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No. 72. VOL. 6.

SEPTEMBER, 1919.

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THE INTERNATIONAL
PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

No. 72. VOL. 6.

SEPTEMBER, 1919.

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Our Outlook Tower. SEVEN SAGES CHASTISE THE BISHOP!

THE holiday season is usually regarded as the newspaper journalists' "silly season," when for lack of interesting topics they have to invent fairy-tales about sea-serpents! But Spiritualistic journalism is never reduced to making bricks without straw. "Signs and wonders" never cease flowing in to it as a perennial stream. There is always something happening that is vastly more engrossing than in the ordinary dull routine of mundane events. Letters from the other world have become almost as frequent as the daily post. This number of the *Gazette* is full of them. They give us definite news from what used to be called the "undiscovered country," whither our so-called "dead" have travelled. They give consistent pictures of life in the beyond, though they come through independent inspirational and automatic writers in many lands. They are not the idle inventions of clever fraudulent mediums, as our critics would have us suppose. They mostly come through unimaginative persons who never even dreamt that they might possess the "gift." We had a visit the other day from a theological professor in Iceland who told us that though there were no professional mediums there a number of persons had "developed" mediumship, and so enabled personalities in the next world (which "lies all around us" as Milton told us) to communicate through them, to manifest themselves through their agency, just as they are communicating and manifesting in Spiritualistic societies. Pentecostal days are being repeated in the most unlikely quarters. Galileans still are able to speak in other tongues, and not because they are "full of new wine," but because our sons and daughters prophesy, our young men see visions, and our old men dream dreams. As we once heard the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker say "there is no one world," there are two worlds intimately and inextricably related, whether we will or no, the visible and the invisible, the shadowy and the real, the temporal and the eternal. The correspondence between them is now becoming common and matter of fact. The dead and the living can shake hands across the veil, and can converse in love and friendship as intimately as when they were both encased in mortal flesh. Even the Bishop of London who does not think it "right," "authorised," or "meant" admits the fact. At Hyde Park recently he told the story of a mother whom he knew well whose boy, aged nineteen, had been killed by falling 13,000 feet in an air-battle. On hearing the news she was broken-hearted. Suddenly she saw a bright form clothed just as her son had left her. She felt his arms around her, his lips on hers, and in a voice of indescribable tenderness he said, "No, Mummy, I am not allowed to come back to you on earth again," and vanished. That is the Bishop's own story. He alleges that the boy said he was not allowed to come back! But he did come back, threw his arms round his mother, and kissed her on the lips! What a blessed comforting experience that must have been to the mourning mother! How

her heart must have sung—"This my son was lost and is found, was dead and is alive again!" And yet the good Bishop warned his hearers against attempting to get into communication with the dead, and boldly declared that it was a sin to seek to know what we could not know! According to the Bishop's own story the boy said he was not allowed to return, and yet there he was! What amazing contradiction! The mother in welcoming her dear one was "sinning!" What stupendous folly! The possibility and actuality of communication across the Valley is no affair of man's invention. The Bishop condemns What and Whom he does not seem to know. In a symposium, in *Light* on the subject of the Bishop's utterance Sir Oliver Lodge lets him down lightly and tenderly by saying, "I . . . think it probable that he has been too busy to go into the subject at all closely!" Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with equal gentleness, says, "What the Bishop does not seem to understand is that we have no power to call down spirits; we cannot evoke them: all we can do is to make conditions such that they can come if they desire to come." The Rev. W. F. Cobb, D.D., of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, in more militant mood, remarks, "That the Church has in the past consistently and disastrously set its face against the active pursuit of new aspects of Truth is the best of all reasons why it should not again repeat its blunder." Mr. J. Arthur Hill, with resistless logic, says, "As to his warning against attempted communication, because it is a sin to seek to know what we cannot know, the obvious reply is that the limits of knowledge cannot be determined without trying." The Rev. G. Vale Owen, Vicar of Orford, unflinchingly says, "When a leader of the Orthodox party uses such arguments as he used, the poverty of his case is apparent to all." The Rev. F. Fielding Ould, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, N.W., considerably suggests that the Bishop's utterance is perhaps "a reporter's error" or "one of those inexact statements into which an extempore speaker so readily falls." He adds, "I have personally urged upon the Bishop's attention the fact that the Church may not and cannot ignore the (Spiritualistic) movement any longer, and I am hoping that we shall shortly have, after adequate inquiry and investigation, a considered statement on the subject from 'those who seem to be pillars!'" *Seem to be!* Does the rev. Vicar suggest that our solid-looking ecclesiastical pillars are only poor broken reeds? Dr. Abraham Wallace, in prophetic mood, says, "If the Bishops and their clergy still persist in forgetting Paul's recommendation to add to their faith knowledge, and avoid teaching their people so, they will find that their flocks will discover truth and consolation elsewhere, as they are weekly doing in large numbers at the meetings of many Spiritualistic societies throughout the country." It is unnecessary for us to emphasise the wholesome lesson which this septette of Spiritualistic sages have administered to the great London Bishop, when he has set himself the hopeless task of keeping the two worlds apart, for surely even he must begin to realise that what God hath joined together no man (even a Bishop) may endeavour to put asunder. J. I.

DR. PEEBLES ON THE PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE following personal letter from Dr. Peebles to the editor gives such a pleasant glimpse of the Grand Old Man of Spiritualism in his home-life and daily activities that we pass it on to our readers, as promised in our August number. The Mr. Bush referred to is a son of Mr. Richard Bush of Wimbledon, author of "Whence have I come?" We met him when we visited his father's home on the occasion of Mr. W. H. Evans' recent visit to Wimbledon. Mr. Bush, jun., is a scientist of great promise, and as he was on the eve of returning to the United States and would be passing through Los Angeles he expressed a desire to be introduced to America's Great Apostle of Spiritualism. Hence our letter to the Doctor on his behalf. It will be noted that our almost centenarian friend still keeps in close touch with all Spiritualistic affairs in this country. He has read Mr. Bush's essays and Mr. W. H. Evans' articles, and with what wonderful goodwill and benediction does he regard the efforts of his younger co-workers in every field! Long may he live to inspire and bless our sacred cause!

3409, South Hope St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

June 28, 1919.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your two favours are before me. The first should have been answered two or three days previously, but I have been having some sun baths for a slight rheumatic difficulty in my knees, and so I put business affairs aside for a few days. I need not inform you that I always am delighted to receive a letter from your hand, for it brings to me a present uplifting friendship, and an abiding interest in that great cause which you so thoroughly represent.

Your phrase that Spiritualism is progressing by leaps and bounds has filled me with joy almost inexpressible, taking me back to forty-eight years ago when I was lecturing in London upon this great fact that demonstrates the life immortal. And upon the whole I think that Spiritualism is making more rapid progress in Britain than in America, and, seemingly strange, its rapidity is chiefly outside the Spiritualist organisations. I personally know three ministers in this city who are firm Spiritualists and preach it in its highest religious aspect. And, it may amuse you, but in this city the most popular minister is the Rev. Dr. Locke, a Methodist, with a regular audience of two or three thousand, and whenever I go to his Sunday evening sermons, he uniformly invites me to take a seat on his platform by the pulpit. And once when he had given a sermon on the beauties of old age, he unexpectedly invited me to step into his pulpit and give a ten minute address, which I did. And all this shows that the churches are not so afraid of the Spiritualists and their teachings as they once were.

I shall be pleased personally to meet this Mr. Bush of whom you speak, and if I can be of any service to him he has only to command and I will obey. I remember reading his father's essays, etc., and I fancied their spirit.

I have just received an application from Washington, D.C., to attend the National Association's Convention and deliver a memorial address, but really I do not see how I can do it; it is so far across the continent, and at that season of the year when the weather is so intensely warm, and my Los Angeles friends vigorously oppose my going. I look forward to the glorious day when the Spiritualists will become Christ-like enough, and the Christians have buried their creeds and superstitions, and so form one grand combination, marching hand in hand in the commonwealth of God.

I trust these lines will find you healthy, happy and prosperous. I was very glad to receive those fraternal words from Brother Evans. Should you meet him again most kindly say to him that Dr. Peebles reads his articles with great pleasure as they appear in the different periodicals of Great Britain, considering him one of the giants in our blessed cause.

My good wishes and richest blessings ever attend you.

Cordially thine,

J. M. PEEBLES.

LETTERS TO MOTHER IN PARADISE.—III.

By DORIS SEVERN.

SWEETEST AND MOST DEAR,—I have been driving lately through green lanes like veritable tunnels of shade, and along roads with gardens on the right and on the left. Oh the rambler roses of this summer; I have never seen anything to equal them for glory. Crimson and rose-pink and maiden's blush they fling their long trails of loveliness over arches and pergolas, rioting in their own beauty. Alas! that chill October must so soon come to put an end to all this gorgeous display of colour. My mind has been dwelling lately on *your* flowers, which you cultivate in your gardens, over there. Several times, I have been privileged to see the flowers on your side of life. Once we asked the question, "Are your flowers the same as ours?" and the answer was, "The same as yours, but much more beautiful." I have seen orchids, forget-me-nots, and La France roses on your side. Their beauty was marvellous. You were a noted gardener here, Dear; no doubt you are even more successful in your present plot. I wonder if I have seen it. And the other occupation in which you excelled, needlework of every kind, that you still practise; for I remember one of the first messages I had from you after your passing, was this, "I am giving lessons in needlework to the dear women in the House of Refuge; I love doing it." After all, why should the gracious art be lost, simply because one has moved over there? Consider the embroiderers, the patient laying of stitch by stitch, and the exquisite shading of colours, till the painter's art is almost equalled—why should all this perish? And, as I find myself more and more devoted to stitchery, I smile to think that perhaps I may employ my proficiency in making dainty frocks for the little ones who come over in those first years of earthly life, and who must needs have garments to wear. If this is so, I shall be well-pleased.

How simple, how natural, how homely, and how dear, does that other life seem, in the golden beams of the light now shed upon it from your side of life! One is tempted to say, "Hurry on, and let us get the elementary training here over, and move on into the Upper School with its infinitely better conditions." But that would be to lose invaluable lessons here, and so we will be content, self-controlled, balanced, hopeful, waiting for the change of state which will surely come one day. It is pleasant to think that there is one journey for which no packing is required, and no anxiety about a ticket, also that we go from the home ties here to the other part of the family circle there. Truly we are at home in God's Universe. Farewell for a while, Sweetest and most Dear.

