING. Received by S. McLarty. Durban: Electric Press.

This pamphlet of some eighteen pages records messages received by the author, purporting to be the last words of some of those who fell in the great war, as they passed from the earth-plane, and their first thoughts on the other side. They are published for the sole purpose of comforting those who survive, and in some instances names and addresses are given, which may be recognised by some into whose hands the booklet may come. Many urge their dear ones on this plane not to hinder them by mourning, for which there is no necessity.

THROU SOPHIA. Vol. II—Regeneration. By Holden Sampson. London: Kegan Paul. 8/6 net.

In Mr. Sampson's second volume, elucidating the science and philosophy of the divine wisdom, he points out that the paramount object of the quest of every true disciple who desires to attain to initiation is the "perfect knowledge of self which comes by the experience of the heart." He defines the seven natures of man, and shows how corruption came into the eternal scheme of creative evolution, and the means by which man must return to his centre of gravity, the Christ within. Physical death brings no release from the captivity of the flesh. This must be gained through self-abnegation, purification and transmutation, according to the law of the divine mysteries. Man must ultimately return to the normal androgynous state of the sons of Elohim, who are now in the planetary circle of Mercury. The author claims that there have been no true Initiates since Apostolic times. The closing chapter defines the spiritual body and the purpose of the path of the divine mysteries. The book is deeply interesting, and contains much that will be useful to students of the mysteries; but for practical every day life many will be thankful after perusing it, that there is a simpler way to the Divine within, and one which "he who runs may read."

LIFE AFTER DEATH. Problems of the Future Life and its Nature. By James Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D., Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research. London: Kegan Paul. 9/- net.

This is an important book in which Dr. Hyslop examines from a scientific standpoint the various conceptions of a future life, from the ideas of primitive savages up to the modern scientific doctrines and the latest results of psychical research. He asserts that "we do not communicate directly with the dead," also that they cannot, if we grant communication, tell us about the transcendental world, for if it be totally different from the physical world in its essential characteristics how can we expect any ready exchange of ideas between it and us? On the other hand, if it be purely a mental world we cannot expect our sensory ideas to represent it. Christianity he shows to be founded on psychical phenomena. St. Paul runs over the whole gamut of these phenomena in the 12th chapter of 1 Corinthians 8-10. But Christianity neglected miracles in the interests of moral teaching, while Spiritualism has not organised its position into an ethical and spiritual force for the redemption of individual and social life, but concentrated its interest on communications with the dead. As time went on "Christianity cultivated some harmony of the intellectual life with the aesthetic until its present chief antagonism to Spiritualism in which it was founded, which is based upon aesthetic reasons alone."

THE NEW LIFE TRAINING OF CHILDREN. By Abby Diaz. London: Power Book Co. 3s. net.

In this book the divine method of working, as shewn in nature, is accomplished by working from within but never from without. Education has been hopelessly out of touch with the divine method. The unhappy child is forced into a mould instead of being allowed to develop naturally from within. "All knowledge is within." The educator's task is to surround the child with conditions which will render self-expression possible. "What culture does for plants, enabling each to shew forth its full powers, must education do for every child," for "every child has the possibilities of its Source," and should be taught to believe in the possibility of living out the three divine laws, Life, Individuality, One-ness; and that whatever conflicts with these divine laws is irreligious. It must be taught to look within for all it needs, to seek, knock, believe, appropriate. The inner voice must be recognised as the restraining power. Spiritual man is to dominate the physical man, and will control the elements, and all this will come in the direct line of natural progress through recognition of the unity of all life. The aim of the teacher must be to inspire the child and call forth the **Divine Within.**

WOMAN THE INSPIRER, By Edouard Schuré. London: Power Book Co. 4s. 6d.