✻ ✻ ✻

ANOTHER PEER'S TESTIMONY.—Lord Molesworth, when presiding at one of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Queen's Hall meetings, said: "I feel it a great honour to preside here this morning, and to have the pleasure of introducing Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as a lecturer on Spiritualism. It is a subject which deals with spirit-communion and the continuity of life in the Great Hereafter. I am very glad to be associated with Sir Arthur in this great crusade. As one who has been personally convinced, I am glad of this opportunity of marking and showing to some extent my gratitude for the comfort and hope that I—or I should say we—have derived from the researches of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and other great scientists."

An Inspirational Script on Auras.

RECEIVED JUNE 25TH, 1919, FROM REV. E. W. S., THROUGH M. ETHELWYN HALL.

I CANNOT feel sure that you are getting what I say, but I know you are writing it down as you get it.

"Do you see me?"

No! I gave up that phase some while back. It is like using an ear-trumpet to a person possessing full hearing powers, to talk to you, save in this manner. You do not understand your own mediumship, I gather, because your ideas on the subject come to me without any clear outline. Will you permit me to try and explain? You know enough to understand references to the Aura. You see it in terms of "Light." "Vibration" is of course the truer word, for it goes beyond all earth-recognition of what is known as "Light." But even "vibration" has its forms of manifestation, and I want to attempt to tell you about this as I see it.

(1).—There is the emanation from the body. You get the gasses thrown off, and they become incorporated in the atmosphere, and are detached at once from the person; they cease to have any connection save in the general blending of the surrounding Ether.

(2).—You have the more subtile (but still *animal*) exhalation in the Health Aura. That is more "attached" to the person, but it fluctuates with almost every breath you draw, save in the case of definite disease, when it becomes stagnant. In the ordinary way it fluctuates with the indrawing and out-breathing of magnetism, etc. You may have a passing malaise, but it is passing, and the aura—the health aura—partakes of this blessed instability, for were it not so it would be a sort of sheath around us (as indeed it does become in the case of real illness), and the vitalising forces from without would beat upon it in vain. That is the second layer of the aura, shall we say? The first was at once detached—set free. The second is in constant flux—changing each second of time, like the notes in the air, and yet keeping to a great extent within the vortex of your own aura.

(3).—We come to the Mental Aura—the thought and idea region. You find here also a certain amount of ebb and flow, but with a strong main current in one direction, and this is the region, to a great extent, of your mediumship. We attach our selves to this main current, and pour therein our ideas, and in the nature of things, they beat upon your conscious mind, that being, as it were, the wall against which the subconscious force of your personality breaks, and records its water-line. It is when you see in your mental aura pictures from distant shores, over which the waters of your conscious mind have not flowed, that you become aware of the presence of other streams, other auras, comingling with yours, and bringing *sea-weed* if you will, pearls if you are kind, from other climes and other minds.

(4).—Within this again is the Spiritual Aura, and that is not nearly so subject to flux and change, for at the heart of it there burns a steady flame, the centre of which is the Divine Fire, the Divine Spark, and to *that* there is only One Attractor, the Divine in Essence, and The Divine in all. There may be flickerings of the flame but the Spark is—Unvarying, Indestructible, and Eternal; the Holy One in the Temple of Being. No one can pierce to the true heart of the spiritual

aura of another, save by the conscious dwelling in his own divinity, and that at last unites him to all and to The One.

So that it is not your spiritual aura we contact, but the mental; and in saying this I want it to be clear to you that there is no sharp division. We do not take our stand, as it were, on a certain step and talk to you, either up or down from there, as the case may be. It is more intricate than that, and yet to a great extent *instinctive*.

Every division I have mentioned has an infinity of range, so that we need to put out the contacting vibration to a nicety, in order to convey a clear message straight to your conscious mind. If you will consider your own experience, in intercourse with people still on your own plane of existence, you will see what I mean. When the general rate of vibration corresponds—when the "spiritual" flame can pierce through the confines of the "mental," so stimulating that into fuller life and activity in two personalities, you get general affinity, and when you get the *exact* ratio of vibration in two you have the perfectly blended aura and they are One. This is only perfectly consummated on the Spiritual Plane, because while you may meet and recognise the vibration, the union of spiritual vibration on earth, it is only in flashes. This spiritual recognition is of necessity subjected to the Winds of Vibration, from the mental, health, and material sources. This explains the "gleams" of wonderful recognition. The "spiritual" was for the time dominating all other vibrations. Then the walls closed in—(to use a mixed metaphor)—the winds blow from other regions of power, and the central flame is obscured, but never obliterated and never quenched.

I believe that every complete soul (taking for granted the duality of expression on all planes) is a special outbreathing of The "I Am"—a "respiration" will convey what I want—the Breath of God, vibrating to all Eternity—a special creation. Whether that will be so, that having become consciously one after apparent separation as individuals, this shall be again indrawn, I cannot say, and so become incorporate in its Source. It is beyond me.

Now I find I have wandered far from my talk on your mediumship. Please frame your question.

"Is all mediumship on the same plane, *viz.*, The mental?"

Yes! and here I must ask you to remember how closely the vibrations mingle. Imagine the blending of colour in a rainbow, one is so nearly the other, until it becomes distinctly itself. So the gaseous aura and the health aura blend almost indefinitely, and the health and the mental ditto.

Now you can see the point of contact for material phenomena, and why they affect the health of the medium. They are contacted by those who are near the physical region on the mental plane. Yours is much more definitely the mental region, although not so far removed as to be altogether unaffected by the vibrations of the health aura. At the same time it is sufficiently on the higher grade of vibration to be able to receive impulse from the forces set up by that Power House in the Centre of your Being. That is the great aim of all "Mediumship"—to be

sensitised by and toned up till the whole man is vibrating in his several orbits, in perfect ratio to the Central Impulse—there you have The Perfect Man.

That is why we meet and blend, my friend, each striving by cohesion to add stimulus to the response to that Central Demand. That is why you should be closed to all save that in the *without* which corresponds to that which is most *within*, for if it does not correspond, it retards.

This holds good in all the divisions. If you are in a badly ventilated room, the gas you

exhale is not made up to you in a re-charged atmosphere. In health, if you eat or think along the lines of disease, there is no recharge of the aura. In mental regions the same applies. If you mentally feed on dung, there is no recharge. If you associate with those who are vitiated in mind or body, and do not call on the Spiritual within yourself to re-charge them, but allow yourself to descend to their low rate of vibration you become in that same degree irresponsible to the Intense Vibration of The Heart of All, which we call God.

A Healing Talk with a Suicide.

TRANSMITTED BY MARY HAMILTON.

"Jack," writing by the hand of his mother, here gives an example of the kind of occupation bright and buoyant-spirited boys who gave up their earth-lives in the war are now engaged in.

WEE MA,—I met a man the other day who told me a very interesting story, and as it concerns a question I have heard some of your friends wondering about I will give it to you just as I got it from him.

I was visiting a hospital for the poor chaps who come over here mentally crushed (you would say heart-broken) as a result of their life's experiences on earth. I am of use in such work because I give off a breeziness and happiness that refreshes their tired souls. Many of us boys are engaged in this work, and it makes us feel glad that we came over when we did, if staying on earth longer would have meant much disappointment.

But to my tale! When I entered the ward where this poor chap lay I noticed a heap of clothes in one of the beds that had been unoccupied for some time, and asked the doctor in charge what it meant. He said it was a man who had committed suicide, as the result of a miserable marriage; that he had been found lying quite unconscious beside his dead body, and was only beginning to show signs of life, although he had been over for some time. He added, "You can help, Jack, with your strong vitality and ready sympathy. Take him in hand; give him some life from your abundant store, and instil into him the wish to live."

So I went over, sat down beside the bed, and commenced to magnetise the form concealed beneath the white cover, willing hard all the time that he should awake into his new life. Presently, the form moved, and a man's head appeared. Oh, such a pitiful head! The face was careworn and lined, and expressed disappointment and sorrow and hopeless misery. He saw me and stared; then exclaimed in a whisper, "Who are you, lad?"

I laughed and answered, "Just one of the boys sent over here by the great war."

"Then if you are 'dead' why do you look and feel so happy? You should be sleeping peacefully in your grave. But I don't understand. I should be doing the same, for I shot myself to gain oblivion."

"Well you will be disappointed," I informed him, "for you have come to life, not gone out of it; but whatever did you shoot yourself for?"

"Because I was married to a woman whom I once thought perfect and found to be otherwise."

"Was she very bad?" I asked, glad to have roused him to talk.

"No, not bad at all; neither was I; but we just drifted further and further apart, as the years went on till there was not one single thing we could agree upon, and life became intolerable."

"But you said you thought her perfect, and then found her to be otherwise?"

"Yes, in the sense that I thought she was the one woman on earth with whom I could live in perfect harmony, but the one human instrument gradually became tuned up to concert pitch, and the other broke its strings and snapped."

"You mean that you were the one that broke in the effort to keep up the harmony?"

"No, I broke in anger because I could not stand the strain. Rag-times were good enough for me, and what was good enough for me was good enough for my life's partner, don't you think?"

"Well, if she had found a finer strain, why did you not try to harmonise with her?"

"Because I preferred the other," he responded. "But where am I!"

"In the land where all human instruments may play on their own key, and where those who seek harmony may find it. Somewhere, in this great universe, you will find the instrument you seek, but for your own soul's good I trust that day won't come till you have mended your broken strings and re-set them to higher vibrations."

"Does that mean that a mistake made on earth does not bind me in the life beyond?"

"The life beyond, where you now are, is the life of love, and justice. When you are strong enough you will have to return in spirit to those you have left behind, and by hard work and self-denial try to undo the pain your death by your own will has brought upon them. After that is accomplished you will be free to go where you will. No matter what the tie on earth it is not binding here unless Love wills."

So my patient has made up his mind to make what amends he can, and is looking younger and better already, now that the strain has gone. He and his wife, both good people, will very seldom meet here unless the rift within the lute is mended by love. It was to bring out this point that I have told this tale. Now I'm off to my many duties and pleasures. How I wish you could come.—JACK.

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THE HUSK FUND.—During August the following donations have been received by Mrs. Etta Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, the hon. treasurer of this fund: Emma £2, Alice Hoseasen £1 is., Mrs. Smith £1, A Friend £1, R. S., per Mr. South, 16s., A. Scott 5s., "Trier" 5s., Edzell 2s. Further contributions will be welcomed.

At Watford Horse Show last month Mrs. Duffus's Highland ponies won still further honours, carrying away the Championship Cup, the Reserve Championship, first prizes for animals in single and double harness, first and second for mares, and first for stallions. Wherever they are on exhibition they are adjudged to be peerless.

A Scottish Minister on Spiritualism.

By JOHN DUNCAN, J.P., EDINBURGH.

I HAVE been spending a pleasant summer holiday this season at a busy seaside resort on the west coast of Scotland. I cannot make the name of minister or town public as the rev. gentleman declines giving me permission to do so.

On Sunday morning, 27th July, I attended the service held in one of the Established Churches, which was filled. The regular minister is quite a young man, and took for his text that well-known passage in Jeremiah, "broken cisterns that can hold no water." In his discourse he touched upon what he termed substitutes for God and Christianity, and said a great many persons had taken Spiritualism as a substitute for Christianity, especially women, and he certainly led his hearers to infer that Spiritualists were mostly composed of women! As a substitute for Christianity, Spiritualism, he said, was a broken cistern that could hold no water. He next quoted from a letter he had received from an officer who had been at the front, that Spiritualism was a "muddy stream."

I at once wrote him challenging his statements, and asking him to verify any one of them. This has led to the following correspondence, which may be of interest to some of your readers:—

28/7/19.

Rev. Sir,

I had the privilege of listening to your discourse yesterday morning on "broken cisterns," wherein you made the statements that Spiritualists were composed mostly of women, and that Spiritualism as a substitute for Christianity was a "broken cistern that could hold no water;" also that you had received during the past week a letter from an officer who had been at the front, wherein he spoke of Spiritualism as a "muddy stream."

Now sir, as a Spiritualist, I challenge you to verify any one of these statements. In making such from your pulpit you were safe, as no one could contradict what you said, but you will pardon me when I say you are entirely ignorant of the truths of Spiritualism, or if you have any knowledge of them that you grossly misrepresent Spiritualists and Spiritualism by making such statements. I have been for many years connected with the movement, and in touch with several of the Societies in Scotland and England, and for you to say Spiritualists are mostly women is not in accordance with facts. Your other two accusations are untrue also. Evidently, you are a young man "bound hand and foot" to an old and antiquated creed. I ask you what has your Church done during the past five years to bring comfort and consolation to a grief-stricken and mourning world? Most of the clergy know nothing of a future life, to prove such is an impossibility for them. The truth is, the actual knowledge of immortality can only be had through the light of Spiritualism, or communion with our loved ones who have passed into the unseen.

Let me quote to you the words of an eminent divine, in a recent discourse, and which I would commend to you—"If Spiritualism is taken aright, it is a lamp which throws a ray on the glittering splendours of Christianity. Some pages of the Old Book glow again with golden light; life with all its troubles becomes reasonable and comprehensible; and the angels of God will come with streaming light through the coloured windows of the churches down upon the altars. There, at the altars, clearer and more wonderful than ever, is that radiant Figure, the same yesterday, the same to-day, and the same for ever."

Or, as another has said, "A wise man will throw open the windows of his soul as of his mind. He will welcome fresh light whatever be the source from which it comes. The assumption that spiritual knowledge is, and must be, unattainable is a sin against human nature. Truth is the supreme prerogative of humanity. The plain duty of man is to welcome with an open mind all truth whatever it may be."

In the words of a veteran Spiritualist, let me say:—"Persons not knowing the relation of, or the difference between, such words as fact and truth, Jesus and Christ, pagan spiritism and Christian Spiritualism should, before further platform exhibition of wordy sentimentalism, attend night-schools or some other educational institution. Knowledge is a necessary step leading to wisdom."

The rev. gentleman replied as follows:—

My Dear Sir,

I received your interesting and illuminating letter, and beg to thank you for it. I am sorry that you should think that in my dealing with the subject of Spiritualism (or perhaps more correctly spiritism) I misused the position of the pulpit. But in matters which I know imperil the happiness and faith of many I feel I would fail in my duty to God as a Christian minister if at times I do not hold out a strong warning.

That there are, of course, real and genuine elements in Spiritualism none but a fool or one utterly blind to evidence would deny. In regard to my actual words I said, "There is yet another direction to which men and women (especially women) have turned to find a substitute for God and His full and sufficient revelation in Jesus Christ."

May I venture to say that I am not "entirely ignorant of the truths of Spiritualism," and I am personally acquainted with several of its devotees, and I cannot admit that I grossly misrepresented them in my remarks.

You ask, what the Church has done during the past five years to bring comfort and consolation to the bereaved and mourners? During a large part of that period I was on active service as a Chaplain to the Forces in France. Speaking for myself quite honestly and frankly, I do not think I would have found it possible to "carry on" at times but for the faith in Christ and the immortal hope that is ours through Him. As for the bereaved and others at home I want no more conclusive testimony of the power of the Christian Gospel and the promise of a future re-union than I have received in numerous letters from parents and others in answer to my own letters from the field.

You may have noticed in Monday's *Scotsman* (page 5) that the Bishop of London was on the same day warning a vast congregation against seeking to have communication with those who have died.

To which I replied, on 30/7/19:—

Rev. Sir,

I am favoured with yours of yesterday's date, and beg to thank you for same. I am pleased to know that you admit, "there are real and genuine elements in Spiritualism." The quotation I gave you from the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould, Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, London, points clearly that Spiritualism cannot be, as you stated, "a broken cistern that can hold no water," or that it is a "muddy stream." Such statements I still hold are misrepresentations and unfair for you to make from your pulpit on a Sunday.

You certainly acted a noble part by doing such valuable service at the front, but again I hold that the comfort and consolation you can give the bereaved and mourner as to the continuity of life is vague and shadowy compared with the teachings and knowledge that Spiritualism gives. What the mother needs to be assured of is, that her boy is alive, that there "is no death," that he who has fallen in battle is often with her, guiding and influencing her life; more able now to help than he was during his earth-life. This I take to be more consoling to the mourner than the promise of a reunion at some far off time, or as the Church teaches at the resurrection or last day.

"They are around us, O how near; their spirits throb close to our own." What we need to be assured of at such a time is their presence with us here and now and not in the unknown future. I have three of my own family on the other side, and their mother and I have had them many a time talking to us in the direct voice and telling us of the work and glories of the Summerland.

Yes, I read what the Bishop of London said last Sunday he is not a great authority on such a subject, if my memory serves me aright, but I have no books or notes here to refer to. However I prefer Sir Oliver Lodge or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on such an all important question. Or rather would I take the opinions of men of the same Church who have passed on—Archdeacon Wilberforce and the Rev. Arthur Chambers. Then we have had the opinions of men belonging to other denominations, such as the sainted Dr. John Pulsford, Dr. Joseph Parker, Theodore Parker, and many others who have spoken out in a fearless manner as to holding communion with the spirit-world.

But why quote the Bishop of London or any others. I prefer to follow the example of my Leader and Master who held communion with Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, and who had been in the spirit-world for hundreds of years. He is before any other to me.

I have no wish to take up your valuable time with what to you may be an unnecessary or uncalled for discussion. Spiritualism has been in the past much maligned by the

clergy; that is my reason for writing you. Probably later on we may meet and exchange views more fully. Have you any objections to this correspondence being sent to the local newspaper? If you have I will not do so, with best wishes.

To this letter the reverend gentleman replied on 31/7/19, as follows:—

My Dear Sir,

I was glad to receive your exceedingly interesting letter, and thank you for it.

I go with you up to a far point. That there is no death was my theme last Sunday evening. We speak of the dead; there are none such. We should speak of those

who have died. I believe that we are indeed compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, and to me it has been a great comfort and strength to think of my late mother as conscious of our strivings here on earth and often very near. The doctrine of the Communion of Saints includes this to my mind.

While I again thank you for your courteous and interesting letter, I do not wish the correspondence to be sent to the newspaper. I trust you are benefiting by your holiday.

I leave your readers to form their own conclusions on this correspondence.

How I Communicated with My 'Dead' Brother.

By E. A. C.

IT is not a week since I had the following conversation with the Rector when I was a guest in a Lincolnshire Parsonage:

THE RECTOR: "We are told that the sorceries of one generation become the science of the next; but the practices of these Spiritualistic so-called mediums are an offence, a hindrance, to our beloved dead—an insult to them and to ourselves."

I asked: "Have you seen much of these practices? Do tell us of them!"

THE RECTOR: "Indeed I know nothing of them. I thank God I have never seen a medium!"

The rector is a gifted man, one who would be sought after in any social gathering. It would have been easy to retort—"Take care! This sorcery of Spiritualism may be the science of the coming generation!" Instead, two pictures connected with a brother in the Beyond flashed into my mind and I gave him these to think over.

My brother C. was killed in a motor-accident some years ago. He was not a Spiritualist, nor had he any violent religious prejudices. I need only say he had been a straight and honourable man, a tremendous worker, and a devoted son and brother. He was in the prime of life, and had just received a good appointment, the reward of years of hard work. But he and I had had a difference of opinion about a course of action he proposed taking in the year of the fatal accident.

I had introduced him to my friend, Miss McCreadie, the Scottish medium, three years before. I think he called on her twice, so he had some glimmerings of the truths of Spiritualism: that communion with those in the Beyond is possible, and that death is not the end.

The following notes of the sitting I had with Miss McCreadie five weeks after C.'s death were made half an hour after I left her house. It is with the most extreme reluctance I open my notebook at this place. But why should truth not out! Miss McCreadie's control, "Sunshine," had been speaking.

'Then Sunshine 'stood aside.' At first I thought it was my father coming, and wondered why he was so slow and breathed so heavily, and kept rubbing his right knee in a curious way. I prayed that I might help him, that he might take 'power' from me to come. Then I saw C.'s face through Miss McCreadie's, *inside it*, as it were. (She told me afterwards this happened often when she first began to develop. People said they *saw* in her face the faces of those who had passed on. I understand this is called 'transfiguration.' It was quite a new experience to me.) Her face "took on" the resemblance of C.'s. I said, "It is C. C., it is you!"

Then he (controlling the medium's body) sat up very straight, with his head slightly thrown back, and *laughed*! And I pray God no spirit may ever laugh so again. I had almost said that I pray I may never hear such sounds again as came through those lips. Yet, if it has helped me to realise a little his suffering, to be the least little bit of use to him, I dare not pray that. This is how he laughed: 'Ha, Ha, Ha!—Ha, Ha, Ha!—I'm *well* damned now!—My God! My God!—Ha, Ha, Ha!'