All who know Edouard Schuré's "Great Initiates," with its touching tribute to the memory of Madame Mignaty, without whose inspiration that book would never have seen the light of day, will welcome "Woman the Inspirer," which is written with all the charm of his style. The two first studies deal with the women who influenced Richard Wagner, and the third with Madame Mignaty. The three illustrious women were strongly individual. Cosima Liszt was the companion of his later years, the skilful organiser of his theatre at Bayreuth, predestined to give reality to that mighty work, but Mathilde Wesendonck was "the mysterious inspirer of his inmost soul." Cosima Liszt launched the vessel of his genius, and after his death controlled every detail of the representation at Bayreuth. But more absorbing still is the third study, wherein the royal soul of Margherita Albana Mignaty is revealed as the inspirer of all that is best in the author's work, the "Awakener of the unknown God to him." These two are great contrasts, but they possessed one trait in common, "they all inspired basic thoughts on love." Mathilde Wesendonck and Cosima Liszt, afterwards Madame Wagner, played an important part in the life and genius of Wagner. The former was his friend and protectress, with whom he experienced what he termed "absolute love," which inspired his great musical drama, "Tristan and Isolde." Frau Wesendonck said: "To him I owe all that is best in me," while he found in her "a swallow of genius, able to build him a nest after his own heart." They joyfully entered into a compact of love in action, and of united striving after a great ideal. As Edouard Schuré read to her the Legend of Krishna she exclaimed: "Now I am at peace. The Great Initiates is an actual fact." Thus in life she poured forth the full stream of her might to enable him to face apparently insurmountable difficulties, and from a higher sphere, he says, "transfigured she will give me courage to complete my work, to endeavour to utter the living word of my dreams."

"SO SAITH THE SPIRIT" By a K.C., author of "I Heard a Voice." London: Kegan, Paul. 10s. 6d. net.

This volume contains the author's researches undertaken through the mediumship of his two young daughters, who receive the communications when in a perfectly normal condition. The author gives it as his opinion that there is no real antagonism between Religion and Spiritualism, but that spirit-intercourse supports the essential doctrines of Christianity. But Spiritualism is not a religion in itself. He is not in agreement with Mr. Bligh Bond's theory of "Cosmic Memory," advanced in the "Gate of Remembrance," as an explanation of communications received by means of automatic writing. He claims that Spiritualism supports both religion and morality, and should prove a valuable handmaid to both State and Church. With regard to the nature of the messages recorded in this interesting book, one of the most striking facts concerning them is the active interest taken by those behind the veil in the Great War, and their patriotism which has not become, on the other side, internationalism. Assistance, he says, was constantly given to the allied and enemy armies by the thought impressions and influence of great soldiers and statesmen of their respective nations, who had crossed the border. The great lesson to be learnt from spirit-intercourse is shewn to be the extreme importance of thoughts. Father Olivert, one of the communicators says—"All things go by thoughts; so always be scrupulous in the thoughts you send your friends and enemies."

LETTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE. Prefaced and edited by Henry Thibault. With a Foreword by W. F. Cobb, D.D. London: John M. Watkins. 5s. net.

These communications were received by means of inspirational writing from a well-known London Rector beyond the veil. The receiver had no acquaintance with the communicating spirit in his earth-life, knowing him only by name. The messages were received while she was in a state of normal consciousness, and are of deep interest in relation to the Great War. The communicator uses the pseudonym of "Philemon," and the messages have a certain individuality, and differ in important respects from the generality of communications from the beyond. Of the "veil," Philemon says, "The Universe is one. The veils, the barriers, are formed by man's limitations. As these fall away he sees deeper into the truth of things. The veil of matter is a figurative expression only. As men's senses grow keener and surer the threshold of the seen advances; the line of the unseen retreats."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A SPIRITUAL BODY STANDS AND WATCHES.

Ramsgate, July 10, 1919.

Dear Sir,—Referring to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's experience in the dentist's chair (quoted on page 152 of your July number), I should like to say that on the fourth of July I attended the National Dental Hospital, Great Portland Street, for the purpose of having some teeth drawn, when I had a most unique sensation whilst under gas. I "dreamt" that I was standing beside the very chair I was sitting in, and was watching my own teeth being drawn out! I could also see three young nurses standing behind the chair, although they were not there before I became unconscious. To define the sensation is to say that I felt myself to be quite independent of my body.—Yours faithfully,

A. W. WELLS.



SPIRITUAL RECONSTRUCTION.

Aberdeen, July 14, 1919.