"I do not know what I said . . . where the words came from . . . I felt my face go white . . . the utter utter despair . . . the horror of his face and words . . . his hands were working, working, especially the left one.

I took the right in both mine, then a hand in each of mine. He seemed to look straight in front of him. Words seemed to come just tumbling out. But I know I said something like this: 'No, no! It is not so! It is not so! You know there is a God. You know there is a Christ. There is our love, my love. I will find a way. Light and understanding and a great peace and new opportunities will come to you!'

"He answered—'Ha! Peace . . . peace! Oh, for a moment! for forgiveness! Ah! Ah!'

"'There is nothing to forgive,' I said; we had stupid bitter unkind thoughts. It is we. . ."

"He interrupted—'You know it was otherwise. Look! Look, what I would have done!'

"I knew it was that matter about which we had differed that so distressed him now, and I exclaimed—'Stop! you must give way to no more of this! You are a *man* still! we depended on you for much, and we depend on you still! I look to you now to teach me many things. I will see that your wishes are fully carried out. Soon you will find your feet and understand. That peace that passeth understanding will come to you. The joy of Christ will be yours. You have work to do. . . ."

"'Oh! Go on! Go on!' he shouted. 'Pray! Pray for me! A—, go on! Pray for me! I cannot stay! A—, A—, A—!!!'

"He lay back in the chair gasping. I opened the door and windows for air. Soon the entranced Miss McCreadie came to, very pale and somewhat confused. She was astonished to learn that C. could come so soon.

That is the first picture. The date is the autumn before the war. The second is under a very recent date. "Sunshine" was speaking: "Your Father sends his love, and C.—." I interrupted: "Do give my love to C." But even as I said the words I was aware that "Sunshine" was away, and C. had taken control:—

"'Yes, here I am!' he said. 'And I am getting on now; more and more in harmony with existence here. I have so much work to do. Now *you* must go forward, and not be afraid! Don't be so shy of speaking out the truth you know. Think where I would have been! Let the Light shine! Ah, I see you still question how you and Miss McCreadie could help us here! I can only repeat there is no moment that I do not bless you and her for your help to me. That's a truth you cannot get away from! Now I want very much to send a message to S—' (naming a mutual friend) The message is not relative to the present argument.

"When he had finished, I asked—'Are you really *truly* happy now, C.?'"

"His face was radiant. I could almost see it shine. 'Am I happy!' he said. 'How *can* I convey to you the reality of my happiness! I would have to turn poet, and poetry is not in my line of business. *I am happy!* Ah, I can feel that you realise I am. And if I could tell you how it has helped me to come like this—how I bless the day you told me of your friend Miss McCreadie! It is curious there are so many here too who don't believe any more than many on your side. Could't you *tell* the story of the first time I came, and how it is with me now! Don't have feelings! Remember how often you said to me, Where there's a will there's a way! God will show you the way. God bless and keep you!'"

And that is the second picture!



Whatever mysteries might appertain to mind and matter, and notwithstanding grave doubts as to the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel, it is bravery, truth, and honour, loyalty and hard work, each man at his post, that make this planet habitable.—*Augustine Birrell.*

Plotinus.*

By W. LOFTUS HARE.

PLOTINUS was born in Lycopolis in Egypt in the year A.D. 204. Although he has been called the "last light of Greece" he was probably of Roman origin. At 28 he became a pupil of Ammonius Sakkas in Alexandria, who is reputed to be the founder of the Neo-platonic School. After being eleven years with this teacher, Plotinus left him at the age of 39, and attempted to go to Persia and to India in the wake of the army of the Roman Emperor Gordian. This army was not successful and Plotinus returned to Rome, where he settled down as a teacher of philosophy. He died at 66 in the year A.D. 270.

The life of Plotinus was written by his friend Porphyry and is a necessary preface to the study of his work. It gives the most important information as to the order of composition of the treatises, and Dr. Guthrie has wisely followed this order and been enabled to trace the *development* of the ideas of Plotinus. In the treatises themselves there is a great deal of most valuable psychological autobiography. Plotinus was not only a philosopher, but a personal mystic, a clairvoyant and occultist.

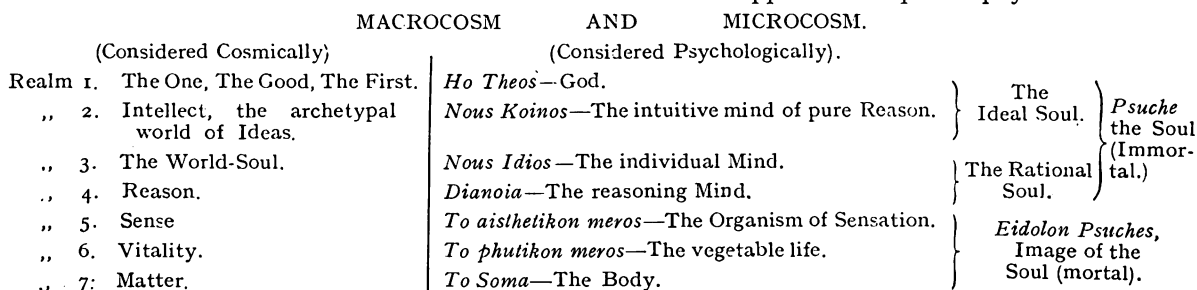
Some of the most important treatises are the following:

No. 2.	Of the Immortality the of Soul	i. 6
" 4.	Of the Nature of the Soul	iv. 1
" 6.	Of the Descent of the Soul into the Body	iv. 8
" 8.	Do all the Souls form but a Single Soul?	iv. 9
" 26.	Of the Impassibility of Incorporeal Entities	iii. 6

" 30.	Of Contemplation	iii. 8
" 31.	Of Intelligible Beauty	v. 8
" 46.	Of Happiness	i. 4
" 49.	Of the Hypostases that Act as Means of Knowledge, and of the Transcendent	v. 3
" 50.	Of Love	iii. 5
" 52.	Of the Influence of the Stars	ii. 3

It is right to say that these 54 works came to us in a state of disorder; but we must remember that Plotinus never intended to write what we should regard as "a philosophy," although in his day there was already the conception that philosophical exposition should begin with logic and go on to psychology, physics and ethics; yet he himself scorned to be bound by such rules. His works are to be understood as being lectures, written down at the moment he wished to deal with some particular question. We must believe that the philosophy itself was already built up in Plotinus' mind and was perfectly clear to him. As a matter of fact everyone of the treatises embraces a philosophy in miniature. We find it difficult, however, when setting about the study of Plotinus, to decide at what point we shall seize his philosophy, for it comes to us, as has been said, in the shape of a sphere; we know there is a centre but we cannot get at it. What particular point on the periphery shall we seize first? We do not know. We must read through the works and then proceed as we think best with the exposition. Dr. Guthrie's edition is the first English translation made in full.

The diagram below will illustrate the way in which we approach the philosophy of Plotinus:



Readers will be interested to observe Plotinus' idea of the soul. In the first place we must remember his belief in the existence of the World-Soul of which he says the individual Soul is the off-spring. The "descent of the soul into matter" is a phrase which describes the supposed process by which, as from an entirely spiritual state, the individual soul "rebels" or demands a separate existence of its own. It cannot entirely separate itself from its parent or its fellows, but it seems to do so. This "seeming" is in fact a kind of illusion which has to be escaped from, and philosophy is the pathway of the soul in its return to its "true home," or, in terms of spiritual experience, its consciousness of its identity with the One; but with Plotinus philosophy is not merely an intellectual system.

We conclude by a quotation from Dr Guthrie's beautiful translation of The Being of the Soul:

Thus in her ascension towards divinity, the soul advances until, having risen above everything that is foreign to her, she alone with Him who is alone, beholds, in all His simplicity and purity, Him from whom all depends, to whom all aspires, from whom everything draws its existence, life and thought. He who beholds Him is overwhelmed with love; with ardour desiring to unite himself with Him, entranced with ecstasy.

Men who have not yet seen Him desire Him as the God; those who have, admire Him as sovereign beauty, struck simultaneously with stupor and pleasure, thrilling in a painless orgasm, loving with a genuine emotion, with

an ardour without equal, scorning all other affections, and disdaining those things which formerly they characterised as beautiful. This is the experience of those to whom divinities and guardians have appeared; they reck not longer of the beauty of other bodies.

Imagine, if you can, the experience of those who behold Beauty itself, the pure Beauty, which, because of its very purity, is fleshless and bodiless, outside of earth and heaven. All these things, indeed are convergent and composite; they are not principles, they are derived from Him. What beauty could one still wish to see after having arrived at vision of Him who gives perfection to all beings, though Himself remains unmoved, without receiving anything; after finding rest in this contemplation, and enjoying it by becoming assimilated to Him.—Enn. I. 6. 7.

The advantages derived from this conversion towards the divinity are first self-consciousness, so long as he remains distinct from the divinity. If he penetrate into his interior sanctuary, he possesses all things, and renouncing self-consciousness in favour of indistinction from the divinity, he fuses with it. As soon as he desires to see something, so to speak, outside of himself it is he himself that he considers even exteriorly. The soul that studies the divinity must form an idea of him while seeking to know him. Later, knowing how great is that divinity to which she desires to unite herself, and being persuaded that she will find beatitude in this union she plunges herself into the depths of the divinity until, instead of contenting herself with contemplating the intelligible world, she herself becomes an object of contemplation, and shines with a clearness of the conceptions whose source is on high.—Enn. 5. 8. II.

*PLOTINUS.—Complete works in four volumes in chronological order, grouped in four periods; with biography by Porphyry, studies in sources, development, influence, etc., with index, by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie, Comparative Literature Press, P.O. Box 42, Alpine, N.J. U.S.A. Price 12 dollars.

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THE SOUL AS A PART OF
 NATURE.

IN pleading for a view of the soul of man as being a part of nature, we are opposed by the deadweight of habits of thought on the subject that are age-long. Men have usually persisted, and do still persist, in thinking of the soul as a super-natural Something, that "cometh from afar," "from God who is our home" (as Wordsworth says), as something apart that is temporarily incarnated in us, and to ask them to believe that the soul is as truly an ordinary natural part of man's constitution as the physical body is so contrary to what they have hitherto thought that it is almost "the last thing they will give in to." This inertia is not confined to the foolish and ignorant but is almost equally shared by the wise and learned. Poets, philosophers, and theologians in past and present have been addicted to the notion that the soul is something that comes into man from without, a something that is too elusive and mysterious to be grappled with at close quarters, whose origin can only be guessed at, and whose nature must necessarily be left vague and undefined. "The soul is just the soul, whatever that may be;" they would say; "it is a Some-thing, and yet a No-thing; a something without form, if not even void." It is like demanding a sudden reversal in thought to ask them to picture the immortal soul as an organised body of any kind, even though it be called a "spiritual body," or to conceive it as having form, features, and functions, for these are characteristics they have hitherto attributed solely to the physical body, and "the soul is quite different," or to believe that the soul has precisely the same history, inheritance, and parentage as the physical body, for that seems to them impossible.