Dear Sir,—Mr. H. J. Poole in his article on "Spiritual Reconstruction" says that "Right views of God and religion are essential," and he seems to think that the use of the Revised Version of the Bible would bring this to pass. I am of the opinion that the adoption and use of the Revised Version could not of itself change the minds of the clergy. Why concern ourselves about the spiritual reconstruction of the Church? Leave that to the authorities of the Church. The Church will only advance, as it has ever done, when forced, by the influence of modern religious movements; and to present a sane, reasonable religion, let us do so from the Spiritualist's platform. We are having the people from the churches flocking into our meetings. Are we alive to the fact that the people are dissatisfied, are asking for a sign, a "something tangible" upon which to reconstruct their spiritual ideas? Then let us have done with the thirty-nine articles of the creeds, and take full advantage of our opportunities as workers in our movement to remodel, re-interpret, and reconstruct a right view of God and religion.

As a Spiritualistic worker I have no fault to find with the Authorised Version for what I want to extract from it literally. I find ample scope to re-interpret the life of Jesus, so as to enhance that life, enoble it, and make it more applicable to the life of present-day humanity. The Authorised Version "literally" reveals his human and divine life, and his psychic powers. It reveals also the fulfilment of his promise of psychic powers to his disciples on the day of Pentecost. Throughout, it reveals that the power of the Holy Ghost was none other than speaking with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance. And could the "gifts" of the Spirit, as given in the Acts of the Apostles and also in Corinthians, be given any clearer in the Revised Version?

See also the modern interpretation of the religious life, in the words of Jesus to the rich young ruler, in answer to his query—"Good Master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?" as also the birth of the spirit, and the kingdom of heaven being within.

We need not worry about creeds and dogmas, or about the heavens and hells of orthodoxy. These may yet be necessary for some. Those who are dissatisfied are finding their way to our meetings. Let us give them the Bread that will satisfy, and in doing so a right view of God and religion.—I am, Yours sincerely,

W. H. ELDER,

President of Aberdeen Psychological Society.



READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Yorkshire Lady: "I always look forward to the beginning of the month and the new number; each copy is a sound investment."

A Lady Subscriber in Pretoria: "I enclose postal order for 8/6 to keep on my subscription for another year, for I find it so helpful and so uplifting I really cannot do without it. I wish the *Gazette* all the success possible."

Dr. J. M. Peebles, Los Angeles:—"I just want to say, your May number of the *Psychic Gazette* is a glittering gem, a priceless pearl of spiritual truths. Long may your brain think and heart-fire burn to keep the torch aflame with the light of religious Spiritualism."

A Former Lady Editor (now in India): "I thank you for copy of *Psychic Gazette*. The sight of it was like a ray of sunshine. You seem to sense when I need it most. The former copy arrived on my birthday and was more than an Easter egg, it was *Comfort*! I enjoyed the address by the Rev. Fielding Ould, and the article on mediumship by W. H. Evans, but in fact all the contents were most interesting."

THE CURTAINS OF THE NIGHT.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Here is a mystery. When I was writing it I had a species of vision of a woman singing, a tall dark woman in eastern robes which may or may not have been dark coloured because she was standing on a slight elevation with the glory of a brilliant sunset behind her. The nearest mood that I can reach in connection with it is that it was evil or rather dangerous, and somehow it reminds me of the refrain in Sorais' Song in Haggard's "Allan Quaterman"—

"Oh, the world is fair at the dawning—dawning—dawning,
But the red sun sinks in blood—the red sun sinks in blood,"
Except that the sunset of the vision was golden not blood-red.

The Shrine lies hid beneath the Temple dome,

The narrow door is hid by jungle grass,

Within the Shrine all rapture has its home,

But o'er the portals' plinth one first must pass!

Oh! the religious, rapturous delight,

To him who parts the Curtains of the Night.

He who would enter by the jungle door,

Must feel his way through the dark growth
with care,

Else he may wander seeking evermore,

For in the forest lies full many a snare;

But oh! the pleasure, happiness, delight,

When once he parts the Curtains of the Night.

There is another door for him wh'ill dare

To climb high mountains, thread a dark ravine;

Where he must feel his way with cautious care,

The road is rough and nothing can be seen!

To him the highest holiest delight,

When thus he parts the Curtains of the Night.

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(The Athenaeum.)

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