And yet that is the idea of the human soul for which we plead. It has come to the surface as a result of psychical knowledge. Psychical research and Spiritualistic experience have brought to light the actuality of our second body: that man has a dual constitution, and that every atom of his organism consists of psychical as well as physical matter. We are by nature essentially immortal souls as well as mortal bodies. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of," said Shakespeare, but the "stuff" of which our souls are composed is becoming real and substantial. Though it is invisible and intangible to physical sense it is coming into view as an indestructible stuff, which does not grow old and die like the matter of the physical body; which during our earth-life operates behind the visible screen of the physical body, and after death goes on living when the physical body has been laid aside. Science knows of the existence of this ethereal soul-stuff, and Sir Oliver Lodge will possibly give us someday the formula, in terms of ether and electricity, of its composition, as the purely physical scientist can already tell us in terms of chemistry of what our mortal bodies are composed. But Science has not yet conceived the idea of the myriad psychical parts within us otherwise than as separate and unrelated parts of

physical atoms. It has not made a synthesis of them as forming a whole of their own nature. It has not yet visualised them as making up a complete organism, a spiritual counterpart of the visible body. It has not yet imaged the individual soul as an epitome or culmination of the mental, moral and spiritual experience of all the previous souls in the line of its ancestry, just as the visible physical body is an epitome or culmination of the physical features, traits and habits of its ancestors. It has not yet got hold of the notion that the speck of germ-plasm from which a man grows is psychical, as well as physical, and that the psychical equally contains the impress of its inheritance. Science may, however, at no distant date present us with the view of the human soul as a consistent, conceivable natural product arriving by the established process of nature, and not as an inconceivable super-natural product, which has come somehow or other from nobody knows where.

Let us glance at some historic ideas of the soul conceived by men, and see how loosely the super-natural notions of its origin were reached. Plato thought the soul had come down from heaven because it seemed to have "innate ideas." Even in an uneducated child, the soul seemed to him to have knowledge of mathematical and logical axioms not learned on earth. It also appeared to have glimpsed perfect "ideas" in a pre-existing life which it endeavoured during earth-life to recall and put into practice. Therefore, it had come from above! By precisely the same reasoning he might have concluded that the souls of bees had pre-existed in heaven and been taught how to construct their marvellous mathematically-exact hives, for how otherwise could they perform so wonderful a task without any tuition on earth? Such facts are now explained on more mundane principles. Men and bees alike necessarily think and act in accordance with their organic structure, their inherited form, their own nature. The logic of Aristotle and the mathematics of Euclid were embedded in the constitution of man ages before they were "discovered" and written down in books. Modern knowledge of the laws of heredity has made this clear. Plato's inference of man's celestial origin on such grounds was consequently a false inference from inadequate premises.

Wordsworth's well-known doctrine of "Reminiscence" as a proof of the heavenly origin of the soul is based on a person's beginning childhood, "by feeling this material world strange to him; but . . . he discerns in it its kinship with the spiritual world which he dimly remembers." He said:—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy:
 The youth, who daily further from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

The idea, so beautifully expressed, was a mere flight of poetic fancy. Wordsworth, like Plato, thought backwards to an imagined celestial,

origin, from the pure wonder and unclouded (if undeveloped) vision of childhood and its sense of "kinship with the spiritual world," which is lost or overlaid in manhood under the strain and stress of physical living. But the same kind of freshness of vision is found in a country visitor to London, who sees more of it in his fortnight's holiday than most inhabitants have seen in a lifetime. The visitor has indeed a lively sense of wonder, but the inhabitant "takes it all in the day's work." We should not, however, think of inferring from this difference in vividness of view that the visitor "dimly remembered" having seen it before somewhere else!

The same historic habit of backward inference is found in the old accounts of how great Roman emperors came down from heaven. They were flatteringly pictured by the poets as being something highly superior to the mass of mortals, and what more natural to suppose than that one of the gods had descended from Mount Olympus and overshadowed a virgin of human clay—hence so godlike a king! The explanation was more fitted to please a pagan-emperor than to state a truth, for according to prose accounts these same emperors were excessively human.

But even now we have not grown out of such claims to the soul's transcendental origin. There are persons alive to-day who claim to have received their souls otherwise than by Nature's plan, their physical bodies being inhabited by the souls of ancient kings, queens, heroes, poets, and philosophers—(some modern queens too, and even mythological beings who never really lived at all!)—who after a spell in paradise have come down again to earth for further experience in the physical bodies of members of their particular cult! How these other souls were able to oust their own natural souls is not explained! It is a queer notion, designed perhaps not so much to explain, by backward inference, obvious present greatness, as to nullify some sense of present littleness! The sensation of feeling yourself to be not yourself but somebody else ever so much more distinguished must be quite pleasant! It is a device of self-flattery, and we note with satisfaction that its glamour is now beginning to fade!

Members of the same polite cult also favour an idea of the soul's ascent through a mineral, a vegetable, and an animal, before it inhabits a human being, but that is a notion so poles-asunder from the other that it is difficult to see how they can be held together in the same temple of wisdom!

The problem of the soul has been made more perplexing than need be by confounding the soul with a "finite spirit" in man. Man's "spirit" is often spoken about as if it were something different from his "soul," something additional to man's body and soul. The soul is even spoken of as "the casket of the spirit." This is a claim for man as a triune being instead of a dual being. We stand for man's "double constitution," but the view of man being "body and soul—plus Spirit" is not altogether unwarranted if we are careful to note that the Spirit in man is not a sundered portion of the indivisible Spirit of God dwelling in a man, but is the Universal Life or Spirit itself operating through him as through every other living thing. "I am sure," says the author of the *Religio Medici*, "there is a common Spirit that plays within us, yet makes no part of us; and that is the Spirit of God, the fire and scintillation of that noble and mighty Essence which is the life and radical heat of spirits." This part of the subject is somewhat difficult

to make clear to "a mixed congregation," but if you take your watch you will find in it a luminous analogy. It may be roughly conceived as consisting of two parts (1) a complicated mechanism of rigid wheels, and (2) a flexible mainspring. But there is a something more required before it can function as a time-keeper, namely a small modicum of human energy inserted when the watch is wound up. Without that quantum of invisible force the watch would be useless; given that force it will function according to its structure to measure it out in hours, minutes, and seconds to the last degree. All parts are essential—the rigid wheels to do the time measuring, the mainspring to receive and communicate the force, and the force itself. But we must be careful to note that the force is not an integral part of the watch itself. It is something additional to itself, without which its wheels and mainspring too would be motionless. This we think is a pretty close analogy to the matter in hand. The rigid wheels—the physical body; the mainspring—the soul or spiritual body; and the invisible energy—the Universal Spirit or Life Force, operating through man as through every living thing in the Universe. Our soul or spiritual body, like the mainspring in the watch, responds to and is receptive of the Living Spirit; its nature is intermediary, being akin to Spirit on the one hand and to the physical body on the other. But the soul is not itself "spirit"; it is a necessary differentiation from Spirit, otherwise Spirit could not manifest in and through it.

We have but touched the fringe of the subject and must leave our readers to work out for themselves the logical consequences of identifying our immortal soul with our spiritual body, and of regarding it as an essential part of our common human nature. If this conception be found to be true the old ideas of incarnating and re-incarnating souls from somewhere or other out of "the vasty deep" into children's bodies would at once be consigned to the dustheap of fictitious legend, and the superstition that a spark of the Infinite Perfection resides within each of us in order to gain experience and purification would be discarded as entirely contrary to reason.

J. L.



OUR GLORIOUS DEAD?

I stood, in vision, nigh the *Cenotaph*,

And watched the passers by, an endless stream—
Some moving quickly on their daily round

Of toil, some saunt'ring leisurely in pleasure's dream
Entranced. And some again as mourners

Hastening toward the shrine with softened tread,
And tear-drenched offerings, wreaths and fragrant
blossoms,

Or simple card "with love to Bert, or Ted,"
No wondrous beings, just their own, their own dear
dead.

anon one paused, and stayed awhile to gaze,
"Our Glorious Dead," he smiled, with proud held
head—

Then lo, it seemed, an angel's voice, clear, sweet,
Gave answer, "God is not God of the dead,

But of the living." Our heroic boys
Lie not in noisome grave, with bodies torn,
Unconscious, lonely, till some mystic day—

Now is their Resurrection, now their golden morn,
Call them "Our Glorious Arisen Ones," not dead,
but newly born."

August, 1919.

ANNIE M. MARCH.

Four Materialising Seances at Rotherham.

By BERNARD CHAPPELL.

I HAVE much pleasure in sending a brief record of incidents that occurred during four seances held in the Vestry of the Rotherham Spiritual Evidence Society, Mr. Chambers, of Morpeth, being the medium. I also enclose for your inspection the documents signed voluntarily by the sitters who searched the medium, and by all who witnessed the phenomena:—

SEANCE, July 1st, 1919, 18 Sitters.

Weather conditions very bad for this form of phenomena; raining the whole time of the seance. This, combined with a little nerviness on the part of some of the sitters, made it more difficult for the manifestations. After the singing of a hymn, and invocation by Mr. C., we had altogether 9 forms out of the cabinet, 6 adults and 3 children. Chief incident of this seance was one of the spirit-children taking a doll from the table, nursing it in the way a child will do, and then putting it on the knee of Mrs. B., another spirit-child taking up some bells, and ringing them to the time of a hymn that was then being sung by the sitters.

SEANCE, July 2nd, 1919, 18 Sitters.

Weather conditions much improved, fine warm evening; conditions of the sitters much improved. After the usual opening ceremonies, the first form made its appearance in the quick time of 8 minutes from the commencement of the seance. At this seance we had 14 forms manifested from the cabinet. Chief incidents were the manifesting to Mr. B. of his grandmother, who came to him walking with a stick, an exact reproduction of one that he made for her shortly before her passing out. (*A thing which could not have been known by the medium.*) There were several other forms that were recognised. But the incident mentioned was perhaps the most convincing to the critics present. One will be justified however in explaining here that the medium has a deformed hand, the right hand having only the thumb and index finger, the others missing. Mrs. A., who sat in this seance, declares that the form that shook hands with her by the right hand, *had all the fingers complete.*

SEANCE, July 3rd, 1919, 18 Sitters.

Weather conditions again very bad, raining all day, and causing a damp and chilly atmosphere in the room. After the usual opening, we had to wait some little time before we had any manifestation, but eventually we managed to obtain 8 forms in all. On this occasion, for the purpose of making closer observations, I placed myself near the cabinet, next to Mrs. R., with this result. I saw clearly and distinctly one form build up *outside* the cabinet. Coming through the floor first in a small luminous patch, it gradually rose and formed itself into the shape of a full-grown person, much taller than the medium, who is only medium in stature. It then came to Mrs. R. and myself, and enveloped us in its lovely white raiment, at the same time stroking first one and then the other of our faces. The nature of this manifestation was extremely good, as both of us could distinctly hear the stertorous breathing of the medium inside the cabinet. Another incident of importance was the appearance of a child, who after handing a plate of fruit to one of the sitters, retired back to the cabinet, and instead of passing through the parting of the curtains, as all the other forms had done, walked to the side where Mrs. R. and myself sat, and dematerialised from our view. Other good incidents took place but these were perhaps the most convincing to the critical mind.

SEANCE, July 4th, 1919, 20 Sitters.

Weather conditions worse than ever; heavy rainstorm during the whole time of the seance. I mention this fact because the building where these seances have been held is but a wooden structure, with corrugated iron roof. At this, our last seance, there were 8 forms manifested, but two things occurred on this occasion specially worth recording. Two of our sitters, Mr. and Mrs. D., both well-known to many people in the Movement, were the recipients. The form of a child made its appearance from the cabinet, walked up to the table nearest Mrs. D., took off a plate of nuts, and gave them to Mrs. D., who took 4 of them; and then the child instead of taking them back to the table, put the plate down on the floor. In doing so one of the nuts rolled off the plate. Picking the plate up again it gave the plate to Mrs. R., who put it on the table nearest her. The next form out of the cabinet was a tall figure of an adult, who stepped out of the cabinet, and without any hesitancy whatever picked up the nut that had rolled on the floor (and this in a room with a dim red light, the floor being absolutely in the dark.) Then he proceeded to Mr. D., and pushed the nut between his

thumb and index finger. Retiring to the cabinet the form pulled the curtains apart, so that we could see the medium and spirit form at the same time. The last incident of the seance was the appearance of "Lottie," one of the guides, who brought to the front of the curtains the medium, so that those who had been sceptical throughout, might have some better evidence.



A DREAM PROPHECY FULFILLED.

v J. W. HUMPHRIES.

IN March, 1908, I was in Johannesburg; and dreamt of Cecil John Rhodes, who died in March 1902. I was asleep in bed, but to my surprise I found myself in spirit, standing at the foot of a coffin in a covered railway truck or carriage. Soldiers with arms reversed stood beside the coffin, which was covered with the Union Jack. As I stood, the coffin lid became transparent, and the form inside moved. It raised itself and smiled. I noticed that the train, to which the carriage was attached, was moving. The sentries were changed, and I saw the form in the coffin, still in the raised position, put his finger to his mouth, as if to enforce silence on myself. After the new sentries had settled themselves, the form rose from the coffin, took my hand, led me aside to the carriage corner, told me that I would journey to Rhodesia, and that the way would open for me though I knew it not. He told me he was Cecil John Rhodes. The form and features were certainly similar to those of Cecil Rhodes, as I had seen them on his statue. On returning to my physical body I was quite satisfied that my strange experience had been with him.

To confirm my conviction, I made an appointment with a trance medium and clairvoyant. No information was given by me. The sitting took place on the morning following my dream experience. After one or two other spirit people had spoken to me, a stranger took control. It was a cultured man's voice, entirely different from the medium's, who was not a well educated woman. My visitor gave his name, told me my dream was no illusion; and that he was pleased with his efforts to impress me because I had been able to retain a great deal of what had happened. He again said I should visit Rhodesia. His words gave me much food for thought. "Had I known," he said, "what I have learned since I made the great change, instead of Empire-building I should have tried to spiritualise the world. I have much to do, and must help to make a spiritual Rhodesia. Justice must prevail. Lobengula, who is here, was better than I thought him. He did his part for his people to the best of his knowledge. We have talked things over, and we understand each other better. I have had to take his hand in brotherly love; and I hope to work with him to bring about a better condition for his people. I am not the powerful man I was. Most of my concepts were wrong, and my motives and desire for power led me to assert a dogmatic authority. I find there are universal laws superior to laws of state or empire; which allow for justice, peace, and goodwill for all." After having talked for nearly half-an-hour, he asked me to extend to him my sympathy, and to think of him in my prayers.

I had several conversations under similar conditions with the same intelligence; and these served to confirm my belief that I had been speaking with Cecil Rhodes. But what of the prophecy that I should go to Rhodesia? To me it seemed the most unlikely thing to happen. I held a fairly comfortable position in Johannesburg, and had no idea of leaving it. I was a musician by profession, and would not be as well off in Rhodesia by several pounds a week. Besides living was dearer there and other things had to be taken into consideration. Some twelve months after my dream, however, I became interested in a mining venture. It was decided to form a syndicate to go to Salisbury, in Rhodesia, and I was asked to form one of the party. We had to go prospecting. I suddenly threw up my position, and to the astonishment of my fellow musicians, I went to look for gold in Rhodesia—thirty-eight miles from the railway station at Francistown. But mark this, I first went to Bulawayo, and in so doing saw that I was doing a part of the journey of my almost forgotten dream.

Thus was the prophecy fulfilled. How the spirit of Cecil Rhodes knew that I should go on that journey, and why he should manifest to me; I am unable to explain. I have merely written my experience down as it occurred.

Wise Words from the Other Life.

By W. H. EVANS.

INSTEAD of writing a full-dress article (!) for *Gazette* readers, I purpose this month giving some "spiritual aphorisms" from a book entitled "The Next World." This book published in 1890, by Mr. James Burns, of the *Medium and Daybreak*, is a series of spiritual communications from eminent men and women through the mediumship of Mrs. Susan G. Horn.

Mr. Burns had asked for a communication from Benjamin Franklin, who was considered to be the chief organiser of the Spiritualist movement in spirit-life, and the communication took the form of a number of trite sayings which are worth recalling at this time, and those who desire to investigate the subject of Spiritualism would do well to remember these pithy remarks. We would specially draw the attention of psychical researchers with a penchant for assuming every medium to be a fraud to the remarks I quote on that subject.

"It is a well-known axiom that fraud engenders fraud."

"The psychic force of a determined doubter calls up lying spirits."

This needs qualifying; we should say that the psychic force of a determined doubter shuts out truthful spirits, and makes the approach of lying spirits easier.

"Go to a spirit-circle, determined to catch the medium at fraud, and at that very seance the most reliable medium will act like the devil."

Rather overstated, but it hits the bulls-eye.

"Have the faith Christ had, and spirits will materialise in your pulpits and reading desks. Doubt them, and they will throw bells and tambourines at you, and say the mediums did it."

"The whole arcana of nature, spiritual and material, can be opened by the man who seeks, with patient investigation, to penetrate its mysteries."

"Spiritual knowledge, like gems hidden in the bowels of the earth, is only to be reached by patient upturning of the soil."

"Do not attempt a spiritual friendship with spirits who would degrade you morally and spiritually. A man is known by the company he selects, and mediums who fraternise with the spirits of Arabian mountebanks and Egyptian jugglers, should be received as exhibiting amusing phenomena, which will demonstrate spiritual truths, only as a trickish monkey demonstrates the origin of man!"

"The spirit who shouts your name through a trumpet, and greets you familiarly, may tickle your vanity, but cannot convey to your mind grand thoughts, or prepare you for nobler life in the spirit spheres."

This saying should be taken with reservation.

"Spirits are the souls of humanity. Among them are charlatans, beggars, murderers, thieves, simpletons, mingled with good and pure souls, intelligent, loyal, honest, and sympathetic beings.

"Do not be discouraged when you find your pet medium to be a 'fraud.' There have been false prophets in all ages of the world."

"'Fret not thyself because of evil doers,' has been the prayer of aspirants after spiritual truths, from time immemorial."

"No man can navigate the air in a child's boat. To navigate the spiritual heavens requires also the appliances of science."

"Franklin's kite and key unlocked the electric vaults of heaven, started the Rochester knockings, revealed the electric telegraph and telephone, and

will discover the secrets of Life, Death and Immortality."

"It has taken a hundred years to develop the electric telegraph. Give us a hundred years to develop our spirit mediums."

"The spirit who takes off the medium's coat, while his hands are tied behind him, is likely to be a Chinese or Hindoo juggler, who, though he perform a feat of legerdemain, should not be received as a guide in spiritual and moral affairs."

"The great statesmen and thinkers who have passed from earth do not entertain themselves by performing curious tricks to amuse and awaken the wonder of mankind."

"Into the spirit-world are poured daily hordes of wild spirits from Asia, Africa, and Europe: the fanatics of India, the savages of the forest, the murderers, drunkards, and half idiots that swarm the earth. Receive each according to his degree, and do not form a spiritual friendship with those who would tempt you to drink, swear, or act untruthfully."

"Accept pure and noble teachings, though they come from an ignoble source; the thirsty traveller drinks fresh pure water from a dirty cup. Remember that a golden vessel may contain rank poison."

"Truths never change, though they may assume a new garment, and the manifestation of them alter. The imperfect likeness fastened by Daguerre on a sensitive plate, foreshadowed the accurate portrait of to-day."

"Crude experiments only prove the possibilities of future developments. Had you a lens powerful enough, you could see your face repeated billions of miles in space. So are truths repeated and handed down through the long ages from spirit spheres. So in spiritual science, the ugly distorted image produced to-day will be superseded by the clear photograph in the future."

"You cannot force the heavens by a storm of artillery to hearken to your prayers. Speak to Nature in her own language, and she will listen to you."

"Hashish and opium-eating produce a low form of spiritual trance, and introduce the unfortunate indulger into the degraded dens of spiritual society."

"It may be optional with you whether you communicate with spirits by means of a medium or not, but it is a law of life that they should attend and influence you. On your own actions and culture depend the class of spirits who attend you."

"By shutting your eyes you cannot prevent the sunlight from warming you, neither by denouncing Spiritualism can you prevent spirits from influencing you."

Bishop of London, please note!

"He who will only be fed by fairy tales in spiritual matters, will find the 'Spirit-Bride,'—who treats him to a curl of her golden locks, and spins out fine meshes of lace before his wondering eyes, drawing out of space yard after yard of the cobweb texture—is only a human syren with mask and wig, 'a counterfeit presentment' of some spirit Aspasia."

"Praise John, a schoolboy, for turning out his toes, and all the boys will imitate John and cry—'We turn our toes out too.' Praise a spirit for talking through a trumpet, playing on a banjo, or showing a ghostly face through a cabinet window, and the mediums who assisted at the seance will

feel—"I can do that too ;' and will, the next time, imitate the reality."

"A man who would go wrong under the noble teachings of Spiritualism, would have gone wrong, as Judas, under the pure teachings of Christ."

"If we extol Christ's example because he was a God, how much more should we admire it because he was a man."



LETTER FROM A MUSICAL FRIEND.

THROUGH THE HAND OF "MARGUERITE"

F. Heslop author of "Speaking across the Border-Line" sends us the following communication received by a friend who lives abroad, and has developed the gift of inspirational transmission.

YOU are surprised at my coming to-night, but I am attracted by something in you that is longing for news of this beautiful world, so I come to give it you. Do you remember how we used to admire scenery, and the beauty of your world when we were together? Well, you would marvel were you to see this world! The loveliness takes your breath away, and there is always some fresh beauty to delight in. The flowers are so gorgeous, their colourings and forms, that they seem to be reflecting God's love all the time; we feel they can be quite intimate with us, like living, loving things. And as for the music, oh! how can I describe the glory of what I hear! Some of us musicians can hear more than those who were not musical on earth, and to me the whole air is filled with melody. Lovely voices are singing all the time, and the harmony is something too wonderful for words to describe. Everything is in harmony here, and nothing jars.

As you probably know we are all in different spheres, some lower than others. The one I am in, though not high up, seems to me most beautiful. The glory and worship of God is always going on, and we are, one and all, striving to do His will, and trying to see what He wants us to do next. Oh how you would love the children! They are everywhere, of course, and we mothers are specially allowed to be with them. You are blessed in having too such perfect little angels here to greet you when you come. I spend much time with them, for you know how I love them.

But I want to tell you more of the wonders here. We have lovely bodies, and though different, and much more beautiful than those we had on earth we are easily recognised by our dear ones when they come here. We float about from one place to another in the most enchanting way, and we feel each others' lovely thoughts passing into us, especially those of our nearest and dearest. Every time you on earth, who are our dear friends or related to us, do or think something lovely or good, it appears here as a new and beautiful flower growing in our surroundings. It shines with the beauty of your action or thought, and of course lives for ever and ever, and is always remembered by us. You can't think how much rejoicing and happiness there is when we see these new flowers appearing. The news spreads amongst us, and the whole air fills with music and singing, for it is something done (however small) for our Lord and we give Him the praise.

Can you wonder that none of us wish to return to your earth? We ache to see the misery of those we have left behind, and long to tell them that we are alive, a thousand times more alive than we ever were on earth. We long to say

"Don't grieve for you are hurting us, and we would be so happy if it were not for your grief."

I had been so ill that I had to rest for some time here, tended by lovely beings, after which I rose glad to have got rid of my earthly body, and to be free, free to live with all my energy, and work for our dear Lord who has done so much for me. I am so glad you remember me, and it is such a help to us to know we can be of use to you. It is no good sending my dear ones any message, for alas, they would not believe it, but it is a great joy to me to be often with them. Good-night.



THE ANTI-SPIRITUALISTIC CRUSADE.

By MADAME B. HOWELL-JONES, BRISTOL.

"SPIRITISM IS DEMONISM" is the title of an iniquitous article published by the "International Bible Students Association," which has been issued broadcast. It asserts that the spirits that return are "wicked spirits," who "drive men away from God," and that they are also "fallen angels." The author commences the article with the words: "For forty-five years we have sought to forewarn God's people and the public—I take it from that the public are not included in God's people!—against influence of the fallen angels in high positions;" and he quotes Eph. 6, 12. I find on looking at my Bible that verse refers to "spiritual wickedness in high places!" Has the author of this article ever read that it says in the Bible "Try the spirits whether they are of God" (1 John, 4, 1)? "It is the spirit that beareth witness." To boldly assert that the spirits that return to earth are "fallen spirits," "wicked spirits," "mistranslated devils," who are "wily cunning," is to hurl the most staggering insult at our beloved ones who have passed this veil, and also at the myriads of the finest characters that ever lived who "fought the great fight with all their might," and who, being the elect of God, are permitted to return to their dearest who are on earth. The only "demons" who have ever come to me have been the "saints of God" who have shed into my heart the infinite love of God, who have drawn me from materialism to Spiritualism, who pray for me, and I for them, who are linked up in one grand tie of harmony and love and re-united by a Master Hand. I am proud to be a living witness that my only child—one of the finest heroes that ever lived—went forth to die smiling, and has returned to his mother 14 times, and has spoken with the voice direct. Is then this son of mine a "fallen angel" a "mistranslated devil?" Has the author ever read the ninth and tenth chapters of the First Book of Samuel? If so, he must have been very much "staggered," for when Saul's father lost his asses, and Saul being unable to find them, his servant told him he knew of a clairvoyant in the city (in those days called a seer), and the servant told Saul he was "a man of God" and "an honourable man," and he suggested to Saul they should go and ask him which way to go to look for them. Samuel was that clairvoyant, and he promised to tell him all that was in his heart, and then gave a list of the things that would happen to him, including how he would meet two men by Rachel's Sepulchre, and they would tell him about his father's asses. "And all those signs came to pass that day." How "staggering!" Samuel was known to be sane and sensible, and furthermore he was "a man of God," "an honourable man." Gad was another clairvoyant or seer, whom David consulted, and God told Gad what to say, so it is rather amazing now to hear that this power is nothing but "a will o' the wisp," and the whole subject "the ingenuity and versatility of the demons." The article is I think an indecent attack upon the sacred memories of our glorious dead, and one wonders what sort of institution this "International Bible Students Association" can be to publish such vitriolic nonsense. They certainly do not prove all things and hold fast to that which is good; they simply assume what is true to be false, and what is good to be evil, and cling to their view like a leech. And apparently they wish all their Bible students to follow so foolish an example.



A MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE UNDER CHLOROFORM.—John Addington Symonds says that while under chloroform he felt as follows:—"My soul became aware of God, who was manifestly dealing with me, handling me, so to speak, in an intense personal present reality. I felt him streaming in like light upon me, and heard him saying in no language, but as hands touch hands and communicate sensation, 'I led you, I guided you; you will never sin and weep, and wail in madness any more.'"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"I HEARD A VOICE."

Brighton, July 18, 1919.

DEAR SIR,—Four years ago this month my sister whom I loved very dearly passed into the higher life in Brighton. It was my privilege to nurse my sister for over three years, as she was suffering from that dreadful disease known as cancer, which attacked the head, face, etc. Amongst other things it took my sister's sight, smell, and taste. Her suffering seemed to draw us very near to each other. After my sister's transition I left Brighton for Ireland, taking up my abode in Belfast. I must explain before going further my sister always called me her little mother, or her little lady. About a year after the above event, I was busy working in my garden when I heard a voice say distinctly—"Hear I am, little lady!" So distinct was the voice that I looked up expecting to see a beggar! I laid down the spade I was working with, went through the garden into the house, opened the front door, still expecting to see a beggar, but all the time the thought kept worrying me why did I not see the beggar? Then standing at the open door the knowledge came like a flash that it had been my dear sister. If any one could tell the reason why I have not heard from my sister since, the writer of the above would be grateful.—I am, Yours truly,

L. S. M.



IS RADIO-ACTIVITY THE ULTIMATE SUBSTANCE?

36, Orchard Street, Chelmsford, Aug. 4, 1919.

SIR,—As an occult student, for years unable to accept the literal account of Creation given in our Bible, and noting in current literature the marvels wrought by Light, Heat, and Colour, it struck me that the "dust," out of which man—with his marvellous psychical, mental, and physical bodies—was made, could not be common dust as we know it. About this time there came to me a little book, "The Hebraic Cosmogony," by Mr. Wm. Haggard, of Richmond, and current works on "Radio-Activity," including Dr. Clarke's "Radium as an Internal Remedy." I set to work to read anything I could find on the subject, and realising from mental experiment how concentration produces vibration and visualisation I came to the conclusion that the Mosaic account is a beautiful allegory, typifying the Infinite Divine Mind and Will, seeking for something out of Himself to bless, working through intense Will and Desire, and thus forming the Spiritual World, descending by discrete degrees, and through the Aura, Ether, and Atmosphere finally stereotyping as it were, through aeons of Evolution, in the solid kingdoms, animal, vegetable, and mineral—the basis of all being, Radio-Activity.

What a glorious thought! Man formed from Star-dust, that potent force, ever giving out, yet ever increasing energy! The literature on the subject covers such a universal field that it is hard to particularise, but a couple of booklets herewith, including some notes on radium by myself, may be of use. I am quite convinced that in Radio-Activity, or Marie Corelli's Radiant Glory (see her "Life Everlasting") we have the key to psychical phenomena as well as physical rejuvenation. There is more fact in "The Young Diana" than meets the eye of the casual reader. The following works are worth perusal: Sir Oliver Lodge's "Ether of Space," Swedenborg's "Economy of Animal Kingdom," "Radio-Telegraphy," and current issues of "Wireless World" and "Electrical Experimenter" (the latter of which makes the pregnant announcement that "there is no materiality in the electron."—Yours truly,

ERNEST JOSEPH FROST



"THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SOUL."

Fxeter, August 6, 1919.

Dear Sir,—Your articles on "The Physiology of the Soul" are very timely and are sure to do great good. There is certainly a curious rapport of intellectual outlook between us. My addresses here lately have all more or less been on these lines, making much of the contrast between the ancient and the modern methods of approaching the problem of the nature and destiny of the soul. The ancient method, when it is an attempt on the part of enlightened intelligence, is one of dialectic. It never occurred to Plato, or his teacher Socrates and there st of the Greek philosophers, that this question of the soul would ever come to the bar of demonstrable evidence. Doubtless in the deepest philosophic sense, their position holds good, but the fact remains, that just as they did not dream of the marvellous discoveries of science and its applied knowledge in our own age; so too, they did not dream

that the question of human survival and immortality would be placed on the solid rock of scientific evidence, as known to us in the form of psychic phenomena. Indeed the strictly scientific method and attitude to nature was not yet born. With all his prodigious intellectual power Aristotle did not trouble to find out the true law of the motion of Falling Bodies; nor did his contemporaries; but they were satisfied to take his explanation as true. And I see that Sir Oliver Lodge in his note to you, holds much the same attitude, in considering the contrast between the thought of the Ancients and the Moderns on this subject.

I can see such marvellous possibilities for our literature and teaching: how all the history of mankind, the evolution of the Universe, and the determination of the future, can be brought under a light of unparalleled brilliance! But those who have the advantages of education, and allied with these "the vision," will be best able to interpret the phenomena of life and history as I see it, but alas! cannot express it. But we shall have to keep always in the van of the spiritual thought of our times. As the existing religious, ethical, and educational organisations assimilate our philosophy—(we can't help calling it our philosophy, can we?)—we must mount up higher on the spiritual Alps of Eternity. And it shall be our voices, strong, vibrant, and penetrating, that shall call the people up higher, to tread the path we make; our hands shall bleed, and the high sweet purifying winds, as Breaths from the Stars, shall cleanse our souls.

May the Good God give you the knowledge you seek, and insight into the nature of things, and a soul great in Universal Love!—Yours in the Cause,

C. W. V. TARR.



HOW I ACCOMPANIED A SPIRIT HOME.

By EDITH J. CROSS-BUCHANAN.

THE following experience will show how completely different one can "dream" apart from pre-arranged thought, for when I fell asleep I was not thinking of anything in particular.

I found myself at a girl's deathbed, and sensed the chill creeping up her body from her feet. She opened her dark eyes, and said gently, "Open the right-hand-side small top drawer of that bureau, and in the right-hand-side front corner is a lace handkerchief; I want you to have it." She closed her eyes, and lay very still, then opened them again slightly. The light in them faded, as a glorious being, exactly like the girl in feature and height, only very beautiful and younger, slipped slowly out of the top of her head, and remained in the air near the pillow. I put one arm round the Spirit, and with the other hand closed the mortal eyes. Then clasping both my arms about the Spirit, and saying "Come," we passed through the shut door and into the night.

Upward, in a slanting direction, we went, till suddenly a brilliant light enveloped us, and we paused by a flight of broad, white steps. At the top was a vast room, with pillared open front. At the head of the steps stood a group of people—apart from the others in the room who were of all nations—who came forward as we floated up the steps. I approached them saying, "Here she is; I have brought her to you," and I gave the girl over to them. I knew they were her mother and father, and other loved ones who had previously passed over. Ah! with what love and gladness they took her into their midst; but she herself seemed unconscious of it all, though her eyes were now open.

Then I felt myself falling gently backwards, and found I was floating, in a reclining position through space in the night, and entered the death-chamber again, and gazed on the peaceful face of the dead body.

One of my sisters came in, and said, "Come, dear; your work is done." I remembered the lace handkerchief, but decided not to take it. Then I awoke.

I have omitted many details, but this I may add, the Spirit had no wings, neither had I. Her garment was flowing, and gloriously white and pure. I had on the usual robe I wear during the day, and anything but glorious, though it became so when we entered the light. The colours of the celestial scene are indescribable, but anyone who has had a glimpse of another plane than ours will realise what they were.

In regard to the handkerchief, a psychic friend has remarked that had I taken it I should most probably have found it on my pillow, in my hand on awaking. It would have been a fine, and wonderful experience, but I think I would most likely have looked upon myself as a thief, and been unhappy!

Brief Notices of New Books.

By L. A. A.

THE ELEMENTAL. By Ulric Daubeny. London: Routledge & Son Ltd. 1s. 6d. net.

Sixteen "Tales of the Supernormal and Inexplicable," graphically told; the most powerful being "the Elemental," from the diary of a well-known athlete, and the "The Hand of Glory," a gruesome story of witchcraft. To readers interested in the doctrine of Re-incarnation "Matheson's Mummy" and "The Apostate" will appeal, while "H. F." illustrates the dangers to which those who receive messages through automatic writing are exposed. Altogether a very interesting little volume to all students of the occult, but not to be recommended as a good "bed book," with which to woo peaceful sleep and happy dreams!

THE ROAD TO THE STARS, and other Essays. By an Officer of the Grand Fleet, Author of the Fourth Dimension. London: C. W. Daniel. 2s. net.

Many readers will welcome another volume of short essays by the author of "The Fourth Dimension," in which he again suggests an alternative to the accepted idea of progress in the Third Dimension, based upon the essential divinity of man. Instead of seeking to develop his *human* nature he should attempt to cultivate the divine within. The outcome of this would be a divine world, built upon the false foundation of force and expediency. The world of the Fourth Dimension is not a place, but one of ideas. Let us then live in thoughts in this realm of truth, and shape our course from this standpoint. All the roads of the Third Dimension lead to death and failure. "There is but one road to the stars, the road of free, unfettered, original thought." Beauty, Truth, and Love are immortal. Man need not die. Now, like an eagle, caged by convention and prejudice, he does not realise this; but he is a creature of sunlight, space, and freedom. "Death will be conquered and the love of the human race for itself will lift it to eternal life." The student of Reality will appreciate these essays at their true value, and recognise the writer as one of the "future's dreamers," to whom the light of vision has been given.

LOVE'S SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH. By Frances Fearn Inkersley. Dedicated to H.M. the Queen of Roumania. With Introduction by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. London: Gay and Hancock. 3/- net.

The author of this very interesting volume, as wife of an American Ambassador, was for many years closely connected with foreign diplomatic circles, and enjoyed the intimate friendship of the great and good Queen of Roumania, known in the literary world as "Carmen Sylva." Having passed through a life of great suffering, cheered and helped by contact with the spirit world, she relates some of her experiences in the hope that they may bring to others the conviction and spiritual uplifting they have brought to her. Commenting upon the argument frequently advanced, that any communication with the Beyond, opens the door equally to good and bad spirits, she says that her answer is that "those who have lived evil lives on earth cannot approach or influence good Christians living pure lives and developing spiritually." The evil-minded alone can attract evil. She further asserts that personally she has never experienced any fear whatever of spirit influence and is in the habit of devoting a portion of each day to coming in touch with it, deriving infinite comfort therefrom. The closing chapters which record the author's friendship with Queen Elizabeth are of special interest, as the strong spiritual tie between them has survived death, and the Queen's sanction has been given from behind the veil to the publication of the facts. "The little volume I am sending out into the world is but the beginning of the work I shall be called upon to do in connection with our association on earth, our spirits are now united in love and work once more!" The frontispiece contains a charming photograph of H.M. Queen Marie, to whom the book is dedicated.

THE UNDYING FIRE. A Contemporary Novel. By H. G. Wells. London: Cassell Ltd. 6s. net.

Mr. Wells dedicates this novel to all engaged in educational work. The story opens with a prologue in heaven, in which Satan, as in the old Bible myth, seeks to test man, in order to see that he is more than a "fuss in the mud, which signifies nothing." The victim selected is the headmaster of a public school, whose name is Job Huss—a significant combination! In spite of a high ideal and rare power as an educator he has fallen on evil days, suffering all the misfortunes of his prototype, even to being tormented by the well-meant advice of the governors of his school, at a time when he is prostrate physically and mentally. They urge him to resign, and allow a man to succeed him whose ideals are entirely opposed to his own

To this he strongly objects, and in the course of an argument on the true ideal of education, the discussion touches upon the question of Immortality, and Mr. Wells uses this opportunity to attack spiritualism in a manner at once biased and unfair. Commenting on Sir Oliver Lodge's statements in "Raymond" that "continued existence is now as proven as the atomic theory," he contemptuously criticises the writer's credulity with regard to the honesty of mediums. That, says Mr. Wells, "is his key blunder," for "telling the truth is the very last triumph of the human mind." Mr. Wells has nothing to offer in place of the consolation afforded by proofs of human survival but his bleak and comfortless creed that "The immortal thing in us is the least personal thing; it is not *you* or *I* that goes on living." . . . "My son has gone for evermore. The pain may some day go." Yet, in spite of his scorn of what he is pleased to term "spook stuff," he admits that there must be forces in the world of which we are ignorant, and further asserts his belief in the "Undying Flame," which is the Spirit of God in Man. "What a poor phantom of a world these people conjure up! No *sane* person believes this stuff for ten minutes together." Does Mr. Wells then class the scholarly and eminent adherents of Spiritualism the world over as wanting in sanity? This is surely unworthy of an author of his calibre. To treat with contempt what careful scientific research has proved to be true, because *he* has no proof of the survival of personality, and cannot feel its reality or derive any consolation therefrom, is wilful and unwarrantable presumption. When Mr. Wells had investigated this subject with an unprejudiced mind, devoting as much patient attention to its research as those who for years have conscientiously sought and found proofs, we may be glad to listen to him. But this egotistical diatribe bears all the marks of a hasty and biased judgment arrived at without taking the necessary pains to discover the truth of the matter at all costs, and it is therefore of no value.



READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Leith Contributor: "I wish the *Gazette* came out weekly: it is so helpful."

Scarborough Post: "Always full of the most interesting matter."

Hawick News: "There are in the (August) number a selection of extremely interesting contributions."

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An Aberdeen Spiritualist: "I get your *Gazette* every month and reckon it to be the most solid, sane, and instructive periodical in the Movement, and one that can be placed in the hands of the critic without fear of ridicule."

A Vicar of the Church of England: "Your answer to the Bishop of London is, so far as I can see, unanswerable. What a fog some of our leaders move about in! They have no clear or logical opinions on our subject, and yet they are placed as guides to whom so many look for help in this matter. So, as of old, they both fall into the ditch, which is pretty well crowded just at the present time."



FORWARD.

(A Reconstruction Thought.)

O cumbrous meshes of the past
Ye shall not hinder—holding fast;
I shake you off with a steadfast will.
What! clinging memories, haunt ye still
My onward way? 'Tis a New Day!
I will not in the shadows stay,
But sun me in its dawning ray.

O Day of possibilities,
I muse on thy felicities!
I meet thee as a new friend,
Ready his active aid to lend,
To bury deep in lethé-sleep
Sad memories: Life shall these o'erleap,
And deathless hope and courage keep.

E. J.

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